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OCTOBER 1993

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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 29-31

1909-10 TO 1911-12

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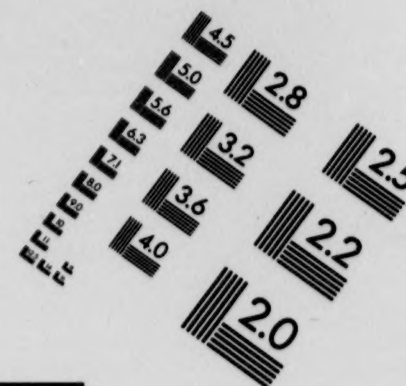
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VOLUME 29

1909-1910

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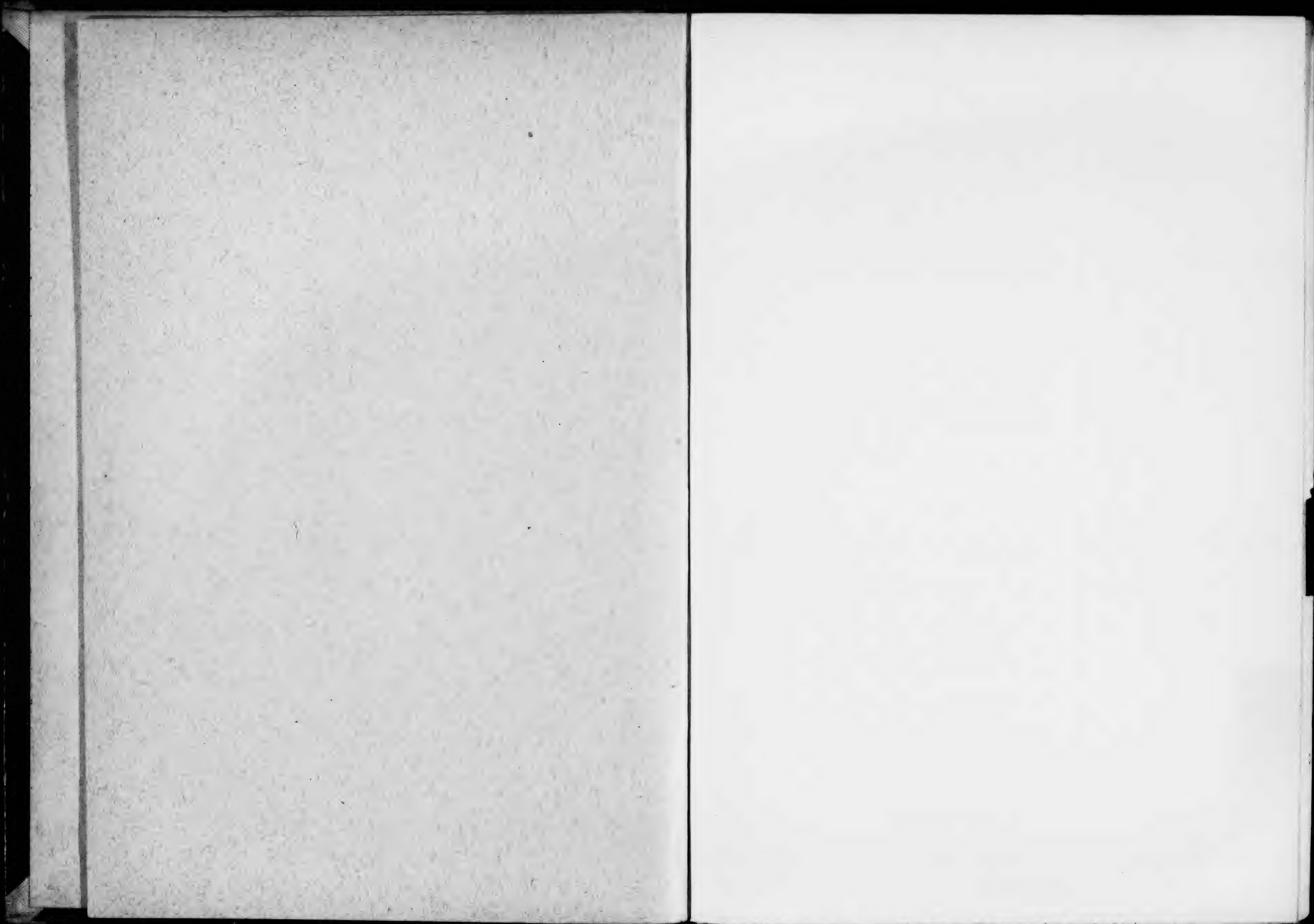




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**M 125.5 Vol. 29



BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1909-1910 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

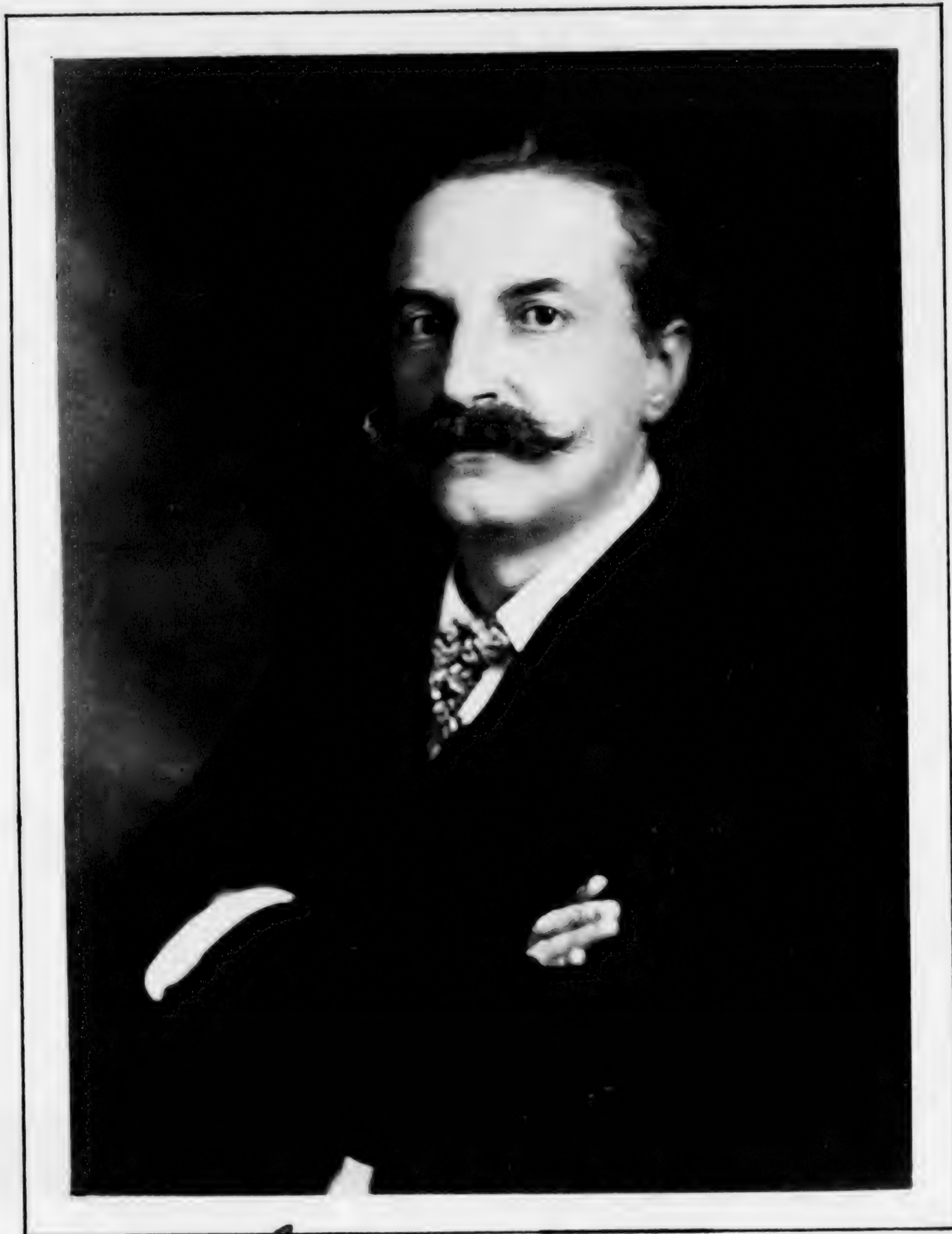
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L. S. Johnson del.

M. 125.5. 29
Allen A. Brown
October 20, 1910.



Willy Hess
April 1910

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| Dec. 25 | Dec. 18 | Dec. 4 | Nov. 27 | Nov. 20 | Nov. 6 | Oct. 30 | Oct. 23 | Oct. 16 | Oct. 9 |
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SYMPHONY HALL
 BOSTON
 HUNTINGTON & MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

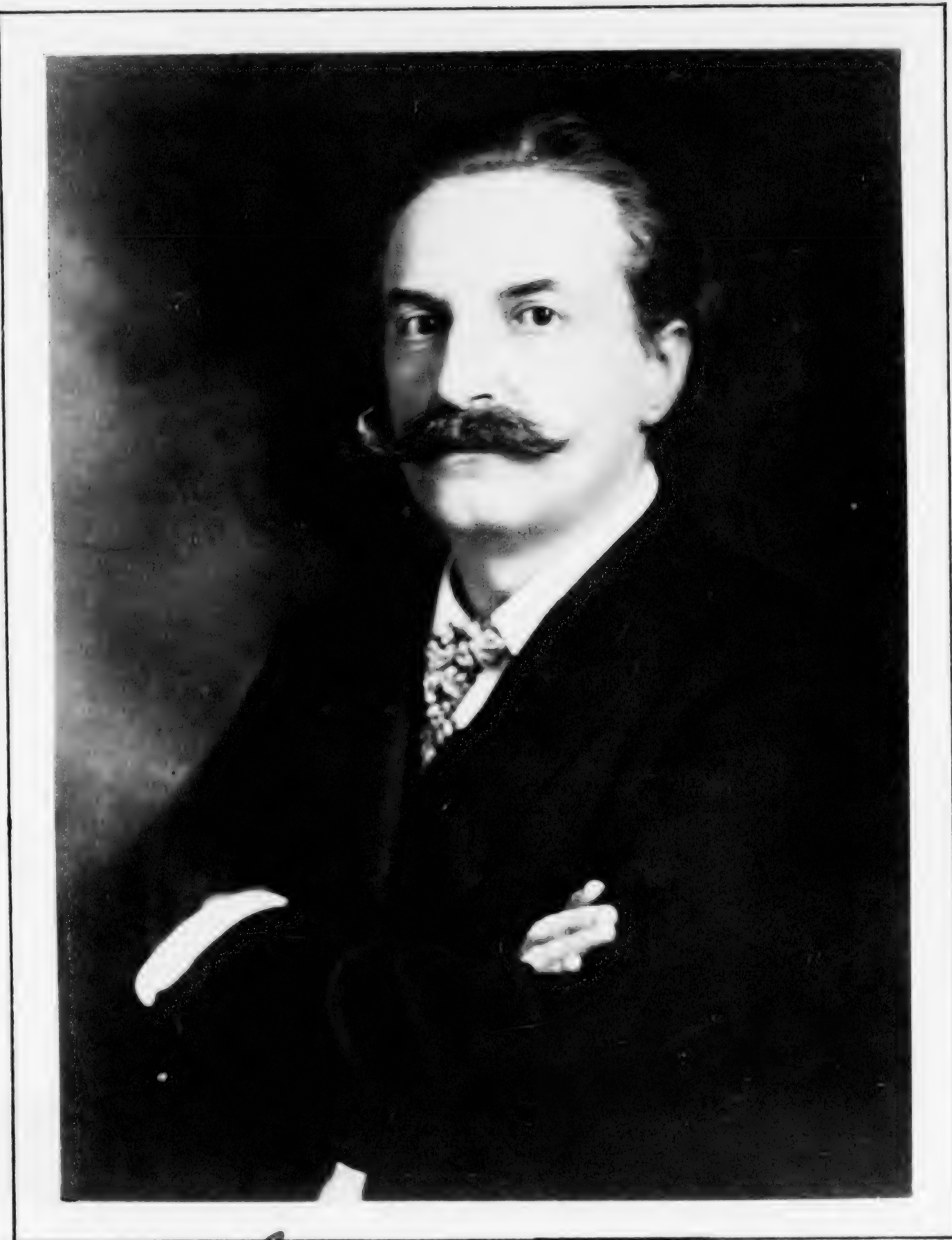
MAX FIEDLER,
 CONDUCTOR

CONCERTS:
 SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
 TWENTY-NINTH SEASON, 1909-1910

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| Jan. 1 | Jan. 8 | Jan. 22 | Jan. 29 | Feb. 12 | Feb. 19 | Mar. 5 | Mar. 12 | Mar. 19 | Apr. 2 | Apr. 9 | Apr. 16 | Apr. 23 | Apr. 30 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |

RIGHT
 A
 4
 SECOND BALCONY

MANUSCRIPT



Willy Hess
April 1910

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|---------|---|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|----------------|---------|
| Dec. 25 | Dec. 18 | Dec. 4 | Nov. 27 | Nov. 20 | Nov. 6 | Oct. 30 | Oct. 23 | Oct. 16 | Oct. 9 |
| 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Jan. 1 | 11 | <div><div><div>SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON HUNTINGTON & MASSACHUSETTS AVE.</div><div>BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</div><div>MAX FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR</div></div><div>CONCERTS: SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK TWENTY-NINTH SEASON, 1909-1910</div></div> | | | | | | SECOND BALCONY | RIGHT |
| Jan. 8 | 12 | | | | | | | A | |
| Jan. 22 | 13 | | | | | | | 4 | |
| Jan. 29 | 14 | | | | | | | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| Feb. 12 | Feb. 19 | Mar. 5 | Mar. 12 | Mar. 19 | Apr. 2 | Apr. 9 | Apr. 16 | Apr. 23 | Apr. 30 |

Index

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Allen C. Brown

ADDRESS

P.O. Box 1802

or

30 Kilby Row 17 Boston

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

| Composer | Name of Work | Concert | Date of Performance |
|------------|--|---------|---------------------|
| Bach J.S. | "Pastorale" from Christmas Oratorio | X | Dec 25. 1909 |
| Bentock | "The Pierrot of the Minute" A Comedy Overture | III | Oct 23. 1909 |
| Beethoven | Symphony No 1. op 21 | XXIV | Apr 30. 1910 |
| | " " 4. " 60 | X | Dec 25. 1909 |
| | " " 6. " 68 | XX | Apr 2. 1910 |
| | " " 8 " 93 | III | Oct 23. 1909 |
| | " " 9 " 125 | XXIV | Apr 30. 1910 |
| | Chorus from the "Cecilia" | | |
| | Mrs. Mary Hiram de Moss. Sop. | | |
| | Miss Margaret Keyes Alto | | |
| | Mr. Berwick van Norden Tenor | | |
| | Mr. Frederick Wald Bass | | |
| | Ouv. "Dedication of the House" op 124 | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| | Concerto Piano & Orch No 5. op 73 | XVII | Mar 12. 1910 |
| | Ferruccio Busoni | | |
| | Scena & Aria "Ah! Perfido" with orch | XI | Jan 1. 1910 |
| | Felix Kraemer | | |
| Berlioz H. | Ouv. to "Rob Roy" | XIII | Jan 22. 1910 |
| | " " "Benvenuto Cellini" | XVI | July 19. " |
| Bojet, G. | Suite No 1. "Arlesienne" | X | Dec 25. 1909 |
| Brahms J. | Symphony No 2. op 73 | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| | " " 4. " 98 | XVII | Mar 12. 1910 |
| | Tragic Overture op 81 | IX | Dec 18. 1909 |
| | Minuet from Serenade No 1. op 11 | XI | Jan 1. 1910 |
| | Concerto in A minor op 102 | | |
| | Cello & Violin & Orch. | XIII | Jan 22. 1910 |
| | Willy Hess & Alvin Schroeder | | |
| | "Lappie Ode" with Orchestra | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| | Mme Louise Homer | | |

TIGHT BINDING

8

| | | | |
|----------------|---|---------|---------------|
| | Song "Die Nachtigall" with Piano | XIX | Mar 16. 1910 |
| | Mme Sembrich | | |
| | "Wie Melodien" Mrs Sembrich | Pension | Apr 17. 1910 |
| Brahms | Symphony in E maj. No. 7. | IV | July 12. 1910 |
| Chadwick G.W. | Sinfonietta in D maj. | XV | July 12. 1910 |
| Chenbini | Ouv. to "The Absence of the Absence" | IV | Oct 30. 1909 |
| Converse F.S. | "Endymion's Narrative" for orch. No. 10 | XXI | Apr 9. 1910 |
| Dobussy | Azrael's Rec + Aria from "The Prodigal Son" | V | Nov 9. 1909 |
| | Mrs Geraldine Farrar | | |
| Delius | "Paris" A night piece for orch. | VII | Nov 27. 1909 |
| Ducasse, Roger | "Suite Francaise" in D maj | XXII | Apr 16. 1910 |
| Dukas | "L'Apprenti Sorcier" for orch. | Pension | Nov. 21. 1909 |
| Dvorak, A. | Overture "Carnival" of 92 | XX | Apr 2. 1910 |
| | Concerto Violin + Orch of 53 | | |
| | Mischow Elman | XII | Jan 8. 1910 |
| Elgar | Symphony in A flat of 55 | XII | Jan 8. 1910 |
| | Variations on an Original Theme | | |
| | of 36. M. Marshall. Organist | XXI | Apr 9. 1910 |
| Fiedler, Max | "Die Musikanten" Song with orch. | XI | Jan 1. 1910 |
| | Mrs Tilly Koenen | | |
| Frank B. | Symphonic in D min: | XIV | Jan 29. 1910 |
| Goldmark B. | Symphony No. 1. Rustic Wedding | VI | Nov 20. 1909 |
| | Overture "In the Spring" | Pension | Nov 21. " |
| Gounod, Ch. | Stanzas from "Sappho" with orch | | |
| | Mrs Schumann. Stein | VIII | Dec 4. 1909 |

9

| | | | |
|------------------|---|---------|--------------|
| Graun | Singt dem Jüdischen Propheten | | |
| | with orch. "Mad. Sembrich" | XIX | Mar 19. 1910 |
| Gretry | Air of "Lucette" from "Sylvain" | | |
| | with orch. Mrs Geraldine Farrar | V | Nov 9. 1909 |
| Grieg Ed. | Three Movts from Suite No. 2 of 55 | | |
| | and Suite No. 1. complete | II | Oct 16. 1909 |
| Hahn, Aug. | Symphony in D min: for String Orch | XXIII | Apr 23. 1910 |
| Handel | Concerto for Oboe + Strings | | |
| | 4. Longy orch | VII | Dec 4. 1909 |
| Haydn J. | Symphony "Oxford" No. 9 | XVI | Feb 19. 1910 |
| L. Indy, V. | Symphony in B flat No. 2. of 57 | V | Nov 6. 1909 |
| | " " " " | VIII | Dec 4. " |
| Juques: Dideroge | Song "L'Oiseau Bleu" | | |
| | Mme Sembrich | Pension | Apr 17. 1910 |
| Jochims J. | "Hungarian Concerto" for Violin | | |
| | and Orch: Prof. Willy Hess | III | Oct 23. 1909 |
| La Forge J. | Song "To a Messenger" with Piano | | |
| | Mme Sembrich | Pension | Apr 17. 1910 |
| Liszt, F. | "A Faust Symphony" orch: with | | |
| | Male Chorus from "The Apollo Club" | XXII | Apr 16. 1910 |
| | J. H. Rathigan, Tenor Solo | | |
| | Song "The Lonely" with orch. | | |
| | Mme Louise Homen | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| Loeffler C.M. | "The Devil's Villanelle" of 9 | | |
| | Fantasia for Orch | XII | Jan 8. 1910 |
| | ditto | Pension | Apr 17. " |
| Mendelssohn | Selections from "Midsummer Night's Dream" | XXIII | Apr 23. 1910 |
| | Concerto V. + orch. of 64 | | |
| | Prof. Willy Hess | Pension | Nov 21. 1909 |

TIGHT BINDING

| | | | |
|------------------|---|---------|--------------|
| Mozart | Symphony E flat maj. - K. 543 | VII | Nov 27. 1909 |
| | Concerto for 2 Pianos and K 365 - Ernest Hutchinson Harold Randolph | XVI | Feb 19. 1910 |
| | Rec. & Aria from Titus with orch. Mme. Schumann. Heint | VIII | Dec 4. 1909 |
| | "Deh Vieni" from Figaro with orch. Mme. Sembrich | XIX | Feb 19. 1910 |
| Rachmaninoff | S. Symph. Poem. The Island of the Dead | IX | Dec 18. 1909 |
| | op 29. " " | XVI | Feb 19. 1910 |
| | 2 nd Concerto Piano & Orch. op 18 Played by Composer | IX | Dec 18. 1909 |
| Hegor, M. | "Symphonic Prolog to a Tragedy" op. 108 | II | Oct 16. 1909 |
| Rimsky-Korsakoff | Capriccio on Spanish Themes op 34 | XI | Jan 1. 1910 |
| Rubinstein | Concerto Piano & Orch No 4. op 70 Mme Olga Samaroff | VII | Nov 27. 1909 |
| Saint-Saens | Concerto V th & orch. No. 3 op 61 Sylvain Noack | VI | Nov 20. 1909 |
| | "The Drummer's Betrothal" op 82 with orch. Mme Louise Homer | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| Schubert F. | Ouv: to Rosamunde" op 26 Song "The Almighty" with orch Mme Louise Homer | XVIII | Feb 12. 1910 |
| | | I | Oct 9. 1909 |
| Schumann R. | Symphony No 1. op 38 | XVII | Feb 5. 1910 |
| | " " 2 " 61 | XI | Jan 1. " |
| | Concerto Piano & orch. in A minor Olga Samaroff | Pension | Nov 21. 1909 |
| | Overture to Genoa op 81 | XIV | Feb 5. 1910 |
| | Song "Widmung" with Piano Mme Sembrich | XIX | " 19 " |

| | | | |
|-------------|---|--|--|
| Gibelius | Symphony No 2 in D maj: "A Saga" Tone Poem op 9 "Elegiac Mixture" from King Christian II Suite "No. 4" "False Friend" | XI XVII I XX | Jan 1. 1910 Feb 5 " Apr 2. 1910 |
| Linding | "Rondo Infinito" op 42 | VI | Nov 20. 1909 |
| Metzner | Ouv: to "The Sold Bride" | V | Nov 6. 1909 |
| Strauss R. | "Don Juan" Tone Poem op 20 "Pill Eulenspiegel Merry Pranks" op 28 "Thus Spake Zarathustra" op 30 "Sinfonia Domestica" op 53 "Don Quixote" " 35 Cello "Wanderer" Vida Ferir. "On the Shore of Sorrento" from "In Italy" "Hymnus" Song with Orchestra "Mido Pilly Koenen" "Ständchen" song with Piano Mme Sembrich "Allerseelen" with Piano Mme Sembrich "Aufträge" " | I IV XIII XIX XXIII XVII XI XIX Pension " | Oct 9. 1909 " 30 " Jan 22. 1910 Feb 19. " Apr 23. " Feb 5. 1910 Jan 1. 1910 Feb 19. 1910 Apr 17. 1910 " " " |
| Strabo G. | Comedy Overture "Puck" Concerto for Cello & orch in E min. Heinrich Wamke | XIX IV | Feb 19. 1910 Oct 30. 1909 |
| Tchaikovsky | Symphony No 4 in F min: op 36 "Children's Dream" from Suite op 2. 283 Overture "1812" op 49 "Francesca da Rimini" op 32 Piano Concerto No 1. op 23 Teresa Carreno Concerto Violin & orch. No 3. Fritz Kreisler | II V XVII XX X XXI | Oct 16. 1909 Nov 9. " Feb 5. 1910 Apr 2. " Dec 25. 1909 Apr 9. 1910 |

| | | | |
|------------|---|---------|--------------|
| Verdi | 'Ernani Involami' with orch. Mimo Sembrich | Pennino | Apr 17. 1910 |
| Wagner R. | "A Faust Overture" | XVII | Feb 5. 1910 |
| | Overture to 'Rienzi' | VII | Nov 27. 1909 |
| | " "Hugue Dutchman" | XIV | Jan 29. 1910 |
| | " "Tannhauser" | Pennino | Apr 17. " |
| | Prelude to 'Lohengrin' | " | " " " |
| | " to 'Parsifal' | " | " " " |
| | " to 'The Mastersinger' | " | " " " |
| | " to 'Love Death' - Tristan - | IX | Dec 18. 1909 |
| | " " " " | XIV | Jan 29. 1910 |
| | " " " " | Pennino | Apr 17. " |
| | "Waldwehen" from Siegfried | XIV | Jan 29. " |
| | Wotan's Farewell & Die Meze | Pennino | Nov 24. 1909 |
| | from Die Walkyrie | " | " " " |
| | Ride of the Walkyries | " | " " " |
| | "March of the Gods" for Orch | VII | Dec 4. " |
| Wolf, Hugo | "En Ich's" song with orchestra Miss Filly Koenen | XI | Jan 1. 1910 |

Soloists

| | | |
|------------|-------------------|--------------|
| Piano | Busoni, F. | Feb 12. 1910 |
| | Carreno, Teresa | Dec 18. 1909 |
| | Kutcheson, Ernest | Feb 19. 1910 |
| | Rachmaninoff, S. | Dec 18. 1909 |
| | Randolph, Harold | Feb 19. 1910 |
| | Samaroff, Olga | Nov 21. 1909 |
| | " " | " 27 " |
| Violinists | Elman, Mischa | Jan 8. 1910 |
| | Hess, Willy | Oct 23. 1909 |
| | " " | Nov 21. " |
| | " " | Jan 22. " |
| | Kreisler, Fritz | Apr 9. 1910 |
| | Noack, Sylvain | Nov 20. 1909 |

Violoncelle

| | |
|------------------|--------------|
| Schroeder, Alwin | Jan 22. 1910 |
| Warnke, Heinrich | Oct 30. 1909 |
| " | Apr 23. 1910 |

Viola

| | |
|-----------|--------------|
| Feriz, E. | Apr 23. 1910 |
|-----------|--------------|

Oboe

| | |
|----------------|-------------|
| Longy, Georges | Dec 4. 1909 |
|----------------|-------------|

Organist

| | |
|--------------|-------------|
| Marshall, M. | Apr 9. 1910 |
|--------------|-------------|

Vocalists

| | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| Farrar, Miss Geraldine | Nov 9. 1909 |
| Hissom de Mox, Mary | Apr 30. 1910 |
| Komer, Miss Louise | Oct 9. 1909 |
| Keyer, Miss Margaret | Apr 30. 1910 |
| Koenen, Miss Filly | Jan 1. " |
| Norden, Mr Berick von | Apr 30. " |
| Rattigan, Mr J. H. | " 16. " |
| Schumann-Heink, Mad. | Dec 4. 1909 |
| Sembrich, Madame | Feb 16. 1910 |
| " | " 19. " |
| " | Apr 17. " |
| Weld, Mr Frederick | |

The Apollo Club
" Cecilia Society

April 16. 1910
" 30. "

Conductor

Max Fiedler

May 19. '10 A.A.B.

SYMPHONY HALL

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

98
MUSICIANS

MAX FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR

TWENTY - NINTH
SEASON, 1909-10

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

On CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from Oct. 8, 1909, to April 29, 1910
Omitting Nov. 12, Dec. 10, 1909, Jan. 14, Feb. 4, Feb. 25, and March 25, 1910.

24 CONCERTS

On CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS from Oct. 9, 1909, to April 30, 1910. Omitting Nov. 13,
Dec. 11, 1909, Jan. 15, Feb. 5, Feb. 26, and March 26, 1910.

ASSISTING ARTISTS

MESDAMES
GERALDINE FARRAR
LOUISE HOMER
TILLY KOENEN
MARY HISSEM DE MOSS
MARCELLA SEMBRICH
ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
TERESA CARRENO
OLGA SAMAROFF

MESSRS.
FERRUCCIO BUSONI
MISCHA ELMAN
WILLY HESS
FRITZ KREISLER
SYLVAIN NOACK
SERGE RACHMANINOFF
HEINRICH WARNKE
and the

CECILIA SOCIETY
Others To Be Announced

Tickets for the Series of Concerts
and for the Series of Rehearsals

\$18.00 and \$10.00 According to location

The \$18 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, **Monday, Sept. 27, at 10 A. M.**
The \$10 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, **Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M.**
The \$18 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, **Thursday, Sept. 30, at 10 A. M.**
The \$10 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, **Friday, Oct. 1, at 10 A. M.**
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets Will Be Delivered in the Hall, and must Be Paid for as Soon as Bought or They Will Be Immediately Resold

FIEDLER BACK TO LEAD SYMPHONY

Brings from Europe Composi-
tions Never Before Heard in
America—Enthusiastic Over
New Artists.

ORCHESTRA'S PROGRAM IS BETTER THAN EVER

Herald — *Oct. 2, 1909*
Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston
Symphony orchestra, arrived in Boston
yesterday afternoon from New York,
having been a passenger on the record-
breaking trip of the Mauretania from
Europe. After spending a summer at
his home in Hamburg and at the min-
eral springs of Bertrich, his return to
Boston means the active commencement
of the concert season in New England.
Mr. Fiedler brings with him sev-

eral compositions that have never been produced before in America. Among these are the remarkable symphonic poems of Delius and Sibellus, the Finnish composers, whose works Mr. Fiedler characterized as being strikingly original. "The Dance from Salome," by Strauss, and that composer's "Suite for Wind Instruments" are also new. The later composition is still in the manuscript, and has not been sent to Boston as yet.

The American composers will not be as well represented this season on the concert program.

The two new symphonic poems of Charles Martin Loeffler, the Boston composer, will be the sole American productions used, although Mr. Fiedler says that he is ever ready to do everything to bring American composers before the public, and that with the greatest pleasure. He expects to find many American compositions awaiting his perusal today when he resumes his work.

"I rejoice in the enthusiasm shown toward the work for this season, and I believe that the program is better than last year's, because of the larger number of soloists, among whom are several never heard before in Boston," said Mr. Fiedler.

New Bedford, Brockton, Erie, Syracuse, Albany or Troy and Bridgeport are the new cities that will be included in this winter's concert tour.

Aside from the regular concerts, the Symphony orchestra will participate in the inauguration ceremonies of President Lowell of Harvard in Sanders Theatre on Oct. 6. The program for the orchestra on that occasion will be representative of the earlier and modern classics from the "Three Big Bs," including the Academic Festival overtures by Brahms, D major Suite by Bach and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Among the new artists for this season, Mr. Fiedler spoke enthusiastically over Rachmaninoff, one of the most prominent composers in Russia, and who is the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts in Moscow. Tille Koener appears for the first time in America and is well liked by Mr. Fiedler. Louise Homer comes from the Metropolitan Opera House, while Gilbert, the baritone, comes from the Manhattan. It will be the first appearance for these artists. Mr. Fiedler was glad to announce that Fritz Kreisler will be heard again this year, for he has always been a great favorite.

While abroad Mr. Fiedler busied himself with the reading of many scores and manuscripts from foreign authors and composers in the search for new creations and novelties that might be produced in Boston. Mr. Fiedler also composed three songs for the piano and voice, but these, he said, were still in his desk. Mr. Fiedler says he is full of anticipation for the commencement of the season, and

that he is looking forward to the first rehearsal on Monday. His first public appearance will be on Friday, Oct. 8, when he will lead the Symphony orchestra in its first public rehearsal.

MUSICAL NEWS

MR. FIEDLER'S FORTHCOMING PROGRAM

Trans. GRAMMES Sept. 11/19

The Music, New and Old, Familiar and Unfamiliar, That He Announces for the Symphony Concerts—Romantic, Modern and Ultra-Modern Compositions in Plenty—Much More of Strauss and a New Overture by Reger—Early Debussy and Newly Discovered Berlioz—A Hearing for Some of the Younger Russians—Four New Pieces by Sibelius—and as Many to Make Delius Known—Bantock and Elgar for the Other Englishmen—The Programmes for the Worcester Festival—Sousa's Concert

The Symphony Orchestra is pursuing a new policy this year. Instead of one announcement of its plans for the new season, it is dribbling out details of it in semi-weekly instalments. One day it is the engagement of a new horn player or an increase in the number of its concerts in New England cities; another it is the appearance of Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer, conductor and pianist at one pair of concerts, and now it is a list of the pieces, new and old, novel or familiar classic, or semi-classic, that Mr. Fiedler purposes to include in his programmes in the course of the season. The list is long, diversified and generally interesting, and indicates clearly that for the final year of his stay in Boston he has followed eagerly his own romantic, modern and ultra-modern tendencies.

Last winter, from Strauss, Mr. Fiedler revived notably the tone-poems, "Death and Transfiguration," "A Hero's Life" and "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Next winter, he purposes to repeat "Zarathustra," to revive "Don Quixote," unheard in Boston since Mr. Gericke's time, and "The Symphonía Domestica," first performed here under Dr. Muck, and to make, besides, three ventures of his own. One is Salome's dance, an easily detachable fragment of the like-named music-drama, significant as absolute music, and the only part of the opera Boston is likely to hear until it joins the rest of the intelligent world and reclaims its operatic liberty. Another is a serenade for wind instruments that Strauss wrote in 1882, before he was twenty-one when he was training his powers. The third

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PERSONNEL

Twenty-ninth Season, 1909-1910

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

FIRST VIOLINS.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Hess, Willy <i>Concert-master.</i> | Roth, O. Kuntz, D. | Hoffmann, J. Fiedler, E. | Krafft, W. Theodorowicz, J. |
| Noack, S. | Eichheim, H. Rissland, K. | Bak, A. Ribarsch, A. | Mullaly, J. Traupe, W. |
| Mahn, F. Strube, G. | | | |

SECOND VIOLINS.

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| Barleben, K. Fiumara, P. | Akeroyd, J. Currier, F. | Fiedler, B. Marble, E. | Berger, H. Eichler, J. |
| Tischer-Zeitz, H. Goldstein, S. | Kuntz, A. Kurth, R. | Goldstein, H. Werner, H. | |

VIOLAS.

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|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Férr, E. Gietzen, A. | Heindl, H. Hoyer, H. | Zahn, F. Kluge, M. | Kolster, A. Sauer, G. | Krauss, H. Rennert B. |
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VIOLONCELLOS.

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| Warnke, H. Keller, J. | Nagel, R. Kautzenbach, A. | Barth, C. Nast, L. | Belinski, M. Hadley, A. | Warnke, J. Smalley, R. |
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BASSES.

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|----------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Keller, K. Gerhardt, G. | Agnesy, K. Kunze, M. | Seydel, T. Huber, E. | Ludwig, O. Schurig, R. |
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FLUTES.

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| Maquarre, A. Brooke, A. Battles, A. Fox, P. |
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OBOES.

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| Longy, G. Lenon, C. Sautet, A. |
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CLARINETS.

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| Grisez, G. Mimart, P. Vannini, A. |
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BASSOONS.

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| Sadony, P. Mueller, E. Regestein, E. |
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ENGLISH HORN.

| |
|-------------|
| Mueller, F. |
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BASS CLARINET.

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| Stumpf, K. |
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CONTRA-BASSOON.

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| Helleberg, J. |
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HORNS.

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| Hess, M. Lorbeer, H. Hain, F. Phair, J. |
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HORNS.

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| Wendler G. Gebhardt, W. Hackebarth, A. Schumann, C. |
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TRUMPETS.

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| Kloepfel, L. Mann, J. Heim, G. Merrill, C. |
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TROMBONES.

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| Hampe, C. Mäusebach, A. Kenfield, L. |
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TUBA.

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| Lorenz, O. |
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HARP.

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| Schüecker, H. |
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TYMPANI.

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| Rettberg, A. Kandler, F. |
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PERCUSSION.

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| Dworak, J. Ludwig, C. | Senia, T. Burkhardt, H. |
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LIBRARIAN.

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| Sauerquell, J. |
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MR. FIEDLER SPEAKS OF HIS NEW PIECES

Trans. — Oct. 8, 1909
His Summer in Germany and Some Details About the New Music That He Will Undertake Here—Richard Strauss as a Programme Maker—London Hears Primitive and Popular Russian Music—Mme. Schumann-Heink's Concerts Here—New Parts for Miss Farrar—An Improved Kettle-Drum

This afternoon, at Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler faces his first audience, for the new season at the regular Symphony Concerts, and, as his conducting proved at Harvard Wednesday night, he has come back in full vigor and in eager mettle for the final year of his work here. In the main he had a quietly busy and diversified summer. He returned to the Hamburg that he cherishes as the city where he has lived most of his working life and where he first made his reputation as a conductor; he paid occasional visits to other musical capitals in Germany, and he had his weeks of real holiday at a little watering-place on the Mosel. It rained plentifully in northern Europe throughout the summer and the valley of the Mosel had its share of the deluge. Mr. Fiedler, unlike some of his fellow-musicians of both sexes from Germany, is no blind champion of the climate of its northern stretches. He missed, he says frankly, the brightness of American sunshine and the crispness of American air. Can they be one of the "insidious perils" that German newspapers like to suggest when Teutonic conductors, singers and virtuosi depart to America, or are they one of the "compensations" at which these journals like equally to hint.

Since there is scarcely a change in the personnel of the Symphony Orchestra this season, Mr. Fiedler had no weary days of quest and testing of new players. On the other hand, the publishers and the composers of music heaped their new pieces about him, and he had long days and nights of the reading of engraved and manuscript pages. For the new pieces that he wished to bring to hearing this year in Boston, the task was the pleasurable gratification of eager curiosity; for the rest it was duty that now and then was happily rewarded. The list of the chosen pieces has appeared already in this place, and there is need only to add a few details of Mr. Fiedler's own stating. The first music by Debussy that we in Boston are to hear will be the tone-picture, "Paris"—the moods and the impressions that the spectacle and the life of the city by night stirred in the watching composer. The new Suite of Wand Instruments by Strauss is not a youthful, but a very recent, composition that Strauss still

has on his table at his house in the Bavarian mountains and that will come to first performance, perhaps here in Boston, next winter. To Mr. Fiedler's evident relief, Reger himself has shortened the superfluously long "Prologue to a Tragedy" that is to be played at the concerts of next week for the first time in America. In all probability, when Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer, conductor and pianist appears with the orchestra, the tone-poem in which he will conduct in his own music, will not be "The Cliffs," as the preliminary announcement went, but "The Isle of the Dead," a newer piece, suggested by the familiar picture by Arnold Böcklin, and already praised in Germany for its "noble reticence." The Suite by Sibelius, "Swahnevit," that will be played here for the first time in America is the composer's own arrangement for the concert room of the incidental music that he wrote for the like-named fairy play by Strindberg. As for the tone-poems of his beloved Strauss, Mr. Fiedler is sure to undertake for the less familiar of them the "Sinfonia Domestica" and "Zarathustra" and in all probability "Macbeth," which Strauss told him was his musical child that all the world had seemingly and unjustly agreed to neglect, and "Don Quixote," the masterpiece in its kind that has not been heard here since Mr. Gericke's time.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS BACK.

First Work of Season for Orchestra Will Be at Worcester Festival.

Herald — Sept. 17, 1909
That section of the Symphony orchestra which has been playing at the Swimming Pool at Bar Harbor during the summer, under the leadership of Gustav Strube, has returned to town, the season having ended. As in previous years, there were 20 men there, and the season lasted for eight weeks. This year was by all odds the most successful the men have had, the Swimming Pool being crowded every day for the concerts.

With the exception of two or three members of the orchestra who have not yet returned from Europe, practically all the members are now in town. The first work of the orchestra will be the Worcester festival in the week beginning Monday, Sept. 27, the day of the first auction sale at Symphony Hall.

Sept. 17, 1909
Nearly All the Members Here for Concert Season.

That section of the Symphony orchestra which has been playing at Bar Harbor this summer under the leadership of Gustav Strube has returned to town, the season having ended. As in previous years there were 20 men there and the season lasted for eight weeks. With the exception of two or three members of the orchestra who have not yet returned from Europe practically all the members are now in

in the only one of Strauss's tone-poems that has not at one time or another been performed in Boston—"Macbeth," the second of the series, standing between "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration." Strauss makes no attempt to cover the whole ground of Shakspeare's drama," writes Mr. Newman of the piece. "No other character is introduced but Lady Macbeth—and she is really kept in the background of the picture—and absolutely nothing happens." The whole drama is enacted in the soul of Macbeth; apart from the comparatively few measures that depict his wife, the score is entirely concerned with the internal conflict of the three main elements of his character—his ambitious pride, his irresolution and his love for Lady Macbeth."

From Reger, the other conspicuous individual and innovating German, Mr. Fiedler has a piece that is wholly new here and another that already has been warmly welcomed. The new piece is Reger's most recent composition for orchestra, the long and elaborate "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragic Play," performed occasionally in Germany last spring, unheard as yet in America, and to be played at the third pair of our concerts. The piece to be revived is the imaginative variations and the thrilling fugue upon a theme of Hiller that Dr. Muck brought to hearing toward the end of his conductorship. The lesser living German composers have apparently yielded little that was new and interesting, and the only novel music from their hands on Mr. Fiedler's list is an "Epilogue to a Tragedy" by Boehe, the young disciple of Strauss at Munich, whose tone-picture, "Taormina," and one of whose tone-poems about Odysseus have been played in time past at the Symphony Concerts. Last year—to pass to romantic and familiar German music—Mr. Fiedler practically exhausted concert pieces from Wagner, and all that remains for him to undertake now is the "Faust" overture. From the Wagnerian imitators, he purposes to revive Humperdinck's "Moorish Rhapsody"; and one symphony of Bruckner, the seventh; while his German classics comprise one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos for strings; the first, second, fourth, sixth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven—the choral symphony to be performed at the final pair of concerts with the choir of the Cecilia again assisting; the orchestral version of Beethoven's fugue for string quartet; Brahms's "Tragic Overture," fourth symphony and double concerto for violin and violoncello and orchestra, unheard here since the time of Mr. Gericke, Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder; Goldmark's pretty little symphony, "The Rustic Wedding," so long neglected that it will seem almost new; a concerto by Handel for strings; Liszt's glowing "Faust" symphony—with or without the choral close does not appear—and "Tasso"; three symphonies of Mozart and one of Haydn, and Schumann's overtures to "Manfred" and "Genoveva" and his symphony

in B-flat.

So much for the Germans. The French composers have yielded Mr. Fiedler less novel spoil. A year or more ago Henri Büsser, one of the conductors of the Opéra in Paris, arranged for orchestra a "Petite Suite" that Debussy had written as long ago as 1889 as a piano duet. It was played by one of the Parisian orchestras and Mr. Fiedler intends to repeat it here. D'Indy the conductor ignores, though his "Souvenirs" is still unknown, except by report, in Boston. On the other hand, Mr. Fiedler will revive César Franck's nobly imaginative symphony; Charpentier's warmly colored "Italian Impressions," and Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and his "Danse Macabre." From Berlioz's symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," he will take the "love scene" and the scherzo of "Queen Mab," and he will play for the first time here the recently discovered romantic overture that Berlioz wrote when he was full of admiration for Scott, and called "Rob Roy."

For romantic music, the Russians stand Mr. Fiedler in good stead. From Tschalkowsky he will take the alternately sombre and lurid symphony upon Byron's "Manfred," the tone-poem, "Francesca da Rimini," the overture-fantasia to "Romeo and Juliet" and a serenade for strings. Rimsky-Korsakoff gives him the gorgeous piece of orchestral bravura, "The Spanish Caprice," and Glazounoff, the suite from the ballet "In the Middle Ages" and "A Song of Destiny," both new to the repertory of the orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, too, is discovering the new generation of Russian composers, the neo-Russians, as the Parisian experts call them. One is Rachmaninoff, whose visit to the orchestra will bring one of his concertos for piano and his tone-poem, "The Cliffs." The other is Scriabine, the rhapsodical dreamer, who writes symphonies of the universe, and also little pieces, like the "Revery," Mr. Fiedler has chosen. Across the Russian border, in Finland, the conductor has already testified to his liking for Sibelius's music and next winter he will play for the first times here two of his tone-poems, "A Saga," and "Night Ride and Sunrise," his legend of "The Swan of Tuonela," his suite, "Swahnevit," likewise new, and his second symphony, the more formal and "classic" of the three that he has written. From another composer of the North, Sinding, Mr. Fiedler takes a "Rondo Infinito."

At last, too, we in Boston are to hear more of the orchestral music of the "new" Englishmen that hitherto only Elgar has represented on our programmes. He will have his inning as an established composer, with the "Enigma" variations, probably his most satisfying orchestral piece, and a little suite, played last winter in London, "The Wand of Youth," a revision and re-scoring of some very youthful pieces written originally for private theatricals. More important, however, is Mr. Fiedler's discovery and evident admiration for Fred-

Boston. The first work of the orchestra will be the Worcester festival in the week beginning Monday, Sept. 27, the day of the first auction sale at Symphony Hall.

erick Dellus, and he announces no less than four of his pieces for next winter for their first performances in America: "Appalachia," fourteen orchestral variations with a choral close, upon a Negro melody, that the composer heard in Florida—atmospheric music that reflects the sensations of virgin forests and sleeping swamps; "Brigg Fair," a pastoral rhapsody for orchestra upon a folk-tune of the English fen-country; "In a Summer Garden," a rhapsody in its way in tone-picturing; and "Paris," a tone-poem of large dimensions that embodies eloquently Mr. Dellus's sensations as he looks upon the city and its eager life by night. After Dellus, Bantock, and from his music which has oftener been choral than purely orchestral, Mr. Fiedler has chosen his delicately fanciful overture based lightly upon Ernest Dowson's verses of the weary and longing Pierrot and the unattainable moon-maiden—an atmospheric, dream-like, faintly melancholy piece, of unusual charm and beauty. As for the American composers, Mr. Fiedler can choose better here than he can in Germany; but already he has decided to revive Mr. Loefler's tone-poem, "The Death of Tintagles," unheard for some years, and also his "Devil's Round." In all, a list that promises a remarkable variety and novelty of interest through the six months of the concerts; that adjusts the old to the new; and that is agreeably open-minded to almost all the ultra-modern composers except the curiously neglected d'Indy.

INTERESTING SYMPH SEASON BEING OUT

Mr. Fiedler has mapped out for the Symphony Orchestra one of the most interesting seasons it has ever had. In the list of novelties appear certain works that he announced for last season, but was unable to reach. The first of these to be played is the latest orchestral work of Max Reger, "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy." It has been placed on the third program.

Among names new to Boston audiences are those of Frederic Dellus, Granville-Bantock and Scriabine. Dellus is a Yorkshireman of German parentage. His works are said to be not only melodious, but most skilfully made, and he is also said to be a master of orchestration. Granville-Bantock is another English composer who has been attracting much attention in the last few years. Scriabine belongs to the younger school of Russian composers, of which the leader is Rach-

maninoff. He has a guest of the Rchestra of New York some of his works ultra-romantic and alistic.

Rachmaninoff, w most interesting v be represented by "Die Felsen," whi pected to conduct he will be soloist

The list of ord ready decided upo as follows: Berli Roy"; Boeche's "Ep Debussy's "Petit "Paris," "Appalac Garden" and "Br "Wand of Youth" "Aumoyen age," a Destin"; Reger's Tragedy"; two s two other works ton has never he "Rondo Infinito" erie"; Strauss' fi "Macbeth," beside lome" and a suite

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"Mort du Tintagiles. E-flat major, G mine "Prologue to a Trag tions. Rimsky-Korsak Sibelius—Symphony, I Saens—Rouet d'Ompl Schumann—Symphony, "Genoveva," overture, "Don Quixote," Sinf Spake Zarathustra." T "Manfred," serenade overture, "Romeo and Rimini," symphonic ture, "Faust."

MUSH

As has already be ton Symphony orchi concert in Sanders versity, on Wedne This concert is a p monies attending new president of tickets will be sold invitation only. Ye manager of the or Mr. Fiedler the pro It is:

Brahms—Academic B Bach—Suite for Orch Beethoven—Symphony

Symphony Crowd Welcomes Fiedler



PHOTO BY POST PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWING PART OF THE WAITING LINE AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY REHEARSAL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. WOMEN SAT FOR HOURS ON THE CURBSTONES WAITING FOR THE DOORS OF SYMPHONY HALL TO OPEN IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE EARLIEST CHOICE OF "RUSH" SEATS.

BY OLIN DOWNES

The applause which greeted Max Fiedler when he appeared in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, for the first time this season, said more than volumes for the position which he gained last winter. And Mr. Fiedler's personality, his unmistakable sincerity, his wholehearted enthusiasm, have made their way as truly as his musicianship.

The hall was packed, and the majority

of the sex which is commonly supposed to uphold standards of tact and courtesy came surmounted by voluminous headgear. What about the statement of the management toward the end of last season? Is this nuisance to continue?

The concert commenced with Beethoven's overture, "Dedication of the House." This is one of the poorest of the great man's orchestral works. The introduction is a string of platitudes worthy of Haydn when dull, suggesting instantaneously gilt furniture and rows

of red liveried flunkies. The explosive sforzandos of later pages, a basic passage for the lower strings, and the coda by the forgery. There is more motion and genuine festivity toward the end. The performance was brilliant, and everybody was happy.

But the title of a piece is no excuse for its dulness. The second Symphony of Brahms, instead of following, should have come first. It was not less glorious than the fine day outside. Indeed, every note of that joyous work comes direct

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maninoff. He has been in this country a guest of the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, which has played some of his works. He is regarded as ultra-romantic and thoroughly nationalistic.

Rachmaninoff, who will be one of the most interesting visitors this year, will be represented by his symphonic poem, "Die Felsen," which he himself is expected to conduct at the concert when he will be soloist here.

The list of orchestral novelties already decided upon for performance is as follows: Berlioz's overture, "Rob Roy"; Boeche's "Epilogue to a Tragedy"; Debussy's "Petite Suite"; Dellus' "Paris," "Appalachia," "In a Summer Garden" and "Brigg Fair"; Elgar's "Wand of Youth"; Glazounoff's suite, "Aumoyen age," and duo, "Le Chant du Destin"; Reger's "Prologue to a Tragedy"; two symphonic poems and two other works by Sibelius that Boston has never heard before; Sinding's "Rondo Infinito"; Scriabine's "Reverie"; Strauss' first symphonic poem, "Macbeth," besides a dance from "Salome" and a suite for wood wind.

The other works now listed for performance are the following:

Bach—Brandenburger Konzert No. 3, for strings. Bantock—Comedy overture, "The Pierrot of the Minute." Beethoven—Grosse quartetfuge for strings and symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 9. Berlioz—Scene de'amour and Scherzo, "Fee Mab." Bruckner—Symphony No. 7. Brahms—Symphony No. 4; tragic overture; concerto for violin and cello. Charpentier—Impression d'Italie. Cherubini—Overture, "Abenceragen." Elgar—Variations. Cesar Franck—Symphony. Goldmark—Symphony, "Rustic Wedding." Handel—Concerto, D

"Mort du Tintagles," Mozart—Symphonies, E-flat major, G minor, C major. Reger—"Prologue to a Tragedy," opus 108; variations. Rimsky-Korsakoff—Capriccio espagnol. Sibelius—Symphony, D major, No. 2. Saint-Saens—Rouet d'Omphale; Danse macabre. Schumann—Symphony, B-flat major; overture, "Genoveva," overture, "Manfred." Strauss—"Don Quixote," Sinfonia Domestica; "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Tschalkowsky—Symphony, "Manfred," serenade, for strings, op. 48; overture, "Romeo and Juliet," "Francesco da Rimini," symphonic poem. Wagner—Overture, "Faust."

MUSIC NOTES.

As has already been announced, the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a special concert in Sanders theatre, Harvard university, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 5. This concert is a part of the formal ceremonies attending the installation of the new president of the university and no tickets will be sold, admittance being by invitation only. Yesterday C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, received from Mr. Fiedler the programme of the concert. It is:

Brahms—Academic Festival Overture, 3
Bach—Suite for Orchestra in D major.
Beethoven—Symphony in C minor, No. 5.

Welcomes Fiedler



WAITING LINE AT THE FIRST SYMPHONY RE-
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But the title of a piece is no excuse for its dulness. The second Symphony of Brahms, instead of following, should have come first. It was not less glorious than the fine day outside. Indeed, every note of that joyous work comes direct

from the prodigal lap of nature. Mountainous! Pastoral! There cannot be many who do not associate the lovely motif of the horns with green valleys, who can fail to be impressed by the dark and majestic chords of the brass—towering cliff—which precede the radiant entrance of the violins with the second melody. Could the sweeping, golden climax of the finale have been conceived in any less a moment than that of a heart-shattering sunrise in the Alps? These inherent things were fully appreciated in an interpretation which did justice to the reflecting, contemplative mood of the slow movement as to the lift of the pastoral that follows. And the slow movement was not, for a rarity, taken too slowly. In the first measures the horns slipped and there were slight angularities in this movement, doubtless owing to a first performance.

Louise Homer sang Saint-Saens' setting of verses by Hugo, "The Drummer's Betrothed," Liszt's "Die Loreley," Brahms' "Sapphische Ode," Schubert's "Allmacht," the last two songs with orchestral accompaniments by Frederick Stock of Chicago. Saint-Saens may be said to have written incidental music to a scene by Hugo. The orchestra is skillfully suggestive of the passing of the troops before the stricken woman who looks in vain for her drummer. It has a rarer virtue, reticence, making no attempt to achieve what is beyond the composer, while here and there it suddenly and successfully reveals emotion. Thus a full-voiced, intelligent contralto is given opportunity of creating a role, so to speak. Mme. Homer took advantage of these opportunities and she made her effect.

Stock's Setting Unsatisfactory

Liszt's song is unquestionably inflated, but it is rather gorgeous all the same. Instead of an earnest and simply credulous peasant, we have here a high-flown and impassioned actor, treading the boards, declaiming in costume and with a wealth of gesticulation the doings of the fate-ridden Loreley. This always interests an audience. Brahms' "Sapphic Ode" is a very artistic song, as originally constructed by the composer. The orchestration of Mr. Stock is an absurdity. Why in heaven's name an orchestra? If, again, the "Allmacht" is more suitable for such treatment I can only say that as heard yesterday it was far from satisfactory.

The triumph of the afternoon was Mr. Fiedler's magnificent reading of Strauss' bolting tone-poem, "Don Juan." That is truly a superb work, written from the depths of a man's being. In it Strauss is at once the fiery idolater and the disillusionized philosopher of other days. A man does not necessarily act out, visualize, his greatest experiences, so that it is safe and entirely courteous to assert that this music is torrentially and overwhelmingly autobiographical.

At the second concert Max Reger's "Overture to an Imaginary Tragedy" will be given its first performance in America.

Globe — Sept. 19, 1909

The 20th season of concerts by the Boston symphony orchestra will begin Oct 8-9 in Symphony hall and continue the usual time. The dates omitted, while the orchestra is away from Boston, are Nov 12, 13, Dec 10, 11, Jan 14, 15, Feb 4, 5, 25, 26 and March 25, 26. During the season there will be the customary two concerts for the benefit of the pension fund and there is to be an addition to the usual schedule of outside concerts.

As has been the rule almost since the foundation of the orchestra the seats for the Boston concerts will be sold at auction. Monday, Sept 27, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; Tuesday, Sept 28, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals; Thursday, Sept 30, the \$18 seats for the concerts and Friday, Oct 1, the \$10 seats.

The usual rates will prevail that bids will be accepted for seats in the regular order only and not for the choice, and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Mr Fiedler's programs for the first five concerts are as follows:

I.
Overture, Die Welthe des Hauses...Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Songs
Don Juan, symphonic poem.....Strauss
Soloist, Louise Homer.

II.
Symphonic prologue to a tragedy, Opus 108
Max Reger
(First time.)
Concerto for violin.....Joachim
Symphony No. 8, F major.....Beethoven
Soloist, Willy Hess.

III.
Comedy overture, The Pierrot of the Minute,
Granville Bantock
(First time.)
Symphony No. 4, F minor.....Tchaikowsky
Selections from Peer Gynt.....Grieg

IV.
Overture, Fidelio.....Beethoven
Symphonic poem.....Rachmaninoff
Concerto for pianoforte No. 2, in C minor,
Opus 18.....Rachmaninoff
The Eulenspiegel.....Strauss
Soloist, Serge Rachmaninoff.

V.
Symphony No. 2, Op 37.....d'Indy
Reve d'Enfant.....Tchaikowsky
(First time.)

Songs
Overture, The Bartered Bride.....Smetana
Soloist, Geraldine Farrar.

A partial list of soloists which have been engaged for the more important outside concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra is: New York, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Samarooff, Gilbert, Rachmaninoff, Mischa Elman and Willy Hess; Philadelphia, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Rachmaninoff and Mischa Elman; Baltimore, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Rachmaninoff and Mischa Elman; Washington, Rider-Kelsey, Samarooff, Mischa Elman and Willy Hess; Brooklyn, Gilbert, Samarooff, Mischa Elman and Willy Hess.

The Auctions for the Symphony Concerts —A Change in Local Habit—The Programmes of the Worcester Festival and the Singers Engaged for It

Trans. — Sept. 25, 1909

The annual sale by auction of the seats for the Symphony Concerts begins on Monday morning in Symphony Hall, at ten o'clock, and continues with an interval for luncheon through the day. On Monday, the seats at \$18 for the twenty-four afternoon concerts on Fridays from October through April will be sold. On Tuesday, at the same place and the same hour, the sale will cover the seats at \$10 for the afternoon concerts. Thursday, again at ten and in Symphony Hall, brings the sale of the seats at \$18 for the twenty-four concerts of Saturday evenings, and on Friday, the seats at \$10 for the evening concerts will be sold. The conditions of all four sales are the familiar conditions of many previous years. The prices named are upset prices and bidding begins at them. Bids must be made for the seats in the order of sale, and not for the general choice. No more than four seats are sold upon any one bid, and the whole price must be paid on the spot or the seats will be sold.

The circular from the management notes interestingly a change in local habit at the auctions: "Each year," it says, "more and more of the regular subscribers have been putting their orders for seats in the hands of commissioners. In the early days of the auctions, practically everybody was on hand to bid for seats, and the competition was often exciting and always entertaining. Now, with a few commissioners laden with orders, the sales are likely to be a bit humdrum, for there are rarely individual contests for certain seats. While the patrons who thus give their orders are saving themselves trouble by so doing, it is not always true that they are saving money. At every sale there are 'bargains' in odd seats and odd pairs of seats which commissioners, having specific orders as to position, are unable to buy; whereas if the purchaser were on the ground himself, he might very probably get just as desirable seats as those ordered, and for much less money."

PREMIUMS MORE REASONABLE

Trans. — Sept. 30, 1909

Not Such High Prices Paid for Saturday Evening Concerts of Boston Symphony Orchestra as for Friday Rehearsals

At today's sale in Symphony Hall of the \$18 tickets for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one could purchase good places on the floor at prices far less than were paid for the same seats at the auction sale for the Friday

day public rehearsals. This is usually the condition at these sales, each year, and patrons can enjoy the evening concerts at a much less expense than others pay for the privilege of attending the Friday performances. Today, for instance, really good seats in rows D, E and F could be had for only \$2 premium. The top price in row D was \$9.50, while in the next row, E, it reached \$39 premium, the highest figure of the forenoon. Rivalry between two women bidders caused this high price to be reached. The left end seats in this same row sold for \$5 premium.

For \$3 premium one could buy very good places in row G, only seven rows from the stage, and \$16.50 was the maximum in this same row. When row I was reached, a premium of \$23 was obtained, and in row K as high as \$30 was paid, while in row O the highest price was \$32, as against \$7.50 for the beginning of the row. In each instance the highest prices paid were for the aisle seats in the middle of the hall, and nearly always the bidding, if at all lively, was between two or more ticket brokers, all of whom bought many good seats. In row O the sale at \$32 was directly after a sale of adjoining places at \$7.50. Other seats in this row sold at \$12, as against \$16 for the same places at last year's sale, also at \$25.50, which last year fetched \$31, and at \$23, as against \$29.50 a year ago.

In Row N, which opened at \$6.50, reached \$27 and fell off to \$8 at end of the row, there were sales at \$19 of seats which a year ago brought a premium of \$51; yet, in contrast to these sales, a broker paid a premium of \$16.50 for places in Row B which sold last year for \$4 and others bringing \$7 last year went for around \$10 this year. In Rows P, Q, R and thereabout, prices showed a range of from \$6 to \$31, with many seats going at around \$15.

Relatively good seats in S and T could be had at lower premiums and good seats were knocked down by Walter Jackson the auctioneer, for about \$10 and even lower. The bidding and buying showed a more general interest among those assembled within the hall than was the case at the sale of Friday rehearsal seats, when the ticket brokers filled so many commissions and were large purchasers. The sale of the lower-priced seats for Saturday evening, the face value of which is \$10, will take place at the hall on Friday morning at ten o'clock.

SYMPHONY HALL

Fri. Afternoon at 2.30. Sat. Evening at 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor. H. WARNKE, Soloist

A limited number of reserved seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts only on sale. 3t(A) o 28

LARGER PORTION OF SEASON, Friday afternoon Symphony Concert Ticket, \$1.00 per concert. Floor G.G. end seat. Address E.T.A. Boston Transcript (D):

Auction Sales Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Tomorrow will be the opening of the auction sales of the seats for the Symphony concerts.

The sale will begin at 10 o'clock promptly and, with an hour's pause for luncheon, will continue until all the \$18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals have been sold. On Tuesday morning at the same hour the \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be auctioned. This is the shortest of the four sales because the second balcony, 505 seats, is held in reserve for the supporters who spend hours each week in Huntington avenue waiting for the doors to open. These seats are sold for 25 cents each. There are no tickets of admission, those wishing them paying their money as they enter the hall. In only this manner has it been possible to thwart ticket speculators, for the seats might easily bring \$1 and on special occasions even more, for they are among the best in the house. After a lapse of a day, on Thursday morning the \$18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts will be sold, and Friday the \$10 seats for the concerts will be offered for sale. There are no reservations for the concerts. All the seats in the hall are put up for sale.

As new patrons come in each year there is always more or less confusion about the method of selling. In every case the amount bid is added to the "upset" price of the seat which is up for sale. No more than four are sold on one bid and the seats are sold in the order that they appear on the chart, there being no bidding for choice.

These auction sales are a relic of the early days in the old Music Hall. Originally the prices of season tickets for the 24 rehearsals or 24 concerts were \$7.50 and \$12, with 25 cents admission for the rehearsals and 50 cents admission for the concerts. Even in those simple days the prices were low, and as the cost of maintaining the orchestra began to increase, the annual deficit increased in like ratio, for from the beginning Music Hall was crowded twice a week, yet no move was made by the management to increase the prices and the impulse came from the patrons of the concerts themselves.

The inconvenience of securing season tickets became almost intolerable, for the line sometimes formed two days before the opening of the sale. Moreover, as the value of the concerts was out of proportion to the prices charged, and as the application for seats was larger than the supply, the speculators began to reap. It was then at the request of some of the patrons that a limited number of the choicest seats was sold in this way, but the plan gained so in favor that several years before the orchestra moved to Symphony Hall every seat in the house was sold by auction.

Through all these years the original "upset" price was maintained until the fall of 1906, when the price of the \$7.50

seats was raised to \$10, and that of the \$12 seats to \$18. The prime reason for this move was to shorten and simplify the auction sales. It had been found that practically none of the \$12 seats brought less than a \$6 premium, and that none of the \$7.50 seats had brought a premium of less than \$2.50, so that the raising of the price merely meant so much time saved by cutting out the early bids.

In recent years, however, one decided change has been noted in the conducting of the auction sales. Each year more of the regular patrons have been putting their orders for seats into the hands of commissioners.

Mr. Fiedler will probably reach Boston next Friday.

The first concert of the season will be that in Sanders Theatre on the evening of Oct. 6. This will be a part of the ceremonies attending the installation of President Lowell, and only invited guests will be present.

The orchestra this week will be in Worcester at the annual music festival of that city. Mr. Gustav Strube of the orchestra is conducting this year for the first time the instrumental works.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$73.

Globe Sept. 28, 1909
Ticket Agents Gather Choice Seats at Auction for Friday Afternoon Symphony Rehearsals.

Ticket agents secured most of the seats for the Friday afternoon symphony rehearsals of this season at yesterday's auction sale in Symphony hall, which was, as usual, conducted by auctioneer Jackson. There was comparatively little bidding by individuals, and rarely did they secure the seats they desired. On the other hand, there was little bidding by the ticket agents against each other. The highest premium paid for seats was \$73 per seat, to be added to the regular \$18 per seat; this was for a block of four in the middle of row G.

At no time during the morning was the attendance up to that of last year, and the crowd was made up, as usual, mainly of women.

On the whole, the premiums obtained ranged about with those of last year. The best premiums were about \$2 higher than for the same seats last year. Row A started with a premium of \$8; the highest premium in this front row was \$20. The second row opened with a premium of \$16, and the highest in the row was \$24. Row C saw the high water mark of \$30 and row D reached a premium of \$30 also.

The highest premium coming in row G constituted a surprise, for it is unusual to see such high premiums offered for seats so far forward.

In row H a premium of \$57 was reached, and in row I \$61 was given as a premium for each of two central seats.

Up to the noon recess, row Q had been reached. Through rows H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and P, the premiums ranged from \$50 to \$61, and after this the prices tapered off steadily through row after row to the back of the house.

SELLING SEATS AT AUCTION FOR SYMPHONY CONCERTS



BEST PREMIUMS PAID FOR BALCONY SEATS

Symphony Orchestra Auction Sale Shows a Small Advance in Prices Paid Over Those of Last Year.

Herald Sept. 28/09

Bidding, on the whole, at the auction of \$18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday was between 10 and 15 per cent. higher than it

was at the corresponding sale of last year. The highest premium offered during the day was \$98. This sum, plus the regular price, which was \$18, was given for each of the seats 15 and 16, A, in the first balcony.

Bidding was liveliest at 4 o'clock, when the balcony seats were put on sale. These seats, particularly those at the side, have been growing in favor for the last few years. In section A, left balcony, seats from 15 to 24, averaged over \$70 a piece. Three of them, 22, 23, 24, went for \$80 a piece.

The outlook seemed dull while the first few rows were checked off upon the large screen which has been set up on the stage at Symphony Hall. There were not very many people in the hall. The majority were women,

and many had apparently dropped in merely to see how high or low prices were going. The opening sale in row A was made with a premium of \$8, which was 50 cents lower than the first premium offered last year.

When row G went on sale opposing buyers offered more resistance and the scene began to have a livelier tone. At this time the crowd increased, and most of them seemed to be there for business. Though, as usual, the regular ticket brokers purchased many of the seats, and nearly all of those seats sold at a high premium, there seemed to be a greater desire this year among music lovers to buy seats for themselves.

The high premium of \$73 each for four seats in the central section of row G came as a surprise, since such high premiums are not usually offered until the sale moves on to rows L, M, N, O, P or Q. In row M the opening premium was \$30, against \$27 of last year. The first premium for row O was \$24, and the best premium secured was \$50, \$5 more than the corresponding premium of last year. In row Q the highest premium was \$50, against \$71 of last year.

Mere chance yesterday had its fling as usual. Some seats which were sold at unusually high premiums last year sold at average prices. There were several very good bargains. On the other hand, some seats which in seasons past have received little attention were the subject of animated competition.

Today, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasting until the scheduled number of seats are sold, with an hour's pause for lunch, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be auctioned. On Thursday, at the same time, the \$18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts will be sold, and on Friday the \$10 seats for the concerts will be offered for sale. Walter Jackson was the auctioneer, as he has been on previous years.

GIVES \$80 PREMIUM FOR SYMPHONY SEAT

Yesterday's Sale of \$18 Floor and First Balcony Tickets for Saturday Night Concerts Exhausts Supply.

Herald — *Oct. 1, 1909*

At yesterday's sale of the \$18 floor and first balcony seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra \$80 was the highest premium offered. This sum, which was paid for a single seat on the floor, came

as a surprise to the majority of the bidders, who were not looking for high premiums until the sale was opened of seats in the balcony.

Since the Friday afternoon rehearsals have proved more popular during the past years than the evening concerts, there was not the interest yesterday that was shown in the earlier sales of the week. Premiums, however, were fairly good, and slightly higher than those of last year.

All of the \$18 seats were sold yesterday, which seems to be another indication that Bostonians intend to enjoy the program of the coming season. Often at the close of the auction there are left-overs, seats which are disposed of from week to week through the box office.

When row E was offered for sale yesterday morning the good-natured rivalry between two women brought the premium upon each of two central seats up to \$39, the highest figure of the morning sale. Other seats in the same row and in rows D and F brought only \$2. The left end seats in row E brought a premium of \$5.

In bidding for row I there was more competition shown and a premium of \$23 was obtained. For seats in row K \$30 was paid, and seats in row O upon the aisle in the middle of the hall brought a premium of \$32 each.

Comparison between the figures of last year's sale and those of yesterday show a rise in the price of some seats and a drop in those for others, though premiums were higher on the whole. In the balcony figures were higher.

Tomorrow morning the \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold, including the rear seats on the floor and a number in the balcony.

BEST PREMIUM IS \$16.50.

Globe — *Sept. 29, 1909*
Auction of Seats for Symphony Orchestra Matinee Rehearsals Results in Prices Above Last Year.

At yesterday's auction sale of \$10 season seats for the Friday matinee rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra for the coming season the best price obtained was \$26.50 each for seven seats on the floor. The lowest price was \$18 for one of the farthest seats in the first balcony. The respective premiums for the two extremes in price was thus \$16.50 and \$8.

The premiums yesterday averaged somewhat higher than last year. Speculators were not conspicuously in evidence, the class of seats sold being those for which patrons usually bid in for themselves.

Next Thursday morning at 10 the public auction of the \$18 regular Saturday concert seats will begin, and on Friday

morning, at the same hour, the \$10 regular concert seats will be disposed of.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$73

Crowds at Auction for Symphony Rehearsals

The Bidding Not Spirited, but Many Purchasers

Range Was Higher Than for Last Year

Many Women Show Their Interest in the Sale

While bidding for seats for the Friday public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was less spirited at the opening sale today than in some years, better premiums, on the average, were paid for good places. The sale took place, as usual, in Symphony Hall, where Walter Jackson was the auctioneer, just as he has been for many years. The attendance at the opening was about as in previous seasons, yet it was marked by more women than usually has been the case. They greatly outnumbered the men present.

It is of interest to know at once that the highest premium paid at this opening sale was \$73 for four seats, one an end seat, on the centre isle in Row G, while one adjoining sold for \$60 premium. Last year the highest opening sale was at \$71 in Row Q. To this must be added the regular price of \$18 for each seat. Those offered at this opening sale were only the \$18-seats for the Friday rehearsals, ranging from Row A back to Row JJ, inclusive, on the floor, and the side seats in the first balcony and also rear seats, through Row D in this part of the house.

The first sale today was at \$8 premium for the first seat in row A, which last year sold for \$8.50, and prices in this row ranged as high as \$20 premium. In row B they ran from \$16 to \$24 and in C from \$23 to \$30, in which place last year they could be had at \$13 to \$22.50. The premiums showed little interest until about row H, when more animated bidding began and prices reached as high as \$51, with \$23.50 as the minimum.

The best seats hereabout, as in the following rows, were taken by the ticket brokers, including Mr. Herrick, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Burke and Mr. Heard. They all had many commissions to fill for regular patrons who, seemingly, take advantage of chances to secure good places without personal inconvenience, merely placing the matter in the hands of

a broker. At times there was quite brisk bidding between the brokers desiring perhaps the same pair or block of seats. Unless the brokers, who are such large purchasers, had a reason for securing stated places, they did not enter so spiritedly into the bidding, leaving the field clear for more general bidders to secure coveted seats.

A lot of seats in rows from J through O and P sold for premiums above \$40, and in various instances as high as \$51, \$52, \$55 or a little more would be paid for a good pair or more of seats. In these rows the bids began at \$25 or even \$30 and from those figures quickly ran higher. There was less than usual of half-dollar bidding, although this is perfectly permissible.

Row Q, in which the maximum premium of \$71 was reached at last year's sale, showed at this year's a range of prices from \$31 at the beginning up to \$50 in the middle, and off to \$28 at the left end. Brokers, at times, by buying an odd seat or perhaps a pair at a reasonable figure at the extreme left end of a row, could secure excellent seats on the right end of the next following row, seizing advantage of the privilege of taking four seats, if desired, on any single bid. More individual buyers only frequently make use of this privilege in the matter of running over into the next following row. As the time for a recess for luncheon drew near, the hall had thinned out somewhat, yet good prices were still maintained.

REHEARSAL SEATS BRING HIGH BONUS

Premium of \$26.50 Paid on \$10 Seat at Boston Symphony Orchestra Sale—Lively Bidding for 412 Good Seats.

Herald — *Sept. 29, 1909*

At the sale of \$10 seats yesterday for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the coming season premiums remained high. Yesterday's receipts were larger than those of last year.

The highest premium offered was \$26.50 for seats on the floor. Several seats in the first of the \$10 row brought the same price.

Many music lovers who are planning to attend the rehearsals did not go to the sale or buy through ticket brokers. They are the ones who expect to stand for an hour or two on the Symphony Hall steps Friday afternoons in the

rush line. For 25 cents the first 500 will be admitted to the second balcony, which is reserved for this purpose.

The attendance yesterday was good, and there was more individual bidding than there was on the day before. The ticket brokers for the most part remained in the background, only entering the competition occasionally.

The sale closed at 12:30 o'clock. Only 412 seats were offered, including 254 upon the floor and 158 first balcony seats. Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be offered for sale, and on Friday the \$10 seats will be sold.

TOP PREMIUM \$26.50 ON SYMPHONY SEAT

Journal — Sept. 24, 1909
Higher bidding and more public interest than has been the case in years past were the notable features of the auction sale yesterday of the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In all, 412 of these seats were disposed of, the best premiums secured being \$26.50, the price paid in ten instances, and the lowest being \$8, which was paid for the last seat in the balcony.

SYMPHONY PREMIUMS HIGHER

Trans. — Sept. 28, 1909
Lower-Priced Seats for Public Rehearsals
Bring Better Figures on the Average
Than at Last Year's Sale

At today's sale in Symphony Hall of the lower priced, or \$10, seats for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on Friday afternoons, the coming musical season, the attendance was about as it was at the opening sale on Monday. The bidding, however, took on a more personal or individual character, and the ticket brokers did not buy so many tickets as was the case on Monday. Only occasionally did they take any specially active part in the bidding.

Only 412 seats in all were offered today, to complete the sale of all the reserved seats for the Friday performances. These included 254 seats on the floor, beginning with Row KK and extending back to Row SS, the last one in the hall, under the first balcony, together with 158 first balcony seats in the rear, from Row E to Row I, both inclusive. Prices on the whole averaged higher for the same rows than at last year's sale. For rehearsals, the entire second balcony is never reserved, but is kept open, it must be remembered, until the day of each Friday rehearsal, when exactly 505 persons, which is just the number

of seats in this balcony, are permitted to occupy these places on payment of a quarter of a dollar which they give up for admission, in lieu of tickets.

The highest premium paid today for floor seats was \$26.50 for places in Row KK and also in Row LL on the floor, and this proved to be the top price also for seats in the balcony in Row E, the first of the \$10 row. On the floor premiums ranged generally higher than last year, and seats in Row RR, for example, went as high as \$16 premium, while a year ago \$11 was the highest figure in the same row. The lowest premium for floor seats today was \$9 in Row SS, the last one in the hall, while in the balcony the minimum premium was \$8 for the last seat sold. The extreme right-hand corner seat on the floor went for \$9.50, and the last one in the row, the extreme left-hand corner seat of the hall, sold for \$10. Between these two there were sales in this last row at \$9, \$10, \$10.50 and \$12. All through the sale of these rear rows of the hall many buyers, especially women, took only a single seat.

Bidding lacked any great animation until the sales of balcony seats began, and then the brokers and some others sat up to take notice. Offers of premiums then came rapidly and there was more rivalry for good places than was shown in the disposal of floor seats. In Row E the first sale was at \$16, to a broker who had he so chosen could have bought the last odd seat on the floor, under the balcony, which went at \$10 and at the same figure could have used the right to take four seats on one bid, thus securing in addition to the odd floor seat three good ones in Row E in the balcony. It would have made a saving of \$6 on each of the three seats.

Bids began to start at \$20 about this time and it was here that the maximum premium of \$26.50 was reached. In the next row the range was from \$16.50 to \$23.50. In rows just behind good places could be had around and about \$14 and \$15, although some went at higher rates. There are only six seats in Row I, on the right, and the same number on the left side of the hall, and these ranged from \$9 to \$10.50 with the final sale of the last seat in the hall at \$8. The woman who secured this had bid frequently before for other places and her previous bids had all been at much higher figures.

The sale lasted about two hours and a half. The seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday and Friday, the \$18 seats on the first day and the \$10 seats on Friday. It was interesting today to see people after buying seats, hunt up their chosen places, of which they took immediate possession, to see how good a view of the stage could be had, how far the distance seemed, and other points which may add to their comfort or discomfort in the twenty-four weeks that they will regularly occupy the seats.

Auction Sales for the Symphony Concerts.

Globe — Sept. 24, 1909

Mr. Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, is now on the way to New York, having sailed from Liverpool yesterday by the Mauretania. The first rehearsal has been called for Monday morning, Oct. 4, and the first concert of the season, in which the entire orchestra will take part, will be in Sanders' theatre Wednesday evening, Oct. 6. This will be a part of the ceremonies attending the installation of Pres. Lowell, and only invited guests will be present.

The real beginning of the Symphony season comes tomorrow morning, when the first of the annual auction sales takes place in Symphony hall beginning at 10 o'clock. This method is admitted by the management as not being altogether satisfactory, but as yet no one has been able to devise a plan which would work better for both the orchestra and patrons.

It is a relic of the old days in Music hall, and grew out of the peculiar conditions which prevailed 25 years ago. When the orchestra was organized it was the plan of its founder to have the prices of admission on the same plan as is the rule in continental cities.

To this end the house was divided into two sections and the prices of season tickets for public rehearsals or concerts were made \$7.50 and \$12. Admission to the public rehearsals was placed at 25 cents and to concerts at 50 cents.

Early Auction Sales Successful.

As the concerts grew in popularity, the annual struggle to secure season tickets and choice seats became intolerable, and speculators made comfortable little fortunes by selling choice seats at a premium. To remove this evil in the mid-eighties some of the patrons suggested that a certain number of the choicer seats be sold at auction, the buyers paying a premium over the regular season ticket price.

This was tried and succeeded so well that soon all the seats in the old Music hall were sold in this manner.

When the orchestra moved to Symphony hall in 1900 no changes were made in the prices, although there were no admissions sold for the concerts because the arrangement of the new hall provided no standing room. No increase was made in these "upset" prices until the fall of 1906, when the management after much consideration decided to make the price of the \$7.50 seats \$10 and the price of the \$12 seats \$18. The reason for this was an effort to shorten and simplify the auction sales.

It had been found that practically none of the 12 seats brought less than a \$6 premium, and that in the preceding year none of the \$7.50 seats had brought a premium of less than \$2.50; so the raising of the price merely meant so much time saved by cutting out the early bids. The change seems to have worked very generally to the satisfaction of the patrons.

RECORD PRICES FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Journal — Sept. 28, 1909
Ninety-Eight Dollars Premium
Paid on \$18 Tickets at
Auction Yesterday.

Spirited bidding with new high records marked the auction of seats for the rehearsals of the twenty-ninth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, held at Symphony Hall, Huntington avenue, yesterday. That the seats sold will show an increase of at least 10 per cent. over sales of last year was declared by the managers.

The sale of seats began in the morning and at noon intermission all up to the cross section were sold. Ninety-eight dollars was the highest price recorded for the day. The seats bringing this premium over the regular price of \$18 were in the balcony, first row front and near the center. The record high for the day came just before the closing of the day's sale, which cleaned up all the \$18 seats.

Today the \$10 seats for rehearsals will be sold at auction, and on Thursday the sale of \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will take place, while on Friday the sale of the \$10 seats for the Saturday concerts will complete the business.

Brokers were in evidence as usual, a Back Bay broker, representing many of the people who are still at their summer residences, being among the heaviest buyers. Walter C. Jackson was the auctioneer up to the intermission, and Auctioneer Leonard took the platform in the afternoon.

SYMPHONY SEAT SALE CONTINUES

Journal — Sept. 30, 1909
If the sale of the seats for the Symphony concerts on Saturday evenings shows an increase proportionate with the increase in the sale of seats for the public rehearsals, this coming season will be one of the very best the orchestra has ever had in Boston.

Today the \$18 seats for the twenty-four concerts will be sold, beginning at 10 o'clock. The balcony will be reached about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Tomorrow the \$10 seats for the concerts will be sold. Patrons should be reminded that for the concerts the second balcony is sold at an upset price of \$10 per seat.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Single seat on floor. Very desirable. Address D.C.C., Boston Transcript.
2t(A): o 20

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening. Two seats in EE for sale at low price. Address V.O.V., Boston Transcript.
2t(A): o 20

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Symphony Concerts Begin Friday.

Noted Artists to Appear Under Management of Mr Mudgett.

News and Gossip About the Coming Season.

Globe ——— *Oct. 3, 1909*

Now that the auction sale of Symphony tickets is finished, and the results show that premiums have averaged about the same as usual, other announcements of the coming concert season will occupy a share in the attention of music lovers. The list of artists comprises many great names, and after the opening of the Symphony concerts there will be other claimants for the patronage of the public. But this week the home organization has first place.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening bring, respectively, the first public rehearsal and first concert of the Symphony season. The soloist will be Mme Louise Homer, the popular contralto, and the program will be as follows:

Overture, Die Weihe des Hauses....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2.....Brahms
La Fiancee du Timbailer.....Saint-Saens
Don Juan.....Strauss
Songs with orchestra:
Die Loreley.....Liszt
Sapphische Ode.....Brahms
Orchestrated by Frederick Stock.
Die Allmacht.....Schubert
Orchestrated by Frederick Stock.
Soloist, Mme Homer.

First Pension Fund Concert.

The first concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 21. There will be two soloists and the program will consist chiefly of selections by these artists. Mme. Samaroff has volunteered to play a concerto and a group of solo pieces for piano and Mr. Willy Hess has also offered his services. The entire force of the orchestra will be employed and Mr. Fiedler will conduct. Full details of this concert will soon be made public.

SYMPHONY WILL HAVE BUSY SEASON

Journal ——— *Sept. 18, 1909*
The twenty-ninth session of the Symphony Orchestra opens on Friday afternoon, Oct. 8.

Boston will have its usual allotment of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts on consecutive Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, respectively, excepting on the following dates: Nov. 12 and 13, Dec. 10 and 11, Jan. 14 and 15, Feb. 4, 5, 25 and 26, and March 25 and 26. The final public rehearsal will be given on Friday afternoon, April 2, and the final concert on the following evening. Of the concerts to be given outside of Boston Cambridge will have its usual eight.

As has been the rule almost since the foundation of the orchestra the seats for the Boston concerts will be sold at auction. On Monday, Sept. 27, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; on Tuesday, Sept. 28, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals; on Thursday, Sept. 30, the \$18 seats for the concerts, and on Friday, Oct. 1, the \$10 seats for the concerts. The usual rules will prevail that bids will be accepted for seats in the regular order only and not for choice, and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Mr. Fiedler, who unquestionably became a great favorite last year, has proved himself especially noteworthy in the making of programs and he has planned a scheme of concerts which should appeal to all classes of music lovers. Moreover, the United States is to be the battleground during the coming winter of an uncommon number of artists of highest grade and in the list of soloists will be found the most representative of these.

Among the singers are noted the names of Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Louise Homer and Mme. Tilly Koenen. In the pianists are found Mme. Teresa Carreno, Mme. Olga Samaroff, Ferruccio Busoni and Serge Rachmaninoff. The violinists include Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Willy Hess and Sylvain Noack. Heinrich Warnke, cello soloist of the orchestra, will also be prominent. This season, as last, the final concert will be devoted principally to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, when the orchestra will again have the valued assistance of the Cecelia Society and a quartet of whom it is possible now to announce Mme. Hissem de Moss, soprano.

The programs of the first five concerts are as follows:

I.—Oct. 8-9.

Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses"....Beethoven
Aria.
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Songs.
"Don Juan," symphonic poem.....Strauss
Soloist, Louise Homer.

CROWDS RUSH TO SYMPHONY

Long Line of Patient Waiters to Hear Orchestra's First Public Rehearsal, with Mme. Louise Homer as Soloist

Trans. — Oct. 8, 1909
Interest in the first of this season's Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra found outward display, in part, through the large crowd of would-be attendants who gathered in throngs before the Huntington-avenue entrance of Symphony Hall, to take a chance in the great rush for places when the doors were opened. Enthusiastic music lovers arrived on the scene even before nine o'clock to take their places in line and to wait patiently the opening of the doors at half-past one o'clock. Even after that, they must wait till half-past two for the beginning of the concert.

The long line grew in length an hour by hour throughout this forenoon, and before one o'clock it had extended up Huntington avenue to Gainsboro street and around the corner of that street. Only 505 persons can gain admittance to the seats in the second gallery at any of these Friday rehearsals, as there are only that number of seats and no one is permitted to stand. No admission tickets are sold, but the old rule, adopted long ago, of having each person give up a quarter of a dollar in lieu of a ticket still holds. At the entrance, one of the Symphony Hall staff stands with enumerator in hand to click off the numbers until No. 505 has been reached. The person higher in line stands no chance of admission unless perhaps 505 and 506 happen to be together and one prefers not to go in without the other. That gives No. 507 an opportunity. This contingency, however, rarely arises, for people are reluctant to relinquish a position they have held for hours in line, in order to hear the orchestra and some great soloist, like Mme. Louise Homer, the contralto, who is this season's first artist to appear with the orchestra.

Before one o'clock the line had so grown that some of the people toward the end, old patrons, who have had experience in thus gaining admission, left the ranks and went away, well aware of the futility of further waiting. Others less experienced seemed to realize the situation and followed the example set them. Those in line beyond a point about opposite the entrance to the Children's Hospital in Huntington avenue stand little chance of gaining admission.

People who arrived early in the forenoon sat comfortably down upon the broad steps to await the opening of the doors. Many brought books or magazines with which to while away the intervening hours and some brought simple luncheons which they devoured, somewhat furtively. No one in line is allowed to bring even a small campstool on which to sit out the time, for the management could not very well permit stools to be carried into the hall. Women predominated by far over men, in the long

line today, as is usually the case. Every one of the reserved seats throughout the hall for these rehearsals has been sold and it will not be possible for music lovers to purchase at the box office any seat for even a single performance.

The circular that the management of the Symphony Concerts is sending to subscribers to them is much more ornate and explicit this autumn than it has been in previous years. Twelve vignettes of the "assisting artists" adorn it, and one page bears the list of the pieces that Mr. Fiedler has chosen for performance in the forthcoming series of concerts, as they were announced in the newspapers a week ago. Of the orchestra itself, the policy that has guided it and the results maintained the circular says truly: "Commercial considerations have never been permitted to interfere with, or to obstruct, its artistic progress. It has existed as nearly for art's sake alone as is possible in such a great organization. The result of this wise policy is an orchestra which is famous in all countries where the art of music is practised, which is accepted as a model to be followed by others, whose concerts are eagerly sought by all cities, and which has given invaluable aid in increasing the fame of its home city."

It is good to see Mr. d'Indy's name reappearing on one of the four programmes that Mr. Fiedler has already arranged definitely. The conductor is admirably open-minded toward the newer Parisian composers; Mr. d'Indy is one of the most eminent of them; while most of his music needs hearing and rehearsing for the understanding of the grave thought that shapes its substance and the austere and deep imagination that gives it beauty. Mr. Fiedler's choice is the composer's second symphony, at once the most subtle, exalted and impressive of all Mr. d'Indy's orchestral pieces. It was last heard here, with the composer conducting, in December of 1905, while Mr. Gerike had tried it in the previous winter. Of all Mr. d'Indy's larger orchestral pieces only the "Souvenirs," written to his wife's memory, remains to be played in Boston.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AND THE OPERA

Clear Proof Now That There Is a Willing Public for Both in Boston—Mr. Campanini Explains at Last Why He Left Mr. Hammerstein and Adds an Experience or Two—The Coincidence of the Lassalles—Better Progress with the Boston Opera House—Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" in London—Isadora Duncan's Return to Boston—"Lohengrin" at the

Metropolitan

Trans. — Oct. 4, 1909
For a year at least the much-debated question of the effect of the Boston Opera upon the Symphony Concerts has been settled. For months conjecture and speculation have gone their busy and various way. Some prophets predicted generally that the keen interest in the opera and the large subscription to the first season at the new house would materially lessen the zest of the public for the Symphony Concerts and lower the premiums at the auction of the seats for them. An established opera in Boston was a new thing, reasoned these soothsayers, and a considerable part of the public would seize the new opportunity eagerly and keep its interest and its money for it. Other wise men predicted more specifically that the premiums for the tickets for the afternoon concerts of the orchestra would diminish. A considerable public, they averred, attended them more in deference to good form and to social pleasure and habit than from specific interest in them. To go to the opera house would be as pleasurable and as "correct" socially, while the performances there might promise more entertainment to such folk. Others, still, foresaw that the public of the cheaper seats at the Symphony Concerts on Saturday nights would forsake them. At last, these prophets suggested, opera was within the modest means of these auditors. They could hardly afford both the opera house and Symphony Hall, and they would choose the theatre. A few, whom the outcome has proved to be the wisest of all, believed that the opera would have no material effect upon the concerts. Clearly the management of the Symphony Orchestra felt this atmosphere of doubt and conjecture, saw the predicted perils and took wise precaution accordingly. It chose its "assisting artists" with sedulous regard for their quality and for the public interest in them; and it announced its concerts more widely and insistently that it has in years.

The tickets for the Symphony Concerts have been sold, and the sum of the fixed prices and the premiums is larger than it was in the sales of last year, when there was no competing opera house. The premiums for the seats for the afternoon concerts ran higher than they did last autumn; and more of the cheaper seats for the evening concerts were sold, and at better prices. At every turn the prophets were refuted, while by every sign, like the disposition of the purchasers at the sales and the orders to the ticket brokers, the public of the Symphony Concerts was unaffected by the opera, or, if affected at all, had become only the more numerous and generous. For the current musical year, presumably, interest in the opera house is at its highest. Never again can it and the performances within it be a new thing. Of course, the opera house will attract a wider public than orchestral concerts can ever win. Yet, as clearly, a considerable part of

the public of the opera and of the Symphony Concerts will be identical. To go to the opera more or less regularly through the winter will lay many new expenditures upon it, of which the mere subscriptions may be the smallest part. It will tax, no less, its time and its energy. Yet this public, socially and artistically significant, has in no way abated its liking or its support for the Symphony Concerts. A less, but as essential a public has seemingly kept and even increased its interest in the concerts, and its willingness to prove its interest by its works. In a word, the establishment of an opera house in Boston has increased rather than diminished the audience for the Symphony Concerts. Unquestionably some have forsaken them, but more have stood ready to take their places. Whatever the fortunes of the opera—and surely, whatever changes time and experience may counsel, it will remain a permanent institution—the fortunes of the Symphony Concerts seem secure. They have come through the first and the gravest test of competition with an opera not only unscathed and undiminished, but actually magnified. As Munich, for example—to make an apt German comparison—supports and attends its opera and its orchestral concerts in equal measure, so Boston promises to maintain its lyric theatre and its orchestra. And each, as in Munich again, will be the stronger, and give the more pleasure for the other.

H. T. P.

Symphony Orchestra Men

In on the Devonian

Among returning passengers on the Devonian yesterday were Willy Hess of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and E. Feris, a musician of the same orchestra, coming back from a concert tour prior to the opening of the Boston season. This was Professor Hess' fifth trip during 1909, he this time making a flying trip to take his son to Berlin.

The Rev. J. C. Walsh of Boston, who went abroad following his ordination, yesterday returned, having taken his degree in canon law in Rome, to again take up clerical duties.

Still other passengers were Fay H. Martin, president of the Textile Machinery Company, and Mrs. Martin of Boston; Maj. J. Fielden of the British army and J. B. Leach, a Liverpool justice. The two last named are going to Manitoba as delegates to the British convention on colonial affairs.

After enjoying good weather all the way, being nine days out from Liverpool, the Devonian docked at the Hoosac docks at 2.30 yesterday afternoon. The 30,000 bales of wool in her holds were the first to reach here under the new tariff, and she also brought a large miscellaneous cargo, which will mostly fall under the same head.

WADSWORTH SYMPHONY BUREAU
Tickets for sale in all parts of the hall.
40 State Street, Room 47
Telephone Main 4684-1. 4t(A): s 29

REHEARSAL TICKETS FOR SALE—4 seats
on the floor, D, 5, 6, 7, and 8, on aisle.
Apply by telephone Main 3547-2, or Room 731,
50 Congress Street. WStc(A): s 20

Olga Samaroff, Symphony Concert Pianist



HUB MAY LAY CLAIM TO ONE SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal
Sept. 22/09.

Boston may almost claim as its own Olga Samaroff, the pianist, who is to be one of the soloists at the Symphony concerts this season, for it is here she spends as much of her time as she can when in America, and here she is very popular with the music-loving public.

Madame Samaroff spent the past summer near Rye Beach, N. H., where she

has been able to work as much as she liked without fear of disturbing the neighbors. As a matter of fact, when it became known that she did much of her practising in the evening, people began to beat a path to her rather out-of-the-way door.

Besides her Boston engagement, Madame Samaroff is to play in several other cities this season.



MME. LOUISE HOMER

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "The Dedication of the House" op. 124.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY, in D major, No. 2, op. 73.

I. Allegro non troppo.

II. Adagio non troppo.

III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi Andantino.

IV. Allegro con spirito.

SAINT-SAËNS,

"The Drummer's Betrothed." BALLAD of VICTOR HUGO, for Voice and Orchestra, op. 82.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Don Juan," (after Lenau), op. 20.

a) LISZT.

SONGS with ORCHESTRA:

"Loreley".

b) BRAHMS.

"Sapphic Ode".

c) SCHUBERT.

"The Almighty".

Soloist:

Mme. LOUISE HOMER.



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Mme. LOUISE HOMER.

MME. HOMER FIRST SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal Sept. 1. 09

Will Sing at Opening Rehearsal on Oct. 8 and Concert on Oct. 9.

WENDLER ENGAGED AS NEW FIRST HORN

Comes From Hamburg to Fill the Place of Schmid—Auction Sale of Seats Is Held This Month.

Mme. Louise Homer, the celebrated Boston contralto, is to be the first soloist of the next Symphony season. She will sing at the opening rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct. 8, and at the first concert on the following Saturday evening, Oct. 9.

The auction sales of seats for the next Symphony season will take place in the last week of this month. The \$18 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, the 27th, and the \$10 seats on Tuesday, the 28th. The \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, the 30th, and the \$10 seats on Friday, Oct. 1.

Manager Ellis announces that Mr. Fiedler has engaged a new first horn to take the place of Mr. Schmid, who retired last spring. The new player is Georg Wendler, and he comes from Hamburg. With Mr. Wendler and Max Hess, the orchestra will now have two of the best horns in the country. The problem of getting a good player of this most difficult instrument is one of the hardest that faces the conductor and management of an orchestra, because in the whole world there are probably not more than a dozen men fit to hold such a place, and few of these are available.

Mr. Wendler will be the only new member of the orchestra, although, in addition to Mr. Schmid, Mr. Scheurer, who shared the first desk of the viola section with Mr. Ferir, also retired at the end of last season. His place, however, will be taken by Mr. Rennert, a most talented viola player who, since he came to America in the second year of Dr. Muck's regime, has been in the second violin section.

MME. LOUISE HOMER
TO BE FIRST SOLOIST
OF SYMPHONY SEASON



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SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS BRILLIANTLY

Handled Oct. 10. 09
Familiar Works Enthusiastically
Applauded; Mme. Homer Sings
a Little Known Ballad of
Saint-Saens.

WARM WELCOME FOR FIEDLER AT FIRST CONCERT

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 29th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Dedication of the House" Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major..... Brahms
"The Drummer's Betrothed," ballad of Victor Hugo for voice and orchestra..... Saint-Saens
"Don Juan," tone poem (after Lenau)..... R. Strauss

Songs with orchestra:
a. "The Loreley"..... Liszt
b. "Sapphic Ode"..... Brahms
c. "The Almighty"..... Schubert

The season opened brilliantly, although the compositions for the orchestra and for the singer, Mme. Louise Homer, were, with one exception (Saint-Saens' music to Victor Hugo's superb ballad), familiar. The ballad had been heard here only once with orchestra, nine years ago, when Mme. Brema declaimed it vigorously.

The audience was expectant and enthusiastic. There was applause for Mr. Hess when he took his seat, and Mr. Fiedler was welcomed back with a fervor that showed how highly he is esteemed as conductor and as man by the frequenters of these concerts.

It has long been a custom to speak charitably, some times even apologetically, of the orchestral performance at the first concert, when the players have had only a few rehearsals after the diversions or the scattered labors of the summer. No apology was needed last night, nor was there need of charity, for with the occasional exception of a lack of precision in chord attack in the middle movements of the symphony, the performance was technically brilliant as well as euphonious, spirited, glowing.

No doubt the revival of Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House," reassured some who were startled by the list of novelties announced before the auction sale. They said to themselves that the old masters would not be wholly neglected. It

is possible that some even rejoiced in the opportunity of hearing this inferior and tedious overture, for there are believers in the plenary inspiration of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn.

Now that the overture has been taken from the shelf and dusted, may it be put back to remain there for many years! It was a piece for a special ceremony, and it might now serve for academic purposes, for the dedication of a university building, with a mock-modest speech from the benefactor, whose name will be preserved by brick and mortar, and with a gushing speech of thanks from the grateful president.

The mere fact that Beethoven admired Handel and wrote the main body of the overture "in the style of Handel" does not console us. Handel was an immortal melodist, and he composed some gigantic choruses; but Handel as a writer of instrumental fugues was not an inspired being.

The overture might well have been omitted, by reason of its inherent dullness and because its introduction lengthened the concert unreasonably. Any concert that lasts over an hour and three-quarters is too long; a concert that dismisses the audience after an hour and a half is in respect of duration ideal.

The second symphony is one of Brahms' most genial and spontaneous works. The first movement would be perfect in its beauty were it not for the Mendelssohnian theme, Mendelssohnian in the most sentimental manner of that master, and the sentimentalism is incongruous, for the word is seldom associated with the music of Brahms, whose emotion is deep, or sturdy, or tender, or shy and restrained, not whining, not saccharine.

The other movements are thoroughly delightful. The symphony has not the strength, the demoniacal intensity, the tragedy of the one in C minor, nor has it the defiant swing of the first movement of the third symphony, but it is a companion to the first, and far above the fourth.

It might be said that Mr. Fiedler in his reading of Brahms is inclined to fan the smouldering fire of that composer, whose passion seldom, if ever, blazes, on account perhaps of an innate discretion, a dislike of even the suspicion of sensationalism. There are whispers of Brahms that, repeated by Mr. Fiedler, become stentorian cries.

It is certain that the temperament of Mr. Fiedler is in full sympathy with that of Richard Strauss, so that the performance of "Don Juan" last night and Mme. Homer's singing of Saint-Saens' ballad and Liszt's "Loreley" were the chief features of an excellent concert.

The tone poem itself does not lose in effect by repeated performances; on the contrary, with each it seems more vital, more vivid, magnificent in its amorous insolence and its defiance of conventionalities, an insolence and defiance that are to be compared only with a great episode in fiction, the behavior of Lovelace in the ballroom.

It matters not whether this Don Juan is Lenau's hero or the traditional rake belly Don of legend, opera and pantomime; the music is the expression of "Don Juanisme," of the pursuit after the ideal by the proud and reckless male, to whom all that is expected of heaven or feared of hell is as nought when weighed in the balance with the sensual gratification that at last is as Dead Sea fruit. The music is as dazzling, chivalric, audacious as the hero who was mourned by the women he had wronged.

Saint-Saens set picturesque music to Hugo's ballad. The expectation of the woman, her hopes and fears, her exultation in the return of her drummer, her superstition, the ominous words of the gypsy, the stir and crush of the crowd, the pomp of the procession—and then the cruel disappointment are expressed chiefly by the orchestra, and with good reason; for a voice, however dramatic, can hardly paint such a pageant and such a tragedy.

Mme. Homer, no doubt realizing this, wisely did not enter into vain competition with the orchestra so admirably treated by the composer; but there are poignant moments for the voice, and Mme. Homer was quick to recognize them with tragic intensity, so that the effect of the whole performance was irresistible. She distinguished finely between the mere narrator and the suffering woman.

She also gave a poetic reading of the familiar "Loreley." Mr. Stock has arranged Brahms' piano accompaniment to the "Sapphic Ode" for a small orchestra. His arrangement is modest, but the song is better with the piano. The violas and cellos too often deadened the rare beauty of the singer's lower tones. Yet the introduction of a piano in a symphony concert merely to accompany a singer is an intrusion, and the concert itself is suddenly turned into a disturbing song recital.

Mr. Stock also arranged an orchestral accompaniment for Schubert's "The Almighty," which, if it must be sung at all, should be sung by a man.

1000 IN LINE FOR SEATS.

Herald — Oct. 9, 1909
Women, as Usual, Predominate at First Symphony Rehearsal.

The first rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra for a Friday concert brought out the usual rush of those who wished to secure gallery seats at 25 cents. Before the performance began fully 1000 people were in line and nearly half that number had gone away knowing that only the first 505 in line would receive tickets.

The first ones in line arrived at 9

o'clock and before noon there was probably the full quota of those who would receive seats on hand in line. Nevertheless, nearly as many more stood in line hoping against hope that some of those ahead would leave the line. The line extended up Huntington avenue to Gainsboro street and around the corner of that street.

People who arrived early in the forenoon sat comfortably down upon the broad steps to await the opening of the doors. Many brought books or magazines with which to while away the intervening hours and some brought simple luncheons.

No one in line is allowed to bring even a small camp-stool on which to sit out the time, for the management could not very well permit stools to be carried into the hall. Women predominated by far over men, in the long line yesterday, as is usually the case. Every one of the reserved seats throughout the hall for these rehearsals has been sold and it will not be possible for music lovers to purchase at the box office any seat for even a single performance.

SYMPHONY OPENING DRAWS BIG CROWD

Women in Line Waiting for
Tickets at 9 O'Clock, Five
Hours Ahead.

MAX FIEDLER GETS A WARM GREETING

Mrs. Louise Homer, Soloist of the
Day, Proves Particularly
Charming.

Journal — Oct. 9, 1909
At 9 o'clock yesterday morning a line, composed mostly of women, began to form around Symphony Hall, and that was the beginning of the musical season of 1909-10.

By the time the doors were thrown open the demand for the 505 "rush seats" for the Symphony matinee or rehearsal was considerably larger than the supply. So it can be said that the

Symphony season—the 29th, by the way—started with the usual enthusiasm.

A little after 2.30 Max Fiedler made the first appearance of his second season here, and got a friendly greeting from the big audience. With this the customary kicking began over the hats. Last year's vigorous campaign did little good. The number of offenders against the unwritten law of unselfishness and also against the city ordinance has not perceptibly diminished. It was predicted by certain victims that the 1915 movement will effect the now despaired-of reform. Fortunately for some one, the biggest hat of all appeared on the stage—on the queenly head of Mrs. Louise Homer.

Season's First Soloist.

The first symphony of the season, Brahms' No. 2, full of sweetness and softness, was a good match for the afternoon. Mr. Fiedler conducted it with his characteristic zest and sympathy. He gave the same loving, intelligent care to the interpretation of Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture, which led the program, and to Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan." All these numbers were new on Mr. Fiedler's Boston programs. So, too, were the songs sung by Mrs. Homer, who had the honor of being the first soloist of the year, and who, though a Westerner by birth, has through her long and successful work here, come to be known as a Bostonian. In these song numbers there was further evidence, in the effective orchestral backgrounds of the rare skill and judgment of the conductor.

Mrs. Homer Charming.

Mrs. Homer, gowned in shimmering green and altogether looking fit to be painted by a Sargent or Abbey, proved anew her right to be regarded as one of the greatest contraltos of the day, especially in Hugo's tragic ballad, "The Drummer's Betrothed," set to music by Saint Saens, and in Schubert's powerful "Allmacht." Her other selections were Liszt's "Loreley" and Brahms' "Sapphic Ode," which she was pleased to sing in English.

The rehearsal, as a whole, gave much pleasure. The same program will be repeated at tonight's concert. Next week will see the first big novelty, Max Berger's "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy."

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening, 2 seats in EE, choice. Address R.L.V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 03

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL
One season ticket; front row, first balcony, on aisle; cost over \$80. Address P.D.H., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): 05

WANTED—Two or four good orchestra seats for opening night of the Boston Opera Company; state price. Address B.R.E., Boston Transcript. (A):

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 9, 09
A BRILLIANT BEGINNING OF THE
NEW SEASON

Beethoven, Brahms and Strauss Make the
Programme and Mr. Fiedler Conducts in
His Best Vein—Mme. Homer for the
Singer and a New and Admirable Horn
Player in the Orchestra—A Novel Ballad
by Saint-Saens and Strauss's "Don Juan."
Again

Mr. Fiedler's audience, at the first Symphony Concert of the new season, welcomed him quickly and warmly when he came first to the platform of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Clearly the conductor was in the vein, and a brilliantly sonorous and contrastingly paced performance of Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House," which began the programme, brought ample reason for the renewal of the applause. The symphony by Brahms that followed—his second, in D-major—seemed to give no less pleasure, especially in its flickering scherzo, and throughout the piece, the more quick-eared of the audience could detect the admirable and moving voice of the new horn-player, Mr. Wendler, from Hamburg. Brahms was deficient in sensitiveness to many an orchestral instrument, but he knew and loved the horns and wooed the secrets of their mellow and shadowy tones. Now, at last, the orchestra has in Mr. Wendler—the pale, dark, heavy-haired and youthful face in the wind choir—a horn player who can summon the voice of those secrets. The other purely orchestral piece of the day was Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," one of the masterpieces of contemporary music. The audience listened eagerly, stirring perceptibly to the hot fire, the chromatic blaze of the beginning, and at the end, after Mr. Fiedler and his men had brought the music to vivid climax, the applause was the heartiest and the longest sustained of the afternoon. The performance deserved it for the hot color and the sheer sensuous thrill that Mr. Fiedler gained. Yet some of the applause was surely for the music and for the master, recognized now beyond peradventure, that imagined and wrote it.

The singer was Mme. Homer, the familiar and esteemed contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House. She led her hearers through Hugo's and Saint-Saens's changeful musical tale of "The Betrothed of the Drummer," and with orchestra she sang Liszt's "Loreley," Brahms's "Sapphic Ode" and Schubert's "The Omnipotent." The long and a little intricate ballad, in spite of the picturing and dramatizing quality of Mme.

Homer's tones, seemed rather to baffle the audience. The songs, wherein Mme. Homer's voice found better occasion for its clear richness, pleased it much. For once, too, the eye was as gladdened as the ear, and Mr. Shannon, the women's colorist, might have painted Mme. Homer joyfully in the soft deep greens of her hat and frock. As for the audience, with familiar faces in familiar and unfamiliar places, with newcomers in other seats, it was the same company in the main that has made the afternoon concerts, these many years, at once musical and social occasions. To mothers, the daughters that have sat beside them succeed, and their own daughters come to join them. The elect youth of this town grow up—musically, it is to be hoped as well as bodily—before the annually returning spectator's. And the polite warfare over the hats has begun again. The shape, but not the objection, has changed.

Mr. Fiedler was in characteristically vigorous form. He had made the programmes after his own heart, and his gestures made visible all the eager impulses that were in him. The best traits of his conducting ran through the whole afternoon. Steadily he drew from the orchestra the sonorous, buoyant, rich and brilliant tone that he loves. As steadily the orchestra was alert to his energetic precision. He could indulge to the full his passion for highly contrasted pace in the sustained and sonorous beginning and the tumbling and whirling allegro, of Beethoven's overture. He could set the Mozartean lightness of the beginning of the finale of Brahms's symphony against the large eloquence with which, in the new and just fashion that is giving Brahms's music a new life and a new emotion, he clothed the rest. In the slow movement he gained the rich and lustrous mellowness of tone that he can sometimes compass, and for once there was not a touch of heaviness in the lightly running sparkling and elastic instrumental voices of the scherzo. He caught, too, the curious narrative quality, as of music that speaks with the singer rather than makes a background, of the orchestral part of Saint-Saëns' ballad, and he obtained the twilit and quietly ecstatic instrumental color that Mr. Stock has infused into his orchestral scoring of Brahms's "Sapphic Ode." Yet with all his emotional energy and Mr. Fiedler professes to be a "Brahmsite" as well as a "Straussite"—he did not take fire until he came to Strauss's "Don Juan." The music thrilled him, as it must thrill everyone who hears it with open ears and unwarped emotions, and he flung himself and his men upon it in a kind of passion of response and admiration. The beginning blazed with its pictorial fires and its hot breath of passion—this Don Juan was surely a resplendent and all-conquering cavalier. The love scene glowed with the rapt sensuousness of the music, the noted passage for the horns fairly clove it; the orgy was an orgy of tone; and the climax, for once, was monstrous catastrophe before

it was mournful extinction. And through the wondrous fabric of Strauss's tensely knit music Mr. Fiedler made de all flash upon detail. As "A Hero Life" and "Zarathustra" and "Death and Transfiguration" proved last year, nowhere is Mr. Fiedler so puissant as he is in the music of Strauss.

Beethoven's overture for the trumpety ceremonies that once opened a forgotten theatre in Vienna is what a performance makes of it. The title has "dedicated" it to the opening of series of concerts these many years, and Mr. Mahler will use it next month with the Philharmonic in New York as Mr. Fiedler used it yesterday in Boston. In cold blood on the engraved page the long, slow introduction is commonplace; but it has vitality still when it goes with the stately beat and the large sonority that Mr. Fiedler and the band give to it yesterday. All of us are quite ready to agree that Beethoven could write an allegro in the Händelian manner of spirited and incisive figuration around emphatic chords, but write it with a less than Händel's big and continent dignity. But when Mr. Fiedler, lashing the pace, made it a kind of tonal whirl—"catch-as-catch-can," with the orchestra catching on the instant at every point—it has its exhilaration in an opening concert on a warm October afternoon. From another point of view, it was an afternoon for the contemplative and the miraculously mellow Brahms of the symphony in D major. No doubt he made his calculations in the music from the beginning and carefully worked them out to the end, as he did in all his writings. He could do no other thing; he could be no other man; and how much of his "fertility" in melodic development is after all only careful and far-seeing forethought. Usually in his music he could not altogether hide his process, and sometimes it is dry and crabbed with them. Even in the second symphony, they are visible in the perceptible "management" of the melodies and the figuration in the slow movement. Elsewhere in the symphony the mood, for once in Brahms, triumphed over the matter, and the emotion to be expressed was more potent than the process of the expression. For once, too, the kindled Brahms forgot form for voice and feeling, actual feeling, for instrumental color in the contemporary sense welled in him. In no piece has he wooed his horns more ardently and fruitfully, or courted so insistently and alluringly the dusky colors of the violas and the cellos, or so felt the flare of trumpets through tonal shadows and the stringy incisiveness of violins. He let fancy run in the melody, the staccato, and the gliding interrupting measures of the scherzo, and what lightness of rhythm and brightness of tone came at his bidding! Throughout it is a symphony in which Brahms tries to be gay shyly, forgets his shyness in spite of himself, and then falls into the serene pleasure of his new mood. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler over-accented him, and made him over-sonorous now and then yes-

terday. It is the new fashion with Brahms, which is far from the fashion in which Richter and Steinbach, for example, take his music, but it is making it almost popular with the tonally and emotionally excitable audiences of our time.

Hugo's and Saint-Saëns's ballad of "The Betrothed of the Drummer" was not exciting, in spite of all the expressive pains and richness and suppleness of tone that Mme. Homer spent upon it. The narrative is long, changeful, a little confused—of mediæval picture and pageant, of affectionate musing, of vague foreboding, of tragic disillusion. The ear and the imagination busy themselves sedulously in the grasping of the tale, and hardly heed whether poet and composer have told it well. Since the receptive faculties are thus unduly preoccupied, the chances are that they have not. Certainly, the dramatizing and the picturing quality of Mme. Homer's tones told more in Liszt's "Lorelei," the richness of her tones and a vein of warm imagination that come with her ripening years in Brahms's "Sapphic Ode," and the sweep and the declamatory eloquence of her voice in Schubert's "The Almighty." The climax of the excitement came—for it was an exciting afternoon—perhaps in the mere zest of the hearing of the orchestra again—in Strauss's "Don Juan." Take it as the hearer will—as rushing and flaming instrumental splendor; as a masterpiece of music that seems to create itself out of itself, to weaken in not a fibre, and that yet gains its expressive ends; as tonal suggestion of a romantic figure and of romantic scenes carried to the utmost vividness; as musical psychology or as musical magnificence. Take it as the hearer will, its passion, its vitality, its splendor are irresistible. H. T. P.

OF MID-SEASON EXCELLENCE

Symphony Orchestra's
First Concert.

Only Two New Players Under
Max Fiedler's Baton.
Usual Rush for Gallery
Seats in Evidence.

With Max Fiedler in the second year of his present directorship and with Mme Louise Homer as the solosit of the occasion the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon entered happily upon its 29th season and established a brilliant precedent for the succeeding concerts of the winter.

The appearance early in the day of the vanguard in the rush line on the steps of Symphony hall was one clear indication of the event's importance. By noon the line had zigzagged down the steps and stretched itself in an irregular but good-naturedly patient row of those who sat and those who stood until it reached the steps of the Children's hospital, and by 1 o'clock the pilgrimage to the gallery began well around the corner on Gainsboro st.

By the auction sale of tickets it was apparent that, notwithstanding the advent of the opera, Boston was not to alter one whit its patronage of the symphony concerts. The presence of handsomely gowned women upon the floor of Symphony hall and in its rovers during the intermission yesterday afternoon was again highly indicative of the fact. Boston is to have its opera, but its symphony concerts are too deeply established to suffer thereby. The opera is timely, but both are essential.

The exchange of greetings between newly discovered neighbors and the diligent perusal of the program notes by the curious or studiously aloof occupied the moments preceding the final bill. Had there not been a little keener zest in the welcome accorded Prof Willy Hess when he made his way to his desk, and in redoubled measure to Mr Fiedler when he shortly appeared on the other side of the platform, with his redoubtable step and mien, not a mite altered by the summer's interim, one would scarcely have told this to be other than a concert advanced in the season.

Nor did the technic and temper of the band betray a "first appearance" or other than the settled routine from continued rehearsal. Such are the ripe fruits of an enduring ensemble which does not know the demoralizing process of having its integrity broken by withdrawals and the assimilation of new material when the chairs are refilled. There could scarcely be more striking proof of the orchestra's possession to a remarkable degree of that essential but infrequent quality called "ensemble" than the unanimity which spoke in the agreement of tune, despite the oppressive air of the day, the intensity, the flexibility, the verve, and at times the abandon of their playing yesterday afternoon.

The fact that last season's personnel remains almost intact must, in a large measure, account for this solidity of ensemble. There are but two new members this year. M. Belinski is a newcomer among the cellos and G. Wendler, engaged by Mr Fiedler from the Hamburg Philharmonic, proved himself worthy of the first chair in one of the horn quartets, which he occupies, by both his tone and phrasing, particularly in the first two movements of the symphony.

with so much by way of introduction, now for the program:

Overture—"Dedication of the House," op. 124 Beethoven

Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 73 Brahms

I—Allegro non troppo.

II—Adagio non troppo.

III—Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino.

IV—Allegro con spirito.

"The Drummer's Betrothed," ballad of Victor Hugo, for solo voice and orchestra, op. 82 Saint-Saens

Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), op. 20 Richard Strauss

Songs with orchestra:

a "The Lorelei" Liszt

b Sapphic Ode, op. 94, orchestration by Frederick Stock Brahms

c "The Almighty," op. 79, No. 2 Schubert

Orchestration by Frederick Stock.

No Novelties.

Mr Fiedler offered no novelty in his numbers, yet he at least endowed parts of the symphony with a quickening pulse and a newness of vigor which, if effectiveness may decide, created a modernized and authentic tradition.

Was the overture, written (late in September, 1822) for the dedication of the Josephstadt theatre in Vienna chosen to likewise inaugurate the present season? In any case, it was an appropriate beginning. The piece is interesting historically for its orchestration and for its evidence of the veneration in which Handel was held by Beethoven.

Of the former, suffice it to note Beethoven's meagre but effective use of the brass choir and his fondness for the bassoon, to which he gives a long and florid counterpart against a brilliant fanfare in trumpets and drums. Of the latter the body of the overture, a working out of a Handelian theme has caused the work to sometimes be called "Overture in Handel's Style." This part requires an alert, facial technic and an intimate and instant sympathy to go with the speed and fire with which Mr Fiedler took it.

The fleetness and spirit, however, retained the dignity becoming to Beethoven. But with the skip to Brahms, if Mr Fiedler did not recreate him a romanticist, he at least painted him a glowing classicist—in all but the somber, heavy-footed largo which defies enlightenment.

The sunny themes in horn and woodwind took their way cheerily through the first movement. They progressed with easy and natural logic and without undue seriousness. So much, perhaps, is usual, but after the impetus of throes of dissonance in the brass the movement concluded at an accelerating pace and a quickening fervor which was both eloquent and compelling.

If this be irreverence to tradition, then it is a decadent tradition which decrees it. The import of the work suffered no violence. It spoke with a new pulsance—by so much did Mr Fiedler impart novelty. Indeed, the scherzo moved with a similar but more refined vitality—if with a lesser intensity of ardor than the first movement, it was with an added lightness and piquancy.

Although the closing allegro compels interest less by its thematic material and its development, Mr Fiedler made the movement keenly cumulative and brought the work to a highly spirited close.

Display of Virtuosity.

The Don Juan, first of all as a performance, was an admirable display of virtuosity. Only the acme of individual artistry and of ensemble could encompass at the same time such technical demands and such tempi. The double basses and cellos were obliged to play the theme labeled "longing" so fast that they must be quite immune to its powers.

It was, in truth, an imperious, highly-strung and precipitate connoisseur in worldly pleasure which Mr Fiedler would hold up to us in his fiery sketch of Don Juan. Lenau "after" whose poem Strauss wrote the piece, saw not the vulgar roue of blunted sense, but the idealist for whom the eternal vision of the ideal woman which he would see embodied, falls crumbling into ashes—hence his mad course among the various types of womankind to find peace in his ideal—naturally he finds it only in death.

To fancy the advent of each of the highly expressive themes out of which the work is built, to announce some new move upon the hero's part is to fetter the hearer's imagery and lessen the appeal of the work.

Certain it is, however, that these themes have dramatic significance, as their entrance and course one against another imply.

The reading, if tempestuous, sacrificed no salient point of clearness or emphasis. It was an eloquent drama in tone of the tragedy of life. However, the dissonant trumpet in the final quietly introspective chord in "A minor" might have made remembrance even more poignantly acute—perhaps, however, conscience had become amenable to reason.

Mme Homer's Art.

Mme Homer invites the question which becomes more seasonable with her every appearance upon the concert platform. In what respect could a concert singer be more continually observant of the confines of the sphere, and at the same time more sincerely and truthfully impressive in her art?

There is no fussing nor flaunting about as though histrionic fervor must find artificial vent or make one; neither is there suggestion of habits enforced continuation of the action and gesture of the lyric stage. There is, on the contrary, illuminative suggestion of what was at least akin to the author's conception—higher than which the art of expression cannot go.

Witness Mme Horner's simple telling of Victor Hugo's sweetly pathetic tale of the little French maid and her drummer-boy lover. Saint-Saens' music is lyric—the singer's voice was quiet yet intense. The soldiers on returning and in her eyes and face the little maids expectancy are seen. The drums are heard in the organ-point in the orchestra growing louder and louder, finally the drummers appear. The singer rose to a superb height of joyous, golden tone—then while the drummers pass in the ensuing orchestral interlude Mme Homer as truly proclaimed herself the artist by the quiet but vivid intensity of the deepening despair in eyes and face during those songless

moments as by those of exquisite phrasing and beauty of quality which had preceded.

The tenderness and spirituality of the Sapphic Ode and the breadth and true largeness of the closing Schubert song would easily warrant a consideration of the versatility of this artist who can conform now with such fidelity and effectiveness to the demands of the opera, and who by her perfect production, the rare beauty of her voice and her employment of a wealth of temperament by means of a reserve rather than by too obvious expression, can conform to the usages of the concert-room with as sure and as fitting an eloquence.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE CONCERT AT HARVARD LAST Night Oct. 7.09

The Symphony Orchestra Bears Notably Its Part in the Inaugural Ceremonies—Music That Reflected the Spirit of the Day—Mr. Anthony's Piano Recital, with a Little "Caprice" by Reger—Munich, Wagner and Scenery—Note and Comment of the Hour

When the Emperor Napoleon was holding one of his congresses of European potentates, he carried Talma, the most distinguished actor of his time, to the little German city in which the company was assembled, "to play before a parterre of kings." Last evening, as a part of the inaugural ceremonies for President Lowell at Harvard, Mr. Higginson sent the Symphony Orchestra, likewise, perhaps, the first orchestra of its time, to play before a parterre of professors. There were, indeed, others in the audience; but the benches of the theatre were sprinkled with the presidents of American universities, the delegates from foreign and the faculty of Harvard and its schools itself. The new president, with a group of the chief guests of the university about him, faced the orchestra for the first time from the place of honor in Sanders Theatre; across the aisle was the retiring president; and everywhere in the concert-room were men, whose distinctions, at each pause in the programme, their fellows named one to another. Audiences for orchestral concerts at Cambridge usually come to them in work-a-day garb. That of last night, since the concert was a part of the inauguration, wore an unusual and a becomingly ceremonious aspect. If only the managing committee had exacted academic dress, with all its diverse colors, the theatre would have been brilliant. As it was, the Symphony Orchestra, like Talma before it, had the most distinguished audience, in kind, of its existence.

Brahms, Bach and Beethoven made the programme—Brahms for the "Academic Festival Overture" that he wrote in ac-

knowledge of his degree from the University of Breslau, that he has filled with quotations from German student-songs, and that, the world over, is appropriate to high academic occasion; Bach for the Suite in D minor, music of ceremonious and courtly aspect, and at least in modern orchestral dress large of voice in its various moods; and Beethoven for the Symphony in C minor, the Fifth, of the might and majesty, the beauty and the power, the thought and the emotion that have won music its place among the great and the fine arts that universities honor and foster. Mr. Fiedler heeded the word "Festival" in Brahms's title to his overture; took the music at a pace that made it joyfully animated and not solemnly plodding, set his men to the warmest and brightest of their tonal coloring, and so kept the piece reflecting a mood and aspect of the day. Later in the evening it almost seemed, as well, fitting prelude to the students' own songs in the Stadium. The dignity of Bach—the dignity that is in even the lively Bourrée and the Gigue of the Suite in D minor—spoke in the performance of the music; but in both it was a dignity under which was deep feeling, and the deeper because it was so decorously ordered. Thus again piece and performance were of the occasion and its emotions. As for the power, the splendor, the passion of the music of the Fifth Symphony, and in singularly puissant and glowing performance, in it might have spoken—for it is old—all the spirit of the aspirations, the struggles, the great achievements of the Harvard of the past and—since the music is ever new and vital—all the life and the eagerness of the new Harvard that was beginning almost with the hour. Presumably the parterre of kings fired Talma, and, certainly, the parterre of professors—which was surely the more distinguished—kindled the Symphony Orchestra last night.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS WITH SPLENDID PROMISE

"DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE" FIRST NUMBER PLAYED

Programme of Music Everyone
Loves to Hear—Mme. Homer in
Songs—Afternoon of Applause.

By Louis C. Elson.

Programme.

Beethoven—"Dedication of the House." Overture.
Brahms—Symphony in D major. No. 2.

St. Saens—"The Drummer's Betrothed." Ballad.
Mme. Louise Homer.
Strauss—"Don Juan." Symphonic Poem.
Liszt—"Die Lorelei."
Brahms-Sapphic Ode.
Schubert—"Die Allmacht."
Mme. Louise Homer.

A very good programme for the start. No novelties in it, but plenty of music that is unhackneyed and that even the veteran musician loves to hear. There was once a time, in the paleolithic age (when these concerts began,) that Mr. Henschel used the "Dedication of the House" overture as a sort of Grace before Music, and began every season with it. It was the first piece that the Boston symphony orchestra ever played. But it always suits well to begin a season with this, and we are sure that no more dignified number could be found to usher in a musical series.

Mr. Fiedler was enthusiastically greeted when he came out (as usual a little behind time) to begin the concert. Mr. Willy Hess was also cordially welcomed. The full hall, the character of the audience, and the remembered fact that the tickets brought higher prices than ever, were good evidences that our conductor is appreciated here.

Not very long ago a New York critic voiced the opinion that if Mr. Fiedler led our orchestra for a couple of months it would play like a beer-garden band. He is leading it for the second year, and the suggestions of Gambrinus are still very far distant. We wonder how much such swash-buckler criticism really affects an artist's position.

The Beethoven overture was given with much dignity. It leaned a trifle to unnecessary slowness, but it was effective throughout. The trumpet passages (the longest that Beethoven ever wrote for this instrument) were in good contrast with the chief theme.

What a popular work Brahms' second symphony is getting to be! There are still some who believe that Brahms is too phlegmatic to rank with the great masters, but to us the absolute surety with which he makes his effects reminds us strongly of Bach. Bach, too, was not over-emotional, but there was a sweet coolness in his melody and harmony in which one could bathe and be refreshed. Such work is the opposite, the antithesis, of the fevered efforts of the modern experimentalists, and will be appreciated more and more when the present sickness shall have run its course and we return to the belief that music should be symmetrical, beautiful and intellectual, as well as emotional.

At first the horns, in their important theme, were rather vague; but they amply redeemed themselves before the end. This is a horn symphony, in so far that these brass instruments have prominence in almost every movement. There was a vivid orchestral contrast on the programme. Strauss is the acme of orchestral splendor, Brahms the most conservative of scorers. It was pleasant to note, therefore, that content is more than tone-color, in music, for the Brahms' symphony was greater than "Don Juan" with all his instruments.

Everything is so naive and direct in the thematic material of the first three move-

ments that it might almost seem a higher development of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The third movement, with its reed effects, is almost an eclogue, a bucolic. But the wonderful figure development that is omnipresent prevents the impression of simplicity, and the finale is more complex than the other movements. As above intimated, the horns were especially excellent, after the first half-dozen measures. We found an exaggeration of contrast in the third movement, which would have gained by a simpler reading. But the finale was most effectively read and became the true climax of the work, deservedly arousing the most enthusiasm. The triumphant end was especially magnificent.

"Don Juan" grows upon the auditor with repeated hearing, as most of Strauss's works do. It is a strange compound of Love, Liquor, Fury and Ennui. The oboe and the horn both had tangible themes and played them beautifully. Here violent contrasts were quite in place, and the sharply drawn difference between the crash of fury and the subsequent utter desolation, at the end, was something that Mr. Fiedler read gloriously, and this was abundantly appreciated by the audience. Our conductor has won his spurs in all his Strauss performances in Boston.

We were not much impressed with "The Drummer's Betrothed." Its dramatic points and contrasts are too obvious. At first there is a coquetry which reminds of Schumann's "Soldaten-braut," and which did not suit Mme. Homer's style very well. Of course there is much drumming, which was chiefly given to the kettle-drums as an organ-point. Equally of course, there was a March, (a miniature touch a la "Lenore" symphony) as the soldiers marched by. Of course there was sorrow, fainting, and general dissonance, when the singer does not find her lover in the procession.

Mme. Homer was best in the later, more intense, parts of the ballad, but at the best it was an unequal work, unequally sung. Carl Loewe might have made something out of the subject, but St. Saens merely presents a lot of routine work, which many could manufacture to the palpable suggestions of the poem.

If anything were needed to emphasize the fact that Brahms is beautiful as well as intellectual, the Sapphic Ode would have done this. Short and simple as this work is, it is thoroughly original in its treatment of both melody and accompaniment, and it is as beautiful as a Greek statue. Mme. Homer did wisely to choose such a work as this, especially when it was provided with a good orchestral accompaniment, as in this case. The accompaniment to this and to the Schubert selection was made orchestral by Mr. Frederic Stock, who has proved his good musicianship in many ways. He has taken the position of Theodore Thomas, in which an ordinary man would have rattled around, and has filled it to everybody's satisfaction; he has given out a string quartet, which is entirely beyond "Kapellmeister Musik"; and in the orchestration of these two masterpieces he has managed to adorn without distortion.

Yet we like the "Sapphic Ode" best in its original state, with piano accompaniment. Much of the syncopation sounds more effective as Brahms wrote it. Mme. Homer sang it rather too slowly, but otherwise finely. Liszt's "Loreley" was very finely sung. It is more vocal in its orchestral part than in the melody allotted to the singer. Heine has much music to answer for. His statement to a young lady (in two verses) that she was like a flower, has caused over 400 songs to be written, and this poem beginning:—

I know not what sorrow hangs o'er me
That makes me so sadly inclined

is sung by all Germans on every jovial occasion, just as the Teuton generally sings "In tiefen Keller sitzt sich hier" when he is on a mountain top! "Die Loreley" ranges from Silcher's simplicity to Liszt's symphonism.

But Mme. Homer was at her very best in Schubert's "Die Allmacht" which she gave with superb power and expression. There was beautiful melody here, side by side, with noble dramatic effect. Mr. Stock again furnished the orchestral accompaniment, which was very fitting and more in place than in the Brahms number. Mme. Homer's chief success was in this finale to the concert.

There was much applause all through the afternoon, in spite of the close atmosphere of the hall which militated against much enthusiasm; all through the concert there was Air without Variation, and hot at that.

Ch. Sevin SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, gave on Saturday evening the first American performance of Reger's Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy, opus 108. Besides that they played the Fourth Symphony of Tschai-kowsky, three movements from Grieg's second "Peer Gynt" suite and all of the first suite.

The only thing to say about the Reger prologue is that it is much like all other good music and so far is it from being revolutionary that it is very conservative. It tells of an individuality, of course; of a modern individuality, and of a very different one from that of Richard Strauss. Reger, as he appears in this work, is a more self-contained man than Strauss; he sticks persistently to the point. His undulations may shift but his theme has a way of being always in evidence.

The Prologue is built around a motto of three notes and this is never for long at a time absent from the music. The tragedy is certainly not one of unrestrained violence. It is a tragedy per-

haps of one who goes along smoothly through the greater part of his life and is surprised at last by fate. Its leading character is not one who plots somebody's destruction only to bring about his own. It may be the tragedy of an Oedipus, it cannot be that of a Macbeth.

There is a dignity and a restfulness about this work that seems to indicate that modern music has come to master its great resources and is no longer going to be mastered by them. Here is none of the reveling in technique which characterizes Strauss; and here is none of the Strauss triviality. Reger's inspiration is not so rich as that of Strauss; consequently he has to fall back on thinking. But he is the more logical man; his unity is not a unity of tumult but a unity of related ideas.

Perhaps never since Mr. Fiedler has been conducting the symphony concerts has he had a program with which he was so entirely pleased as he was with the program of the second concert. He conducted it all equally well and with equal interest in its subject matter. Evidently he chose this program without feeling obliged to do something big and the result was as satisfactory a concert as he ever gave.

There have been moments in the first two Saturday evenings of this season when Mr. Fiedler has put some of the old time Gericke precision into the conducting of the simpler and more rhythmic passages of the music. It is surprising to see how readily the orchestra responds to any indication on the part of the conductor that neatness of phrasing is desired. A little classic dryness is not a bad thing to have manifest itself in these days when humanizing influences are running away with high art.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening, 2 seats in EE, choice. Address R.L.V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 03

PORTION OF A SYMPHONY SEASON

Friday afternoon ticket GG., floor, end seat, \$1.60 per concert. Address W.F.A., Boston Transcript. (A)

WANTED—Half share in two tickets for the Symphony Concerts Saturday nights, ten dollar seats; reasonable premium. Address H.A.J., Boston Transcript. (A):

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

One season ticket; front row, first balcony, on aisle; cost over \$80. Address P.D.H., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): 05

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The performance of Max Reger's "Prologue to a Tragedy" by our Symphony Orchestra, which greatly puzzled the audience, suggests one of the many stories that have gone over Germany at Reger's expense. Many declare him the master musician of the day; others scoff. Of these latter a band beating tin pans and such serenaded the composer, thus hoping to give him what they considered a taste of his own music. Reger's followers replied in substance: "Play this tin pan music to your own critics; they will not be able to distinguish it from the great Reger." *Record Oct. 16/19*

BRAHMS AND STRAUSS "POPULAR" COMPOSERS

Trans. Oct. 11, 1909

The Eagerness of the Audience at the Symphonic Concerts for Them and Possible Reasons for the New Attitude—Mr. Fiedler's Reception on Saturday—The New Suite by Sibelius—George Hamlin's Programme Here—Smetana and Miss Destinn in Berlin

Mr. Fiedler, as he took his place on the conductor's stand, was yet more warmly received by the audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday night than he had been by that of Friday afternoon. The applause was quick, as he came into sight, and long sustained, as he stood bowing against the deep green and the bright red of the roses upon his music-rack. The clapping was heartier still at the end of Brahms's symphony in D major, and heartiest of all, as it had been on Friday, after the excitement of Strauss's "Don Juan." Then Mr. Fiedler brought his men to their feet, and the audience was alert to his compliment. Not within recollection has the orchestra played with such technical sureness, such fine and rich quality of tone and such warmth of feeling at the opening concerts of the year as it did last week. With it, seemingly, on Saturday, Mme. Homer felt the impulse of the occasion, and her singing of Saint-Saëns's ballad of "The Drummer's Betrothed" was more pictorially vivid and dramatically stirring than it had been on Friday. Seldom on the stage, with all the aids of the opera house to serve her has she matched the sweeping power and the emotional eloquence of her declamation of "Mes seurs! Voici les timbaliers" at the climax of the ballad.

The applause for Brahms's symphony and Strauss' tone poem, and the eagerness with which the audience plainly followed both, were singular and significant. Have Brahms, long the peculiar possession of the musically intellectual—and self-righteous, and Strauss, equally the peculiar delight of the musically advanced—and trou-

blesome, become at last popular composers at least for so intelligent a public as that which goes to Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons and Saturday nights? Seemingly they have. True, the Brahms of the symphony in D-major is a readily comprehensible, a pleasantly persuasive, and in the scherzo at least a spontaneously charming Brahms—a Brahms who has deliberately put off his severer and more intellectual qualities. The music aside, the new liking in Boston for Brahms's orchestral pieces, which began in Dr. Muck's conductorship and has continued through Mr. Fiedler's, is surely due and in no small part to the manner of their performance. Dr. Muck was, and Mr. Fiedler is, all for as an emotional and as highly colored a Brahms as his music will possibly warrant—and perhaps a little more. They made him and it emphatic, they marshalled them to large climaxes; they pointed contrasts; they laid open strokes and shadings of true and fine instrumental coloring. They have occupied themselves and their hearers less with Brahms structural and intellectual than with a Brahms who felt as well as thought, and who had an ear for orchestral color as well as for symphonic form. Brahms was a very passionate man, those who knew him in Vienna still say. Because his instrumentation lacks glare, it does not, therefore, lack color. It is the ordered emotion and the ordered color of Brahms's music that Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have brought uppermost by the tempi they have chosen and by their disposal and shading of the instrumental voices. They have lifted him at due moments to clear grandeur. It is a new Brahms, that they have made thus sway their audiences, but it is a truer Brahms than the bony fetich of the dry-as-dusts.

"Don Juan," it is easy to say, is exciting music for a musically excitable time, and when the public of symphony concerts has not heard the piece for three years, as was the case with the audiences here last week, it thrills to it. Yet in those intervening three years, it has heard other music of Strauss and its ears have become more and more accustomed to his orchestral idiom. In a word, most of those who now hear "Don Juan" hear it with more impression of the substance and the emotion of the music than of its manner. They have learned by practice that Strauss, at least in the earlier tone-poems, is no new and strange musical ogre to be approached fearfully and to be disliked instinctively, but a composer to be enjoyed like any other, because he has wrought beauty into his music—recall the love scene in "Don Juan" and passion—recall the whole tone-poem—and brought them to as passionate and beautiful expression. Strauss, like Brahms, is much more human than some of his devotees will admit, and now audiences have begun to make the discovery for themselves and enjoy him accordingly. H. T. P.

49 **Symphony Hall.**

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

MAX REGER,

SYMPHONIC PROLOGUE to a Tragedy, op. 108
(First time in America)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY in F minor, No. 4, op. 36
I. Andante sostenuto: moderato con anima in movimento di valse.
II. Andantino in modo di Canzone.
III. Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato: allegro.
IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

GRIEG,

Three movements from Suite, No. II, op. 55, and Suite No. I complete. Orchestral Suites from the music to "Peer Gynt", Dramatic Poem by H. Ibsen, arranged for concert performance.

FROM SUITE II.

I. The Abduction of the Bride, (Ingrid's lament).
II. Peer Gynt's Home-coming, (Stormy Evening on the Coast)
III. Solvejg's Song.

SUITE I.

IV. Morning mood.
V. Death of Aase.
VI. Anitra's Dance
VII. In the Hall of the Mountain King.

The performance of Max Reger's "Prologue to a Tragedy" by our Symphony Orchestra, which greatly puzzled the audience, suggests one of the many stories that have gone over Germany at Reger's expense. Many declare him the master musician of the day; others scoff. Of these latter a band beating tin pans and such serenaded the composer, thus hoping to give him what they considered a taste of his own music. Reger's followers replied in substance: "Play this tin pan music to your own critics; they will not be able to distinguish it from the great Reger." *Record Oct. 16/09*

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SYMPHONY PLAYS REGER'S PROLOGUE

First Performance in America
of This Composition; Spirited
Production of Tschaikowsky's
Symphony No. 4.

SECOND OF SEASON'S CONCERTS IS GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy.....Reger
Symphony No. 4.....Tschaikowsky
Music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt".....Grieg

Reger's Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy, his latest orchestral work, was played for the first time at Cologne last spring. The performance last night was the first in America.

It is not known whether the composer had any particular tragedy in mind, whether one of Pelops' line, one by Shakespeare or one by some German author. It matters not. In its original form the prologue was long enough for a trilogy. Reger, for he is not wholly merciless, by a footnote in his score allows a conductor to make a liberal cut. Mr. Fiedler took advantage of the permission, and also cut for himself.

Reger is a prominent figure in the contemporaneous musical life, by reason of his bulk, his contrapuntal mazes, his defiant attitude, his pretensions, and the claims made for him by his friends. It was only meet and proper that Mr. Fiedler should give us the opportunity of hearing another of Reger's swollen orchestral compositions, the opportunity of seeing and hearing the composer weltering again in counter point.

It is not easy to speak patiently or calmly of this preposterous music; music that is not music, as there are books that are not books. The Regerite may answer with a provoking smile: "You should not judge from one hearing; you should hear the prologue often; it will

grow on you; it is a gigantic work, not readily grasped and comprehended."

But the prologue is not unendurable by reason of some strangeness in the proportions of an unfamiliar harmonic scheme, daring modulations, bizarre instrumentation. It is unendurable because it is prodigiously dull. There is complexity, there is technical skill of a kind not to be encouraged when the results are so barren, there is a din; but where is strength, where is beauty, and, above all, where is tragic intensity or suggestion of bodement? Notes galore; themes without distinction; climaxes that do not thrill, that are in boresome succession; music that is jejune and futile.

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony has been a stumbling block to some who find the first movement both blatant and trivial and the finale rowdy, yet it is doubtful whether the composer ever wrote a more thoroughly characteristic work, a franker confession of his views of life and death. Tschaikowsky's best music is usually a revelation of himself, of his mood at the time of composition. He is the most autobiographical of all composers. He screams his disappointments and sorrows; he is now childlike in his joy and now in doleful dumps.

His program of the symphony written for his friend Nadejda von Meck is one that might be applied, in part at least, to his fifth symphony and to his sixth. There was always in his mind the thought of Fate that would not allow Mankind, i. e. Tschaikowsky, happiness. Last night the brass was more than once overblown in the first movement, so that the accusation of raucous coarseness seemed not unreasonable. There is flagrant work for the wood-wind instruments that is trivial. Yet when all is said, this first movement is strangely impressive. There is a tragic atmosphere about it that is not as a Regerian fog or storm, for the persons in the tragedy are clearly seen.

The second movement is one of the most melancholy episodes in the literature of music. The oboe solo with which it opens, played with exquisite feeling by Mr. Longy, is not sadder than the forced gaiety of the middle part. The scherzo is unique—a succession of sleep-chasings, to use Walt Whitman's word—fantastical thoughts, grotesque, amorphous, vulgar, with touches of superb insanity. As for the Finale, it is the expression of unthinking, unreasonable, animal joy. Fate watching cynically sounds its warning, but in vain.

Yes, this symphony is at times coarse, vulgar, trivial—but it is highly imaginative and at the same time elemental. The composer stripped himself, and the world sees and hears a man, not something disguised to outward view as a man, with smug, hypocritical mask, but a man, a mixture of divinity and the beast, confronted with the eternal problems, bludgeoned by fate.

The performance was spirited and impressive. The coarseness was not sandpapered; that which is inherently trivial

was not hidden. On the whole, the performance was by far the best that has been given here.

Grieg said of his music to "Peer Gynt" that it gained when it was played in the theatre and in connection with the play. This is undoubtedly true of the two movements (1 and 3) in the second suite. In the concert hall they are not effective, nor is the transcription of Solveig's song so beautiful as the song when sung. On the other hand, Antrás Dálce is probably more effective as music when it is heard without the distraction of the dancing woman and Peer Gynt's singular comments on her personal appearance. "In the Hall of the Mountain King" is frankly theatre music and excusable only for that reason.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

REGER'S NEW PIECE FOR THE FIRST

Trinity TIME Oct 16-09

The "Prologue to a Tragic Play," as Mr. Fiedler Condensed and Concentrated It—A First Impression of its Form and Manner, Substance and Emotions—Reger's Power of Tone—The Tschalkowsky of the Fourth Symphony in Comparison—The Grieg of "Peer Gynt" and to Surfeit—Another Striking Concert

Whenever the public of the Symphony Concerts has heard Reger's orchestral music, it has warmly applauded it. The local Methuselahs of music—and some of younger years—shook wise and doubting heads when they first heard his Serenade less than two years ago, but the naive mood of the piece, that masqued much intricate invention and limitless scholarship, the charm of it, and Reger's delight in tonal beauty for its own sake, won more receptive hearers. Our audiences thrilled to the emotional intensity of his Variations for orchestra and the resplendent tonal power of the fugue that ended them. At the Symphony Concert of yesterday, when Reger's new "Prologue to a Tragic Play" came to first performance in America the audiences—as audiences on Friday afternoon go, and with allowance for the nature of the piece—was as hearty in its appl use. The music runs long and intricately; it is exacting to follow and emotionally searching to hear. Yet not once did the audience give sign of waning attention. Musical opinion in Germany, which loves controversy over composers as Scots love it over theology or Americans over business, is sharply divided between the "Straussites" and the "Regerites." You cannot hold neutral and find stimulating interest and pleasure in the music of both. You must rail at the one and cherish the other. The men, said Reger's publisher curiously last sum-

mer, are oftenest for him; while the women are as frequently and ardently on the side of Strauss. Here in Boston there is no such division of the sexes or of musical opinion. We are more equable and catholic minded, and as the two Symphony Concerts that have begun the season have proved, we take our pleasure in both Reger and Strauss. Certainly the orchestra plays the music of each understandingly, gladly, thrillingly.


Tschalkowsky—the Tschalkowsky of his first mastered and individual symphony, the fourth, in F-minor—followed Reger's Prologue. The music had not been played here for almost exactly four years; the novel sound and aspect, the ear-tickling phrases and rhythms of the sustained pizzicato for the strings at the beginning and at the end of the Scherzo are sure to win it applause; the passages of "ballet music" that Tanéieff resented in the score have similar fascinations and similar results; the whole is eloquent of Tschalkowsky, Slav sentimentalist and Slav melodramatist, on his way to the passion and the tragedy of his two final symphonies; Mr. Fiedler's performance was large and orotund rather than nervously sensitive and racking; and the result again was an engrossed audience and applause so insistent that the conductor brought the orchestra to its feet at the end of the Scherzo. Grieg ended the concert and Grieg to surfeit. There are eight pieces in the two Suites that he made from his incidental music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Mr. Fiedler played seven of them—all but the "Arabian Dance" of the second Suite. It was good to hear the music played with beauty of colorful tone, with fineness of detail, with supple rhythms. The first Suite, hackneyed as it is, deserves such rescue, on occasion, from the torments of popular performances; the second in comparison is genuinely unfamiliar. But Grieg was a "little master"; he had but one vein, —the vein of the "Morning Mood" and of "Solveig's Song"—manfully as he tried to assume others; and seven courses of him, albeit diversified, were sure to cloy even an audience as eager as that of yesterday.

Reger is only thirty-six years old; his music, again according to his publisher, finds a wider sale than that of any other living composer; 108 is the "Opus Number" of the Prologue of yesterday, which is barely six months old; and "Opus 109"—a string quartet—already lies in the music-shop. Pictures of Reger, especially in the shape of the head and about the nostrils, look like engravings of Bach; and thus prompted, to see Reger himself is to note the resemblance. Reger professes Bach as his master; and he is as clearly the descendant of the long line of purely symphonic German composers, as Strauss is the child of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, the dramatizers of music. One quality, perhaps two, distinguishes Reger among all the rest of the swarming brood, and even from his musical forefathers themselves. Above almost any other composer Reger loves tone for its own sake, not for what it may express poignantly or graphically,

but for the sensuous satisfactions that it may give to him who creates and to them that hear it and for the intellectual delight, again to him and to them, of the manipulation of it. No such ear for shadings of tone, no such imagination and invention in them, no such superhuman and almost diabolic ability to make notes expressive of these subtleties exist in our time. Like many another contemporary composer, Reger often writes music to be seen rather than heard. The ear, at the moment, cannot differentiate its interweaving or the mind follow its threads; they must be read somewhat as the eye and the mind follow the diagrams and the equations of a geometer in the solution of an intricate problem. (The omitted passages of the Prologue—and there were two such yesterday—are full of such music.) Any chord makes Reger almost monstrously fertile in invention. He modulates so incessantly, insistently and variously that his pieces may not properly, like Giordano's operas, bear any key signature. The range, the fertility, the intricacy, the plicancy of his polyphony are almost superhuman, an elephantiasis—were it not often so fine and subtle—of an intellectual faculty. These means serve the one dominant end—the sensuous beauty and the emotional appeal of tone in itself and the imaginative and expressive manipulation of it. The first impression, thus, of Reger's pieces, even of those in the smaller forms, is oftenest of a vital and resplendent mass of tone. Recall, for the supreme impression of it, thus far, in Reger's orchestral music, the Fugue that ends his Variations.

So considered, the "Prologue to a Tragic Play" seethes with tonal intensity and tonal power. It matters little what tragedy suggested the music. Perhaps there was none at all; and quite as probably Reger himself invented his own tragedy in tones as he wrote. The tragedy, in emotional significance, is unmistakably large, heroic, remote and luridly lit, full of swift and fateful vicissitudes, of superhuman deed, of racking passions that now blaze and now turn sombre, that are mighty and are tender—a tragedy of large and vivid external action and of intimate and intense emotions, that comes to shadowed yet triumphant close, to a kind of spiritual apotheosis, rare in the somewhat earthly minded Reger. "Now cracks a noble heart. . . . Proud death, what feast is toward in thine eternal cell." As Reger has written his music, he makes this tragedy a tragedy in tones and nothing else. His melodic thoughts, in bare statement, are short-breathed and in their narrow selves neither impressive nor significant. They suffice because they kindle Reger's imagination to the writing of his tragedy. None may excel him, when he chooses, in the dividing and the subdividing of melodic ideas and the worrying to the last gasp of the last strip of them. Reger can turn musical essayist, dessicate his ideas, and expatiate almost upon each atom of them. (He has done so in some of the

omitted passages of the Prologue.) But Reger can also turn tragic poet and tragic dramatist in tones, and he is so oftenest in the condensed and concentrated version of his overture that Mr. Fiedler made yesterday.

The voice of fateful and heroic tragedy is eloquent throughout the music, now large and high, now leaping into fury, now dying to whispered and dolorous accents, rising again to mighty proclamation and then softening to a deep and still longing or to the mood of tender and eager vision. (There softenings may be a little Wagnerian, a little suggestive of the first act of "Die Walküre," but the Prologue is Reger's first venture into tonal drama and it is hard to escape the most puissant of its influences.) Always the tonal tragedy seethes and struggles—the strings over the other instrumental choirs—or shudders breathlessly, shatters itself upon itself, rekindles its fires of passion, combat and desire, and mounts anew in inexhaustible climax. Black darkness shrouds the mutterings and murmurings of the music, or lurid lights play over its expanses, softening their gleam to its sighs and longings. There are no images such as Strauss likes to summon in and with his music; no explicit tale unfolds itself; there are no psychological expositions and subtleties. There are only, in the true estate of dramatizing music outside the opera house, the chain of emotions that tones of themselves may impart and intensify and the engrossing and the penetrating atmosphere that tones of themselves may weave. If only Reger were such a master of large tonal design as he is of mighty tonal emotion. Too often, his form of expression, in the large sense, repeats itself—the long ascent, the gradual gathering of the divided voices, the climax that first concentrates and then shivers them, the moaning pause, the piercing single voice, and the multi-tion, the ascent, and the gathering again. None the less, Reger, by the clear proof of this Prologue, is a puissant orchestral dramatist—and by the power of tones alone.

Was it the fault of Tschalkowsky himself or was it the contract of Reger that made the Russian's symphony sound rather tame and sentimental and akin to the "modulated melodrama" of the current theatre, after the heroic and truly tragic Prologue. Tschalkowsky could be tragic enough in his fifth symphony and in the "Pathetic Symphony" that Mr. Fiedler played last year, which in the fifth, his masterpiece, he is as fateful and seething, as longing or as portentous as is the new and dramatizing Reger. The symphony of yesterday is of another fibre, mood, intent and expression. In the fifth and in the "Pathetic," Tschalkowsky wrestles with overwhelming fate, wrestles now in agony and now in exaltation of spirit. The music that he has written in them is the deepest of all his music and he is poignantly moving. He is concerned with his individual temperament and emotional experiences.

and not with such impersonal passions as though of Reger's Prologue, but the burning intensity of his expression, the frenzy of struggle, elevation, or despair make them universal.

The fourth symphony, each time that it comes to hearing, and not always in such a perilous vicinage as that of yesterday, seems the more to lack such intensities. In it, Tschalkowsky sentimentalizes over the struggles with fate that so often are the springs of his music, and takes a kind of perverse and melancholy joy in the process. Werther-like, he loves—he even craves—his haunting and torturing moods. He does not express them irresistibly, alike for himself and for his hearers, as he does in the two final symphonies. He dallies with them, even "prettifies" them—recall the passages in the first and the slow movement that begin and end in charm. He consciously seeks and achieves such "effects" as those that have popularized the Scherzo. He makes musical "copy" of his sleep-chasings and dream visions and writes an explanatory note to the insatiable Mrs. von Meck. The inspired, the tragic, the truly and universally expressive Tschalkowsky indeed speaks in the sustained passages of thundering fate in the introduction, and in the moment of emotional desolation that cuts the riot of the Finale. Elsewhere he is Tschalkowsky finding a kind of sentimental balm—and an aesthetic use—in his own restless melancholy, or Tschalkowsky, the modulated musical melodramatist.

H. T. P.

Reger's New Piece at the Symphony Con-

Trans. certs Oct. 14, 1909

Tomorrow afternoon, at the Symphony Concert, Reger's newest orchestral piece, a "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragic Play," will be performed for the first time in America. A hard-worked reviewer of music once said that he distrusted all pieces, the "opus number" of which exceeded one hundred; a year ago and more the fertile Reger passed that figure in the enumeration of his compositions and the Prologue stands as "Opus 108" in the Peters edition of the music. The composer finished the piece last autumn; a few orchestras in Germany played it last winter; London heard it a month ago; and tomorrow Mr. Fiedler brings it to America. In its original estate, it was very long, and the full score fills no less than ninety-one pages, even thicker with notes than Reger's compositions usually are. Of his own motion, after the hearing of the music in actual performance, Reger himself made a considerable "cut" in it. Mr. Fiedler, in all probability, will make another, and thus the Prologue, which is exacting to hear, will fall within reasonable limits of time and attention. Reger has scored it for a full, but not a monstrous modern orchestra—he is content with six horns—but he conforms to current orchestral fashions in his incessant division of the instrumental choirs. Evidently his tragedy, of the identity of which, if it

has a definite identity, he has never given a hint, seethes with emotion, and he will keep his orchestra seething accordingly.

Any sort of analysis of Reger's extremely intricate score is impossible without preparation for the making of it, endless illustration in musical type and an analytical fact that must be tireless and fertile as is Reger's synthetic ability. In general outline the music follows orthodox symphonic forms as is his custom, and the Prologue in its entirety is almost a symphony in little. Themes out of which the music springs emerge at moments clearly enough, but the development, the combination and general interplay of them Reger has put his contrapuntal invention and skill, most strikingly, almost satanically, and there are passages of "working-out" that make even Strauss's polyphony seem almost elementary. Reger is as fond as ever of his abrupt transitions, his snapping pauses, his sudden leaps into new tempi and new tonalities; his large climaxes fusing and swelling the voices that he has long divided. On the emotional side, the Prologue seems to have a distinct atmosphere—restless, sombre, ominous, remote, superhuman, certainty of some grave, mighty and heroic tragedy, charged and surcharged with grim passions. The instrumental coloring is oftenest as dark as is the mood, but through both pierce often, swift and lurid high lights, like those of wintry twilights. Evidently Reger himself wrote the Prologue with abundant and excited feeling, be it of the actual composition or of the images and the emotions behind. He has strewn his score indeed, in a new fashion of his own, with excited parenthetical directions to conductor and orchestra, each of which ends with an exclamation point. "Ganz F umstimmen!" or "Non troppo Allegro!" or "Nur die Hälfte Kontrabasse," or "Hörner sieben stark hervortretend!" he shouts to the performers. It is easy, almost to hear his shrill voice and to see his little pig-like eyes, cutting and gleaming through the semi-darkness of a rehearsal.

Boston's "Orgy of Modernity"

Bostonians, in the programme of novelties promised by the Symphony Orchestra for the season, are offered a veritable carnival of modernity. Such a symphonic shake-up Boston will not have had for some time. It is the last year of Mr. Fiedler's contract, and he evidently intends to make it a memorable one. For the music lover who is following the course of modern music the programme promised will be of intensest interest. For the concert-going public in general it would appear a solid meal of caviar. The novelties which are calculated to make an appeal through their immediate charm are few and far between. Mr. Fiedler's announcement, taken as a sympathetic revelation of his tastes, mark him above everything else as a lover of gorgeous symphonic painting.

The Reger piece which is to be played

said to have already been warmly welcomed elsewhere. It is to be assumed that the warmth was of the fires of the intellect—not of the heart. It is to be hoped that Boeche's "Epilogue to a Tragedy" is as beautiful as his "Taormina," which was played several years ago in Boston, but less long. The name Delius has been heard much of late, and Boston will appreciate the opportunity to make the acquaintance of this composer's work. Thus far no works by an American, except two by Mr. Loeffler, have been announced. What Boston lacks in the number of its Symphony Concerts this winter, in comparison with New York, it promises to make up in intensity. [Musical America.]

Reger's Prologue At The Symphony

Boston Music Lovers First
in America to Hear the
Composer's Work.

Oct. 16, 1909
Max Reger's "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy" had its first performance on this side of the Atlantic at the Symphony matinee yesterday. Reger is a young German, now living in Leipzig, whom some regard as the greatest of living composers. Others prefer Debussy, and still others favor Sousa. There is no absolute accounting for tastes and opinions in such things.

Suffice it to say that this long-winded work was received in Boston yesterday respectfully, discreetly, as if the audience had not quite made up its mind whether it was worth while. A second hearing will settle the matter for better or for worse. The prologue is complex, if not incoherent; it is suggestive of dark and trouble moods; and possibly some, listening to it, would think of the ocean on a black and stormy night.

MUSIC DIFFICULT TO ANALYZE OR UNDERSTAND

It is music difficult to analyze, to understand and appreciate, and so it was taken by the Symphony audience yesterday. There was no feigned rapture. The faint applause conveyed respect for the composer and for the conductor. Mr. Fiedler did his best to make the performance effective.

It was not until the orchestra played the scherzo of Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony that the audience showed genuine pleasure. After all, the general taste is for things not too high flown. The relief from the perplexing and plaintive preliminaries was evident in the prolonged applause that brought the whole orchestra to its feet. But there was a compliment also for the remark-

able playing—an exhibition of virtuosity such as the musical public expects only of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

CONCERT OF CONTRASTS, TRAGIC PREDOMINATING

The symphony was beautifully done, skill and sentiment vying to produce something like perfection. The finale was performed with dazzling brilliancy but that playing of the scherzo will long be remembered. The second part of the program was devoted to the "Peer Gynt," music written by Grieg, three parts of the first suite being given and all of the second. The audience was delighted, and so the concert closed successfully. It was an afternoon of contrasts, with the tragic note predominating.

Next week there will be another novelty on the program, an overture by Granville Bantock, a young English composer, and Professor Willy Hess will play the Joachim violin concerto called "In the Hungarian Manner." The symphony will be Beethoven's eighth.

SEASON'S SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT

Oct 16, 1909
First Time in America of
Reger's Prolog.

Brilliant Reading of New Work by
Conductor Max Fiedler.

Although apparently offering two indisputably unequal works for the brunt of his symphony program yesterday afternoon, in making Tschalkowsky's familiar Fourth symphony succeed Reger's Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy, which in this instance received its first performance in America, Mr. Fiedler revealed and emphasized the relative value of both.

The two works spring from composers of different schools with different ideals, traditions and methods of workmanship—the one, the Slavic Tschalkowsky, to whom deep or strong seriousness is generally cast in the mold of morbid melancholy, and to whom light fancy or caprice must frequently shade into the grimly fantastic—the other, the German Reger, whose tendency or final province has as yet defied analysis or prediction—the puzzle maker of music, the iconoclast, the technician for whom counterpoint is a plaything, the creator, the revolutionist.

Notwithstanding the divergence in character of the composers and their works, a similarity in the purpose and "program" of the two pieces may be discovered. Mr Reger is said to have given no hint of what tragedy his work is prolog to, or what such tragedy's existing or probable content may be. The fact that the prolog precedes a tragedy of some kind presupposes at least a presagement and exposition of the spirit of tragedy. A hearing discovers unmistakably personal elements embodied as musical themes, which are set to play and react one upon the other as a dramatist weaves his characters through the counter and allied relationships of his plot. By so much may Reger's prolog be said to possess high dramatic significance, as indeed, what strongly contrasted or stressful music does not?

Tschaikowsky frankly avers, in his correspondence with the widow, Nadejda von Meck, who was largely the inspiration for the work, and the one to whom it is dedicated, that the "program" of his symphony was an expression of the fixed and inexorable power of fate over man's life. It reminded his hearer of this fatalist belief by a threatening and bodeful theme with which the first movement begins, as proclaimed by brasses and bassoons, and repeated as a reminiscent warning during this movement and again in the last.

By way of conclusion Tschaikowsky does not leave his subject gloom-shrouded in this symphony as he does in his fifth, but gives him the alternative in the last moment of listening to a folk-tune of peasant and of learning from their rustic gayety which if crude is nevertheless spontaneous and sincere, that there is yet joy in the world.

In possessing a narrative of a combat of forces with powers within or without a man's life, the two works may then be said to contain an elemental similarity of purpose. It was in the essential differences in telling the narrative that comparison of the works was of interest.

Reger is positive, masterful, convincing, cumulative, monumental. He never indulges in truism nor platitude, in apologetic or inconsequential commonplace. He is consecutive, logical, incessant. The balance of power between the warring elements of his imagery as he has led it in the progress of this piece, remains to the end. There is no momentary or spasmodic dissolution of its force. The battle is on and Reger wages it gloriously with an opulence of contrapuntal device which employs his several choirs in a seething, surging mass of virile, impassioned tone, illumined by a wealth of color derived both from the marvelous blending of his orchestral tints and his unsatiated thirst for the last drop of blood in the momentary passion which drives him an on-faring roamer through tonality.

Climax building in itself is not so difficult for a well-equipped composer, but to recede from a climax and to keep the thread vital requires an impelling force from within which constitutes that keenest, most potent and transforming inspiration which human nerves, blood and intelligence can know.

Reger's Prolog is the product of such a force upon a man who both knows and dares. Its struggle is that of an imperious, unconquerable nature who grapples with the intriguing forces that

plot his overthrow, and wages the fight with that undaunted assumption of victory which carried the orchestra again and again to superb heights where the whole tonal structure seemed to rock for an instant before the final shock of dissolution. Reger loves to effect this by the instant quitting of a fortissimo passage, as though by the over-intensity of their own fervor the combatants had been hurled apart.

When the strife has spent itself it is no morbid neurotic which Reger paints but a conqueror bathed in the splendor of the golden sunlight which pervades the closing measures.

After this suggestion of what might well be translated as the triumph of a human will, Tschaikowsky's bodeful preachment of the sordid thralldom of that will to fate's decree seemed impotent and false. By the structural appeal of his music, the dainty scherzo resolved the orchestra into a pizzicato salon band and found instant favor for its pretty tunes—and, before it, the andantino gave us Mr Longy's rarely beautiful tone and phrasing, which we can hear none too often. But the work as a whole, notwithstanding the spirited conclusion to which Mr Fiedler led it, seemed but mortal wine after the nectar which Reger distilled.

The two closing groups consisted of Grieg's Peer Gynt suite No. 2 and the four numbers of the more familiar No. 1.

The Reger novelty made the day significant. Mr Fiedler's electrifying reading of it will long be memorable.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

Trans. Sept. 9, 1909
A New Piece by Reger at the Symphony

Concerts—Miss Farrar and Mme. Samaroﬀ to Reappear—David Bispham, the Singer, in a Novel Programme

Next Friday afternoon at its second public rehearsal, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will perform one of the most significant novelties of the present season. It will be the first performance in America of Max Reger's latest contribution to symphonic literature, his new "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy," Op. 108. The performance of this work has been, in a sense, postponed from last season. It was announced for one of the concluding programmes last year, but it was impossible to obtain this score until so late in the season that its performance was deferred. As usual with a new work of Reger's the "Symphonic Prologue" has aroused a storm of critical controversy and its initial performance on this side of the water will be watched with an interest that will include all the American cities which boast of orchestras. Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 in F minor, which has not been heard here since it was played to the baton of Mr. Gericke, and numbers from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suites Nos. 1 and 2 will complete the programme.

WANTED—To learn of one or two people to share evening symphony tickets, taking concerts in alternation. Address J.M.W., Boston Transcript, *Trans. Sept. 25, 1909.* (A):

Max Reger's "Prologue" *Post Oct 16, 1909* at Symphony Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was further proof of Mr. Fiedler's popularity yesterday at the second Symphony rehearsal of the season, when some hundreds of those who occupy the upper gallery on these occasions waited more than an hour on the steps outside in the rain.

Inside, Max Reger's "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy" was played for the first time in America. This is a colossal work. If the machinery of construction is too apparent in Reger's smaller efforts, it only serves to fill immense outlines, portray great ideas, when he sits down to write tragic music, or, say, the "Variations on a Merry Theme by Ferdinand Hiller." Given a big canvas, and, as far as we have seen in Boston, he is a big man.

In the composition heard yesterday, despite themes and counter themes, he could be called an impressionist. The man who wafts a dominant ninth on the air and sets a tune for the flute, with a Grecian outline, above it, is no more a free painter of moods, necessarily, than he who employs all the instruments ever invented, with a vociferous motif for each. The accomplishment is the thing, the means are the concern of the workman, not ours.

In this prologue are a number of short themes, of very positive character and quickly recognizable, which are treated and often combined with a limitless wealth of inspiration and counterpoint. There is—there might be perceived on closer acquaintance with a luxuriant forest of notes—the elements of overture form, and all that. Much music—most music—unfolds itself, feature by feature, to the ear, as a landscape might pass by a traveller in a vehicle. If this prologue were a classic overture it would have some such introduction as it has, a first theme, a sister theme, both themes putting out leaves and branches, perhaps intertwining, and finally flowering into an appropriate "coda."

Reger is concerned with one thing: the contemplation of tragedy. There is the portentous minor chord, the glooming phrase for the lower strings, the outcry of the brass—this, repeated, and from that time on it is as if the one was enwrapped in the age and the scene of some sublimely terrible Electra. This endures to the last note, elemental, overpowering, of unspeakable grandeur. Well has the composer made no definite peg upon which to hang ideas which are too tremendous to be confined to any one mould. Tragedy itself is there.

Afterwards one recalls vaguely the mighty brooding of the introduction, the

striving, contending figure for the strings which opens the allegro, the theme that followed—the forerunner of solemn and majestic and mysterious harmonies that welled up from the very basis of creation, just before the return of the energetic theme—the Titanic outcries of the brass in the development, accompanied by drumbeats that knocked at the bottom of the heart, and finally, the unspeakably uplifting conclusion.

I think that it would be necessary to return to the Greek tragedians to parallel such art as this. The harmonies generally employed are Gregorian in their bare, dark mightiness. No hand today but Reger's would have had the strength to wield such emotions and such visions, hold them in a firm grasp, follow them so far away from anything personal or smaller than themselves. Memory of a single performance does not supply details sufficient to describe minutely the many wonders of workmanship and instrumentation which are so marvellously in consonance with the prevailing spirit. One defect may soon appear with better, more familiarity. That is, too much material too lavishly handled. Even with the cuts sanctioned by the composer, and made by Mr. Fiedler, there is, perhaps, over-richness.

Mr. Fiedler and his men gave an amazing performance of this extremely difficult work, a performance which suffered not one of multifarious details to lack due weight in the scheme of things, and which as well carried one irresistibly along with its utter conviction.

To be pleasantly reiterative, this was followed by the best reading of Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony which has been given here in years. The contrast of this and the preceding work was very striking. Where Reger's hand never trembles, Tschaikowsky goes mad with despair. Yet his sincerity, speaking through such a medium as yesterday's, was as moving, in its intense humanity, to the emotions, as was Reger's summons to the spirit. Each phrase, and, it seemed, each instrument, had its poignant individual voice. This is, perhaps, a weakling's version of life and destiny, but he would be crabbed, indeed, who would fail to respond to its intense appeal.

The concert came to an end with three excerpts from the second Peer Gynt Suite, of Grieg, and the four movements of the first. The performance proved that these well-known pieces have been unnecessarily neglected of late years. Each has a fine, artistic idea as its basis; ideas which are beautifully instrumented and felicitously developed.

Joyous or otherwise, there is the eternal melancholy of the North underlying the measures. Some composers use a drama as an excuse for thin music. Grieg wrote his with the sincere intention that it accompany the scenes of Ibsen's masterpiece. The music is truly "incidental," yet so perfectly constructed that most of it has stood, thus far, a set of perfect and indivisible units. The audience was very appreciative. At the end of the pizzicato movement of Tschalkowsky's symphony the men rose with their leader to acknowledge its approval.

Grieg at the Symphony Concert

Reger—and Mr. Fiedler and his men as well—had their due applause at the end of the "Prologue to a Tragic Play" at the Symphony Concert of Saturday, not as hearty as that which rewarded his Variations and Fugue eighteen months ago, but sufficient to the first hearing of music that turns no inviting face to its hearers and sometimes seeks almost deliberately to baffle them. Tschalkowsky of the Fourth Symphony and Tschalkowsky of the Scherzo Pizzicato was covered with plaudits, and the listeners of Saturday night showed no weariness of seven-fold Grieg. Surely one element of the appeal of Grieg's music is its surprise. Until the hearer has heard too much of it too often, its transparent idiosyncrasies in interval and rhythm, its pervading exotic and short-breathed moods, please and hold him. Now, the audience of the Symphony Concerts on Saturday nights, however diligent it may be with its own pianos, has not often heard the Suites from "Peer Gynt" in their orchestral dress or listened to the torturing of them by unskilled conductors and orchestras. Perhaps, thus, it came almost freshly to the wildness of the lament of the violated, and forsaken Ingrid, to the tonal verity—Grieg knew his Norwegian seas and coasts—of the shipwreck, to the exotic murmur of Solvejg's song, turning and re-turning upon itself, half of the woman's dream, half of the reality of the Northern summer, always haunting. So it came, too, perhaps, to the fitful music, now bright, now shadowed, now stilled and again quivering with stirring life of the beginning of a northern summer's day, or to the homely lament—here Grieg is a master of rhythm—of the music for Aase's death. Altra's dance is too brief, after all, to cloy with the sugary Eastern syrup that the violoncellos administer and the Troll music is only a momentary gust. The little pieces of a little mastery—of fancy, if not of emotion; of sensitive technical skill, if not of orchestral variety, range and breadth. Reger and Tschalkowsky had proffered enough of the other thing. *Trans. Oct. 16, 1909* H. T. P.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening, Balcony, very desirable; only \$20. Address R.N.O., Boston Transcript. MW(A): 026

FOR SALE—Symphony Rehearsal
One season ticket, on aisle, first balcony, front row. Address T.G.S., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): 011

THE SYMPHONY.

From Mr. Elson's review in the Advertiser.

Record Programme. Oct. 16, 1909
Max Reger—Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy.
Tschalkowsky—Symphony in F minor. No. 4.
Grieg—"Peer Gynt" Suite.

This time the programme was entirely orchestral, and we can again say that we do not find the absence of a soloist to make any perceptible gap in the list. To hear our great orchestral organization in three large and well-contrasted works is glory enough for one afternoon. Max Reger's work was heard for the first time in America. It is quite evident that Reger is to be reckoned with as one of the great influences of the present, even if we do not accord him the rank of a Brahms in fluency of development, or of a Strauss in orchestration. Spite of the giants, such men as Reger, Mahler, Hausegger and Weingartner, make their mark and mould their epoch in some degree.

"Prologue to a Tragedy"! At once one thinks of two other works on the same scheme—Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and Chadwick's "Melpomene." The latter is one of the greatest works of our native repertoire and may well stand comparison with the other works in this majestic field.

Thanks are due to Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra for the pains which they have taken with this work. And to think that it was first performed in Cologne in March of this year, and here we have it in Boston in October! Bravo, Mr. Fiedler!

We may close our review with a contribution to Musical History. The Hat War is over! The hall management has been routed—horse, foot and dragoons. The ladies have won the victory and are doubly attractive in consequence. They fought unitedly behind the "White Plume of Navarre," and mere man will continue to sit behind that plume at concerts, and dodge, and squirm, and ineffectually try to see the conductor.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening, 2 seats in EE, choice. Address R.L.V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 03

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL
One season ticket; front row, first balcony, on aisle; cost over \$80. Address P.D.H., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): 05

WANTED—Two or four good orchestra seats for opening night of the Boston Opera Company; state price. Address B.R.E., Boston Transcript. (A):

GLORIOUS PROGRAMME, ENTIRELY ORCHESTRAL

Ans. Oct. 16, 09
SYMPHONY GOERS TREATED

TO THREE LARGE WORKS

First Performance in America of

Max Reger's Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy.

By Louis C. Elson.

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A single broad note of brasses ushers in the composition. Then come alternate layers of unisons and dissonant harmonies, of very soft and very loud passages. In such programme-music without a "programme" (i.e., a definite story) there is considerable danger of the auditor dilating with the wrong emotion. We gathered from the music, however, that the hero and heroine were at times uncomfortable. That much was evident even to the most conservative analyst.

Combats there were also; what Shakespeare would have called "Excursions and Alarums," in which the kettle-drums and the brasses had work to do. There was, as in Wagner's "Faust" overture, but little of the feminine element in the work. The hero was almost constantly to the front. Occasionally there was a suspicion of tearing a passion to tatters, but this was not often.

None the less Reger's overture impresses the reviewer with a sense of its greatness. He cannot take it all in at one hearing, but there is a vague sense of power, and of beauty, too, left after it. It is a work that we should like to hear again. It did not arouse the audience to great applause;

but that means nothing, for a "Sugar-plum Fairy," played on the Celeste, would gain more noisy laurels at any time than a Beethoven Symphony. But such a work deserves an attentive hearing and a repeated one. The continuous melody at the close of the work is ineffably beautiful and gives us hopes of Reger. He is beginning to cease to be the apostle of ugliness. Thanks are due to Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra for the pains which they have taken with this work. And to think that it was first performed in Cologne in March of this year, and here we have it in Boston in October! Bravo, Mr. Fiedler!

It is well, once in a while, to remember that Tschalkowsky wrote other symphonies besides his "Pathétique." It was well, too, to have the melodic Russian and the still more melodic Norwegian come after the abstruse German. Yet we were somewhat out of touch with the Tschalkowsky work. The points which we always associate with the Russian master are present; the Muscovite folk-songs bubble up at frequent intervals; the deep woodwind growls; the piccolo scintillates; but there is a palpable effort to be grandiloquent, which is not present in the sixth symphony and which is more exciting in the fifth.

In the first movement ambition o'er-leaps itself. There is a fanfare of brasses which is like a challenge to fate; but Schumann has done this better in two of his symphonies. The kettle-drums give a ground-bass in this movement, an effect which Tschalkowsky made still better use of in his sixth symphony. But it is always refreshing to hear good melodies in a classical form, and this work had tune enough to supply some of our modern dissonances for a life-time. But the effect of the first movement was rather weak after the Reger Prologue. One felt that the first was much the greater movement.

The tunes were at their best in the slow movement, in which a beautiful oboe melody was beautifully played at the very beginning, and the bassoon was also agreeably prominent at the end. The Scherzo, however, is the most popular movement of a work that is a little too popular throughout. Here there is peppery piccolo work and some effective pizzicato sweeps upon the strings. It was excellently performed and both conductor and orchestra were compelled to acknowledge the applause at its end.

The finale was ambitious again, over-ambitious, like the first movement. The opening figure of Fate returned again and seemed to intimate that all struggle was in vain.

Mr. Fiedler made much out of the finale. The canonic work was very well balanced and the Coda was worked up with phenomenal power. To the brilliant reading the work owes its cordial reception. Intrinsically it is inferior to Tschalkowsky's two later symphonies, although Tschalkowsky, even at his second-best, is superior to many composers who are ranked high at present. In the first movement we cannot help thinking that the cook put some Saur-kraut in the Bortzsch—the Russian themes are plated with German Silver.

60

Then came a feast of expressive melody. Grieg has taught the world that a passionate melody can hold its own in the teeth of all the powerful harmonies and heavy scoring that ever were invented. Yet the orchestral touches which he uses are strong enough, because of their fitness. The pulsating kettle-drums in Ingrid's Lament, the piping piccolo in the sea-scene of Peer Gynt's Home-coming, and many other fine points might be mentioned. The short sketch of the storm on the coast might hold its own even in juxtaposition with Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. But the melodic charm was the greatest. We love the simple Song of Solvejg as deeply as if it were 10 times as ambitious.

Four of the numbers are quite familiar to our concert-goers, but that did not make them less delightful. The threnody of "Ase's Tod" and the spirit of the final Gnome scene were capitally caught up. Only the shading of Anitra's Dance was a little too delicate for the hall.

We may close our review with a contribution to Musical History. The Hat War is over! The hall management has been routed—horse, foot and dragoons. The ladies have won the victory and are doubly attractive in consequence. They fought unitedly behind the "White Plume of Navarre," and mere man will continue to sit behind that plume at concerts, and dodge, and squirm, and ineffectually try to see the conductor.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BANTOCK,

"The Pierrot of the Minute," a COMEDY OVERTURE to a Dramatic Phantasy of Ernest Dowson.
(First time in America.)

JOACHIM,

CONCERTO (in the Hungarian manner) for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 11
I. Allegro un poco maestoso.
II. Romanze: Andante; più moto, poco allegretto; allegretto
III. Finale alla zingara: Allegro con spirito; Presto

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY, No. 8, in F major, op. 93
I. Allegro vivace e con brio
II. Allegretto scherzando
III. Tempo di menuetto
IV. Allegro vivace

Soloist:

Professor WILLY HESS.

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BANTOCK OVERTURE

GREATLY ADMIRER

Adm.

Oct 22. 09

SURPRISE OF THE WEEK'S

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Great Reception Given Prof. Hess,
Who Plays Joachim's Hungarian
Concerto.

By Louis C. Elson.

Programme.

Granville Bantock—"The Pierrot of the Minute." Overture.

Joachim—Hungarian Concerto, for Violin.

Soloist—Prof. Willy Hess.

Beethoven—Eighth Symphony.

A programme of but moderate length that vibrated pleasantly between the old and the new, the classical and the radical. The eighth symphony does not pall, although Beethoven's odd numbers (excepting the first) are all greater than his even ones in the matter of symphonies. But there are still many matters that modern composers can study from this symphony. First, conservatism in scoring, for it is not at all ambitious in its orchestral forces. Second, melody, for its themes sing themselves. Third, good humor, for there is not an atom of the bitter woe which is now becoming fashionable in its measures. And lastly, brevity, for it is one of the shortest of symphonic works and stops when the composer has nothing more to say.

This last quality is most refreshing, for your true modern goes on long after he has told you all his thoughts and would by no means give you a symphony of less than an hour's length. He would probably regard this as a Sinfonietta. Yet it was good to listen to, all the same, and the sparkling themes lost nothing in the interpretation.

We feel like giving the chief praise to the bassoon and contrabass, for this is emphatically a symphony for these instruments, and they are very often to the fore, sometimes with themes of ponderous comicality, sometimes in funny duet touches with the kettledrums. We may remember that Beethoven loved the bassoon and always used it when he was in the free mood which he called "aufgeknoepft." Just as the horn was Weber's pet, and the clarinette Mendelssohn's, so the bassoon exhibits Beethoven in his best humor. But his playfulness always had something leonine in it, like the humor of Aristophanes.

But when composing this symphony our lion was in love. It is astonishing how often Beethoven fell in love and then fell out again. But the world was always the

gainer by his passions and may thank Amalia Seebald for the joy of the seventh and eighth symphonies.

The reading was a good and unaffected one, and Mr. Fiedler did not try to give more to the work than Beethoven intended it to express. But the spirit of the development of the first movement, the dialogue between violins and cellos in the second, the beautiful horn passages in the Minuet, and the manner in which the contrabasses bit the flute's head off in the finale, were all points to enjoy, while the frenzy of happiness at the end was brilliant in the extreme. When Beethoven was joyous he painted the whole orchestra red, as witness the end of the ninth symphony, the end of the "Leonore, No. 3," and the Coda of this work.

When the Hessian Willy stepped to the front he was most cordially greeted; and certainly he deserved the tribute, for Prof. Hess has been the best of concertmasters to the best of orchestras. But he immediately set about earning this "pay in advance" applause by giving a splendid display of technique and of musicianship. We cannot say that we are intensely moved by Joachim's concerto. His head was moved by thoughts of fingers and bow far more than his heart was moved by emotion when he wrought this work.

But the work is shapely, its themes are well defined and form good foils to each other, and the concerto has the merit of growing steadily better up to its close. Its first movement is its least effective. The work is of course thoroughly violinistic, or fiddlesque, (the reader can take either horn of this etymological dilemma) and was bound to be a little too long. One can alter Goldsmith in describing Joachim's composership and say that even his fallings leaned to virtuosity's side.

There was a long Tutti at the beginning of the first movement, affording an excellent opportunity for the artist to get as nervous as anyone waiting in a dentist's side-room. But there is no nervousness (in the fidgety sense) in Mr. Hess. He gave the most brilliant exhibition of violin technique that we have heard in a long time. Everything was there: skips, harmonics, double-stopping, G string work, and the final Coda was a perpetuum mobile of wonderful power. Amid all this there was not the slightest swerving from intonation (although at first a little lack of breadth) and the performance was a masterly one in every way.

Mr. Hess was recalled again and again and his playing rather than the content of the work deserved the great tribute.

The surprise of the concert was the Bantock overture. There was a time, only a few years ago, when Bridge, Mackenzie, and a few others of the conservative type, thought of founding a new English school of composition; with about as much chance of success (as Ernest Newman put it) as an ambitious hen would have in hatching out hard boiled eggs. And now, lo and behold! there is an Elgar building hour-long symphonies with tremendous orchestras, there is Delius plunging into the most

modern radicalism, and here we have Granville Bantock evolving a most difficult orchestral work, with all kinds of complexities yet with a modern spirit and verve that carries the auditor along with quickened pulses.

In the first place the overture has a glow of tone color that is still unusual in England. Then also it has a delightful freedom of form that gives an added charm. It is the story of an enchanted Pierrot who stakes his life in a fairy dell for the sake of love. Although it is always risky to tell the tale of programme music without the composer's authorization, yet we found a suggestion of the fairies in the passages with tambourine and Glockenspiel (tinkling bells) in the earliest part, while Pierrot himself was suggested by a clear motive, rushing spasmodically to and fro on contrabasses, celli or bassoons.

Then came the most gentle of lullabies which cradled him to sleep. Then followed the most tender of love-scenes in which the horns had some exquisite work, while distant tinkling seemed like sounds in a dream. The strings, part of them bowing and part pizzicato, gave further ecstatic touches.

The reawakening was hinted at in a return of the Pierrot theme and the fragmentary passages that accompany it. If we do not find much coherency in the first part of this, the slumber-song and the love-scene noble additions to the modern repertoire, much more promising than the recent work of Elgar. It is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Fiedler is educating us in the advances that are being made abroad. It is only about a year ago that this work had its first performance in England.

We may not admire all of the novelties as much as we do this overture, but at least we ought to have a chance to hear them and form our own opinions. If Bantock has gone much further into this delicate school of work he may be characterized as an English Debussy—at least in delicacy of orchestration.

SYMPHONY PLAYS COMEDY OVERTURE

Herald Oct. 24/09.
Granville Bantock's "The Pierrot of a Minute" Performed at Third Concert for the First Time in America.

JOACHIM'S CONCERTO BY
MR. HESS WELL RECEIVED

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its third concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Hess was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

"The Pierrot of the Minute," a comedy overture Bantock
Concerto in the Hungarian Manner, for violin and orchestra Joachim
Symphony No. 8, F major Beethoven

Granville Bantock visited Boston in December, 1894, as the conductor of performances of "A Gaiety Girl" at the Hollis Street Theatre, when the public became acquainted with Miss Cissy Fitzgerald's celebrated and applauded wink. He was then 26 years old, but he had already composed serious works. Miss Declma. Moore, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Hobson and Miss Palotta are no doubt remembered by some who saw "A Gaiety Girl," and at the time they attracted more attention than was given to the conductor of their songs and dances. To the best of my knowledge, singers, wandering or local, have not put his songs, which are many, on their programs in this city. Choral societies and orchestral conductors have not deigned to consider his works of long breath. Yet Bantock is a man of parts.

The younger English school has been neglected in this city. Elgar is the one that has been fortunate. Arthur Hinton's concerto was played here, thanks to the devotion of his wife, Katharine Goodson, a devotion which, after we heard the concerto, was pathetic, though to be praised for the public exhibition of conjugal affection and respect. But nothing is known here about Frederick Delius, Joseph Holbrooke and William Wallace, and very little about Cyril Scott, except by report. Mr. Fiedler purposes to let us hear orchestral pieces by Delius. He is to be thanked for introducing this comedy overture by Bantock.

The older school of contemporaneous British composers, Stanford, Mackenzie, Parry and the host of doctors of music and cathedral organists, have little to say that is original, beautiful or impressive. Since Purcell, the English have had one composer at least of true and original fancy, spontaneous, fluent melody and pronounced taste in instrumentation. Sir Arthur Sullivan; not the Sullivan of the sentimental oratorios and the "In Memoriam" overture, but the Sullivan of the delightful operettas.

Bantock, from the beginning has shown fancy imagination in his choice of subjects and an ambition that overtopped that of the young Berlioz, for nine years ago he contemplated writing a series of 24 symphonic poems on subjects taken from Southey's "Curse of Kehama." The East appealed to the

English composer. "Thalaba," "Lalla Rookh," songs of Arabia, Japan, Egypt, Persia, China, as well as India, stirred him to composition, and although he was not insensible to Sappho, the little woman with dark hair—and Alcaeus says that she had a beautiful smile—although we find him setting music to tragedies by Euripides and Sophocles and writing suites of Russian scenes and English scenes and a suite based on old English music, yet he returned to the East in his last important work, a setting of music to "Omar Khayyam," in three most elaborate cantatas. The East obsesses this Englishman; the perfume, the color, the dances, the strange gods, the mystery of the East.

The "comedy overture" played last night for the first time in America was called a "Fantastic poem in the form of a prelude" when it was produced at the Worcester (Eng.) festival a year ago last month. It is now entitled "a comedy overture to a dramatic phantasy of Ernest Dowson." The little dramatic poem of the unfortunate Dowson is known to many. Pierrot, wishing to learn what love is, falls asleep near the Temple d'Amour in the Parc du Petit Trianon. A moon maiden descends and awakens him with a kiss. They talk of love in a theoretical manner until Pierrot takes from her a kiss that both chills and fires him. He tells her of the amusements and the behavior of the court. He would fain embrace her, but it is dawn and she vanishes, farewelling him with "It is too late." The curtain falls on Pierrot sleeping.

There is nothing of the East in this. The subject of the poem and the treatment of it are Gallic, in the spirit of Watteau. The composer prints an argument as a preface to his score, but the music itself is not an interlinear translation. A hearer, if he were so foolish as to keep the argument before his eyes while listening to the music, would fall to find the due correspondence. The argument gives only the mood of the overture.

There is a tricky figure that may well suggest Pierrot, and Pierrot may be said to have his own theme, but few, while they may safely say that one section is that of a love scene, could identify by the ear the entrance of the moon maiden, and few would find any

measures that suggest moonlight so irresistibly as does the little known piano piece, "Clair de Lune," by Stcherbatcheff. For that which seemed to the composer moonlight music or music picturing the moon maiden, may not impress similarly Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, however well disposed they may be, however receptive.

The chief melodic beauty of the overture is in the love scene, which is warm, glowing, yet not blazing, so that the frame of the work is in danger. The composer discreetly keeps his music in due proportion. He does not endeavor to strike a note of passion; he is not incongruously intense. The poem is a pretty one, and he wrote pretty music for a prelude. The poem is fantastical, and the instrumentation is charmingly fantastical.

The strictly "musical contents" are not of great importance. After the short introduction there is a reminiscence both in melodic figure and in orchestral color of a passage in Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," and yet Mr. Bantock may not be familiar with the latter work. The charm of the overture is almost wholly in the instrumentation, which is always interesting and often exquisite.

Mr. Hess was most heartily applauded for his interpretation of Joachim's Hungarian concerto. The applause, which was unusually warm and long continued, was probably for the performance, not for the concerto itself. Mr. Hess gave an admirable display of violin playing, both in mechanism and in aesthetic quality. The performance was, indeed, one to be remembered. Yet why did Mr. Hess choose this laboriously constructed, musically insignificant, long-winded, ted'us concerto, in which the task of the violinist is perhaps surpassed by that of a patient hearer? He played this concerto here five years ago, and then proved that its difficulties did not appall him. He surely did not choose it solely because it is difficult—for there is the celebrated remark of Dr. Johnson, which is now as musty as the concerto of Joachim, who was demented with the mania of composing.

An earnest performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony brought the end

"Pierrot of the Minute" at Symphony Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

Willy Hess, concertmeister, was soloist at the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall; Granville Bantock's overture, "The Pierrot of the Minute," after Dowson's poem of the same name, was performed for the first time in America; Beethoven's Eighth Symphony brought

the concert to an end.

Of late we have been hearing a great deal about Bantock—his originality, his Orientalism, his modern attitude toward the symphonic poem and literature as a basis for musical fantasy, etc. As an Orientalist—Bantock's most ambitious work, it appears, is his setting of "The Rubaiyat"—he may be all that is fantastical and atmospheric. In this over-

ture we have Bantock, the Englishman, who, saving some passing measures of pleasing fancy and exoticism, seems to verge disappointingly near the conventional.

"The Pierrot of the Minute," a dramatic fantasy in one act, was published in 1897. The personages are Pierrot and a Moon Maiden. The scene is the famous Parc du Petit Trianon, where the air still vibrates with the music of forgotten loves. Pierrot appears, having obeyed a mysterious summons to enter this glade, if he would know the passion. He wonders why, of all people, he should be filled with this wistful longing, pours out a libation to Cupid and falls asleep. The Moon Maiden warns the saucy intruder to return before, in exchange for perilous happiness, he shall have lost his soul. But gayly, recklessly, the adventurer offers all for the priceless moments and is soon overcome with love for the unattainable fairy, whose lips are "more cold than I could dream." He begs a kiss and they talk of love. He tries to embrace the Moon Maiden, but she makes sport of him and eludes his grasp. Pierrot sulks. He is still entreating and she hesitating as morning breaks. He sinks into sleep and the Moon Maiden makes her farewell.

Dowson, like Pierrot, sought dreams. He passed the greater part of his life in the mud, was shyly and passionately devoted to a woman who ultimately married the waiter, and finally died from sorrow and poverty.

Bantock has not found sadness in the beautiful poem, nor, at least, attempted depiction of what is so touchingly apparent between Dowson's lines.

There is no illusion about that introduction, which is couched in the terms of one who might be well acquainted, for instance, with Dukas' crackling scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The whimsical sporting of the fairy and the mortal is well suggested, and one other passage appeared at a single hearing to have genuine fancy, if not imagination. The ending is painstakingly calculated, like the obvious sophistication, the labored coquettishness, of an elderly belle.

Mr. Hess played the Joachim concerto, which is a fine work, despite great length and over-elaboration, with fire and intrepid virtuosity, which have always been his; with warmth and depth of sentiment, which have not always been so evident in his playing. He was enthusiastically recalled.

HESS AT BEST AT SYMPHONY MATINEE

Journal — Oct. 23/09.
Appears in Same Concerto

in Which He Made Debut Five Years Ago.

WORK BRINGS FORTH REPEATED RECALLS

Novelty of the Program an Overture by English Composer, Granville Bantock.

A Bostonian pro tem. was the big figure at yesterday's Symphony matinee. Professor Willy Hess, the concertmaster of the orchestra, played Joachim's "Hungarian" violin concerto with all the power and brilliancy entitling him to be known as the foremost living exponent of Joachim's style and music.

Mr. Hess played this same concerto when he made his debut as a Symphony soloist just five years ago yesterday. It is apparently his favorite piece. Few violinists attempt it nowadays, and, in fact, Mr. Hess' performance of it is the only one with which the new generation of Bostonians is familiar. Mr. Hess studied with Joachim back in the middle '70's, some years after he had appeared here as a juvenile phenomenon; and unquestionably he has made a more memorable impression with this concerto than with other selections. It has difficulties that arouse all his well-known energy and that, surmounted as he surmounts them, afford a brilliancy hard to match. But, technique aside, the sentiment of the concerto is of the sober, deeper order which Professor Hess expresses with marked felicity.

Mr. Hess at His Best.

Yesterday, surely, Mr. Hess was at his very best. The fluency and the purity of his style have never seemed more agreeable. The brilliancy of the first and third movements was finely balanced by the charming romanza that characterizes the second movement. In the interpretation of which the soloist showed his mastery over crystal tones and tender moods. The audience was enraptured, no mistake, for when the concerto was over Professor Hess was recalled several times, though the promenade was then in order.

The novelty on the program was an overture by a young English composer, Granville Bantock; an overture called "The Pierrot of the Minute," written to introduce a dramatic phantasy by Ernest Dowson.

Fantastic Music.

The music pictures Pierrot in the park of the Petit Trianon asleep and dreaming of an adventure with the Moon Maiden. It is truly fantastic music,

which pleases the ear and tickles the fancy, and at the same time proves the composer's cleverness. Mr. Bantock, by the way, came to Boston some years ago as musical director of an English show, "A Gaiety Girl," but now he is a professor in the University of Birmingham, the successor there of Sir Edward Elgar. The overture was well received. It did not call for any great enthusiasm. The rehearsal ended with a delightful performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony.

Rachmaninoff, the famous Russian composer and pianist, who was down for soloist next week, has cabled that he cannot come until later. His place will be taken by Heinrich Warnke, the solo cellist of the orchestra, and the substitute number will be a new work, a concerto for 'cello and orchestra by Gustav Strube, the well-known member of our great Boston band.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Globe — Oct. 23/09.
Joachim Concerto Played
by Willy Hess.

First American Performance of Bantock Overture.

For the third pair of Symphony concerts Mr. Fiedler chose his two orchestral numbers, in the one instance the ultra-modern romantic literature, and in the other, from the fountain head, classicism.

The first was "The Pierrot of the Minute," a comedy overture to a dramatic phantasy of Ernest Dowson's by Granville Bantock, which received in the concert of yesterday afternoon its first performance in America. The second was Beethoven's symphony in F major, the eighth.

Dividing the two came the soloist of the week, Prof. Willy Hess, the concert master of the orchestra, in the highly exacting concerto by Joachim, who styled his work "in the Hungarian manner."

It is a triumph for the orchestra itself that from its first desk should come an artist who, beside possessing in exceedingly large measure the technical surety and broad musicianship so capably to fill his chair, should also combine with that routine dependability an artistry which can cope with the seven-leagued stride of this concerto. It is one of the longest, severest and most crucially testing pieces in all violin literature. Prof. Hess finds an additional reason for regarding it highly in that Joachim was his teacher.

Prof. Hess played the concerto upon his debut with the orchestra on Oct. 22, 1904, just five years ago to a day. Yesterday he played it again with sovereignty over its multiplied technical

difficulties and a reading more remarkable for its breadth and dig of style than for excessively Hungarian bravura and abandon.

The allegro was a well-balanced piece of virtuosity. The Hungarian theme, with its love of the minor, and the resultant augmented step in its melody, was played with a reverence and a tenderness rather than with the show of fire which a younger and more impetuous player might have given it. The dazzling rapidity of tones did not seem mere display. They went with remarkable facility, and with both a firmness and elasticity of bowing which made the intricate phrase intelligible. Prof. Hess did the rapid chromatic octaves, the terrific double stopped voices in duet, and the other well-nigh incessant feats of executive skill with apparent ease.

The series of diversions in the second movement, beginning with the "Romanze," were memorable for much beauty in tone and phrasing. Particularly enjoyable was the fluent embellishment by the solo violin of a sustained singing melody in the 'cellos.

The true Hungarian love of rubato and well-contrasted accent and staccato note came more noticeably in the third and closing movement. The lightness, brilliance and well-measured surety of Prof. Hess' spicato bowing in this movement were somewhat marred by a slight but perceptible tardiness in the orchestra. Otherwise the accompaniment, which is highly engaging in and of itself, was most admirable.

The concerto is unquestionably too long and taxing a work when considered in the light of comfort either for hearer or performer. An artist of other than great power of concentration and prolonged nerve tension would do well to choose some less severely searching medium for his ability.

It is to be noted that, save for the first few notes of the solo instrument's entrance in the first movement, which, by the way, seems an illogical and unwarranted means of introduction, Prof. Hess' intonation was practically impeccable throughout the work.

At its conclusion the soloist was summoned again and again to the platform by the continued applause of the audience, in which Mr. Fiedler and the members of the band joined most heartily. It was a justly deserved ovation.

The New Overture.

It is an achievement that, in two of the first three pairs of concerts thus far given this season, Mr. Fiedler has presented novelties which in both instances have received their initial performance in America.

Comparison between the Reger "Prologue to a Tragedy," heard last week, and the "Comedy Overture to a Dramatic Phantasy," by Granville Bantock, heard yesterday, is like an attempted comparison between one of Shakespeare's monumental tragedies, as "Hamlet" or "Lear," with something written considerably less well than one of his lesser comedies. However, Mr. Fiedler deserves our gratitude for keeping us abreast of the times in the way of novelties, and a little in advance of the patrons of the Symphony society in New York or of the Thomas orchestra in Chicago.

The new overture was something of a disappointment. Its workmanship is dainty, fantastic, elegant, quaint and

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too crudely realistic by turn in its formal structure a constant irregularity in rhythm and tempo break up the movement into frequent episode, incident and excursion into some new caprice.

There is noticeable economy both in the use of thematic material and of counterpoint; indeed the tonal treatment at times is so meager that the thread of development seems insufficient. The instrumentation dismisses six members of the usual choir of brass and percussion. There is no marked novelty in harmonic device.

As to the work's relation to the composer's "program," in which the "Pierrot" in his dream of the fateful "minute" begs a kiss from the immortal moon-maiden and is doomed by her to thereafter love in vain, its whimsical vagaries might aptly be summoned by Ernest Dowson's phantasy to the mind of a fanciful composer.

As a poetic conceit the story possesses the charm induced by subtle and beautiful imagery. The musical work mirrors well the lightness and elusive grace of its fairy romance, but keeps it under the cold, scintillating light of a northern moon.

With Mr Bantock's reputed facility in oriental color, there might have been expected in this work a more potent suggestion of the spell of soft fragrance and subtle thralldom of sense which the lines apparently breathe forth.

As an anathema upon even so cold and chaste a kiss the composer pronounces an empty disillusionizing fifth in the dull-colored lower register of the flutes, and Pierrot's dream is over.

It was good to hear Beethoven's symphony played with the dignity and understanding inherent in Mr Fiedler's readings of that master.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to "The Abencerrages"

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major, op. 61

I. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo

II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace: Trio I and Trio II.

III. Adagio espressivo

IV. Allegro molto vivace

GUSTAV STRUBE,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA in E minor. (Mss.)

(First performance)

RICHARD STRAUSS,

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-Fashioned Roguish manner—in Rondo Form" op. 28

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE.

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op. 28

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans:

A New Concerto for Violoncello by Mr Strube, with Mr. Warnke to Play It—
The Romantic Schumann and the Sardonian Strauss Help to Make a Diversified Afternoon

At the fourth Symphony concert yesterday afternoon Mr. Gustave Strube's concert for violoncello came to its first performance for novel fare in a programme which began with Cherubini's overture to "The Abencerrages," included Schumann's second Symphony, in C major, and ended with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's," from which Mr. Fiedler drew a rich store of whimsical and poetic fancy and added a shrewd stab of pathos at the close.

Granted Mr. Strube's conception of what the concerto should be—not a piece for the uttermost display of the instrument, but one which shall employ its finer powers of expression without inviting extreme technical feats—the composer has, in his concerto for the violoncello, in much the same vein as his violin concerto, achieved the virtues of the former. He has written a charmingly pretty piece. It ran so smoothly, so evenly under the fairly jointless bowing of Mr. Warnke, yesterday afternoon, and withal so quietly that the assemblage might have forgotten that it was listening to what is traditionally regarded as a "show" piece, and supposed the composition to be something in the mood of Volkmann's serenade. The orchestration, where it falls to accompaniment, is subdued in color, and attuned to the mellow autumnal hues of the solo part; for the interludes it is often brilliant and close packed with ingenious effects. It is, like the strain of the solo instrument, never other than melodious, if it drone wood winds to a wandering recitative, hammer its bells to a high, prolonged trill, or catch and freak the rhythm with something rich and strange as in the finale. In the solo part Mr. Strube most seeks the open resonance and the clear, high tones of the upper registers of the 'cello, where the instrument is most songful. He wanders for a few excursions into the altitudes where the thumb plies its cunning; he employs more often the sonority of the lower strings, not with the top-to-bottom leaps of the old style of concerto, but rather he seeks the deeper notes for the broadening of an idea which has appeared above, as one might in discourse choose a grave illustration for a point of less seriousness. When the solo winds into rhapsodic passages the instrument still continues to sing; it is nowhere made to caper. There are, to be sure, the rocking arpeggios so grateful to

its resonance, flurries of octaves, and the dearly beloved passages of fluid rise and descent over the four strings against an orchestra quietly hymning the themes, but its rhapsodies are always without the hint of display. Unity has been given the composition in an extraordinary degree, both by playing its three movements without a pause, and by reaffirming the thematic material of the first movement in the last, with a change of it into an irresistibly lively and tripping rhythm which comes close to making the feet tap. If Mr. Strube learned from Goltermann the effectiveness of clustering a melody about an insistent note, leaving it to resume it again and again for the close of his phrase, he has then excelled his master, besides avoiding that master's frequent lapses into the pitfall of monotony. The work, while it displayed the warmth and pliable texture of Mr. Warnke's tone, enjoyed all the advantages of his melodious and reposeful playing. He met its few technical intricacies with a mastery which made them what they were intended to be—the expression of a mood and not a season of ground and lofty tumbling. It is a concerto in the lyric mood; something soft-tinted and fragile, something in cream white and a special shade of blue, a concerto in Delft.

At its close the soloist and the composer, who had occupied the conductor's desk, shared the honors of several recalls.

Schumann's Symphony, under Mr. Fiedler directing, put forth, with singular strength, its dominating mood of an almost churchly solemnity, as of a religion without rites—if such a thing can be conceived. It is mood which springs from the pagan in the composer's mind, and one which is evoked when the leader brings to the performance of the work less of passion and more of intellect in the combination brought to its performance yesterday. Through the whole texture of the piece, gathering its designs into a unified pattern, runs the imperious trumpet call, like a thread of gold. It was summoned again and again to dominate the structure of the symphony, as spires and turrets the piled masses of a pagan temple. Nowhere was this feeling for form and design so manifest in Mr. Fiedler's conducting as in the measures of the Scherzo, winding and turning to cross its own path, passing through transient moods, always to return to its master mood—the mental unrest, the disquiet of the queerly downward flurry of the main theme in the first violins, which is laughter with half a shudder in it, laughter of the nerves. The dominating intellectual quality of the interpretation was expressed in another quarter where the symphony has been called into account—the contrapuntal passage challenged for its presence in a romantic movement. It was transformed by the baton of Mr. Fiedler into something of almost pictorial outline.

He clothed it with expressive nuances as leafage clothes the stark outlines of moors. He divined the character of the scene to be not bold featured but quiet and homely, and bent himself to express tints and gradations rather than rugged outlines. The chirp and twitterings, the clamors and grotesqueries of "Till Eulenspiegel" were still to come; Mr. Fiedler was to marshal them in vivid narrative with all his command of the piquant idiom which Strauss so peculiarly invites—one had almost said incites. Meanwhile, it was Schumann of the red horn calls and the intense cry of strings; and the music of intense subjectivity had grandeur and dignity.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY OLIN DOWNES Oct 30 1909

After yesterday's public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall one fact stands out to the exclusion of most other things, namely, Mr. Fiedler's amazing conducting of Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Till Eulenspiegel." It is not possible at this time to speak at any length of a very interesting concert, but to omit mention of that performance would be an injustice to Mr. Fiedler and the public.

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," in Rondo form, is one of the most amazing creations that have dropped from the pen of any composer since Beethoven. It is the psychology of an over-man who sees life and eternity in a degree and to an extent which is denied the average two-legged animal. It is iconoclasm, and the end of iconoclasm, writ large over the universe. And these things are voiced through the medium of a musical invention of a Mozart-like fertility and freshness, with a power of characterization which did not exist before Strauss.

There have been two interpretations of this orchestral piece in Boston, the first by Strauss himself, as the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, March 7, 1904, the second by Mr. Fiedler on the occasion mentioned. "Till Eulenspiegel" has often been upon the Symphony programmes, but it has not been interpreted. There was the sure grip of the master hand, the inexorable truth of every note, every phrase, every page. The entire psychology of that indescribably tender, ironical, fateful commentary on everything that is, with its intense cerebral energy and its boundless humanity, was exposed to the fragment of a thought; and if the entire work had been less than absolutely a part of the conductor's consciousness this microscopic depiction would have resulted in a series of etchings without unity. As it was, the whole thing was inevitable. In spite of Strauss' peculiar and exceedingly individual style, one thought measures ahead with certainty of what was to follow, and this

cannot often be said even with those who have already a partial acquaintance with a work that will in years to come be as transparent as a Mozart sonata to the average auditor. Today there exist the majority who find it hard to get out of old musical formalities, and to these Strauss offers vexing problems, when he thinks out loud.

Mr. Gustav Strube's violoncello concerto was played for the first time. This, the overture of Cherubini, and the Schumann C Major Symphony, will be reviewed tomorrow.

Mr. Strube's 'cello concerto played for the first time at the Symphony concert of last week, is not one of that gifted composer's most successful works. It smacks of experimenting, which is always skilful and frequently beautiful and effective, as the second theme of the first part, the intermezzo, and the clever use of the continuous bass in the last part, a new version of the theme, which opens the work. All this is well, but still we do not believe that Mr. Strube has entirely solved the problem of the successful 'cello concerto. By reason of the nature of the instrument, it is difficult to invent themes which are at once playable and effective upon it, and yet have necessary contrast of character. The coquettish tune in the last section is rather common.

It is in his instrumentation that Mr. Strube triumphs, in the accompaniments of the solo instrument as well as the short but brilliant tutti. As a whole, this work is far below the F sharp minor violin concerto. What one really listens for, more and more, as the piece goes on, is the glowing and transparent orchestra. Mr. Strube has what only a few composers in these days possess—themes, often truly distinctive themes, and his workmanship is beyond cavil. This 'cello concerto is always pleasing, and with the one exception above noted, in the best of taste; yet, at the first hearing its unity did not seem absolute, and some of the effects appeared rather calculated. The work was excellently played by Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

Mr. Fiedler gave a strong and characteristic reading of Schumann's greatest symphony—the second C major. The slow movement was far slower than it need have been. It is not necessary to subject its simple melodic phrases to the heavy, long-continued stress of 32 violins and the rest of an immense orchestra. This is only artless singing from the heart and should be accepted as such and permitted to speak for itself. Saving this, the performance was in many respects memorable. The scherzo, taken a trifle quicker than usual, had exactly the just rhythm and accent. This symphony offers one of the clews to Tchaikowsky's admiration of Schumann, in its rather morbid introspectiveness, the impassioned reiteration of a short theme in the first movement, and in the scherzo, the middle section of which opens with a theme practically the same as the opening fig-

ures for the strings in the "Symphonie Pathétique." It is a pity that the last movement, with its noble triumphant march, like the winged victory, is not more brilliantly orchestrated, for, whatever his will, no conductor can make 10 instruments speak as 20, or 20 as 40.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

GERMAN THIS WEEK

Adv: Oct 30 1909

SCHUMANN AND STRAUSS

IN CONTRASTED NUMBERS

A Cherubini Overture as Introduction—A Strube 'Cello Concerto
Played by Mr. Warnke.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Cherubini—"Abencerrages" Overture.
Schumann—Symphony No. 2, C major.
Gustav Strube—Violoncello Concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
Strauss—"Till Eulenspiegel."

A German programme almost from first to last, although the older and the more modern Teutonic schools were in strongest contrast. Schumann never grows old. Schubert has become threadbare in spots; some of Mozart's symphonies tax the patience, but there is scarcely a movement in any Schumann symphony that we would willingly spare. And this is in striking contrast with the manner in which time has dealt with his opponent Mendelssohn. The lace-handkerchief, boarding-school grief of the slow movement of the Scotch symphony, for example, or the first movement of the Italian, no longer produce either enthusiasm or tears, while Schumann's earnest melodies still nestle in the heart as they have always done.

The English take exception to the statement that Mendelssohn was an enemy of Schumann, but it ought not to be forgotten that the most intimate friend of Mendelssohn in England was Chorley, who always sneezed whenever Mendelssohn took snuff; and the most brutal criticisms that ever were written against a modern composer were Chorley's reviews in the "Athenaeum."

But it must be confessed that Schumann's scoring begins to sound muddy to ears accustomed to the iridescence of the modern colorists. The first movements of the second symphony, and its introduction too, seem but crude when judged by the orchestration. But it is a totally different story when one examines the contents. Mr. Fiedler caused the trumpet signal, which is carried through other movements than the introduction (where it first appears) to ring out very clearly, and in almost every way gave a strong reading. Only in the

Scherzo would we have desired a little less rapid pace, in order that the figures might come out more clearly. The Finale was very finely read and performed, even to its syncopated end on the kettle-drums. The Adagio is less effective than some of Schumann's other slow movements, and even good playing could not make this a very powerful movement. Altogether we do not quite rank the Schumann second symphony with his others. Even the "Cologne" symphony, almost the last ray of sunshine in the clouded end of the composer's life, is, on the whole, stronger than this. Yet Schumann's least strong moments are still powerful enough to keep his works welcome.

The programme would have gained, however, by not preceding the symphony with a Cherubini overture. "Les Abencerrages" overture is not so great a work as the overture to "The Watercarrier" or even that to "Anacreon," yet it has a strong kind of simplicity, very different from the naivete of a Haydn, and the work made its due effect.

It was a long stride from the earnest vein of Schumann, whose very Scherzo movements are serious (or at all events not playful), to the wild pranks of Richard Strauss in "Till Eulenspiegel." The story is mediaeval and Rabelaisian, and the music is quite as broad as the tale. Clear motives typify Till who can be traced from beginning to end. He "bobs up" (no other term can describe it) through every kind of repression and persecution; he is saucy and insouciant; he is comically repentant when at the last he is hanged, and his last faint squeak is very mock-pathetic.

This hanging is a deviant from the old story in which Till evades his doom and cheats the executioner. For some time the reviewers were in doubt as to whether Strauss had given warrant for the execution—which shows the weak point of "programme-music," for no one ought to have had any doubts upon the subject after hearing the change of style from glibness to utter dejection at the end.

It is great fun to watch the hero (his chief figure can be best identified on the horn solo, near the beginning) squirming through the score, chased by the watchmen, pursued by anathemas, mocking the Philistines, parading as a priest, and upsetting respectability everywhere. The world will yet come to recognize this as a masterpiece of humor of its kind, and greater than some of the later orchestral works of its composer.

It is, however, German humor, and requires a German to appreciate it fully and a German to conduct it. We doubt if even so great a conductor as Colonne could lead "Till Eulenspiegel" to success, as Mr. Fiedler did on this occasion. The ponderous dignity of the Philistines, the mercurial trickiness of Till, were placed in excellent foil with each other.

The interpretation, in spite of a too early entrance at one point, was a brilliant one. Especially was the trial and condemnation of Till made dramatic. The

thunders of accusation, the apologetic squeaks of Till, the final execution and the dying yelps of the old vagabond were excellently well done. It was one of the memorable performances of a very trying work.

Between these two (the Schumann symphony and "Till Eulenspiegel") was wedged Mr. Warnke with Mr. Strube's concerto for violoncello. There are so few even medium merit would be welcome, and Mr. Strube's is a good work. Mr. Strube conducted his own composition and those who know his steadiness upon the directorial stand need not be told that the orchestral points were well brought out. It was strongly scored. No modern can get along without the pepper of the piccolo, the tinklings of Glockenspiel, and the explosions of bass-drum and cymbals. That is no fault, for the large halls of modern times demand more than in Beethoven's day.

The concerto was not prolix, an exceptional virtue in these days. It was continuous, although the spirit and outline of three movements was present and homogeneity was attained by thematic transferences from the first to the last part. It might as well be called an "Oriental Reverie" for it leans decidedly towards eastern progressions and scales. The first two-thirds of the work give a heavy amount of pensiveness, so that at first we thought some Faun was taking another afternoon off. But the Finale was beautiful and the figure treatment always interesting.

Mr. Warnke's tone is light and is not at its best in a solo in Symphony hall. The first part of the work leaned more towards the expression than the technique of the instrument, but there was some broad work on the C string, which must receive credit.

In the matter of intonation also we can pay hearty tribute to the soloist, but yet more abandon might help to free a work. The applause at the end was deserved, and conductor, composer, and soloist, came forth twice and bowed a duet, in which, however, they did not keep as good time together as in the concerto.

The concerto deserves to be heard again. We believe that it will grow upon acquaintance, especially if the free recitatives of the first part are shortened.

Frank The Symphony Concert

For once, at the Symphony Concert of Saturday, the impression of the performance surpassed the impression of the music, though Schumann with his symphony in A major and Strauss with "Till Eulenspiegel" stood on the programme. Or rather their music and Cherubini's overture to "The Abencerrages" and Mr. Strube's concerto for violoncello, spoke each in its kind, as it may seldom speak, for the qualities of understanding, response and executive skill and power that Mr. Fiedler and his men brought to it. Time and again Cherubini's overture has seemed little more

than dry and occasionally pompous musical orthodoxy, as orthodoxy went a hundred years ago. Saturday, it became the sonorous and the chivalrous prelude to an heroic drama. Schumann's symphony is of the romantic music that almost always quickens Mr. Fiedler's imagination. Schumann was inexperienced with an orchestra. Consciously or unconsciously he left much for conductor and orchestra to do for him. They must see what he intended; they must bring it somehow to clarifying light. Mr. Fiedler is eager and skilful—sometimes too eager—in such manipulation. With Schumann, penetrating intelligence, quick sympathy and an adroit felicity guided him. The true romantic loveliness filled the slow movement and the scherzo, the true romantic fitfulness of mood, the opening movement and the finale.

Again, Mr. Strube's concerto on its orchestral side is notable for its delicacy of instrumental detail, for its sensitive attainment of subtle and evanescent tints of instrumental coloring. Nowhere did the technical skill or the fine intelligence of his companions fail him. The end was Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," as surely even so practised a public as that of the Symphony Concerts has never heard of. There was the music in all its integrity, in all its variety, in all its imagination, ingenuity and endless resource as so much music—the Gargantuan orchestral rondo that Strauss wrote with tireless gusto and sardonic power. And there in the music as well was Till himself, as perceptible and audible a figure as any of the performers on the stage, and alive with his own life, swaggering, winking, mocking, cracking his jokes, lurching along from trick to escapade, from hoax to lie, from confidence to fear, from fear to death—a stupendous rogue, wit hat least a flicker of pity at the end for such monumental roguery. Such a blending of the two elements, the musical and the characterizing was Strauss's goal in the music. It perfectly attained it in such a performance as the piece received on Saturday. And never once in all its multiplicity of detail, did the mood of sardonic improvisation that gives the music its ceaseless vitality flag. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Strube 'Cello. Concerto for the First Time.

Brilliant Performance of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

The program of the fourth Symphony rehearsal included the trite overture of Cherubini to his long defunct opera, "The Abencerrages," Schumann's serenely beautiful symphony No. 2, Mr. Strube's concerto in E minor for violoncello and orchestra played from the manuscript in its first public hearing, and finally the merry and superbly impudent pranks on one "Till Eulenspiegel," who, "after the manner of ancient rogues," was most amiable when least penitent—as told in tone by Richard Strauss in his whimsical, gloriously capricious work of the name.

Mr. Strube has written his 'cello concerto for a singer upon his instrument rather than a mere executant. He at once becomes mystical by flattening the seventh in the theme immediately given out by the wood-wind. Hints of the whole-tone scale are repeated later by the horns against the solo voice and enhance the elegiac quality of the work.

A broadly-flowing melody particularly fitting for the cello, because of a nobility in its pathos and its dignity, continues against a discreet but richly-scored accompaniment, which inforces a point in the principal voice from time to time, and upon its conclusion, carries the thought to more intensive heights in the tutti.

In the latter part Mr. Strube has given the soloist a theme of more vivacious staccato notes, which must beg the concession of an element a little popular in nature, as compared with the cantabile portions of the work. Happily there are no long excursive and irrelevant cadenzas. One passage alone is given the soloist without orchestra, which allows him untrammelled scope for phrasing.

The quiet, intensive and at times plaintive cast of much of the solo voice gives a masterful artist in the "bel canto" of strings a large opportunity. In this regard Mr. Warnke failed to recreate the beauty inherent in the work. His tone was thin and his phrasing often lacked breadth and fervor. Mr. Strube conducted.

Schumann's symphony No. 2 is a perpetual fount of beautiful melody. The idealism and sweetness of the composer's spirit are everywhere apparent in it, particularly in the scherzo and the adagio. His voices converse amicably, spiritedly, charmingly. A happy comradeship pervades their speech, and, although it is untouched by morbid stress nor deep inwardness, its spell endures.

The adagio, as Mr. Fiedler read it yesterday, was benediction. It is the pure essence of a romanticism, saved alike from sentimentality and musical neurosis. For a charming effect in the first trio of the scherzo, Schumann was indebted to his friend Mendelssohn.

Otto Dresel, a Boston musician, now dead, when, as a boy pupil of Mendelssohn, saw one day the score of this symphony in manuscript upon the master's table. The theme in triplets which begins this trio was given to the strings. Afterward in rehearsal at Gewandhaus he heard it as it still is, in the wood-wind, and attributed the change to the advice of his teacher.

Mr. Fiedler and his men possessed the acme of alert and puissant virtuosity in the Strauss. Here was an incorrigible "Till Eulenspiegel" who committed wanton knaveries with shameless zeal, who impudently upset the women's stalls in the market place, vowed vengeance

on the world for his despised love, and at last wantonly outraged the sober court.

Mr. Fiedler set this picturesque and imperturbable rogue of legend a merry pace and led the men from one escapade hot-footed into the next. This was the richly humorous but no less masterful Strauss.

At what time the Cherubini overture was not vapid and inane, it was stuffed

Journal

When in doubt or difficulty, all that Conductor Fiedler of the Symphony Orchestra needs to do is to call forth the talent in his incomparable band.

There was a remarkable illustration of this at yesterday's Symphony matinee. The original program for this fourth rehearsal presented as soloists the distinguished Russian composer and pianist, Serge Rachmaninoff. But the Russian's departure from home has been delayed. This necessitated a change of program, only the Strauss number, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," remaining. In place of the Rachmaninoff piano concerto, Mr. Fiedler offered a new 'cello concerto by one of the brilliant members of the orchestra, Gustav Strube, and in place of the absent soloist came the 'cello leader, Heinrich Warnke. And the substitutes proved to be among the most delightful features of the entire performance.

The concerto, which is in the key of E minor, was played as one movement. It has three distinct sections, however, the first of which opens in the later polyphonic manner, but soon gives prominence to two themes introduced by the solo 'cello. The second theme is a cantilena or ballad of marked romantic character. The lovely song was finely performed by Mr. Warnke. Of skill there is always an admirable exhibition when Mr. Warnke plays, but on this occasion his playing was unusually sympathetic and stirring.

The second section of the concerto is a charming little intermezzo, with 'cello obbligato, and the third part is dance-like and leads in a brisk finale. This solo instrument is all the while engaged in presenting themes and then embroidering them elaborately. The work is one of the best, if not the very best, that Mr. Strube has written, and it was performed, by soloist and orchestra most delightfully. The composer himself conducted the performance, and when it was over he shared the long applause with Mr. Warnke. The concerto is by long odds the choicest novelty presented so far this season.

The other notable feature of the rehearsal was the performance of the Strauss rondo, which was the second that Mr. Fiedler has led since he came to Boston. The conductor is never happier, or the orchestra either, than when engaged with Strauss. The orchestra played brilliantly. But the playing was none the less impressive in the comparatively restful second symphony of Schubert's, which came on the program after the Cherubini overture, "The Abencerrages," the least interesting number of all. The concert was not a long one, yet the Cherubini piece would not have been missed.

Miss Geraldine Farrar will be the soloist next week and the symphony will be Vincent d'Indy's second, in B flat.

STRUBE'S 'CELLO CONCERTO HEARD

Charming Work, Played for the
First Time, a Feature of the
Interesting Fourth Symphony
Concert. *Heard Oct 31-09*

ORCHESTRA'S PLAYING
UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Abencerrages".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 2.....Schumann
Concerto in E minor for 'cello and orchestra.....Strube
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Strauss

The impressions of the concert noted here were derived from the performance on Friday afternoon.

The concert was one of unusual interest, not only because Mr. Strube's concerto, with Mr. Warnke, 'cellist, was played for the first time, but also for the reason that the symphony and Strauss' tone-poem were admirably read by Mr. Fiedler and played with even more than ordinary brilliance by the orchestra. Cherubini's overture is not often heard here. As played last Friday it seemed no longer an academic, perfunctory work. A young composer today, taking a Spanish subject, would not be content with the simple orchestra of the old Parisianized Florentine, nor would he be easily persuaded to refrain from at least one section in dance rhythm with the use of appropriate castanets. Yet in Cherubini's overture there is the stateliness and a suggestion of chivalric spirit that we might miss in the modern composer's thunderous speech and gorgeous local color.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the Symphony was poetic, in full sympathy with the characteristic rhythms, melodic figures and harmonic progressions of the composer, and the orchestral performance was one of the highest order. It is not necessary at this late day to complain of Schumann's instrumentation; it is no doubt at times muddy, at times dry; but the romantic feeling, the charming fancy, the inspired thought in this sym-

phony cause the nature of the instrumental garments to be forgotten. Mr. Fiedler allowed the adagio time to sing itself, and this song is surely one of the most beautiful things in the art of this world. Were it not for the incongruous passage in imitation this adagio would be flawless.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was an extraordinary one, by virtue of its dramatic recklessness and its irresistible humor. When a composer is deliberately coarse and makes a point by his artistic coarseness, Mr. Fiedler does not at once apply sand-paper and polish. He lets the composer have his say. Till himself was not a refined person; in fact, he was Rabelaisian, and Mr. Fiedler appreciated the fact. As for the music, this rondo is one of Strauss' greatest works, audaciously planned, superbly carried out. The performance was that of accomplished virtuosos, drilled into perfect ensemble, fired with enthusiasm for the music that was before them.

Mr. Strube led the performance of his concerto with his accustomed and quietly displayed skill. He is a fortunate man, for he writes music that is worth hearing, and he has the Boston Symphony orchestra for the performance of it. 'Cello concertos, as a rule, are dreary things, interesting only to the 'cellist who plays them. The instrument has decided limitations, and in a long-winded concerto it becomes intolerable. Mr. Strube, realizing the limitations of the instrument, has written adroitly for its singing quality, and has spared us the customary and unendurable pages of mere notes that serve only to display the technical proficiency of the 'cellist. This concerto in one movement is charming and short. It is commendably short, yet it contains much matter, and its sections are well contrasted.

The themes have true character, whether they be tender or piquant. The orchestral accompaniment, while it never is envious of the solo part is not a drab background; it is full of life and color. The instrumentation is fresh in combinations of timbres, and there are many orchestral effects, as well as daring harmonic inventions, that give delight at the time and are remembered afterward. Mr. Warnke played with a fine quality of tone and the phrasing of a musician. The audience on Friday was warm in the expression of approbation. The composer and the 'cellist were recalled by hearty and long continued applause.

The program of the pension fund concert, Sunday evening, Nov. 21, to which allusion is made elsewhere in this issue, will be as follows: Overture, "In the Spring," Goldmark; Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Mr. Willy Hess); Schumann's piano concerto (Mme. Olga Samaro); and Wotan's Farewell, the Magic Fire Scene, and the Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie."

Symphony Hall.

Symphony Program - Oct 30, 1909

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE was born at Wesselbüren, a few miles from the German Ocean, on August 30, 1871. His father was a violinist, and all his sons are musicians. Mr. Warnke began to study the piano-forte when he was six years old, and, when he was ten, his father began to give him violoncello lessons. Two years later the boy was sent to the Conservatory of Music in Hamburg, where he studied with Gowa, and it was there that he first played in public. He afterward studied at Leipsic with Julius Klengel, and made his début at the Gewandhaus. He has been associated with orchestras in Baden-Baden and Frankfurt-on-the-Main. About ten years ago Felix Weingartner invited him to be the first violoncellist of the Kain Orchestra at Munich, and he left that orchestra in 1905, to take the like position in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as successor to Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, whom he taught. In Munich he was associated with Messrs. Rettich and Weingartner in a trio club, and he was also a member of a quartet. He first played in the United States as a soloist at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, October 28, 1905 (Dvořák's Concerto in B minor for violoncello). On January 5, 1907, he played at a Symphony Concert in Boston Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33; on February 29, 1908, Dohnányi's Concert Piece in D major for orchestra, with violoncello obbligato, Op. 12 (first time in Boston); on March 13, 1909, Grädener's concerto for violoncello, Op. 45 (first time in America).

In 1905-06 and 1906-07 Mr. Warnke was the violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Quartet (with Messrs. Hess, Roth, and Ferir).

IV. Allegro

GOUNOD,

Stanzas of Sappho from the Opera, "Sappho"

WAGNER.

HULDIGUNG'S MARCH OF HOMAGE

Soloists:

Mme. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mr. GEORGES LONGY.

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Mr. Fiedler's reading of the Symphony was poetic, in full sympathy with the characteristic rhythms, melodic figures and harmonic progressions of the composer, and the orchestral performance was one of the highest order. It is not necessary at this late day to complain of Schumann's instrumentation; it is no doubt at times muddy, at times dry; but the romantic feeling, the charming fancy, the inspired thought in this sym-

phony cause the nature of the instrumental garments to be forgotten. Mr. Fiedler allowed the adagio time to sing itself, and this song is surely one of the most beautiful things in the art of this world. Were it not for the incongruous passage in imitation this adagio would be flawless.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was an extraordinary one, by virtue of its dramatic recklessness and its irresistible humor. When a composer is deliberately coarse and makes a point by his artistic coarseness, Mr. Fiedler does not at once apply sand-paper and polish. He lets the composer have his say. Till himself was not a refined person; in fact, he was Rabelaisian, and Mr. Fiedler appreciated the fact. As for the music, this rondo is one of Strauss' greatest works, audaciously planned, superbly carried out. The performance was that of accomplished virtuosos, drilled into perfect ensemble, fired with enthusiasm for the music that was before them.

Mr. Strube led the performance of his concerto with his accustomed and quietly displayed skill. He is a fortunate man, for he writes music that is worth hearing, and he has the Boston Symphony orchestra for the performance of it. 'Cello concertos, as a rule, are dreary things, interesting only to the 'cellist who plays them. The instrument has decided limitations, and in a long-winded concerto it becomes intolerable. Mr. Strube, realizing the limitations of the instrument, has written adroitly for its slinging quality, and has spared us the customary and unendurable pages of mere notes that serve only to display the technical proficiency of the 'cellist. This concerto in one movement is charming and short. It is commendably short, yet it contains much matter, and its sections are well contrasted.

The themes have true character, whether they be tender or piquant. The orchestral accompaniment, while it never is envious of the solo part is not a drab background; it is full of life and color. The instrumentation is fresh in combinations of timbres, and there are many orchestral effects, as well as daring harmonic inventions, that give delight at the time and are remembered afterward. Mr. Warnke played with a fine quality of tone and the phrasing of a musician. The audience on Friday was warm in the expression of approbation. The composer and the 'cellist were recalled by hearty and long continued applause.

The program of the pension fund concert, Sunday evening, Nov. 21, to which allusion is made elsewhere in this issue, will be as follows: Overture, "In the Spring," Goldmark; Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Mr. Willy Hess); Schumann's piano concerto (Mme. Olga Samaro); and Wotan's Farewell, the Magic Fire Scene, and the Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie."

Symphony Hall.

Symphony Program - Oct 30. 1909

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE was born at Wesselbüren, a few miles from the German Ocean, on August 30, 1871. His father was a violinist, and all his sons are musicians. Mr. Warnke began to study the piano-forte when he was six years old, and, when he was ten, his father began to give him violoncello lessons. Two years later the boy was sent to the Conservatory of Music in Hamburg, where he studied with Gowa, and it was there that he first played in public. He afterward studied at Leipsic with Julius Klengel, and made his début at the Gewandhaus. He has been associated with orchestras in Baden-Baden and Frankfurt-on-the-Main. About ten years ago Felix Weingartner invited him to be the first violoncellist of the Kain Orchestra at Munich, and he left that orchestra in 1905, to take the like position in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as successor to Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, whom he taught. In Munich he was associated with Messrs. Rettich and Weingartner in a trio club, and he was also a member of a quartet. He first played in the United States as a soloist at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, October 28, 1905 (Dvořák's Concerto in B minor for violoncello). On January 5, 1907, he played at a Symphony Concert in Boston Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33; on February 29, 1908, Dohnányi's Concert Piece in D major for orchestra, with violoncello obbligato, Op. 12 (first time in Boston); on March 13, 1909, Grädener's concerto for violoncello, Op. 45 (first time in America).

In 1905-06 and 1906-07 Mr. Warnke was the violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Quartet (with Messrs. Hess, Roth, and Ferir).

IV. Allegro

GOUNOD,

Stanzas of Sappho from the Opera, "Sappho"

WAGNER.

HULDIGUNG'S MARCH OF HOMAGE

Soloists:

Mme. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mr. GEORGES LONGY.



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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

D'INDY,

SYMPHONY in B flat, No. 2, op. 57

- I. Extrêmement lent: Très vif
- II. Modérément lent
- III. Modéré; Très animé
- IV. Introduction, Fugue and Finale

GRÉTRY,

AIR OF LUCETTE, "I know not whether my sister loves," from "Sylvain"

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"Children's Dreams," from "Characteristic" Suite (No. II.) op. 53
(First time at these concerts)

DEBUSSY,

AZAZEL'S RECITATIVE, "These joyous airs," and ARIA, "O time that is no more," from the lyric scene "The Prodigal Son"

SMETANA,

OVERTURE to the opera, "The Sold Bride"

Soloist:

Miss GERALDINE FARRAR.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Symphony Hall.

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GERALDINE FARRAR, SOLOIST WITH
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISS FARRAR, MR. FIEDLER AND
THE ORCHESTRA

The Notable Qualities of the Series Thus
Far—Mr. Fiedler's Advance—The Work
of the Band—Miss Farrar's Singing Yes-
terday—A New Trifle by Tschaikowsky

Tonight, the Symphony Orchestra completes its first group of concerts for the new musical year—the five that have preceded the beginning of its monthly journeys to other cities. By common agreement they have been concerts of unusual and sustained excellence, notable alike for the diversified interest of the programmes, the quality of the performance, and the finer attributes that Mr. Fiedler has disclosed or confirmed as a conductor. His mingled catholicity and ingenuity as a maker of programmes commended him from his beginnings here. They have flowered this autumn in the choice of such interesting new pieces as Reger's "Prologue to a Tragic Play," Bantock's "Pierrot" overture, and Mr. Strube's concerto for violoncello; in such significant revivals as those of d'Indy's noble symphony, played yesterday afternoon, and of Strauss's "Don Juan" and "Til Eulenspiegel"; and in the repetition once more of such symphonies as those of Brahms and Schumann. With like catholicity, Mr. Fiedler has not eschewed the lighter pieces, proper and welcome to symphony concerts—Grieg's music to "Peer Gynt," for example, or the fanciful little fragment, "Children's Dreams," from one of Tschaikowsky's Suites at the concert of yesterday. Thus, when Mr. Fiedler's hearers must wrestle with the intricacies or the magnitudes of d'Indy and Reger, he has amused and comforted them. And oftenest he has ended the happy diversity of each programme with a piece that in itself and in striking performance held his audience to the very close. Not, within recollection, have departures before the end of the concerts been so few as in the past five weeks. The assisting singers, like Miss Farrar and Mme. Homer, have been of a genuine distinction, which their particular accomplishment at the concerts has once more proved. The virtuosi from the orchestra, Mr. Hess and Mr. Warnke, have been the leaders of its string choir, but virtuosi as well in their own right of personal achievement.

Better still, the orchestra has steadily played, not only with its familiar precision and symmetry, but with a new care, in comparison with last year, for the quality of its tone, and with a fine fire of imagination, feeling, and expression that has clothed its performances, whatever the nature and the requirements of

the piece, with a new, communicating and stimulating vitality. Plainly, the band has owed a part of the new strength and vividness and fineness of these qualities to Mr. Fiedler himself. His first year of work with the orchestra and its public has clearly ripened him. He has been more sedulous, this autumn, of the quality than of the volume of the tone that he drew from the orchestra. He has sought a fine rather than a large brilliance. He is more sensitive to tonal symmetry and euphony. He has worn away his earlier liking for a kind of thickness, almost coarseness, of emphatic effect. He has abated his desire to manipulate all things. He has come closer to the golden, the impersonal, mean with his classics, while with the music of our own time, the force of his romantic, dramatizing, and broadly and sharply imaginative temperament, has had illuminating and enhancing play. He has not tried to do too much; and thereby has he really done more. He has ordered and refined his eagerness, and the new discrimination has given his best qualities the clearer outlet. He is justly now a conductor of higher deserts and higher rank than he was when he came first to our orchestra.

To many in the audience of yesterday the concert was the concert of Miss Farrar. She sang a light air from a girlish part in Grétry's eighteenth-century opera of "Sylvain," and another transposed from the tenor tones for which it was written from the cantata with which Debussy in the eighties won the Prix de Rome, and which he has since revised with a touch now and then of his later and individual manner. Both were music of sophisticated and calculated simplicity, and it was easy to believe that Miss Farrar, courting a subtle correspondence between her own aspect and the mood and the quality of her music, bore herself and clothed herself accordingly. With her dark hair laid low and flat and smooth about her face in what was once the manner of the palmy days of Miss de Merope, and in the panoplied feathers of the hat above, she looked like a Sèvres figure of the eighteenth century who had somehow strayed into the milliner's and the dress-maker's shops of the Rue de la Paix in the twentieth century, and then and there fancifully clad herself. It is the happy fortune of Miss Farrar to forget herself in her impersonations on the operatic stage and to become as the character. In the concert-room, of late, she has been perhaps a little too inclined to impersonate herself with the visible elaboration that is one of the passing infirmities of highly strung and highly successful youth. Certainly yesterday she was the image of sophisticated simplicity. The illusion gained its applause, and the quality of her singing duly swelled it.

The air out of Grétry's opera, where it falls to a very young girl, is of an adroit simplicity of melodic line and pervading

spirit, but of an artful naiveté of nice detail and delicate variety of expression. It bids the singer make her tones of the lightest and most transparent timbre. On the side of expression she must sing with a virginal serenity of feeling and yet with an underlying and as maidenly a playfulness. Of the singer as a singer, it exacts the nicest following of the slender and pliant melodic line, a light softness of phrase, a fineness of vocal detail, an unforced brightness of what the textbooks call "execution." Miss Farrar subdued her tones to the exquisite fragility of the music; she caught its soft lightness; she was adroit in all its delicate artifice; she kept its half-simple, half-sophisticated air. Her singing of the piece would have become a Sèvres shepherdess who had suddenly opened her lips and whose artistry of voice matched the artistry of hand that had shaped and painted her. The transposed piece from "The Prodigal Son"—why need Miss Farrar seek such transpositions?—was more conventional stuff—the contemplative recitative, the melancholy and sentimental air returning upon itself. The matter and the manner of it were of a Debussy who was content, as the promising student of the eighties, to cultivate the lyrical sweetness, the ingenious repetitions, the gently mounting lyric curve of the Massenet of those distant days. He imitates a convention, but he accomplishes the imitation with a beguiling felicity and little touches of personal distinction. It was music to disclose the lyric qualities of Miss Farrar's voice in their present freshness and suavity, and her ability to express gentle emotions in the Parisian vein of sweetish and languorous melancholy. She expressed them with as Parisian an elegance.

To another part of the audience, perhaps, the keenest pleasure of the day lay in the pieces that with Miss Farrar's "numbers" made the second half of the programme. One was Smetana's overture to his opera of "The Bartered Bride," the vivid concert piece that, until last winter, seemed all that we in America might know of his writing for the theatre. As Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra took it yesterday, it sounded doubly vivid. The conductor's pace at the beginning was racing; the orchestra seconded him with the brilliant play and interplay of glinting tone, and throughout, neither speed nor shimmer flagged. The music ran like a dazzling improvisation; the sheer rush and radiance of it caught the hearer into it. The contrasting, the more sentimental, passages came and went like momentary flecks upon the light and racing brilliance of the whole. The music, the performance, tingled with gay rapture and light exuberance. The conductor and the orchestra gave the stream of light melody an hundred iridescent tints. It is long indeed since our concerts have known such a flashing tour de force. And the new delicacy, euphony and loveliness of tone that Mr. Fiedler is cultivating—glamoured Tchaikowsky's little

piece. The melodies out of which it springs are pensive and vaporous fancies. Tchaikowsky manipulates and develops them in the vein of gentle musing. He lets his ingenuities wander a little vaguely as though this must of childhood dreams were innocently shaping itself. He keeps the instrumental coloring of a subdued melancholy. Across the years, the mature composer remembers childish, sleep-visions, though not as children dream them. He is a musical sentimentalist playing in melancholy wise with forgotten things that troop suddenly out of memory. The music, and still more the tone of the orchestra, summoned like things to the fancy of those that heard. The third part of the audience remains—that found its deepest pleasure in Mr. d'Indy's symphony. They shall have their joy of it again tonight. It is not to be dismissed as the end of a long article.

H. T. P.

D'INDY'S SECOND SYMPHONY GIVEN

Nov. 6, 1909
Noble Work Heard at the Fifth Concert for the Third Time in Boston—Miss Geraldine Farrar Sings.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major, No. 2, . . . d'Indy
Lucette's air from "Silvain" Gretry
"Reves d'enfant" Tchaikowsky
Air of Azael from "The Prodigal Son" Debussy

Overture to "The Sold Bride" Smetana
This was the third performance of D'Indy's symphony in Boston. The first was led by Mr. Gericke in January, 1905; the second, Dec. 2 of the same year, was led by the composer. Works and conductors are quickly forgotten in the fleeting years, but some may remember the discussion excited by this symphony. Some argued that as it was stuffed with dissonances, it was not only indigestible, it was immoral. The music was dubbed ugly, and the old cry was raised: "There is no place for ugliness in art."

They that thus characterized the symphony probably intended to say that it was ugly in their ears. Unable to appreciate unerring and superb workmanship, they wished that their ears should be soothed or tickled. They preferred to be passive hearers.

It did not occur to them to bring an imaginative mind to the symphony; to endeavor to ascertain the purpose of the composer. Some dismissed him as a Frenchman and therefore a man deliberately trying to be bizarre. It was seldom that these objectors would sit down and dispute calmly and reasonably.

They would not have the Symphony, and those who saw rare beauty, loftiness of thought, elemental depth and all-embracing breadth, exultant strength as in the apotheosis—one of the most remarkable finales in the whole literature of music—were surely affected persons, men and women who should be suspected, and it was whispered that they were "decadents," that they entertained dark thoughts about morality and religion. And so it was once with the music of Beethoven and later with that of Schumann, and still later it was Wagner's turn. Wagner, like d'Indy, was not a melodist.

It takes some time to become acquainted with the language of a new thinker in music. Hearers who believe that the art died with Mendelssohn, but admit that Tchaikowsky and Brahms were men of parts, though often mistaken in the expression of their thoughts, will not take the trouble to listen attentively to the compositions of D'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy with the desire to extend their musical horizon. They miss the old familiar harmonic progressions, the melodic lines drawn after the approved pattern, the conservative and safe routine. They have ears but they do not hear, nor would they be persuaded or convinced if a great master spoke to them from the dead in admiration and praise of those now living and misunderstood or slighted.

Works come and go, and the great majority are in a few years, or even in a season, as though they never were. Why recall the discussion concerning D'Indy's symphony, why discuss it today? The inspired work will arouse enthusiasm and wonder long after we all are unable to chatter and squabble. The impression made last night, thanks to Mr. Fiedler's admirable reading and the equally admirable performance, was deeper than before. Here is music that comes from both the heart and the brain, music that is free from taint or dross, music that invites to contemplation and meditation, that strengthens and purifies the soul.

There is no program save the suggestion of the two eternally warring forces, the powers of good and evil, with the ultimate triumph of righteousness as proclaimed in the magnificent chorale at the end of the last movement. A program, however thoughtfully written, would be impertinent. The composer has put the adventures of his soul into music. That soul, tried and tempted, vexed and buffeted, is a noble one; melancholy and proud, yet not disdainful or forgetful of humanity and love; not bound to earth, not sensuous, but serene, confident, receptive of divinity.

Miss Geraldine Farrar sang here at a Symphony concert for the first time. Her first selection was an air sung by the younger sister in Gretry's "Silvain," which is not an opera in the modern meaning of the word, but a little comedy written in Marmontel's artificially simple manner with ariettes and concerted numbers. Lucette tells why she thinks her sister is in love. She gives childish reasons, yet there is in them the coquetry and the malice of the girl who has already begun to wonder curiously about love and would fain know its secrets, its bliss, its fever, its dole and teen. The music is fragrantly old-fashioned. It has the tenderness of Mozart with a naiveté that reminds one of the wondrous boy, with a piquancy in the melodic line that is wholly French and of the 18th century.

The other air was that of Azael, the tenor, in Debussy's cantata, "The Prodigal Son," with which the composer took the prix de Rome in 1884, when he was 22 years old. The music has grace and charm after the manner of the earlier Massenet. There are few hints of the later and greater Debussy, but the melody has a pretty flow and the instrumentation is poetic.

Miss Farrar, dressed unconventionally as far as the traditions of the Symphony stage are concerned, but an apparition of loveliness not soon to be forgotten, sang the air of Gretry with true and adorable simplicity, and the air of Debussy with a quiet intensity of recollection and remorse that gave dramatic significance to the music which is inherently superficial in the expression of emotion. Never has her voice seemed more beautiful. Never has she sung here with truer art.

Tchaikowsky's "Children's Dreams," played for the first time at these concerts, a movement in his second Suite, is amiable music, conspicuous only by reason of a few instrumental touches. Smetana's overture is always welcome.

MISS FARRAR SINGS

Record Nov. 6/09. AT SYMPHONY.

(Addressed to the audience in the hall by Mr. Fiedler.)
Let our orchestra be the best in the world (which it is), let the instrumental numbers be of the highest character, and these things will be light as air in comparison with the appearance of a famous soloist, with the public at large. Depend upon it, it was not to hear D'Indy's symphony that people stood out on the sidewalk from 9 o'clock in the morning. And in this connection it may do good to some of these patient waiters to know that when the waiting line is about at the main door of the Children's hospital it is complete; those who stand beyond this have a much better chance of getting into heaven on their good deeds than of getting into Symphony hall on their quarter-of-a-dollar.

Miss Farrar appeared at her best on the symphonic platform. Her last appearance

on this stage, in concert, a few weeks ago, was the best she had made when separated from the footlights, but the impression on this occasion went even beyond that. It is evident that Miss Farrar will grow yet and she has every chance of rivalling the foremost in her field. Her selections were in vivid contrast. The old French school of Gretry contrasted admirably with the subtler suggestions of Debussy. Gretry lived in a time when composers had to say what they meant and were not permitted to leave two-thirds to the imagination. There were no musical enigmas in the 18th century. Therefore Gretry's air was pleasantly melodic and refreshingly intelligible.

Miss Farrar sang this in the most artistic manner, making no bid for popular applause by over-forcing it, but interpreting the number with all the naive archness which it demanded.

Her other Aria was an absolute surprise. Here was an unknown Debussy! A Debussy of melody and glow of fervor! A Debussy of beautiful orchestration and of the clearest meaning. And it suited Miss Farrar's voice like a glove. So that we can earnestly say that we have never before found her so eminently satisfactory, so artistic, upon the concert stage.

MISS FARRAR CHARMS

Soloist in Two Airs From
Gretry and Debussy.

Moderns to the Front at Rehearsal
of Symphony Orchestra.

Globe Nov. 6, 1909
It was to the moderns that Mr Fiedler paid his respects in the public rehearsal of the symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon. The program included d'Indy's "Symphony No. 2 in B-flat major," Tchaikowsky's "Children's Dreams," from this "characteristic" suite, and the overture to Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride," for the orchestral numbers, with Miss Geraldine Farrar as soloist in two airs from Gretry and Debussy.

To hearers for whom beauty must spring from some obvious, palpable or accustomed source, d'Indy's symphony ceases to be cosmos and becomes musical chaos. Upon the ears of those for whom musical dissonance is merely the jangling together of uncongenial tones, the work will impose ravages which are frequently distressingly grewsome and always are impolite.

It quite depends upon the point of view. If for no other reason d'Indy's symphony commends itself by the su-

preme daring of its workmanship, both in its recreation of the scale and in its palette of glowing, iridescent orchestral color. Its spirit and content impart suggestion of both demoniac mysticism of exaltation and infinitude.

To a work necessarily so psychic and introspective, Tchaikowsky's exquisite excerpt from his suite proved an excellent foil. Here was tenderness, simplicity and sweet quietude. Themes which are beautiful for their serenity and graceful melody are developed through alternating strings and woodwind, against a varying accompaniment.

The 'cellos sing a melody of marked beauty. The movement is made up throughout of finely spun illusion—yet the story is told with a simple and unflinching loveliness of style.

Miss Farrar's air of "Lucette" from Gretry's opera, "Silvain," was not a happy choice. Its composer acknowledged himself deficient in harmonization. It is quaint, but is so at the expense of being colorless.

The recitative and aria from Debussy's "The Prodigal Son" gave her wider scope, but still missed much of the characterizing penetration and intensity which her recent recital had prepared one to expect.

In telling of the passing festal train in which are to be seen the prodigal's brother and sister, a more pointed suggestion of the picture might have been expected from Miss Farrar, the singing-actress. As the singer, however, her voice and, at the close of the number, her face and posture, well betokened the despair and hopeless languor of the wanderer.

Although the score has since been revised, the work exhibits the tendency of the young Debussy, who while a student at the Conservatoire could write a composition with such signs of the new idiom he was later to develop, and with it could win the grand "Prix de Rome."

A brilliant reading of the overture to the "Bartered Bride" closed the concert.

GERALDINE FARRAR SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Her Singing and Her Appearance Both Pleasing
to Audience.

ORCHESTRA STARTS
ON TOUR SUNDAY

Sylvain Noack, Second Concert

Master, Makes Hub Debut
on Return.

Journal Nov. 6, 1909

Geraldine Farrar, looking much the same as Pocahontas may have looked when she charmed the people of London town, chiefly with a wonderful feathered headdress that streamed behind her as she came smiling forth, was the star at yesterday's Symphony matinee. Truly for once those who came to hear her sing remained to praise her appearance. The hat, fitting snugly around her head and bobbing gently behind, was no more daring than that sable muff.

The Getry number, Lucette's air from the comic opera produced in Paris in 1770, proved rather flavorless, particularly in comparison with the sharply tinted selection from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodiges" that Miss Farrar sang as a second number.

Betrays Weak Parts.

Getry's music, besides betraying the weak parts of Miss Farrar's vocal apparatus, gave little opportunity for the display of the temperamental qualities that distinguish her singing. It is parlor music, and the Melrose prima donna did not undertake to relieve its monotone.

The Debussy number, Azrael's recitative and air "Time Is no More," from the lyric scene with which the French radical won the Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatory twenty-five years ago, was much the more effective. It would be a pleasure, judging by this, to hear Miss Farrar as Melisande. She has both skill and the understanding for the role.

The audience was left rather cold after the Getry piece, but it was moved to applaud in something more than complimentary fashion after Miss Farrar had sung the sad soliloquy of the Eastern prodigal.

Orchestra Off on Tour Tomorrow.

The concert opened with a performance of the d'Indy symphony in B-flat major, which the composer conducted when he was here four years ago. The novelty was the andante or fourth movement from Tchaikowsky's "Suite Caracteristique." The movement is called "Children's Dreams." It has many pleasing effects. Along with the Smetana overture, "The Bartered Bride," it lent some bright colors to a program that was inclined to be dull and drab.

The orchestra leaves town tomorrow on its first monthly trip South. Serge Rachmaninoff, who will make his first appearance here in January, will be the soloist in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Hartford. The soloist here the week after next, when the orchestra returns, will be Sylvain Noack, second concert master, who will then make his formal debut here in the Saint-Saens concerto in B minor, No. 3, op. 61.

"FAUST" AND A SYMPHONY
CONCERT

Trans. Dec. 4, 1909
D'Indy's Second Symphony and Gounod's Opera for Extremes of French Music—Mr. Goodrich's New Talents as an Operatic Conductor—The Opera Orchestra in a New Light—Mr. Nivette's Mephistopheles for the Other Saving Grace of a Rather Tame Performance of "Faust"—Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Longy at the Symphony Concert

With d'Indy's second symphony for the chief piece at the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon, and with Gounod's "Faust" for the first time at the opera house in the evening, two extremes of French music met in Boston yesterday. By common consent the symphony is the highest achievement, thus far, of the newer French composers, and little by little it is making its way to the understanding and the appreciation of those that hear it. Twice under Mr. Gericke, twice under Mr. d'Indy himself, and now three times under Mr. Fiedler, it has been performed in Boston, and the repetition of yesterday, like that of tonight, was due to genuine and, as such things go, widespread request. "Faust," on the other hand, is one of the most familiar of operas. For fifty years it has held the stage, gone up and down the world, and been performed by all sorts and conditions of singers from "ideal casts" to pupils and amateurs. Yet, well done, it still keeps its vitality, because, like d'Indy's symphony, it is a masterpiece in its kind. In none of the new French music has Mr. Fiedler shown such keenness of sympathetic understanding as in this symphony; his men seconded him to the utmost, and the performance yesterday was notable for the clothing of the music with the mingled reflection and passion that stir in it. It is possible to conceive of "Faust" in more animating and illuminating performance than it received at the opera house last night. The orchestra, indeed, has not been heard to such advantage since the season began, and Mr. Goodrich conducted with an ability and security that surprised even those who expected most of him. Mr. Nivette's Mephistopheles, too, had its distinctions; and the chorus once more proved its unusual mettle; but otherwise the performance had a tameness that "Faust" nowadays can ill endure. It ran conscientiously, but unkindly forward. For the rest, at the Symphony Concert of the afternoon, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang with the ordered power, the beauty of tone, the security and the discrimination of style that of late have distinguished her, while for the first time in twenty-one years, the audience

heard a concerto for oboe. Naturally, it seized the rare occasion to applaud Mr. Longy, who played it, as one of the exceptional virtuosi of the orchestra.

D'INDY AND WAGNER ON SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Adv: Dec 4. 09
FRENCHMAN'S SECOND

SYMPHONY REPEATED

Better Performance Than the Composer Gave—Mme. Schumann-Heink and M. Longy Soloists.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

D'Indy. Second Symphony. (Repeated by Request.)
Mozart. Recit. and Rondo, from "Titus."
Soloist, Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Handel. Concerto for Oboe, Harpsichord and Strings.
Soloist, M. Georges Longy.
Gounod. Stances de Sapho.
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Wagner. Huldigungs-marsch.

It was quite right to hear D'Indy's great work again, even though it received but a tepid reception from the audience. It is certainly not music for the "common herd." But if one listens carefully and to some repetitions of the symphony, now beauties and many subtleties unfold themselves. But we wish that modern music of the advanced type did not require so much study and so many hearings to become effective. And (while we have on the wishing-cap) we wish that it might be a trifle more brief in delivering its message. If this prolixity goes on growing at its present rate, the man of the 21st century will have to go to his symphony concert at 9 a.m. and take his dinner-pail along with him.

The performance of the work was a superb one, much better than it received under D'Indy himself. The many appearances of the chief motive were very clear. This motive is suggestive of Wagner's "Worm" in the Trilogy, but it is a worm that will not yield to any amount of vermifuge, and it comes to the surface over and over again. Major sevenths and other weird intervals are introduced with malice aforethought. Some of the progressions are what Iago would have called "Bitter as Coloquintida." Yet the movement grows decidedly on nearer acquaintance and is undoubtedly a masterpiece of its kind.

The reviewer was less convinced by the second movement, which still seemed incoherent and much too long. But we found an old acquaintance in the third movement,

which was nothing less than the opening phrase of "Three blind mice!" Well, if Beethoven came near to "Yankee Doodle" in the chief theme of the finale of the Ninth symphony, there is no reason why D'Indy should not develop our old nursery rhyme or round.

The finale is brimful of skill and of masterly counterpoint, and it ends with a rousing climax, a chorale-like theme, chiefly on the brasses. Therefore, the first and last movements were at last attractive to us. We have got used to our bitters and have acquired the D'Indy habit. But we still venture timidly to ask, why not make the thematic material, which is so finely used, beautiful in itself? Beethoven did, and so did Wagner. Again we pay tribute to the most masterly interpretation of this symphony has ever had in Boston, or probably in America. Bravo, Orchestral! Bravo, Mr. Fiedler! Bravo (partially, perhaps, and with mental reservations), D'Indy!

We thought that the second part of the programme would bring its reward for hard study in the first, but alas, the bitters of D'Indy had destroyed the flavor of the milk of Mozart. Mme. Schumann-Heink displayed wonderful skill in the management of a ponderous voice in the embellishments of the Rondo, but after all it seemed like a great artist in the wrong school. She sang in Italian. She gave a prolonged "Missa di Voce" that was rather unequal. How we longed for one of her titanic songs like "Die Allmacht"!

Gounod's "Stances de Sapho" gave her a better chance. Sappho had a good stance for a drive in this, but she putted weakly on the green, that is the final high note was rather thin. Nevertheless, the broad legato effects were nobly sung and Mme. Schumann-Heink thoroughly earned the many recalls that she received. Her "Canto Splanato" certainly deserved the enthusiasm.

M. Longy is ever and always a great artist. He is the peer of any oboist that we have ever heard. Handel and Bach both loved the instrument, and the former wrote six concertos for the oboe. It requires considerable technical knowledge to write successfully for this instrument, for the player must send his breath out very slowly and the restrained breathing is far more taxing to the artist than the heavy blowing of a contra-bassoon would be.

M. Longy is a master of breath and lips and his phrasing and shading, and the quality of his tone, are things to go into ecstasies over. Then, also, the grave and sedate old melodies had a charm all their own, a vivid contrast to the music "of these most brisk and giddy-paced times," which was deliciously sedative. Even the sudden changes from minor to cadences in major (the so-called "Tierce de Picardie") were pleasant to the ear, and the piano was played with a most artistic reserve, to suggest the older instrument; but one of Mr. Dolmetsch's harpsichords would have been better still.

Then Mr. Fiedler cried havoc and let sl

the dogs of war. Wagner paid his "homage" to King Louls in the heaviest fortissimo and with brass, brass, and brass. The despised Mendelssohn certainly wrote better marches than Wagner could ever achieve, as witness the March in "Athalia," or that great march to conflict, the "Wedding March," which is worth all the marches Wagner ever wrote, including that dreadful insult to America,—"The Centennial March." At the next symphony concert Rachmaninoff will be displayed to much better advantage than his piano recitals.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME IS MOSTLY FRENCH

Adv: Nov 6. 09
D'INDY, DEBUSSY AND

GRETRY THE COMPOSERS

Miss Geraldine Farrar at Her Best
in Recitative and Aria From
"L'Enfant Prodigue."

By Louis C. Elson.

Programme.

D'Indy—Symphony in B flat. No. 2.
Gretry—Air de Lucette. From "Sylvain."
Soloist—Miss Geraldine Farrar.
Tschalkowsky—"Reves d'enfant."
Debussy—Recit. and Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Miss Farrar.

Smetana—Overture to "The Sold Bride."

Let our orchestra be the best in the world (which it is), let the instrumental numbers be of the highest character, and these things will be light as air in comparison with the appearance of a famous soloist, with the public at large. Depend upon it, it was not to hear D'Indy's symphony that people stood out on the sidewalk from 9 o'clock in the morning. And in this connection it may do good to some of these patient waiters to know that when the waiting line is about at the main door of the Children's hospital it is complete; those who stand beyond this have a much better chance of getting into heaven on their good deeds than of getting into Symphony hall on their quarter-of-a-dollar.

Yet there were several things besides Miss Farrar in the concert of yesterday afternoon. One may not like D'Indy's symphony, but one requires to study it if one wishes to keep abreast of the modern vein of composition. It is "La Musique Cerebrale," which may be freely translated as music that gives you a headache. Music in this garb is no longer a "heavenly Maid," she is a sphinx who

delights in giving the victim—we should say the auditor—unsolvable riddles. It seems like a reversion to the old times (14th and 15th centuries) when composers did not care whether their works sounded good or ill, so long as they were complicated and correct according to mathematical rule. We came a little late for the first movement, and the dissonances, heard through the closed doors, were more comfortable than when taken at short range. Mr. Fiedler made decidedly more of the work than M. D'Indy himself did when he conducted it here four years ago.

One may acknowledge the skill of the many theme transferences, from movement to movement, but Tschalkowsky has done this thing better in his 5th symphony. The patchy style of the third movement has been quite as well portrayed (and with more definite meaning) by Charpentier in his Montmartre scenes. The languors and musical sighs of the second movement and the finale, are a long way after Wagner and his "Tristan and Isolde." The fugue of the finale exhibits undeniable skill, and there is a fine climax at the end, but, all in all, it can never become enjoyable music, and we still believe that music was intended to give delight and move the emotions. A persistent, but small minority, recalled Mr. Fiedler at the end of the work, and the excellent playing and clear reading deserved the tribute.

Tschalkowsky's "Reves d'enfant" was scarcely worth the doing. It began with a sombre Oriental theme on clarinette and bassoon (both played excellently), which seemed to picture a most precocious child struggling with the infinite. There were a couple of lullabies, which mitigated the brooding of this theme and later, a few colicky interruptions. But altogether it was a rather sour sugar-plum and was an uncomfortable half-way house between classical and popular music. While we do not consider Smetana's overture to his pretty opera to be comparable to his great national symphonic poems, yet there is a sprightliness and spontaneity in the work that charms. Smetana in Bohemian means "cream," and in spite of all the troubles and afflictions which came, this cream never turned sour. The strings (especially the deeper ones) played splendidly in the fugal theme and its working out. Only in Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture do we recall as sprightly and chattering a fugal subject. The high spirits of the delicious overture are maintained from first to last, and this overture seemed to us the finest instrumental work of the concert.

Miss Farrar appeared at her best on the symphonic platform. Her last appearance on this stage, in concert, a few weeks ago, was the best she had made when separated from the footlights, but the impression on this occasion went even beyond that. It is evident that Miss Farrar will grow yet and she has every chance of rivalling the foremost in her field. Her selections were in vivid contrast. The old French school of Gretry contrasted admirably with the

subtler suggestions of Debussy. Gretry lived in a time when composers had to say what they meant and were not permitted to leave two-thirds to the imagination. There were no musical enigmas in the 18th century. Therefore Gretry's air was pleasantly melodic and refreshingly intelligible.

Miss Farrar sang this in the most artistic manner, making no bid for popular applause by over-forcing it, but interpreting the number with all the naive archness which it demanded.

Her other Aria was an absolute surprise. Here was an unknown Debussy! A Debussy of melody and glow of fervor! A Debussy of beautiful orchestration and of the clearest meaning. And it suited Miss Farrar's voice like a glove. So that we can earnestly say that we have never before found her so eminently satisfactory, so artistic, upon the concert stage. We suppose that part of the seven recalls that followed this number were due to the efforts of the uninitiated to force an encore, but we would gladly think, also, that much of the unceasing applause was a tribute to a beautiful work beautifully rendered. But why should the skillful D'Indy and the poetic Debussy not remain unaffected and attractive, instead of over-ambitious and ugly? Echo answers (truthfully, if not acoustically) "because they want to outdo Wagner!"

Boston Public Is Free From Prejudice, Says Max Fiedler

Last season Mr. Fiedler visited Boston for the first time as Dr. Muck's successor at Symphony Hall. He was preceded by only a modest reputation, as present-day virtuoso conductors go. His audiences became acquainted with his fitness for the position through his performances, and they were an unknown quantity to him when he arrived. In this week's issue of the Boston Weekly Review he narrates his matured impressions of the city and his auditors.

"I have been asked to say something about Boston, not the Boston of the traveller with its diverse interests, but Boston as it seems to the conductor of its noble Symphony Orchestra. I was first asked how I liked Boston when I had only been here a few days, and of course I could not answer the question. But now I have been here longer. I have lived and thought and walked and known people in Boston; I have come back to Boston from other cities, and I have felt again and again the contact of a Boston audience, the impression that is almost like a wireless message from each auditor to the conductor of an orchestra, and that comes to him from any great gathering of listeners whether in one city or another.

"Boston, I think, is one of the best cities in the world for a musician to live

in; and for a German musician it has an atmosphere in many ways strikingly like that of the German cities where the intellectual life of the people has been born and grown up in music, but more temperate, and I think more fair-minded. The Symphony audience must of necessity contain diverse opinions. There must be those whose souls and minds, listening together, respond to the wonderful expression of fine and almost impersonal emotion that often marks the classical composers. There must be those also who respond more heartily to the newer and the newest voices, finding their inspiration in the unrest of souls struggling with those human passions that are at once personal, wonderful, mysterious and terrifying. There is a pleasure in music that is almost wholly of the senses, the pleasure that is a mingling of both. In the German audience there is, shall I say, often the atmosphere of antagonism between schools, between opinions that in the Boston audience seems happily replaced by an intelligent and understanding forbearance. It is perhaps the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice added to thorough German comprehension of music. After an experience of many cities it seems to me a noble state of mind for an audience.

"But before I came to Boston I was told that the city was reserved, chilly! I was even jokingly warned to wear my

overcoat at the conductor's desk. But I have found it quite different. There is not the boisterous kind of enthusiasm that one finds in some other American cities—but there is a warmth of understanding sympathy and appreciation that comes from audience to conductor only to be found in the most musically educated cities of Europe. It is a something, a sense of friendliness and the respect of many men and women to whom music is a living, beautiful thing, that warms my heart. It is no straw fire, this feeling for music, but rather a steady, well-founded, enduring enthusiasm."

And, apropos of the coming pension fund concert, it is of interest to consider Mr. Fiedler's final paragraph:

"I think that Boston fully understands and appreciates its great orchestra as a whole—but I sometimes wonder if it does not forget the individual musician. Among so many it is hard to realize that each is essential to the whole, and that each is a living man as well as a single instrument in a great harmony. I wish to see a time when the thought of advancing years shall have no terror for any man who gives his life and his soul to making that orchestra one of the very finest musical organizations in the world. I want to feel that no financial panic, no adverse conditions whatever can keep every seat in Symphony Hall

from being filled on the night of a pension fund concert; and that, sooner or later, the beneficence that Boston so generously displays in other directions will provide for the old age of its splendid body of musicians."

The Boston players attacked and conquered New York on Thursday. The fact that New York now has a profusion of orchestral organizations of its own in no way detracts from the interest and popularity of the Boston Symphony. In fact, the Bostonians are so familiar locally that New Yorkers are prone to forget that they really do not belong here altogether.

True to tradition, the Boston Symphony did not disappoint.

monita * * * Nov. 12, 1909

SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK.

Orchestra Plays New Prologue to Tragedy by Max Reger.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 11—The first concert of the 24th season in this city of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place tonight in Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of a new symphonic prologue to a tragedy by Max Reger, the air of the Drum Major from Ambroise Thomas' "Le Caid," Brahms' symphony in D major, the air of the Devil from Massenet's "Griselidis," Charles Bordes' song, "Dansons la Gigue," and Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

The singer was Charles Glibert of the Manhattan Opera House. The Reger composition was played with immense vigor and a rich body of tone by the gentlemen from Boston, and Mr. Fiedler conducted.

The Symphony concert this week is one of unusual interest. The symphony will be Vincent d'Indy's in B flat major, one of the few symphonies that are truly great in form, in expression, in imaginative and lofty poetic contents. It has not been played here since the composer led it. A movement, "Reves d'Enfant," from Tschalkowsky's second suite will be played for the first time at these concerts. The suite itself is little known, although it was successful when first played. The third suite overshadowed it. The other orchestral piece will be Smetana's delightful overture to "The Sold Bride."

Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing for the first time at these concerts. Her airs are Lucette's girlish, naive song in Gretry's opera "Sylvain" and an air, sung by the Prodigal Son, a tenor, in Debussy's cantata which won him the prix

de Rome in 1884, a cantata that is more in the manner of Massenet, Gounod et al. than in that of the composer of "Pelleas Melisande."

Famous Prima Donna Sings Difficult Numbers with Remarkable Power.

American — SMART society and music lovers were out in force again last night at the Symphony Concert. They came from all parts and every seat in the immense hall was taken—in fact, had been taken since the announcement was first made that Geraldine Farrar would be the soloist.

And Miss Farrar, happy in the realization of her earliest girlhood dreams, when as a mere child she went "rush" to the Symphony rehearsals and dreamed vaguely of the day when she might be the star attraction, sang as never before, and through the two difficult selections held the vast audience entranced. She was a picture, as always, and as good to look upon as to hear, so even though not allowed to sing again in response to the repeated encores, it was a satisfaction just to watch her as she returned time after time, made her gracious little bow, beamed her gratitude and gracefully made her exit.

Miss Farrar's first number was the air of Lucette, "I Know Not Whether My Sister Loves," from Gretry's "Sylvain," and her second Azael's recitative, "These Joyous Affairs" and aria, "O Time That Is No More" from the lyric scene of Debussy's "The Prodigal Son." Miss Farrar certainly has a voice of rare musical quality, which she uses with ease and precision, while withal she gives an interpretation to the text she sings that is at once self-forgetting and imbued with artistic feelings.

In her last song particularly, the sad soliloquy of the Eastern prodigal, she sang throughout with fine tone and much dramatic instinct. The opening number on the program was d'Indy's symphony in B flat major, and Mr. Fiedler led his men triumphantly through even the most difficult passages in which the symphony abounds.

Tschalkowsky's "Children's Dreams," which was played for the first time in Boston, and Smetana's overture to the opera, "The Sold Bride," were the other numbers given by the orchestra.

The Symphony Orchestra is leaving town to-day for its first monthly trip South. At the next concert, which takes place Saturday evening, November 20, and Friday afternoon, November 19, Sylvani Noack, violinist, will be the soloist.

Miss Farrar was gowned in a white Grecian dress, cut very low in the neck, and trimmed with gold. There were no sleeves. The skirt was of the draped, clinging cut. On her head the fair singer wore a coronet of pearls. The costume attracted much attention and comment.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

GOLDMARK,

SYMPHONY, E flat major, No. 1, "Rustic Wedding"
op. 26

- I. WEDDING MARCH. Variations; moderato molto
- II. BRIDAL SONG. Intermezzo: Allegretto
- III. SERENADE. Scherzo: Allegro moderato scherzando
- IV. IN THE GARDEN. Andante
- V. DANCE. Allegro molto

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA in B minor,
No. 3, op. 61

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andantino quasi allegretto
- III. Molto moderato e maestoso: Allegro non troppo

SINDING,

"RONDO INFINITO," op. 42
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK.

91

92

93

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK, the second concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was born in Rotterdam on August 21, 1881. He intended originally to become a pianist, and he devoted the greater part of his attention to the pianoforte in Amsterdam until he was fourteen years old. In the mean time he was also studying the violin. He finally decided to devote himself entirely to the latter instrument. His first teacher was André Spoor, concert-master of the Amsterdam Orchestra. When Mr. Noack was seventeen years old, he entered the Conservatory at Amsterdam, where he studied under Elderling, and at the same time he became one of the first violins of the Concert Gebouw. Two years later he left the Conservatory, having won the first prize for violin, and in 1903 he was appointed teacher of violin in that institution and became second violin of the Conservatory Quartet. Two years later he went to Rotterdam, where he taught and did much work in chamber music, and in September, 1906, he became the first concert-master of the City Orchestra in Aix-la-Chapelle, in which city he also formed a quartet. Here he stayed until the fall of 1908, when he was engaged by Dr. Karl Muck to be the second concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a soloist, he made his debut in Amsterdam with the Concert Gebouw Orchestra in 1898. In 1905 he travelled as a virtuoso in England and Germany with much success.

NEW MUSIC IN SYMPHONY'S CONCERT LIST

SEVERAL NOVELTIES

Mr. Fiedler has mapped out for the Boston Symphony Orchestra one of the most interesting seasons it has ever had. During May and June, after his return to Germany, he devoted practically all his time to searching out new works for the performance during the coming season. He attended several of the orchestral festivals there when novelties were performed and read scores by the dozen. The result is that he is able to offer as comprehensive a list of works new to Boston as any of his predecessors

ever did, and some of them are of prime importance.

In the list of novelties appear certain works that he announced for last season but was unable to reach. The first of these is the last orchestral work of Max Reger, "A Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy," Op. 108. A year ago Reger told Mr. Fiedler that he wanted him to have the first performance of this work in America.

Among names new to Boston audiences are those of Frederic Delius, Granville-Bantock and Scriabin.

Rachmaninoff, who will be one of the most interesting visitors this year, will be represented by his symphonic poem "Die Felsen" which he himself is expected to conduct at the concert when he will be soloist here.

Works new to Boston by other composers include Berlioz's overture "Rob Roy," the manuscript of which was discovered only recently, and "Epilogue to a Tragedy," by Ernst Boehe; Elgar's suite, "The Wand of Youth"; two works by Glazounoff, a suite entitled "Au moyen age" and a duo "The Song of Destiny"; a number of things by Sibelius which are unknown to Boston; Strauss' first symphonic tone poem, "Macbeth," his Dance from "Salome" and his suite for wood-wind instruments; and some new works by American composers to be announced.

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TONAL RELAXATION AT THE SYMPHONY

GOLDMARK'S "RUSTIC WEDDING" SINGS ITSELF

Programme, However, Ends With
Sinding's "Rondo Infinito"; So
All Tastes Are Satisfied.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Goldmark. "Rustic Wedding" Symphony.
St. Saens. Violin Concerto, No. 3.
Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.
Christian Sinding. "Rondo Infinito."

One cannot tell by the trunk of an elephant what his tail will be like. One cannot tell by the beginning of a concert just how matters are going to end. At first this concert roared as gently as a sucking dove, but it ended in the most modern vein of vehemence.

Theorists have disputed as to whether Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" is a Suite or a Symphony. We suggest a compromise by calling it a Sweet Symphony, which it certainly is. It was just as well, in the midst of an operatic season, to come to a symphony whose themes sing themselves. Goldmark hasn't a new theory, or a puzzle-proposition, or an unresolved dissonance, in this entire symphony. The "programme" or story of this instrumental work does not leave one in doubt as to its purport as Strauss's "Monsieur, Madame et Bebe" sometimes do in his domesticated symphony. The gentleman loved the lady, they married, and they lived happily ever after, is a succinct statement of the meaning of the music.

Good melodies never grow stale, whether they be Bach's "Around Thy Tomb" or Bizet's "Habanera," and in the gentle tunes of this innocent prattler we forgot Richard Strauss and Reger and all the gigantic ones of the present. The symphony was tonal relaxation pure and simple.

One must remember that this symphony does not deal with Peasants, it is not a "Bauern-Hochzeit," but a Wedding in the Country. Its beginning with a simple march theme, and variations which are not so simple, was made very effective in a certain way. Such Variations always form a good dress parade of the individual excellences of the orchestra, and one could hear the horns, violins, contrabasses, trombones, bassoons, flutes, clarinettes, trumpets, and oboes, file by, each exhibiting its specialty in its own variation. All gave a good account of themselves, and the auditor

had a good lesson in instrumentation. Especially excellent was the rapid pizzicato work on the contra-basses, and the grand climax near the close, when the whole orchestra with the battery (bass-drums, cymbals and triangle) gave a bombastic summing-up of matters.

The Serenade movement was very dainty, like a playful conversation of a couple of the guests, while the rusticity of the duet above a drone bass made a delicate contrast to it, which Mr. Fiedler brought out well.

"In the Garden" also contains a dialogue, but of a much more sentimental character. In this we gather that the violoncellos are deeply in love with the violins. Mr. Fiedler chaperoned the two very discreetly.

The Finale is musically the best movement. Possibly this pictures the wedding feast. If it was not frugal it was at least fugal—in its beginning. Its opening counterpoint was excellently balanced and the strings deserve much credit for their work. A fine climax was made and the audience testified its delight at the work and its performance by very spontaneous applause.

Rubinstein, in his "Conversation in Music," says that he considers Symphony a much higher form than opera. While not wholly agreeing with this dictum in all cases, we must admit that there is a deeper pleasure in even such a simple symphony as this, than in many a more ambitious operatic display of vocal fireworks. In this the personal element is obliterated, in the other it reigns supreme.

Sylvain Noack is second concert-melster of our orchestra, a place filled for a time by that excellent performer, Mr. Czerwony. He is almost as broad-toned as his predecessor, he is a musician of good rank, and his surety is delightful to listen to. After the wonderful bowing which Mr. Kreisler has recently exhibited in Boston, one comes to demand exorbitant things of our violinists. Almost all violin playing is thrown somewhat in the shade for the present. But setting aside all comparisons, Mr. Noack's work in the St. Saens' Concerto was most effective and artistic.

The work itself is not of the very first rank. St. Saens has, as Raff once had, the fatal gift of facility, and writes concertos by the bunch. He does not have to wait (as Tchaikowsky or Hugo Wolf did) until the spirit moves him. This kind of musical manufacture has its drawbacks.

The first movement, for example, said nothing more novel than "How do you do?" "Glad to see you!" "Fine weather, isn't it?" "Goodbye," "Very fine weather," "Goodbye," "Oh, Goodbye." It said goodbye more often than this, but the above will give our idea.

The second movement was but diluted Mendelssohn, but Mr. Noack played this so beautifully that it won great applause, and his performance deserved it. Especially fine were his harmonics at the end of this movement. But this part was, after all, badly placed, for we had had sweetness enough in Goldmark's work. Why

pour molasses upon honey?

The finale was the best part of it all, for it was charming in its melodies and well worked-up. Again Mr. Noack played brilliantly and his high position work and harmonics were most praiseworthy. He was recalled three times with much enthusiasm.

Our Scandinavian composers are tuneful even in the midst of their intensity. The Rondo which closed the concert would have startled the old masters, who always made this form suave and pleasing. From the very first this was military and triumphant, a Tale of a Viking. Military effects and military scoring were prominent, and a March theme entered almost at once. Piccolo yells and screams, and drum rolls, were copious. Yet amid all the tumult there was a distinct and intelligible melody. A couple of sweet themes gave contrast to this "Berserker rage," and in these the horn had some delicate work to do and did it finely.

Perhaps the name "Rondo" came from the constant reiteration of a single figure, which represented the Berserker. It was of four notes—b-flat, F, g, E-flat—the capitals representing the accents. This figure was omnipresent. We are afraid that Sinding's work (which we much enjoyed) will be found too tuneful to win the suffrages of the modern misery-hunters.

A strange event took place at this recital, which ought not to go unrecorded. When Mr. Fiedler came upon the stage a lady deliberately and unabashed—took off her hat!!!! That no men fainted at this unexpected action is due to the fact that few males were sitting near her.

The Listener

It has always been a moot question in Boston how much the audiences at Symphony concerts and at the opera really listened to the music and how much they understood of it all when they did. No doubt the average musical taste and intelligence are as high in Boston as in any community—of the New World at least. The popularization of the best classical music had been going on long before the first Italian opera troupe landed on our "stern and rock-bound coast"—coming then, not from Europe but from Havana and the South American civilization. The Spanish-American lands were in the eighteenth century and earlier nineteenth, much further advanced in artistic advantages, in music and painting and architecture, inherited directly from the Latin races, than the English colonies of North America. Our English traditions had handed down to us the oratorio; and our ancient Handel and Haydn Society became a hundred years ago the popular educator of both performers and public in the great classics in that genre. Very soon after the Italians at the Howard Athenæum had planted in our well-prepared musical soil the seeds of knowl-

edge of the great Italian school of Donizetti and Bellini, with Verdi's young genius just bursting into bloom, the German refugees from the grand revolt of 1848 which gave Germany her constitution and Parliament, such young leaders as Carl Schurz, brought such acquisitions for Boston as Louis Prang and Carl Heinen and Carl Zerrahn, and the great German music added to our educational resources and cosmopolitan character—and culture in art.

act and culture in art.

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The dear old Music Hall, one of the most perfect and beautiful auditoriums of music in the world in its day, and the Boston Theatre, one of the most perfect operas of the world, the great organ of the Music Hall, the Germania Band and the Mendelssohn Quintet, and the Harvard Musical Association, with its symphony orchestra and symphony concerts, were all added in rapid succession during the early years of the last half of the nineteenth century. The present Boston Symphony Orchestra is almost as much of a "nouveau" as the Boston Opera, taking into view the long and logical evolution of Boston musical institutions. The process is practically a century long in Boston's musical history. Our classic musical chronicles cover three or four generations; our musical culture ought to be ingrained throughout our population. And yet the cynical questioning of the genuineness of our love and knowledge of music keeps cropping up. The lavish money outlays at auction sales of seats for symphonies and opera are charged by the sceptical to the behests of fashion; but it must be admitted that imitation is the sincerest flattery; and if social climbers feel it necessary to pretend, at least, to the Boston musical piety, it is proof that a high musical connoisseurship is earmarked as among the standards to be lived up to by all who would be considered of Boston society.

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Whether it be genuine or largely affectation, there can be no doubt of the dutiful attitude of "tout Boston" at all musical rites and functions vouched for in the right circles. Our inborn, inherited habit as to conduct in public places, of restraint and dignity in expression of delight, which they call "cold," must be taken into due account. It is racial, Northern, Puritanical, if you like. We should be justly liable to the charge of affectation were we to go into those unreserved demonstrations of enthusiasm which the Southern nationalities habitually indulge themselves in at the opera or over concert virtuosi. At the same time, it must be admitted that the appearances are now and then against us. One sometimes suspects a Boston Symphony audience of not having understood at all. In the Symphony rehearsal last week, for instance, there was a flagrant

failure on the part of the audience, largely of ladies, to recognize the interest in the revival of Goldmark's "Rustic Symphony"—gayest of gay, sweetest of the sweet—in an old fashion. Mr. Fiedler put into it the extremest care and devotion, using his matchless band to bring to light everything of both its form and substance, its taste in ornament, its musical style, all eminently of its period. It must have been hence most interesting to all broadly intelligent students of music and true lovers of the divine art.

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There were two ways of receiving such a piece—either with frank delight or with superior contempt; either way the auditor should have been, if not on the broad grin, at least tremendously and obviously interested and eager to watch its unfolding, to its old friends, at least, like a gorgeous flower, or rather like a whole conservatory of flowers, with orchids galore. But the Friday afternoon reception of it was simply stupid; you would look along the rows of well-dressed in vain to find anything but the regulation patience and endurance—the true womanly martyrdom to social duty which leads thousands to sit out the symphonies simply to be seen there. With any of the terrible examples of uninspired, mathematical "development" of musical phrases, or any of the bitterly ugly, capriciously incoherent and insolently subjective vagaries of the esoteric decadents, perverting music to the unwholesome, the uncouth and the unspeakable in tone-suggestion they could not have looked worse bored. Was it that the old Goldmark masterpiece was so obviously and exquisitely beautiful and charming, that they felt it must be sinful and weak to enjoy it? Were they setting their faces against it as in duty bound because it was so pretty and they were having such a good time?

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It certainly looked like that to one listener; they set their faces, at all events; and he took the liberty of laughing aloud and becoming demonstrative in other ways entirely foreign to his nature, in order to register then and there his protest and dissent. However, there remained pervasive in all directions the stony Symphony face and well-bred hush calculated to crush an ill-taught musical taste chuckling over sweetmeats in a classical Symphony concert. In spite of all the persuading and convincing technical excellences, and all the appealing charms and elegances of the "Rustic Wedding," all the Schubertian melody and all the Offenbachian gayety, Boston preserved her grim attention to duty, to study and to culture. It was the same look on the faces that the listener recalled as having seen at the performance of "Parsifal" without actors or scenery

at the same place, when it was "all Greek" to him and to ninety-nine in the hundred of the audience. Another social phenomenon may be witnessed at a matinée of opera. The Greater Boston matrons and young persons do not approve of the moral attitudes of the dramatic personae in the bloody dramas of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," of course; still less can they let themselves go with those personages' declamatory passion; they must have the music, for it has become classic; but they draw the line at the passions of the play; they preserve carefully their detachment and their dignity. But it is rather trying for the artists—to the "foreign" manner born—and it leads to that natural query whether the New England manner is constitutionally consonant with the praise or love of art?

NOACK MAKES HIS DEBUT AS SOLOIST

Second Concert Meister of Symphony Orchestra in Saint-Saëns Concerto.

Boston Am. Nov. 21, 1909
Sylvain Noack, second concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, made his debut as a soloist at the Symphony concert last night in Saint-Saëns's concerto in B minor, No. 3, in the initial rendition of this selection. Mr. Noack plays with unusual elegance and grace, the most distinctive quality being his exquisite fineness of style. But while wonderfully sweet and pure, the very fragility which places him in such a high rank leaves something to be desired in the more impetuous and imperious passages.

Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" was the symphony and its festive music filled with martial airs was enthusiastically received. It is the fourth movement with its nuptial ecstasies and sweet sentiments which contains the great discourse of the piece. The "Serenade" movement is light and dainty, followed by the "Bridal Song," with its deeper sentiment, coming on to the brilliant climax. From first to last, the least impressionable auditor can muse and imagine and find a personal parallel of emotions with the melody.

Sinding's "Rondo Infinito," with its tempestuous Northern sonority, was the concluding number. As directed by Conductor Fiedler it was vigorously expressive of the wildness and ferocity of the times, with its vivid dramatics, its monkish tedium and its glamour of legend and romance.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

NUPTIAL GOLDMARK AND A NEW

Gram. VIOLINIST Nov 20-09

"The Rustic Wedding" Revived After Many Years at the Symphony Concerts—Mr. Noack Appears as a Poised and Polished Violinist—A New Piece by Sinding and with Familiar Traits—Mischance Gives "Aida" Two Tenors at the Opera—The Conservatory Orchestra Begins a New Series of Concerts—Rabaud for Another New French Composer

There is no need to hold a brief for Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, its hold on the symphonic form may be the feeblest, but if its melodious reveries did not instantly commend it to popularity, its mere subject matter would. As it came back to awaken the resonance of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, after a silence of several seasons, it had its welcome in prompt and prolonged applause. It had, indeed, after the nuptial ecstasies of the fourth movement, that most flattering of all welcomes—the instant's hush that precedes the rattle of hands. For more solid fare came Saint-Saëns's violin concerto No. 3, in B-minor, played by Mr. Sylvain Noack, the second concert-master of the orchestra, for his debut as soloist, with an elegance and grace of style which suited well to Saint-Saëns's polished phrases. For a conclusion, the North had a season of tempestuous chant in Sinding's "Rondo Infinito" coming to its first performance in Boston.

Long as Goldmark's epithalamium is, and various as are its episodes, when heard complete it is not hard to understand why the fourth movement, "In the Garden," is so often isolated on orchestral programmes. In it and particularly in its middle section, the composer has uttered most of what he had to say. The variations of the first movement are full of feature; they may half be conceived as flying sketches of many of the shy beauties and rough, humble folk who walk in the wedding procession of its theme. The quirks and changes of rhythm and harmonic treatment of the subject could be something even more intimately pictorial, perhaps a dozen little miniature family portraits, all showing, like the theme, some distinguishing trait of kindred physiognomy. Yet the stuff of the symphony is not in this. The "Bridal Song," again is full of gaiety and tenderness; it is brightly attuned to the nuptials, yet the kernel of the matter is not here, nor yet is it in the Serenade, though that section boasts a theme with an odd turn which, for its hint of the union of

sacred and secular, almost outdoes the ritual itself for a definition of the marriage tie, with its dual relation of the flesh and the spirit. Both are in the music—religion and pathology, Christian awe of the marriage sacrament, and pagan joy in its rite. Thus the third movement; but the great discourse is reserved for the fourth. The rest of the work may lack structure; but here it has been achieved. So deft and so definite is it that it might plainly be represented by diagram. Here also, is a finer discrimination in the apportioning of the melodies. The structure builds itself from hush to intensity, and drops again to the whisper of the opening. There is measureless romance and tenderness in the opening measures, and their repetition at the close of the movement. There is plentiful passion in its discourse midway. From first to last, therefore, there is every opportunity for the least imaginative, the least ruminative auditor to read into its measures every private mood of which he is capable. Is it any wonder that the "Rustic Symphony" is popular?

There was genial warmth, and withal a kindly humanism in Mr. Fiedler's reading of its score. Conductors have been known who held themselves aloof from "this sort of thing." Mr. Fiedler enunciated its ardors as a sympathetic but rather scholarly rural priest might have united a well-favored pair, genially tolerant of a state which personally he may not covet. It may be said, in passing, however, that Goldmark's pair are endowed with much finer feeling than we are wont to suppose of rustics. Presumably they are rustics with a dash of academic flavor, or a couple who have fled the town to celebrate their union in the country.

Mr. Noack played Saint-Saëns's concerto in a manner to call down upon him the benedictions of a Parisian audience; it called down the energetic applause of an assemblage of Americans. His playing was supple, elegant and sure of poise; it apprehended and rendered the composer's dominating sense of form; it rounded his periods, and polished his phrases to that grace of diction so prized by the French in any of their arts. If Mr. Noack's tone is never heavy, it is rarely otherwise than clear, and it articulates the passages of technical difficulty with as smooth a tongue as its oily legato. There was a certain reticence in the playing, even in Saint-Saëns's rapturous flourishes of the finale. It was the reserve of the artist who has noticed how raptures destroy the proportions. In a performance of such perfect finish and high polish it was the more surprising that the flageolet tones at the conclusion of the slow movement sounded a bit husky. The rest of Mr. Noack's playing left an impression of refined and subtle, if somewhat conscious, artistry. Saint-Saëns's B-minor concerto was a judicious choice. It was one stylist playing another.

Sinding's music to Holger Drachmann's ballad of the Norse fighter is quite as enig-

matic as the verses. But it is vigorously expressive of the wildness and ferocity of the legend and the times. From first to last, its quality is uneven, its beginning is vividly dramatic—clashes steel, hammers surf, rocks the Scandinavian forest pines in the shock of tempest, blares, rages, guffaws and brolls like the wild breed of the North. Again, the counterpoint of its monkish episode lapses into tedium. The recurring subject matter of the first part restores its glamor of legend and romance, causing it to stride in even wilder and more grotesque heroics. At its close, too, the score is adroit in coloring. Sinding has taught his orchestra to shout in strangely contrasted voices: has pitched his instruments to a thrilling pagan tumult. The rhythm of its opening moves to a ballad measure, and the same metre recurs at the close. One may not with certainty pretend to full comprehension of Drachmann's weird verses. Sinding's fiercely exultant orchestra is hardly more lucid as a narrative; but pictorially it opens rugged vistas upon mountain and fiord. And its crashes sound the shock of Vikings in joyous battle.

L. P.

SYMPHONY PLAYS IN SIXTH CONCERT

Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding"
and Violin Concerto by Mr.
Noack Are the Features of the
Entertaining Program.

The Symphony orchestra gave the sixth event of the season last evening in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. The program was as follows:

Goldmark.....Rustic Wedding symphony
Saint-Saens.....Violin concerto in B minor
Sinding.....Rondo Infinito

For those who enjoy charming melodies, varied instrumentation and the occasional pompousness of Goldmark's style, this symphony, or suite, as it might better be called, is ever fresh and pleasing. The variations of the first movement are scored for the various sections of the orchestra in turn and it would be difficult to know which is the most interesting. Had Mr. Fiedler paused a moment longer after the allegro pesante (seventh variation) the audience would have applauded.

The "Bridal Song" and "Serenade" were given with great delicacy and sweetness. The "Garden" scene and the last movement were, as usual, the most interesting to the audience, and at the

close of the numbers Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra were stormily applauded.

Mr. Noack played Saint-Saens' concerto in a masterly fashion. His tone is not so large as some who have been heard in this concerto, but it is remarkably pure, sweet and true, and the technique he showed last evening was perfect, both as regards the positions and the bowing. The tones are as round and clear at the top of the E string as lower down, and in staccato as in legato.

The first movement showed the vigor and crispness of his style, and this was further illustrated in the last movement, which was played with great dash and brilliance. It was a pleasure to watch Mr. Noack. He has no mannerisms, and his modest, unaffected, business like performance was most satisfactory. The Siciliano was, perhaps, a shade too matter-of-fact, but it is far better so than over-sentimental.

The "Rondo Infinito" of Sinding was the only work on the program new to Boston. It is a stormy, noisy composition, with march-like rhythms and dash. There is but little melody. A short episode for strings is the only breathing space given to audience or orchestra. As a showy end to a program it has its function, but anywhere else on a program it would prove hard and bare.

NOACK THE SOLOIST.

Symphony Orchestra in
Boston Again.

Sinding's "Rondo Infinito" Given
First Production Here.

After their fortnight's southern jaunt Mr Fiedler and his Symphony men returned with a rehearsal program yesterday afternoon of altogether agreeable music for those who prick up their ears to music not unmindful of euphony.

First came Goldmark's so-called "Rustic Wedding" symphony, although its form makes flagrant deviation from the established pattern of the sonata or of the symphony. Followed Sylvan Noack, the soloist of the week, who regularly shares the first desk with Prof Hess, in Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor No. 3. Sinding's "Rondo Infinito" of plangent sonority was then heard for the first time in Boston and closed the program.

Goldmark's symphony, or more properly "suite," is festive music of heroic,

martial spirit, bubbling humor, sprightly gaiety and tender sentiment. Its workmanship betokens simplicity and directness of method and elegance of taste. The work abounds in that wide variety of contrast in mood, color, tempo, rhythm and dynamics out of which the versatility of Mr Fiedler and the orchestra can shape a reading richly picturesque.

The piquant theme of the wedding march was given out by the cellos and double basses with a precision, a delicacy and an adept finesse which quite belied their ponderousness. The 12 variations which redress and recolor this theme went with refreshing spontaneity and contrast.

The satisfying beauty which was to be had from simple means was to be remarked. "The Bridal Song" and the "Serenade" dealt with modest and untortured melody, and possessed much charm.

That Goldmark should have named the fourth movement "In the Garden" is an argument against the peasant and his bride figuring as the imaginary centerpiece of the story. The garden is scarcely within the peasant's estate. It is more indicative of the rustic pleasures of the well-to-do. There is noticeably wanting in the work any touch either in kindly verity or piquant burlesque of countryfied mannerism, or of bucolic unsophistication. There is no coarse clowning or rude merry-making. The unfailing impression is one of noble, picturesque or tender beauty, and of those within whom gladness, good fellowship and the charm of a slightly environment would inspire it.

Mr Noack cultivates the fineness, the elegance, the nicety, almost to fastidiousness, of violin playing. His tone is of exquisite purity and inherent sweetness. It appears to be spun of silk, and not produced by a bow. This fragility of texture in his style, however, leaves something to be desired upon the bravura side. Comparisons are reprehensible, yet for the sake of the case in point, recall the heroic abandon with which Mr Elman, at his last recital here, played the imperious notes upon the G string with which the violin plunges impetuously into the surge of tone immediately upon the heels of the orchestra. Here at the outset, one might have wished that Mr Noack's bowing were more authoritative.

In shaping the contour of his phrases, however, particularly in the andantino of the beautiful Sicilian theme, this artist evidenced a graceful and finished style. The fleet figures of the final movement had clear intonation, incisiveness and no little spirit. Harmonies are granted to mortal violinists only by the gift of the gods. The treacherous passage in arpeggios yesterday afternoon evidently lacked the special dispensation.

Sinding's work reveals a sturdy, at times a thrilling, vigor which has not been achieved by any of his countrymen. The composer was born at Kongberg, Norway, and studied at Leipzig, Munich, and Berlin. He is a talented pianist. This is his most pretentious orchestral work.

The Rondo is laid out on a large scale. It abounds with movement, color and life. The voices of the orchestra surge through periods of excessive striking rhythms, bulwarked and reinforced at climatic points by brasses and percussion generously but eloquently used. The fugue at the close is developed in masterly fashion.

The work is redolent with the invig-

orating tang of northern forests, and is often as superbly picturesque as the glorious colors of the northern skies to be seen from the mountain tops which bear them.

It is, forsooth, an admittable fact that music which rings with the joy of life is now and then good to hear.

NOACK IN DEBUT AT THE SYMPHONY

Orchestra, Back From Tour,
Draws Season's Biggest Audience.

Back from the most successful tour in its history, the Symphony Orchestra drew to the matinee yesterday one of the biggest audiences of the season.

The principal attractions were a new soloist—though not a new acquaintance—in the person of Sylvain Noack, second concert-master of the banner band, and a new orchestral piece, Christian Sinding's "Rondo Infinito."

Small and Agreeable.

Mr. Noack is small and agreeable. So is his tone. In fact, his tone is so soft, so shrinking soft, that it could not be caught in all parts of the hall. His style has surety, suppleness, smoothness. The modest, fastidious appearance of the soloist himself gave the right cue for the entire performance. There were caressing tones; tones that cooed like doves; dreamy tones, feathery tones falling like snow. In a miniature form, the effect was charming. But of dramatic instinct there was barely a suggestion.

Mr. Noack chose for his debut the second Saint-Saens concerto, in B minor. In the first movement there was no particular impression. The melody in the second movement was played exquisitely, delicately. Here the soloist was most effective, and after the movement there was warm applause. The "spring-sun smiles" conjured up were never in any danger of bursting into hearty laughs. After the performance the audience applauded vigorously, recalling Mr. Noack several times.

Samaroff Next Week.

The contrast to this linked sweetness long drawn out came in the crashing climax of the orchestral novelty, the "Rondo Infinito," with suggestions that might be traced to the Stadium when the Yale Greeks meet the Harvard Greeks. The same "berserker rage" pictured so vividly by the Norwegian composer will be transferred today to the gridiron to make a holiday for 40,-

100
athletic enthusiasts. It requires some mental gymnastic enthusiasm to appreciate the strenuous strains of the Sinding music. The contrast between the sugar-coated Saint-Saens concerto and the Sinding rondo was almost startling in its extremity.

The concerto began with a delightful performance of Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony. It was, for an exception, a program of the works of living composers.

Next week Olga Samaroff will be the soloist, playing the Rubinstein piano concerto in D minor, and the orchestral novelty will be Frederick Delius' "Paris; the Song of a Great City," the third Mozart symphony and the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi" will complete the program.

Tomorrow evening, in Symphony Hall, comes the first of the season's concerts in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme for the occasion shows several happy choices. Mr. Hess is to play Mendelssohn's violin concerto, which should display his artistry in its most pleasing vein; Mme. Olga Samaroff has elected Schumann's epic Concerto for pianoforte in A-minor, which is, in its own kind, similarly suited to her style and range of expression. Two excerpts from "Die Walküre," both old favorites of the concert hall, the "Ride" and Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene, conclude the programme, and for opening number comes Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring."

Quite apart from the attractiveness of the programme the concert merits interest for the excellent purpose of the series. The pension fund of the orchestra recognizes one of the dilemmas that beset the lives of artists. "Art is long," sighs Goethe, "and generally underpaid," adds an honest manager. At present, no less than fourteen former members of the orchestra, who have, in their day, added to the enjoyment of thousands their share of the symphonies, are drawing pensions, and in most of these cases this item of support is most necessary to their maintenance. The pension fund must depend chiefly for its resources on the receipts of its yearly concerts, for, while each member of the orchestra pays annual dues to the fund, the proceeds from the concerts must be ample if they are to maintain the principal in a healthy state of growth. Within the organization of the Symphony Orchestra is provided a means for caring for its superannuated players—and thus for answering the reproach against the public for its neglect of the artists who have served them in days gone by. To perform its share in this admirable scheme the public has only to respond to one of the most attractive programmes of the season. Its work is done for it; and what certainly is a duty has been converted into a pleasure. Sunday night's concert should be played to a large audience.

The Symphony Orchestra, after an incidental concert in Hartford on Monday, returned to Boston yesterday after the first of its monthly visits to New York and other cities to the southward. In New York, in particular, the orchestra was warmly received alike by its audiences, which were more numerous than ever and of exceptional quality, and by the reviewers who were quick to discover the new qualities in Mr. Fiedler by which he has become a more refined, sensitive and discerning conductor and by which he is now maintaining and enhancing the excellence of the band. The Times, for example, says: "The Boston Symphony Orchestra has rarely played better, with more brilliancy, delicacy, richness and variety of color, more transparent clarity, more perfect suppleness under the hand of its conductor, than it did yesterday afternoon at its second concert in Carnegie Hall. To hear such playing was a transporting delight. Mr. Fiedler has earned the gratitude of everybody who appreciates such a performance for demonstrating, at the beginning of his second season with this extraordinary organization, that he has kept it to its highest level of efficiency; and there is none higher anywhere in the world—perhaps even none other so high."

In the course of the winter, Brahms's double concerto for violin, violoncello and orchestra will be revived at the Symphony Concerts, with Mr. Hess and Mr. Schroeder to play the solo parts.

On the programme of the seventh Symphony concert for Friday afternoon, Nov. 26, and Saturday evening, Nov. 27, stands one of the important novelties of the season—Frederick Delius's "Paris." Mr. Fiedler's baton will conduct its first performance in America. Delius is in a sense claimed by two countries. By parentage he is German. By nativity he is English. It was not until he was well into his twenties that he went into music seriously. His first important public recognition followed a concert of his works given in London, at which Alfred Hertz, at present the leader of the German operas at the Metropolitan, conducted. Since then his works have been quite generally played, especially at festivals of new music. "Paris" bears the subtitle of a "Nachtstück," and, in further parenthesis, "The Song of a Great City." The composer would render, in his ample score, the cries, echoes, songs and sounds of Paris streets in a free, fantasia form. Incidentally the work abounds in technical difficulties.

The soloist, Mme. Olga Samaroff, has chosen, to the general satisfaction, that old war horse of piano concertos, Rubinstein's No. 4 in D minor. In detail the programme is:

Mozart: Symphony in E-flat Major, No. 3.
Rubinstein: Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in D-Minor, No. 4.
Frederick Delius: Night Piece, "Paris."
Wagner: Overture to the opera "Rienzi."



MME. OLGA SAMAROFF

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SYMPHONY HALL
Sunday Evening, November 21, 1909, at 8.00

CONCERT
in aid of the
PENSION FUND
of the
**BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

Soloists

Madame OLGA SAMAROFF . . . Pianist
Professor WILLY HESS . . . Violinist

Programme

Goldmark . . . Overture, "In the Spring"

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy . Concerto in E minor for Violin, Op. 64
I. Allegro molto appassionato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegretto non troppo.
Allegro molto vivace.

Dukas . . L'Apprenti Sorcier, d'après une Ballade de Goethe

Schumann . Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in A minor
I. Allegro affettuoso.
II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso.
III. Allegro vivace.

Wagner . Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene from
"Die Walküre"

Wagner . Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre"

STEINWAY PIANO USED



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STEINWAY PIANO USED



OLGA SAMAROFF,
Pianist, to play this evening in Sym-
phony Hall.

The first of the pension fund concerts will be given this evening in Symphony Hall. The pension fund of the orchestra depends chiefly for its existence upon these concerts, two of which are given each season. At present no less than 14 members of the orchestra are drawing such pensions. It is the effort of the orchestra to give upon these occasions programmes which will be particularly attractive to the large public. This evening Mme. Samaroff, the popular pianist, will play the Schumann piano concerto. Professor Willy Hess, the concertmeister, will play the Mendelssohn concerto. The remainder of the programme will offer Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring"; Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene, and the Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure."

Boston Symphony Pension Fund Concert Tonight.

Tonight brings the first of the season's concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Boston symphony orchestra, and it is to be hoped that not only the good cause for which this concert is given, but the attractiveness of the program itself will bring out an audience which will fill Symphony Hall.

The loyalty of the public of Boston to the orchestra has never been so clearly demonstrated as it has been this year, when despite strong and interesting counter attractions, the patronage has shown not a sign of decrease.

The pension fund depends chiefly for its existence on the receipts of the two concerts which are given each year, for while each member of the orchestra

pass yearly dues to the fund, the several thousand dollars from the concerts are necessary to keep the principal in its proper state of growth.

At present 14 members of the orchestra are drawing pensions and in the majority of these cases these pensions are necessary to the comfort of their lives.

For this evening's concert Mme Olga Samaroff, than whom there are few more popular pianists in this country, has volunteered her services, as also has Prof Willy Hess, concert master of the orchestra. Mme Samaroff will play Schumann's A minor concerto for piano and orchestra, and Prof Hess will be heard in Mendelssohn's E minor concerto for violin. The remaining numbers of Mr Fiedler's program comprises Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," and two excerpts from Wagner's "Die Walkure."

Pension Fund Concert.

Tonight brings the first of the season's concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and it is to be hoped that not only the good cause for which this concert is given, but the program itself will bring out an audience which will completely fill Symphony Hall. The loyalty of the public of Boston to the Symphony orchestra has never been so clearly demonstrated as it has been this year, when, despite strong and interesting counter-attractions, the patronage given to the orchestra has shown not a sign of decrease. Boston assuredly has reason to be proud of its orchestra, which today as never before holds undisputed the first place among all the orchestras of this country, indeed if not among the orchestras of the world. The critics of New York were unable last week to find adjectives which could in their opinion suitably praise the performances of the orchestra.

The pension fund of the orchestra depends chiefly for its existence on the receipts of the two concerts which are given each year, for while each member of the orchestra pays yearly dues to the fund, the several thousand dollars from the concerts are necessary to keep the principal in its proper state of growth. At present no less than 14 members of the orchestra are drawing pensions, and in the majority of these cases these pensions are necessary to the comfort of their lives.

It is the effort of the orchestra always to give concerts which will be attractive to the public. Mme. Olga Samaroff has volunteered her services, as also has Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the orchestra. Mr. Fiedler has arranged the following program:

Overture, "In the Spring".....Goldmark
Concerto for violin, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Concerto for piano and orchestra in A minor.....Schumann
Wotan's farewell and the magic fire scene from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First of Season in Aid of Pension Fund.

Mme Samaroff and Prof Hess Share Honors With Fiedler's Men.

Globe Nov. 22 /09.

An audience, which made up in cordial demonstration what it may have lacked in size, heard Mr Fiedler and his men, in a delightful program with Prof Hess and Mme Samaroff as soloists, in the season's first pension fund concert at Symphony hall last night.

Goldmark's joyous, ebullient overture, "In the Spring," at once enkindled the audience into a responding glow, and set a spirited pace for all that was to follow.

Dukas' whimsical tone-picture, heard last April, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "after" Goethe's ballad of mingled impudence and humor, divided the two concertos—Mendelssohn's enjoyably familiar one in E minor for Prof Hess, and Schumann's in A minor for Mme Samaroff.

Superb renditions of Wotan's "Farewell" and the "Magic Fire Scene" and of the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure" completed the program.

Last evening the orchestra played with perhaps an even more apparent sovereignty of expression than usual. Their playing was the surest, most cogent and most eloquent confirmation of the very appeal which constituted the purpose of the concert.

Any means to perpetuate and increase a fund whose function it is to insure the necessities and comforts of life to the members of the orchestra after encroaching age or illness shall have incapacitated them for further active membership, is most laudable and is deeply worthy of the sincere interest of every Bostonian, who realizes the indisputable supremacy of the orchestra among kindred organizations, and who appreciates the work of the men who have made it, and of those to come who shall maintain it.

The average length of service in this orchestra is said to be but 15 years.

The program last night carried an exceptional appeal to every lover of music, in the artistry of the soloists which it offered in the added opportunity to enjoy, on a night perhaps more agreeable to many than is Saturday, the puissant musicianship of Mr Fiedler and the band, and particularly in this chance to hear Wagner once again in Symphony hall read and played as Mr Fiedler and his men can read and play him.

It was a strong program, with assurance of admirable and convincing

presented, yet there were empty seats in the hall.

Of the performance itself last evening, the unusually eager and spontaneous applause of the audience spoke sincere and just commendation.

Prof Hess played the always welcome concerto by Mendelssohn with a fine animation which enhanced his accustomed breadth and dignity of style.

Mme Samaroff made her piano pleasantly vocal, with a regard for tonal purity and an unfailing beauty of melody.

As has been said, in the Dukas Mr Fiedler and the orchestra fairly outdid themselves in depicting the brilliance, and withal, the exuberating drollery of this odd musical concert.

The splendidly dignified, thrillingly sonorous performances of Wagner were the gladly welcomed return of this master. Notwithstanding his sphere is properly the lyric theatre and not the concert room, it seems a regrettable distinction to silence his voice when our conductor and orchestra can impart to it such eloquence.

Thought of all this came readily and regretfully at the concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra last night, when the audience, fine as it was in quality, no more than half filled Symphony Hall. The orchestra gives so much and asks so little. It is so preëminently a body of concrete and present achievements of the very first order in their kind. It is so plain that its men make it, as well as its conductor and founder and manager. It is the chief artistic attribute of Boston, the one artistic glory in which we can match the world, prove that we cherish the best, bid the world applaud us and find it responding gladly. If we have become too accustomed to the Symphony Orchestra, the outside world knows at least that it is rare and precious and splendid—a possession to stir whatever artistic and musical blood may run in us. Twice a year its men ask a very little time and a very little money of us, and give as much pleasure in return as though the Pension Fund were not in question at all. They have asked a little more urgently of late, because the fund is beginning to fulfil its purpose and the demands upon it increase. The response, last night, did us small honor, but there was no abating of the pleasure that immediately requited us. The men scanned the house with a touch of chagrin, but in their playing was no hint of their disappointment.

Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," began the programme—a piece of sheer lyric exultation in the long breaths, the heady odors, the kindling sights and sounds of the spring. The rebirth of the world set Schumann's blood a-humming, and he sang spontaneously through a whole symphony of the spring. It kindled Goldmark, and as spontaneously he unleashed his imagination in the pulsing, mounting melodies, the glow of instrumental color, the exuberant dots and dashes of adorning sound that fill the overture. It is instrumental bravura, but rapturous and songful, as all bravura ought to be, and it came stirringly so from Mr. Fiedler and his men. They

passed to Dukas's scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"—brilliant music, narrative and pictorial music and in all three aspects exacting music. Virtuosi must play the introduction of the weaving of the magic spell and virtuosi with a sense of mystery and magic as well as technical skill. On goes the music with the tonal and rhythmical picture of the broom turned water carrier and bringing a deluge upon the house. The mood and the expression of it are of brilliant and exuberant orchestral fantasy. The scherzo turns psychological, graphic of the fear that overwhelms the sorcerer's presumptuous servitor that dared the spell. The mood rises to that of Gargantuan fantasy. In stalks the mighty sorcerer, breaks the charm, jerks the broom back to its corner, and in the jerk the music and its brilliant magic ends. The piece must go like vivid improvisation on an orchestral scale, and it had players last night who could seemingly improvise it equally out of their technique and their imagination. It would be easy to quarrel with the music of Wotan's farewell to Brünnhilde, of the decking of her on her rocky bed, of the call to the fire god and the spitting and the gliding of the flame, of the solemn imprecation of the departing deity, and of the solitude of the sleeping Valkyr, when it is shifted from "Die Walküre" in the theatre to make a "Wagnerian excerpt" in the concert-room. From beginning to end, it is music that accompanies visible and specific action, and that makes as well the climax of a tragedy in which for three hours the listeners have shared. It would be easy also to quarrel with the pace at which Mr. Fiedler took it to the slurring of its breadths and intensities and culminations of tone. Yet the impression was less of them than of the gorgeous and the thrilling tonal splendor with which the orchestra clothed the whole, of the passion and the power of its eloquence. The din of the Valkyrs' ride followed, and it was a heroic and hurtling tumult. If only the curtain could have risen to such an introduction; but it never does—or does so seldom—here in Boston.

Mr. Hess, the concert master of the orchestra, and Mme. Samaroff, who has often appeared at its regular and its occasional concerts, had proffered their services for the Pension Fund—he to play Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and she Schumann's for piano. Once more, in Mr. Hess's playing was proof that with a discerning executant Mendelssohn's better music can give almost as much pleasure today as it did fifty years ago. Nowadays style is all things in the playing of Mendelssohn, and Mr. Hess is a discriminating master of style. The concerto is a little model of clarity; melodies, structure, development and ornament are limpid; the violin part is like a fine tonal strand laid upon the orchestral background or interwoven with it; the music runs with a sub-

dued brilliance and a poised and quiet elegance that for once betray hardly a trace of the reflection that has wrought them. The concerto asks an equal poise, lucidity, grace and fineness in the virtuoso that plays it. He has no occasion for his big and poignant tones. He must summon the pure and fine, the edgeless and flowing voice of the violin. He must lead that voice through the graceful melodies, the fanciful development and the light ornament of the first movement—it is "molto appassionato" only in Mendelssohn's affectionate imagination—through the gentle reverie of the Andante and the bright bravura of the finale. And in all this the lone must keep its fine brightness, its quality of a shimmering and shaded strand in the tonal web, its perfect elasticity. The technical mastery must have its unobtrusive but exquisite aptitude. There must be nothing too much and nothing too little in expression, while a poised elegance must glamor the whole. A slip, a blur, an over-emphasis or an under, and the music is like an accusing mirror. Old as the concerto is, it remains a criterion of some of the subtle and delicate perfections of violin playing. Mr. Hess lacked not one of them. Concert master and quartet leader though he may only seem in the crowded routine of our musical days, a rare virtuoso of the violin lives and works in Boston and now, seemingly, in the varied richness of his powers.

Mme. Samaroff is clearly ripening, and upon the side on which she most needed quickening. She has passed the stage in her progress when technical problems of execution need to preoccupy her, and she has won a tone that is her own in its crystalline quality of clear and round sound. Often heretofore it has been too cool, too detached from the more imaginative and emotional quality of the music it was bearing, too little susceptible to the reflections of mood, to the play of tonal color that its very clearness fitted it unusually to impart. Mme. Samaroff has always chosen her pace understandingly, and she has been alert to rhythm, but she has held to both, once they were chosen, too rigidly. She has needed a finer sensitiveness, and through it a more supple freedom. Her playing has been too much of the coolly comprehending and the securely poised Olga Samaroff, and too little of the dreaming or the impassioned composer who had written her music. Now it was quite impossible to Schumann to write a piano concerto in the ordinary sense of the word as a formal and a displaying piece. He might nurse the purpose in the abstract, but once set to work he was bound to become Schumann, the romantic visionary, all a-tremble with moods and fancies, all aglow with images of melancholy or passionate imagining, that strove in him for songful expression. And in the Concerto he had the voice of the piano, with which he had often worked

his will, to aid him with the orchestra that usually balked him. With the piano he could sing above and with the orchestra, such a song of mounting and thrilling intensity as the slow movement. He could keep its voice singing with the changing accent of his changing moods through the finale. He could forget the business of a concerto as a vehicle and make its first movement richly lyrical and impassioned song. His is the songful concerto, because Schumann, no matter what the form, cannot help being the romantic singer. Last night, Mme. Samaroff, as never before here, was the dreaming and feeling singer too. Her tone was as crystalline as ever; but instead of its cool and steady glitter, came varied coloring and diverse reflection of the endlessly sensitive Schumann. Even in the Concerto he is not quite articulate and the orchestra does cumber him, as it does in his symphonies. He needs all the aid that the pianist can give him in gradations of pace, in variety of accent. Again as never before here, Mme. Samaroff clarified, diversified and moulded the music divinely and by every token the responsive imagination, the illuminating feeling, the sensitiveness to design that have been lacking in her playing are beginning to quicken it. The more the pity, then, that she whose absorbed simplicity used to commend her to the eye now cultivates tricks of manner with hands and head. Before long, unless she subdues them, the mocking cynics will call them her affectations.

H. T. P.

MME. SAMAROFF AND WILLY HESS PLEASE

Are Soloists at Symphony's
Pension Fund Concert,
a Brilliant Affair.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, the pianist, and Professor Willy Hess, concert master of the orchestra, were the soloists at the Symphony Pension Fund concert at Symphony Hall last night. There was a large audience, though the hall was not filled. The concert was one of the most brilliant the orchestra has ever given on a pension fund night.

Professor Hess played for the first time in Boston the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy concerto in E minor, a brilliant, melodious work that gave both soloist and orchestra ample room in which to exhibit their highly polished power.

The popular concert master performed in his most captivating style. Few of the violinists with whom Bostonians are acquainted show the full-blown art—the grace and the energy, the delicacy and the brilliancy—that distinguishes the playing of Professor Hess. Last night the orchestra rivaled him in virtuosity. Great applause rewarded them, and a big wreath of laurel was sent up to the soloist.

Mme. Samaroff also played a piece that she had never attempted here before, the Schumann concerto in A minor. It proved a very suitable selection, at any rate Mme. Samaroff has never given a better all-around exhibition in Boston. Besides the characteristic elegance, there was a dashing force that supplied the necessary contrasts and that made the performance as a whole a work of the finest art. Again great applause, and again a floral tribute to the soloist, this time a huge bunch of yellow chrysanthemums.

The orchestral program included the Goldmark overture, "In the Spring," the Dukas scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which brought out the full dazzling brilliancy of the orchestra and the extraordinary sympathy exercised by Conductor Fiedler; and Wotan's farewell, the magic fire scene and the Valkyries' ride from Wagner's "Die Walküre."

FIRST PENSION FUND CONCERT

Tomorrow night brings the first of the season's concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is expected that not only the good cause for which this concert is given, but the attractiveness of the program itself will draw an audience which will completely fill Symphony Hall.

The pension fund of the orchestra depends chiefly for its existence on the receipts of the two concerts which are given each year, for while each member of the orchestra pays yearly dues to the fund, the several thousand dollars from the concerts are necessary to keep the principal in its proper state of growth. At present no less than fourteen members of the orchestra are drawing pensions, and in the majority of these cases these pensions are most necessary to the comfort of their lives.

It is the effort of the orchestra always to give concerts which will be most attractive to the public, and for this time they seem to have succeeded most notably. Mme. Olga Samaroff, than whom there are few more popular pianists in this country, has volunteered her services, as also has Professor Willy Hess, the much-admired concert master and virtuoso of the orchestra. Mr. Fiedler has arranged the following program:

Overture, "In the Spring" Goldmark
Concerto for violin in E-Minor Mendelssohn
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in A-Minor Schumann
Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene from "Die Walküre" Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre" Wagner

MUSIC SYMPHONIC

AND OPERATIC
PENSION FUND CONCERT

FULL OF ENJOYMENT

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Goldmark. "In the Spring." Overture.
Mendelssohn. Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Prof. Willy Hess.
Dukas. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."
Schumann. Concerto for Piano.
Soloist, Mme. Olga Samaroff.
Wagner. "Feuerzauber."
Wagner. "Walkyrenitt."

Naturally a concert where everyone, from the cymbal player to the soloists and conductor, volunteers his services for a good cause, is not a case for criticism. But were this ban lifted one could only sing praises of one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season—that given in Symphony hall, last night. The deep and soul-felt enjoyment of great symphonic music ought not to be eclipsed by the glitter of operatic performance. The two schools are often opposite and they are in no sense rivals.

The good purpose of these Pension Fund concerts ought never to be lost sight of by Bostonians. In a recent number of "The Boston Weekly Review" the symphonic conductor, Mr. Max Fiedler, speaks of "Boston and the Orchestra." He pays a generous tribute to Boston life and manners in this article, and ends with the following earnest appeal for his men:—

"And I want Boston to realize that we of the Symphony Orchestra are all men together and could do nothing without each other. I think that Boston fully understands and appreciates its great orchestra as a whole—but I sometimes wonder if it does not forget the individual musician. Among so many it is hard to realize that each is essential to the whole, and that each is a living man as well as a single instrument in a great harmony. I wish to see a time when the thought of advancing years shall have no terror for any man who gives his life and his soul to making that orchestra one of the very finest musical organizations in the world. I want to feel that no financial panic, no adverse conditions whatever can keep every seat in Symphony hall from being filled on the night of a Pension Fund concert—and that, sooner or later, the beneficence that Boston so generously displays in other directions will provide for the old age of its splendid body of musicians."

The above shows that Mr. Fiedler is not only a great conductor, but a great-hearted man as well.

The programme was admirably contrasted. Goldmark's "In the Spring" has flutings and pipings and warblings of birds, and has not a suggestion of flannel chest-pads, and mustard poultices, and hot foot-

baths, such as the New Englander associates with Spring. It was a vivid contrast with the two last numbers of the concert, which were as fiery as the first was soothing. The Dukas number was most brilliantly played.

There are many horse races in orchestral music. Raff has a runaway in the finale of his "Lenore" symphony; Berlioz whips up a lively span in his "Ride to Hades," more fearful than a ride in a New York horse-car; Frau Holle drives a lively team in "Im Walde;" but nowhere else can we find such a musical horse show as in the "Ride of the Walkyries." The wild fervor of the piece, the whinneyings, the fierce delight of the war-maidens, were points that were finely brought out in the performance.

The two soloists and their respective concertos were in charming contrast. The suave Mendelssohn and the earnest and much deeper Schumann made good foils to each other. The Mendelssohn concerto is one of the very few violin concertos that stands the test of age. We have our doubts if the infinitely more complex Brahms concerto will wear as well.

Mendelssohn's work is a neutral ground where classicist and amateur may meet. It is tuneful, yet it is developed; it satisfies all the demands of the formalist, yet it is not at all dry or rigid. It displays the virtuoso finely. In one point, however, the jealous composer shows himself. Usually the personal display of the cadenza comes in the coda of a concerto, but in this work Mendelssohn placed this display in the middle of the development section, the centre of the movement, that the soloist should not win a success at the composer's expense. It is needless to say that Prof. Hess gave the brilliancy and the sentiment of the concerto in a perfect fashion. Boston may be proud to possess such a violinist.

We have a profound admiration for the artistic work of Mme. Samaroff. Yet when she recently gave a concert in Symphony Hall with Miss Farrar, with solos of ambitious character, without orchestra, we felt that the picture was not in the right frame, that we preferred her in Jordan or Chickering Hall in that kind of work. Last night she was at her best, in her true surroundings, in a work that had depth and earnestness, rather than display, and where the piano was interwoven with an orchestra. She revealed here the poetic as well as the technical side and the Schumann concerto was one of the glories of the concert. Both soloists were recalled many times and in addition received floral tributes and laurel wreaths.

With these two concertos side by side one could not but sense how infinitely broader Schumann was than Mendelssohn, and wonder why the world should ever have allowed an over-estimate of Mendelssohn to stand as a barrier in Schumann's path. It will be perceived that, while all the performance was powerful, the last half of the programme was intrinsically greater than the first half.

HUB FAILS TO
ATTEND SUNDAY
NIGHT CONCERTSmall but Enthusiastic
Audience Listens to Fine
Programme.

Irregular — Nov 22, 09

Eager as Boston has proved itself to listen to grand opera and applaud it in the new opera house, it has yet to accustom itself to the Sunday evening opera concerts which will be given each week of the season. Undoubtedly before the season closes Sunday evening audiences will fill the house, but last night for the second of these concerts, compared with the excellence of the music, vocal and instrumental, the audience was a small one. It partially filled the parquet, the rear portion of the first balcony, and was massed mostly in the upper balcony. Only one box was occupied.

These concerts are fully as enjoyable as the operas—more so to many—with the full orchestra of the house and some of the principal singers on the programme. And it costs but \$1 for the best seat in the place.

But last night's audience was of music lovers, attentive and enthusiastic. It picked no favorites, but encored every number, with generous responses by singers and orchestra. The famous quartet from the Verdi opera, "Rigoletto," which will be presented complete tonight, was sung by Eugenia Bronskaja, Anna Roberts, Vincenzo D'Alessandro and Rudolfo Fornari so splendidly that it had to be repeated. Mme. Bronskaja made her first appearance last night, singing the polonaise from "Mignon" with the orchestra, "Les Hirondelles" with the piano and in the quartet. Two and three encores were insisted upon each time. She has a full, high soprano, clear and beautiful, and her coloratura work was brilliant.

The programme was popular in that it had the "Cavalleria Rusticana" intermezzo and the "Lohengrin" prelude besides several other numbers. The overture from "Phedre" was exquisitely rendered. Paul Bourillon and Fornari both appeared as soloists.

The orchestra played in a pillared hall of white and gold, through the arches of which appeared a bit of ancient city and a stretch of sea.

The event of the third performance of "Lakme," on Saturday evening, was the debut of a Boston girl, Viola Davenport, in the title role. It was an unusual performance for a new singer. The young woman possesses a voice rich in possibilities, and she not only sang the character in a manner more than merely acceptable, but acted with most commendable simplicity. The difficult bell song won her unreserved applause. She had to support her the same cast that sang with Lipkowska, except that Archambault replaced Nivette.

Pension Fund Concert.

One of the most attractive programmes that has been offered to the Boston public by the Symphony orchestra in a long period was that of last evening, given in aid of the pension fund of this superb organization, which provides for members during sickness and when unable to attend to their duties. The audience was a large and notably fine one, intelligent and appreciative. There were two soloists, an unusual circumstance at these concerts, Willy Hess, the concertmeister, and Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, both favorites with Boston's music-loving public.

The selections, played by Prof. Willy Hess, were three movements from the concerto in E Minor for violin, by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and were given for the first time in Boston. They were skillfully performed, eliciting five recalls, and the artist was presented with a large laurel wreath. Madame Samaroff played Schumann's concerto for piano and orchestra in A Minor, and was warmly applauded. There were orchestral numbers from Goldmark, Dukas and Wagner, all admirably performed, especially the Dukas selection, which was enthusiastically received.

Also spoke Brahms, (freely Nietzsche), op. 30

Soloists:

WILLY HESS

SCHROEDER

110

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in E-flat major, (K. 543.)

- I. Adagio: Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro

RUBINSTEIN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in D minor, No. 4, op. 70

- I. Moderato
- II. Moderato assai
- III. Allegro assai

DELIUS,

"Paris." A NIGHT PIECE, (The Song of a Great City), for FULL ORCHESTRA
(First time in America)

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "Rienzi"

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF.

Steinway Piano used.

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF was born at San Antonio, Texas, August 8, 1880. Her maiden name was Hickenlooper, and she was of German-Russian parentage. A very young child, she was taught by her grandmother, a German pianist, and when she was nine years old she studied for four months with Constantin von Sternberg. Her girlhood was spent in a convent at Paris, and she took pianoforte lessons of Marmontel, Senior, for several years. From Marmontel she went to Widor. In 1895 she entered the Paris Conservatory, and studied five years in the class of Delaborde. After she left the Conservatory she travelled in Europe for two years. Returning to this country, she took a few lessons of Ernest Hutcheson. She afterward went to Berlin, where she studied with Jedliczka. Her first public appearance was at New York, with orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, January 18, 1905. Her first appearance in Boston was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet, April 10, 1905, when she played with Mr. Krasselt Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Sonata in C minor. She gave concerts in London in the following May and June. She gave recitals in Boston in Steinert Hall (November 23, 1905, January 20, 1906) and in Chickering Hall (February 18, November 5, 1906). She played at the Sunday Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall, December 16, 1906; gave a recital in Chickering Hall, October 28, 1907; played at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's concerts, December 16, 1907, and at a concert of the Kneisel Quartet, March 17, 1908 (César Franck's Pianoforte Quintet). She gave concerts in Europe in the season of 1908-09. On October 16, 1909, she gave a concert with Miss Geraldine Farrar and an orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston.

She has played in Boston at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 21, 1906 (Grieg's Concerto); February 9, 1907 (Tschai-kowsky's Concerto in B-flat minor), April 4, 1908 (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1). She also played at the concert given in aid of the San Francisco Fund by the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 29, 1906 (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major), and at the concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 20, 1909 (Schumann's Concerto).

DELIUS' NOCTURNE HEARD FIRST TIME

Symphony Performs "Paris, the
Song of a Great City," by
Composer Known Better
Abroad Than in America.

MME. SAMAROFF PLAYS RUBINSTEIN CONCERTO

Herald ———— Nov 28, 09

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mme. Samaroff was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major.....Mozart
Concerto, E minor No. 4 for piano.....Rubinstein
"Paris, a Nightpiece; The Song of a Great City".....Dellus
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner

The symphony was one of the celebrated three. Would that any one of them might be heard in a small hall and with an orchestra duly proportioned. The piano concerto is familiar to all, too familiar, some might say, for the greater number of pages now seem outworn and empty and the second movement intolerably sentimental. The overture to "Rienzi," with its circus pomp and blare, is also well known.

The nocturne of Dellus was played for the first time in America, and the music of this Englishman, born of Germans domiciled in England, was known to probably nearly all in the audience only by hearsay. If at all, and to the great majority the name of the composer was unknown; yet by some, especially in Germany, Frederick Dellus is considered an extraordinarily gifted tone poet. He is now 46 years old. It was about 1883 that he left England to raise oranges in Florida. He lived on a plantation a lonely life, observed the habits of oranges and negroes, and meditated and studied music. He grew homesick and entered the Leipzig Conservatory, where, as Mr. Runciman put it, "he endured his musical training."

In 1899 he gave a concert of his compositions in London, and his music excited wonder, consternation, and, in some quarters, praise. During the last 10 years his fame has spread throughout Germany, and during the last two

or three years several of his more important works have been performed in England, and more than once. Of course there is not a word about him in Grove's Dictionary of Musicians, in the revised edition which is remarkable chiefly for its omissions, yet he is taken very seriously in Germany, he has strong partisans, and there are Dellusites, as there are Debussylites and Regerites. And so in old times there were the Hittites, the Amorites, the Elamites, the Ekronites, and other ites who have all disappeared and left no trace.

It is said that the sojourn of Dellus in Florida influenced mightily his musical mind, as is seen in his "Appalachia" and his opera "Koanga," but we are now concerned only with "Paris," which was composed in 1899 and performed for the first time at Elberfeld in 1905. Surely there is no thing of Florida in "Paris." Yet Dellus is not a haunter of great cities. He prefers isolation and quiet, and for 20 years his home has been in the village of Grez-Sur-Loing on the skirts of Fontainebleau forest.

It might be said that Dellus, composing "Paris," had been influenced by Charpentier, but the latter's "Louise" was not produced till 1900, and Dellus knew neither the composer nor his "Coronation of the Muse" in which street cries of Paris served as thematic material. There is no argument, no program to this nocturne. The intention of Dellus is revealed only through the title and the music itself, music written for the fullest kind of an orchestra with all sorts of pulsatile instruments.

"Paris" is not easily judged by reading the score or after one hearing. There are interesting things in it, unusual and interesting effects, both harmonic and orchestral. The hearer is sure of this: the composer had a definite plan and was not merely experimenting. The opening and the ending are singularly impressive. When it comes to the "Song of Paris" the song seems to be a medley of street cries and the din at a street fair. A motto for the chief allegro might be the orphic line of the cosmic bard: "Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards, with wild flapping pennants of mirth." But it would be unjust to dismiss the work with a jest, for wild and bizarre as much as this music is on first hearing, the hand of an orchestral and harmonic master is everywhere.

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Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF was born at San Antonio, Texas, August 8, 1880. Her maiden name was Hickenlooper, and she was of German-Russian parentage. A very young child, she was taught by her grandmother, a German pianist, and when she was nine years old she studied for four months with Constantin von Sternberg. Her girlhood was spent in a convent at Paris, and she took pianoforte lessons of Marmontel, Senior, for several years. From Marmontel she went to Widor. In 1895 she entered the Paris Conservatory, and studied five years in the class of Delaborde. After she left the Conservatory she travelled in Europe for two years. Returning to this country, she took a few lessons of Ernest Hutcheson. She afterward went to Berlin, where she studied with Jedliczka. Her first public appearance was at New York, with orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, January 18, 1905. Her first appearance in Boston was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet, April 10, 1905, when she played with Mr. Krasselt Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Sonata in C minor. She gave concerts in London in the following May and June. She gave recitals in Boston in Steinert Hall (November 23, 1905, January 20, 1906) and in Chickering Hall (February 18, November 5, 1906). She played at the Sunday Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall, December 16, 1906; gave a recital in Chickering Hall, October 28, 1907; played at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's concerts, December 16, 1907, and at a concert of the Kneisel Quartet, March 17, 1908 (César Franck's Pianoforte Quintet). She gave concerts in Europe in the season of 1908-09. On October 16, 1909, she gave a concert with Miss Geraldine Farrar and an orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston.

She has played in Boston at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 21, 1906 (Grieg's Concerto); February 9, 1907 (Tschai-kowsky's Concerto in B-flat minor), April 4, 1908 (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1). She also played at the concert given in aid of the San Francisco Fund by the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 29, 1906 (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major), and at the concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 20, 1909 (Schumann's Concerto).

DELIUS' NOCTURNE HEARD FIRST TIME

Symphony Performs "Paris, the
Song of a Great City," by
Composer Known Better
Abroad Than in America.

MME. SAMAROFF PLAYS RUBINSTEIN CONCERTO

Handled ———— Nov 28, 09
By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mme. Samaroff was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major.....Mozart
Concerto, E minor No. 4 for piano...Rubinstein
"Paris, a Nightpiece; The Song of a Great City".....Deliu
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner

The symphony was one of the celebrated three. Would that any one of them might be heard in a small hall and with an orchestra duly proportioned. The piano concerto is familiar to all, too familiar, some might say, for the greater number of pages now seem outworn and empty and the second movement intolerably sentimental. The overture to "Rienzi," with its circus pomp and blare, is also well known.

The nocturne of Delius was played for the first time in America, and the music of this Englishman, born of Germans domiciled in England, was known to probably nearly all in the audience only by hearsay, if at all, and to the great majority the name of the composer was unknown; yet by some, especially in Germany, Frederick Delius is considered an extraordinarily gifted tone poet. He is now 46 years old. It was about 1883 that he left England to raise oranges in Florida. He lived on a plantation a lonely life, observed the habits of oranges and negroes, and meditated and studied music. He grew homesick and entered the Leipzig Conservatory, where, as Mr. Runciman put it, "he endured his musical training."

In 1899 he gave a concert of his compositions in London, and his music excited wonder, consternation, and, in some quarters, praise. During the last 10 years his fame has spread throughout Germany, and during the last two

or three years several of his more important works have been performed in England, and more than once. Of course there is not a word about him in Grove's Dictionary of Musicians, in the revised edition which is remarkable chiefly for its omissions, yet he is taken very seriously in Germany, he has strong partisans, and there are Deliusites, as there are Debussylites and Regerites. And so in old times there were the Hittites, the Amorites, the Elamites, the Ekronites, and other ites who have all disappeared and left no trace.

It is said that the sojourn of Delius in Florida influenced mightily his musical mind, as is seen in his "Appalachia" and his opera "Koanga," but we are now concerned only with "Paris," which was composed in 1899 and performed for the first time at Elberfeld in 1905. Surely there is no thing of Florida in "Paris." Yet Delius is not a haunter of great cities. He prefers isolation and quiet, and for 20 years his home has been in the village of Grez-Sur-Loing on the skirts of Fontainebleau forest.

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is a Paris not so familiar to all visitors. Debussy does not fall into the error of writing as for a panorama. There is in this music both the mysterious lull, the brooding, in any great city at certain hours; there is also the din that is peculiar to Paris and its streets.

There is no miniature painting. The brush is a thick one and at times the paint is thrown on; but the result is an effect. "Paris" is a singular composition. It should be played soon again. Although there were brilliant moments in the performance, the orchestra did not always appear confident, and there was at times a perceptible lack of continuity. There should have been two harps, as the composer requested, for the one harp was weak and overpowered when it should have been strongly in evidence.

Mme. Samaroff by her performance

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY OLIN DOWNES *Nov 24, 09*

The programme of the seventh public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: Symphony in E-flat, Mozart; piano concerto in D minor, Rubenstein; "Paris, a Night Piece" (The Song of a Great City), Fritz Delius (first time); Overture to "Rienzi," Wagner.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, soloist, gave a praiseworthy performance of a concerto that is now old. The pianist who plays the battering-ram passages with which the composition abounds without thumping must be an unusually tactful individual. In certain places Mme. Samaroff's tone was unpleasant. Saving this, and such lapses were the exception, her performance was scholarly, poetic, and beautifully pianistic. The work is essentially for the virtuoso, but the piano became a component part of a whole. The performance was not a series of answering phrases between instrument and orchestra, strung together by a thunderous tutti here and there. The first movement again stood out an enduring structure. The playing of the cadenza was notable for imagination and the manner in which it bound the coda with what had gone before. The sentimentality of the andante was not disguised, but neither, thank heaven, was it syruped. Mme. Samaroff has strength and virtuosity ample to cope with the exorbitant demands of the wind-up.

After a first hearing of a composer

made the dry bones of the concerto live for a night, and by the simplicity of her reading of the second movement almost succeeded in removing the reproach of sentimentalism. The concerto, alas, is now to be numbered with the music that was once thought to be "advanced," that once gave hearty pleasure. Its themes now seem commonplace, or sugary, or rowdy. Mme. Samaroff's performance was admirable in quality of tone; in musical intelligence, concerning the general architecture and each particular phrase; in general spirit and in fine detail. She played, as is her wont, with delightful ease and a refreshing absence of self-consciousness.

The symphony by Mozart, especially the minuet and the finale, gave the audience much pleasure.

heard for the first time it is difficult to arrive at any conclusive opinion of Delius' "tone poem." Though the workmanship is sure, the scoring ultra-modern, but very clear, it is plain that we have to do with an arch-impressionist, and one cannot become acclimated to his style in 20 minutes or less. New men, who have not acceded to the customs of the multitude, are difficult to reckon with on preliminary acquaintance.

The short phrases that go to make this poem are, it is said, for the most part fairly literal transcriptions of street cries of Paris. They are employed with great skill, but it now seems that the music as a whole lacks any decided, characteristic physiognomy. One could trace Wagner and the modern Frenchman, but to tag a passage with a brand-new "Delius" was more difficult. Most of the phrase could be found in other textbooks.

There are those who accuse Delius of following in the footsteps of Charpentier, but it appears that "Paris" was written a year before "Louise," that Delius was not acquainted with the music of Charpentier at the time. Unquestionably there is imagination, distinction, in this remarkable score; but where is the individual note the more evident, in the remarkable combining of timbres, or the material, itself? Hugo Wolf had more imagination than most, but he fell far short when he wrote his "Penthesilea." Delius' partition looked very appetizing on paper, but made only a partial impression when performed.

The Symphony Orchestra and the Boston Opera made once more a Friday that was full of music. In the afternoon, at Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra played for the first time in America "Paris," by Frederick Delius, a tone-poem in freedom of form and pictorial substance, with a "Night-Piece" and "The Song of a Great City" for sub-titles. No such closely woven and baffling music, in so unusual and individual an idiom, has been heard in Boston in many a day. It was hard, almost impossible, to grasp in matter and in manner at a single hearing, and while the audience listened intently, it could naturally return only meagre and puzzled applause. For the rest, the overture to "Rienzi" made Mr. Fiedler's "brilliant" closing piece; Mme. Samaroff, the pianist, played Rubenstein's Concerto in D minor, to warm applause, and happily without a blemish of manner, and Mozart's Symphony in E-flat gladdened the ears of those that love the serene and the secure.

The Symphony Concert

Last winter, Mr. Fiedler almost forgot Mozart, and found room for one of his symphonies only at the final pair of concerts as a strange yoke-fellow to Beethoven's choral symphony. Now, he is more wary, and the symphony in E-flat major, of the climacteric three, began the concert yesterday afternoon. For the most part, Mr. Fiedler, like a wise conductor, was content to let the music flow and concentrate himself upon the quality of tone with which the band might sing it. Mr. Gerlicke used to make Mozart brittle, seeking a needless incisiveness of accent. Mr. Fiedler avoided that pitfall, but he could not resist the temptation to drain the Andante to the dregs. By this time the scholars are fairly sure that the slow movements of eighteenth-century music went less slowly than do the similar episodes in the symphonies of our time. Mr. Fiedler, however, is not of their mind. His pace in the Andante would have been slow, even in latter-day music; it turned Mozart's into "linked sweetness long-drawn out," so drawn, indeed, that the flowing song almost dropped, phrase by phrase upon the ear. For the rest, Mr. Fiedler was adroit and comprehending enough. He did not try to turn Mozart emotional in the modern sense; he kept the grace of the minuet, and he made the final movement run brightly. Of course, Mozart must be played in a symphony concert nowadays, with twice or thrice the number of instruments for which he wrote. Such numbers in themselves do thicken the tones that Mozart heard as he wrote, and do make the shimmering filaments of figure and ornament too much akin to gold lace and brocade. There is no escaping in the modern concert-room this magnifying of Mozart. The point is to keep that body of tone as light as possible, and there Mr. Fiedler oftenest succeeded, even if he did not make it quite so transparent and edge-

less as Mozart's music sounds to the fancy when it forgets that a symphony orchestra—huge machine—is playing it. It is easy to believe that Mozart would have been afraid of what our youngsters cheerfully call their forces.

The orchestral Mme. Samaroff who played Rubinstein's concerto yesterday has advanced equally with the romantic and sensitive Mme. Samaroff of Schumann's concerto at the concert of Sunday. Give her such a concerto as Tschalkowsky's or as Rubinstein's and her playing is instinct with an alert, finely strung and coolly concentrated power. Then Mme. Samaroff is like a pianist with wrists and fingers and mind and spirit behind of finely tempered steel. Whatever may be her own trepidations, the impression to her hearers is a fine—not a heavy—power that is all alertness, elasticity and quick concentration. She matches the orchestra with a voice as clear and authoritative as its own. Early in the concerto declares the melody whence much of the first movement is to spring. Mme. Samaroff made it so eloquent, so masterful that it seemed to still the interrupting orchestral voices and then subdue them to its bidding. This power gained in elasticity, began even to have a kind of white fire of its own as the long movement advanced. There were momentary fusions with the other voices of the music, but always they were subsidiary or accessory voices. Never was a piano concerto more a piano concerto, not in display of the instrument, but in its dominance of the whole. Throughout Mme. Samaroff held to this largeness. The slow movement was songful but with an ample eloquence, as though the music and the piano were not things to be sentimentalized. Came the final rondo and the piano seemed to shepherd and drive the orchestra before it. Mme. Samaroff's long sweeps of tone were like long lashes playing over its heads. Her masterful fire drove the orchestra before it. Her power mounted with the climax, but her hand was as firm and alert upon it as it had been from the beginning. Those who dislike piano concertos like to call them futile contests between piano and orchestra. Mme. Samaroff, for once, left no doubt which was the master. H. T. P.

DELIUS INTRODUCED AT THE SYMPHONY

Nov 24, 09
Orchestra Plays "Paris, a Night Piece," With

Great Artistry.

MME. SAMAROFF IS THE SOLOIST

Plays Rubenstein's Concerto in
D Minor, No. 4, and Is
Much Enjoyed.

Frederick Delius, composer, was introduced to American music lovers at yesterday's Symphony matinee. A Boston introduction was especially appropriate in view of the circumstance that Mr. Delius has been described by a distinguished foreign authority as "a half-brother of Charles Martin Loeffler of Boston." And Boston, too, is the headquarters of the far-famed Appalachians, whose favorite mountains Delius has honored with a tone-poem; but that is another story.

Delius was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1863. At about the age of 20 he went to Florida to look after some orange groves. What he chiefly cultivated down South was music. He studied in Leipzig for a couple of years and then he settled down in France, studying by himself and writing.

Mistaken for German.

Ten years ago he presented himself in London as Fritz Delius and was mistaken for a German and generally misunderstood. The piece played here yesterday for the first time in this country is known as "Paris: A Night Piece." It was written ten years ago and first played in Elberfeld, Germany, in 1905, by the city orchestra under Dr. Hans Haym, to whom the extraordinarily interesting nocturne is dedicated.

There is a greater resemblance to Debussy than to Strauss in this Delius of the Parisian night piece. There is no turbulence, no frenetic climax. The kaleidoscopic picture has a subdued tone, varied now and then by shrill notes, as of some pedler crying his wares or some brazen urchin or grisette flaunting authority in the face; and there are even melodious suggestions of merry celebrations. The piece is modern in the most extreme sense of that term, but yet clear enough in its expressiveness to create a mood and arouse the imagination. The work was played as probably only the Symphony Orchestra could play it, with great artistry and sympathy; and the audience applauded in a manner that plainly indicated a desire to hear the piece again.

Rubinstein Concerto.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, the soloist of the afternoon, played the Rubinstein con-

certo in D minor, No. 4, which was presented at a Symphony concert three years ago by one of her teachers, Ernest Hutcheson, and two years ago by Paderewski. Mme. Samaroff's performance was very much enjoyed by the audience. The orchestra gave a charming interpretation of the Mozart symphony in E flat major. It had the final number was the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi."

D'Indy's second symphony will be repeated next week by request. Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Longy, the leading oboe player, will be the soloists.

DELIUS' "PARIS" FOR FIRST TIME

Slide Nov. 22, 1909
Wild Night of Orgy
is Set to Music.

Symphony Enthusiasts Hear a
Remarkable Production.

Mme Samaroff's Art on the
Piano Wins Applause.

For every euphonious platitude of orthodox musical creed which Mr Fiedler and the orchestra expounded in Mozart's "E Flat" major symphony yesterday afternoon they added doubly distilled heresy in the cacophonous profanities of a new musical pagan, Hone Frederick Delius.

Surely this latest rebel from the faith will cause the guardians of appreciable form and intelligible melody much grief. He is a bold and wanton offender. Because of a conductor abreast of the times, and an orchestra which can work up complex scores quickly, Boston is down to the minute in the ways of orchestral literature.

The performance yesterday of Delius' "Paris: A Night Piece (The Song of a Great City)"—its first in America—could only give the general contour of the work, with its eagerly following train of quick-lived, sharply-varied episodes, kaleidoscopic swiftness and vividly of outline, surging chaos of myriad voices, high-sounding splendors of their beat and din, plangent dissonances, the lull of receding tumults and a passing

melody overheard to fill it, the swift-pacing stride in the wake of the crowd, its feverish unrest, its fickleness, its caprices, its sordidness, its superb animalism, its picturesque abandon.

In Philip Hale's entr'acte in the program book of the week he quotes August Spanuth as calling Delius "a new musical dramatist." Whatever character the composer presupposes his work to have, the subject suggests material and treatment never declining to jaded repose, and mounting, on the contrary, to quite the apotheosis of bohemian hilarity.

When Paris Wakes Up.

One hearing shows the piece to be impressionism of a highly differentiated type. Delius begins, presumably, with drowsy twilight, that mopy, waking hour when properest Paris arouses itself to the sober duties of another night. On the hazy, gray line of a rumbling pedal point in the basses, the bass clarinet announces the first melodic sign of life. The oboe follows, and then the horn with themes of more decisive and eager expectation. Follows then a crescendo of pulsing, throbbing tone and the night is on.

Save for a moment's pause within doors now and then, to watch the ingratiating danseuse pirouette to piquant music or to hear a ballad prettily sung in some cafe, the work is gorged with the clamor of humanity and its complexity of warring moods. Once initiated into Parisian night-time mysteries, the pace runs on unflagging, until in gigantic dissonant chords—the first evidence of simultaneous polyphony—the revelers shudder, perhaps only yawn, at their orgy, and conclude to go home.

To those who hold that night was made for less mutinous infringement of the law, musical and otherwise, this new piece of impressionism will doubtless seem monstrous and deplorable. However, to others who occasionally fancy the sweetness of rebellion and the clangor and stress of life, it will be fascinating, absorbing and thrilling.

Mme Samaroff's Pure Technic.

Rubinstein's D minor concerto for piano is strangely uneven. The first two movements are distinctive and vital. The closing allegro is often prolix and tedious. Notwithstanding, Mme Samaroff played the work with fine effect. Beginning the massive opening chords with verve and the degree of abandon essential to the spirit of the work, the pianiste continued the movement with much animation, which was attributable in no small degree to the sureness, precision and clarity of her technic.

Mme Samaroff played the second movement with unflinching beauty of tone. Her phrasing showed the utmost nicety in balance and proportion. She carried the last movement through its waste places and finished triumphantly with repeated recalls to the stage.

The Mozart symphony had the clearness, tonal beauty and fine fleetness which may have been expected from this orchestra. Wagner's Rienzi overture was clangorous and militant.

TWO SYMPHONY CONCERTS

IS BOSTON TOO USED TO THE
ORCHESTRA?

Trans. Nov. 22, 1909
The Moral of the Regular Concert on Saturday and of the Pension Fund Concert on Sunday—The Remarkable and the Distinctive Qualities of the Orchestra That Shone in the Two Performances—Mr. Hess as the Virtuoso of Mendelssohn—Mme. Samaroff's Ripening Talents—New York Hears an Orchestral Piece by Ravel

Our neighbors in New York, who hear the Symphony Orchestra only once a month and who in the intervals are exposed to other bands, say that we in Boston have become so familiar with its virtues that we take them too much for granted. We need, they say in their large metropolitan way, a short but tonic course in orchestral comparisons. For a week, if only we had the opportunity—and also the endurance—we might listen to one orchestra after another, then hear our own, and finally rise in new, spontaneous and just admiration of it. Unfortunately, from this comparative point of view, other orchestras do not come often to Boston, and when they do this musically crowded town usually slights them. Now and then, however, a regular Symphony Concert, like that of Saturday night, or an occasional one, like that for the Pension Fund of the orchestra on Sunday, provides in itself this very point of reawakening and newly stimulating comparisons. After many years of neglect, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" was revived on Saturday night—triumphantly revived, indeed, to such reiterated and general applause as few purely orchestral pieces have gained at the concerts. The easy intelligibility of the music, its clear moods, varied picturing, frank, melodic charm, warmth of color and warmth of fancy plainly captivated the audience, relaxed for once in a way from the usual gravities and intensities of the concerts.

Now, Goldmark's music in the symphony—or the suite as the purists prefer to call it—happens to be very transparent and diversified music, that depends much for its insinuating charm upon the technical felicity with which it is performed. The march, the twelve variations and the finale that make the first movement are as so many mirrors of the different instrumental choirs; while Mozart's or Haydn's symphonies are not more luminous and exacting of the woodwinds than are Goldmark's "Bridal Song" and "Serenade." Each group of the strings has its turn in the ensuing love-scene, and in it Goldmark is as solicitous

118 and pictorial music and in all three aspects exacting music. Virtuosi must play the introduction of the weaving of the magic spell and virtuosi with a sense of mystery and magic as well as technical skill. On goes the music with the tonal and rhythmical picture of the broom turned water carrier and bringing a deluge upon the house. The mood and the expression of it are of brilliant and exuberant orchestral fantasy. The scherzo turns psychological, graphic of the fear that overwhelms the sorcerer's presumptuous servitor that dared the spell. The mood rises to that of Gargantuan fantasy. In stalks the mighty sorcerer, breaks the charm, jerks the broom back to its corner, and in the jerk the music and its brilliant magic ends. The piece must go like vivid improvisation on an orchestral scale, and it had players last night who could seemingly improvise it equally out of their technique and their imagination. It would be easy to quarrel with the music of Wotan's farewell to Brünnhilde, of the decking of her on her rocky bed, of the call to the fire god and the spitting and the gliding of the flame, of the solemn imprecation of the departing deity, and of the solitude of the sleeping Valkyr, when it is shifted from "Die Walküre" in the theatre to make a "Wagnerian excerpt" in the concert-room. From beginning to end, it is music that accompanies visible and specific action, and that makes as well the climax of a tragedy in which for three hours the listeners have shared. It would be easy also to quarrel with the pace at which Mr. Fiedler took it to the slurring of its breadths and intensities and culminations of tone. Yet the impression was less of them than of the gorgeous and the thrilling tonal splendor with which the orchestra clothed the whole, of the passion and the power of its eloquence. The din of the Valkyrs' ride followed, and it was a heroic and hurtling tumult. If only the curtain could have risen to such an introduction; but it never does—or does so seldom—here in Boston.

Mr. Hess, the concert master of the orchestra, and Mme. Samaroff, who has often appeared at its regular and its occasional concerts, had proffered their services for the Pension Fund—he to play Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and she Schumann's for piano. Once more, in Mr. Hess's playing was proof that with a discerning executant Mendelssohn's better music can give almost as much pleasure today as it did fifty years ago. Nowadays style is all things in the playing of Mendelssohn, and Mr. Hess is a discriminating master of style. The concerto is a little model of clarity; melodies, structure, development and ornament are limpid; the violin part is like a fine tonal strand laid upon the orchestral background or interwoven with it; the music runs with a subdued brilliance and a poised and quiet elegance that for once betray hardly a trace of the reflection that has wrought them. The concerto asks an equal poise, lucidity, grace and fineness in the virtuoso

that plays it. He has no occasion for his big and poignant tones. He must summon the pure and fine, the edgeless and flowing voice of the violin. He must lead that voice through the graceful melodies, the fanciful development and the light ornament of the first movement—it is "molto appassionato" only in Mendelssohn's affectionate imagination—through the gentle reverie of the Andante and the bright bravura of the finale. And in all this the tone must keep its fine brightness, its quality of a shimmering and shaded strand in the tonal web, its perfect elasticity. The technical mastery must have its unobtrusive but exquisite aptitude. There must be nothing too much and nothing too little in expression, while a poised elegance must glamor the whole. A slip, a blur, an over-emphasis or an under, and the music is like an accusing mirror. Old as the concerto is, it remains a criterion of some of the subtle and delicate perfections of violin playing. Mr. Hess lacked not one of them. Concert master and quartet leader though he may only seem in the crowded routine of our musical days, a rare virtuoso of the violin lives and works in Boston and now, seemingly, in the varied richness of his powers.

Mme. Samaroff is clearly ripening, and upon the side on which she most needed quickening. She has passed the stage in her progress when technical problems of execution need to preoccupy her, and she has won a tone that is her own in its crystalline quality of clear and rounded sound. Often heretofore it has been too cool, too detached from the more imaginative and emotional quality of the music it was bearing, too little susceptible to the reflections of mood, to the play of tonal color that its very clearness fitted it unusually to impart. Mme. Samaroff has always chosen her pace understandingly, and she has been alert to rhythm, but she has held to both, once they were chosen, too rigidly. She has needed a finer sensitiveness, and through it a more supple freedom. Her playing has been too much of the coolly comprehending and the securely poised Olga Samaroff, and too little of the dreaming or the impassioned composer who had written her music. Now it was quite impossible to Schumann to write a piano concerto in the ordinary sense of the word as a formal and a displaying piece. He might nurse the purpose in the abstract, but once set to work he was bound to become Schumann, the romantic visionary, all a-tremble with moods and fancies, all aglow with images of melancholy or passionate imagining, that strove in him for songful expression. And in the Concerto he had the voice of the piano, with which he had often worked his will, to aid him with the orchestra that usually balked him. With the piano he could sing above and with the orchestra, such a song of mounting and thrilling intensity as the slow movement. He could keep its voice singing with the changing accent of his changing moods through the finale. He could forget the business of a concerto as

and imaginative with his horns as Brahms himself. Very eminent singers say that few tasks are so arduous as to sing into phonographs, because they record with minute and relentless exactitude what they receive. Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," light though it be, as symphonic music goes, is as relentless in its insistence upon technical felicity and its revelation of technical shortcoming. It sets the players no mere difficulties in skill, executant as Strauss's "Zarathustra" or d'Indy's symphony is difficult. Anybody, so to say, can play his part in "The Rustic Wedding" as so many notes. The real difficulty is to gain the varied loveliness or the clear incisiveness of tone, the unfailing euphony of the different choirs and of different instruments particularized for the moment, the delicate suffusions and the delicate contrasts of the instrumental coloring, the rhythmic variety and aptness, the pleasant mood of quickly coming fancies that animate the whole. The orchestra on Saturday night missed not one of these qualities, summoning and enhancing them all. Mere technical skill had its perfect work; Mr. Fiedler's conducting, especially in its choice of pace and nicety of accent, served the music well; but to both the men of the orchestra added the discriminating felicity in quality and euphony of tone, the sensitiveness not merely to general mood and design but to particular melody or phrase or figure that are their distinctions in their kind. They played equally as imagining composers and executing virtuosos.

The concert proceeded with Saint-Saëns's concerto for violin and orchestra in B minor, and the omniscient programme book cited Dr. Neitzel on the "sombre determination" and the "stormy passion" of the music. The good doctor, who at the Symphony Concerts two or three years ago reduced one of Beethoven's piano concertos to dry bones disposed in mathematical patterns, believes that all music is, or ought to be, heavily, thoughtfully, resolutely German. He will have none of a concerto written as an adroit, elegant and fanciful exercise for violin and orchestra. He has Ysaye on his side with this concerto of Saint-Saëns, and the violinist used to inflate it to his big and strenuous tones. Elman, in his turn, cannot help setting the hot fire of his youth darting through Saint-Saëns's polished middle-aged manners. Mr. Noack of the orchestra, who played the solo part on Saturday, took the other view. His tone is exquisite in its fineness, a delicate arabesque of sound, all half-tints in its shadings, all little curves and figures in its suppleness. He had indeed a truly Sarasatean finesse of execution and sensitiveness to the lightest subtleties of tone. He was bound, therefore, to take the concerto on its graceful, adroit and lyric side. The conductor and the orchestra dutifully accepted his view, and the delicate lightness and elegance of tone with which they wove the background, the symme-

try which they gave to the whole, and the fashion in which they answered Mr. Noack's subtleties of shading with equal subtleties of their own, was a feat of finesse that scarcely a band, the world over, could match. And then, in a moment, they were off in the bold orchestral clamors, the broad, high instrumental colors, the slashing rhythms, the empty sturm und drang of Sinding's "Rondo Infinito." They filled it at least with sonorous and vitalizing sound.

119 Thought of all this came readily and regretfully at the concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra last night, when the audience, fine as it was in quality, no more than half filled Symphony Hall. The orchestra gives so much and asks so little. It is so preeminently a body of concrete and present achievements of the very first order in their kind. It is so plain that its men make it, as well as its conductor and founder and manager. It is the chief artistic attribute of Boston, the one artistic glory in which we can match the world, prove that we cherish the best, bid the world applaud us and find it responding gladly. If we have become too accustomed to the Symphony Orchestra, the outside world knows at least that it is rare and precious and splendid—a possession to stir whatever artistic and musical blood may run in us. Twice a year its men ask a very little time and a very little money of us, and give as much pleasure in return as though the Pension Fund were not in question at all. They have asked a little more urgently of late, because the fund is beginning to fulfil its purpose and the demands upon it increase. The response, last night, did us small honor, but there was no abating of the pleasure that immediately requited us. The men scanned the house with a touch of chagrin, but in their playing was no hint of their disappointment.

Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," began the programme—a piece of sheer lyric exultation in the long breaths, the heady odors, the kindling sights and sounds of the spring. The rebirth of the world set Schumann's blood a-humming, and he sang spontaneously through a whole symphony of the spring. It kindled Goldmark, and as spontaneously he unleashed his imagination in the pulsing, mounting melodies, the glow of instrumental color, the exuberant dots and dashes of adorning sound that fill the overture. It is instrumental bravura, but rapturous and songful, as all bravura ought to be, and it came stirringly so from Mr. Fiedler and his men. They passed to Dukas's scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"—brilliant music, narrative a vehicle and make its first movement richly lyrical and impassioned song. His is the songful concerto, because Schumann, no matter what the form, cannot help being the romantic singer. Last night, Mme. Samaroff, as never before here, was the dreaming and feeling singer too. Her tone was as crystalline as ever; but instead of its cool and steady glitter, came varied coloring and diverse reflection of the endlessly sensitive Schumann. Even in the

Concerto he is not quite articulate and the orchestra does cumber him, as it does in his symphonies. He needs all the aid that the pianist can give him in gradations of pace, in variety of accent. Again as never before here, Mme. Samaroff clarified, diversified and moulded the music divinely and by every token the responsive imagination, the illuminating feeling, the sensitiveness to design that have been lacking in her playing are beginning to quicken it. The more the pity, then, that she whose absorbed simplicity used to commend her to the eye now cultivates tricks of manner with hands and head. Before long, unless she subdues them, the mocking cynics will call them her affectations.

H. T. P.



MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

D'INDY,

SYMPHONY in B flat, No. 2, op. 57

- I. Extrêmement lent: Très vif
- II. Modérément lent
- III. Modéré; Très animé
- IV. Introduction; Fugue et Finale
(By request)

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "Jetz, Vitellia!" and RONDO "Nie soll mit Rozen" from the Opera "Titus"

HANDEL,

CONCERTO for OBOE and STRING ORCHESTRA

- I. Grave
- II. Allegro
- III. Sarabande
- IV. Allegro

GOUNOD,

Stanzas of Sappho from the Opera, "Sappho"

WAGNER.

HULDIGUNG'S MARCH

Soloists:

Mme. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

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There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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The Symphony Concert

As already noted, Mr. d'Indy's symphony, for the second time within a month made the first part of the Symphony Concert of yesterday. The second, rather unusually, fell to "soloists," with only Wagner's sumptuously sonorous "Huldigungsmarsch" for a purely orchestral, or perhaps a purely band-like piece. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the singer and Mr. Longy the virtuoso. Between them, he and Mr. Fiedler had chosen one of Händel's concertos for oboe with a light string accompaniment that the doubting conductor had reinforced with a piano. It disclosed the oboe as an individual voice for the first time—it is safe to say—to many that heard it. The music and the virtuoso alike revealed to them the plaintive sweetness that is one of its voices and the peculiar pungency that is the other. Of the rare skill that the instrument demands, when it makes play with Händel's little decorative figures, when it follows the flowing line of his music, when it sings the gentle and suave melody of his Sarabande and accents it with its own voice, when it answers the strings or sustains itself against them, there was little visible or audible hint in the ease and the completeness of Mr. Longy's artistry. He was playing one of the most difficult of instruments with a very unusual finesse and with a still more unusual expressive quality. He was accomplishing a feat of execution and accomplishing it with the higher and the more evasive qualities. He deserved his applause; he deserved a fuller understanding behind it of what he had done. Mme. Schumann-Heink is indeed in the richness of her prime. She declaimed the long recitative that preceded her air from Mozart's "Titus" with a just magnificence of tone and a just largeness of feeling. She passed to the air, and she was the accomplished singer of coloratura music, who could match the mingled richness and suppleness of her tones against those, even, of Mr. Grisez's clarinet. She went on with the "stanzas" from Gounod's "Sappho," in which the poetess craves the refuge of the sea and of oblivion from the world and the passions that have distraught her. And again, Mme. Schumann-Heink was singing with a shadowed magnificence of tone, and deep and melancholy emotion that were only the more absorbing, the more poignant for the mastery of song that gave them life and power, and that ordered them to their ends with a simplicity and security that are the crown of a matured skill, understanding and feeling.

H. T. P.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

Trans. Dec 4 '09
"FAUST" AND A SYMPHONY
CONCERT

D'Indy's Second Symphony and Gounod's Opera for Extremes of French Music—Mr. Goodrich's New Talents as an Operatic Conductor—The Opera Orchestra in a New Light—Mr. Nivette's Mephistopheles for the Other Saving Grace of a Rather Tame Performance of "Faust"—Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Longy at the Symphony Concert

With d'Indy's second symphony for the chief piece at the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon, and with Gounod's "Faust" for the first time at the opera house in the evening, two extremes of French music met in Boston yesterday. By common consent the symphony is the highest achievement, thus far, of the newer French composers, and little by little it is making its way to the understanding and the appreciation of those that hear it. Twice under Mr. Gericke, twice under Mr. d'Indy himself, and now three times under Mr. Fiedler, it has been performed in Boston, and the repetition of yesterday, like that of tonight, was due to genuine and, as such things go, widespread request. "Faust," on the other hand, is one of the most familiar of operas. For fifty years it has held the stage, gone up and down the world, and been performed by all sorts and conditions of singers from "ideal casts" to pupils and amateurs. Yet, well done, it still keeps its vitality, because, like d'Indy's symphony, it is a masterpiece in its kind. In none of the new French music has Mr. Fiedler shown such keenness of sympathetic understanding as in this symphony; his men seconded him to the utmost, and the performance yesterday was notable for the clothing of the music with the mingled reflection and passion that stir in it.

REPEATS D'INDY'S NOBLE SYMPHONY

Orchestra at Eighth Public Rehearsal Gives Great Work Again by Request—Mr. Longy Plays Oboe Solo.

Dec 4, 1909
SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS
WITH SURPASSING ART

BY PHILIP HALE

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Georges Longy were the soloists. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B-flat major, No. 2, D'Indy
Recitative and aria of Vitellia, Mozart
Concerto for oboe and strings, Händel
Stanzas of Sappho, Gounod
March of Homage, Wagner

D'Indy's symphony was repeated "by request," and I understand that the request was made by many. That there was a desire on the part of many to hear the symphony again this season and soon after the performance on the 6th of last month is a cheering sign. It looks as though this noble work, one of the few wholly great symphonies in the literature of music, were at last appreciated in the city where five years ago it was received by the great majority with indifference and by some with an amusing show of what might be called personal resentment.

The Herald spoke at length concerning the symphony so short a time ago that it is not now necessary to give a detailed description of the music of the performance. Yet a word may be allowed with reference to the charge brought by some against it as lacking "melody." Vernon Blackburn once said that a tune was an over-ripe melody. There are no "tunes" in this symphony, which is full of melodic beauty. The same charge was in turn brought against Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Wagner.

They that swoon in ecstasy, hearing the sugary and obvious tunes in Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," will not find melodies in d'Indy's symphony, and it

would be foolish to ask from them any appreciation of the superb architecture and the equally superb workmanship, or to expect them to recognize the purity and the sublimity of the musical thought or the power and beauty of the emotional expression. Yet repeated hearings will open ears and quicken minds. This symphony is the great achievement in absolute music of the ultra-modern French school, and in Germany to find a symphony that may be placed justly by its side, we must go back to the Beethoven of the fifth and the ninth. The symphony of Cesar Franck is on a little lower plane, to be classed with the first and third of Brahms, Schumann's in D minor, and Schubert's in C major.

The performance was an engrossing one, often impressive, often brilliant. The choral in the apotheosis would have been more magnificently triumphal if it had been taken at a little slower pace. The effect of this section, as Mr. d'Indy conducted it when he visited Boston, was overwhelming. The choral was then, as it were, a new song before the throne, the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder. And they that know Vincent d'Indy, his manner of thought, his serene faith in his church, find in the two chief themes warring in this symphony.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in Italian the recitative and aria of Vitellia from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." The opera was written to order, and hurriedly, when Mozart was a sick man. It was a return to the old-fashioned Italian opera, and the parts of Sextus and Annus, the lovers, were written for women and acted by them. And yet this opera came after "Don Giovanni," and only a few days before the performance of "The Magic Flute"! Mozart was never a revolutionary. It was to his glory that he perfected the old form of opera and carried it as far as it could go, as in "Don Giovanni." The air sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink is an excellent example of the old-fashioned "grand air," and it is interesting today chiefly as the opportunity for a display of pure vocal art. The aria demands a singer of a generous compass, with tones broad and full enough for stately declamation and flexible enough for mastery of coloratura, and also with a knowledge of the essential elements of what is loosely described as the "grand style."

Mme. Schumann-Heink's performance was admirable in every way, in natural richness of tones, in varied and intelligent declamation, in beauty of sustained song and in the ease and effectiveness with which she treated florid measures and those of less brilliant ornamentation. The recitative and aria as she sang them were as a cantata in which various emotions were eloquently expressed. Nor did this justly celebrated opera singer overstep the boundary line that separates an operatic from a concert performance.

The same might be said of her singing of the stanzas from Gounod's "Sappho," which are too often sung in a swollen and bombastic vein in the effort to ex-

press "passion"; but these stanzas are not charged with passion, and Mme. Schumann-Heink, realizing this, voiced Sappho's sadness and the regret that was neither wild nor explosive, but sombre, hopeless. "O Death in Life, the days that are no more." Then after this lament, there was the plunge to eternal sleep beneath the waves. In Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing of Gounod's music there was haunting tonal charm, subdued intensity, artistic simplicity, the steadily increasing force of expression that leads inevitably to the climax—qualities that make a performance memorable. She was applauded warmly and recalled several times.

Mr. Longy, the distinguished first oboe of the orchestra, the musician who, as oboist, has enlarged the fame of this orchestra and as conductor has introduced many orchestral and chamber works in Boston, was welcomed heartily and also warmly applauded. It was his first appearance as a soloist at these concerts, nor has an oboe set solo been played at them. I believe, since Mr. Sautet played Handel's Concerto early in 1888. There was a time when concertos and other pieces for clarinet, bassoon, flute, oboe, or trombone, were heard in concerts that were then of the highest class; but that time has gone by, and audiences in Paris are impatient even of concertos for piano or violin in a symphony concert. Yet it seems as though distinguished virtuosos in the wind choir of an orchestra should have a right to be heard as soloists.

The late Charles Mole played a symphonic poem for flute at a Symphony concert in the fall of 1894, and the dignity of the concert was not impaired. Mr. Longy's art has long been recognized in Boston, as it was in Paris. It is enough to say that he played the Concerto of Handel, with its old-fashioned melodic figures, its formal decorative passages, its exquisite tenderness in the sarabande, as he alone can play; and he showed the simplicity, the modesty of the true artist.

The orchestra will make its second trip next week. The program of the concerts the 17th and 18th will be as follows: Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead" (symphonic poem after Boecklin's picture), conducted by the composer; Rachmaninoff's piano concerto No. 2, C minor, played by the composer; Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The Symphony Concert

As already noted, Mr. d'Indy's symphony, for the second time within a month made the first part of the Symphony Concert of yesterday. The second, rather unusually, fell to "soloists," with only Wagner's sumptuously sonorous "Huldigungsmare!" for a purely orchestral, or perhaps a purely band-like piece. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the singer and Mr. Longy the virtuoso. Between them, he and Mr. Fiedler had chose one of Händel's concertos for oboe with a light string accompaniment that the doubting conductor had reinforced with a piano. It disclosed the oboe as an individual voice for the first time—it is safe to say—to many that heard it. The music and the virtuoso alike revealed to their plaintive sweetness that is one of its voices and the peculiar pungency that is the other. Of the rare skill that the instrument demands, when it makes play with Händel's little decorative figures, when it follows the flowing tone of his music, when it sings the gentle and suave melody of his Sarabande and accents it with its own voice, when it answers the strings or sustains itself against them, there was little visible or audible, but in the ease and the completeness of Mr. Longy's artistry. He was playing one of the most difficult of instruments; with a very unusual finesse and with a still more unusual expressive quality. He was accomplishing a feat of execution and accomplishing with the higher and the more evasive qualities. He deserved his applause; he deserved a fuller understanding behind it of what he had done. Mme. Schumann-Heink is indeed in the richness of her prime. She disclaimed the long recitative that preceded her air from Mozart's "Titus" with a just magnificence of tone and a just largeness of feeling. She passed to the air, and she was the accomplished singer of colorature music, who could match the mingled richness and suppleness of her tones against those, even, of Mr. Grizeg's clarinet. She went on with the "stanzas" from Gounod's "Sappho," in which the poetess craves the refuge of the sea and of oblivion from the world and the passions that have distraught her. And again, Mme. Schumann-Heink was singing with a shadowed magnificence of tone, in deep and melancholy emotion that were only the more absorbing, the more poignant for the wasting of song that gave them life and power, and that ordered them to their ends with a simplicity and security that are the crown of a matured skill, understanding and feeling.

H. T. P.

The Listener

Trans. — Nov. 13, 1909

Director Russell of the opera reveals, in an interview, that he has gone up and down Europe for his stock company, and proposes to keep on doing so year by year. He has his eye on the promising young people at the various conservatories, just as a professional florist keeps tabs on the orchids coming on in various nurseries, all over the world. Occasionally a Hindoo in Ghazipoor, or a South American Indian in Brazil or Venezuela will come across a new orchid—some "sport" of wonderful variety of forms or striping or color, in the forest, and that is so much the better, or as the slang of the stock exchange goes "all to the good." What corresponds to that in the operative market is that a new Jenny Lind has been discovered among the peasantry, or a new Nilsson rescued from the streets, or a new Caruso enlisted out of the market stalls.

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But the steady production of the schools is about as regular and staple an article of international exchange as the wool and wheat and steel and copper of the year's output. What Mr. Russell has been doing for the Boston opera, others have for years been doing for the opera houses of Europe, and doing it here in America without our special notice. We have only just begun to learn that detail, as we approach in Boston, at last, this stage of evolution in art-appreciation where we demand opera by the season, all the operas as they appear, and the whole of an opera evenly rendered and not a series of virtually solo performances by great stars crammed into a week or two. So the European entrepreneurs of opera have been allowed for generations to take their pick of American-born vocalists as they came along—the Patis, and Adelaide Phillippes, and Nordicas and Geraldine Farrars and Mary Gardens, compensating them and us, in a way, for this expatriation, by giving them the authoritative stamp and rank of great artists—which it is not for us to give—before we make their public acquaintance at all. Such are the tribute, the penalty and the sacrifice provincial ignorance is laid under to connoisseurship. And yet there are many among us yet who do not mind confessing that opera without "stars," with published phenomenal salaries, is not opera at all.

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That musical gifts and attainments of the first class are still mainly exotic in this community is shown by the personnel of the Symphony Orchestra; the Americans in it are so emphatically exceptions that their presence only proves the rule. Even an eighty-million population gets America no further along to-

wards a musical growth and native production springing out of the soil and people than the generations of our grandfathers were, with their Handel and Haydn Society, and Mendelssohn Quintette in Boston and their Philharmonic Orchestra and Mason Quartette in New York. One would think that the enormous money stakes—if there were no other spring of American activity than the commercial one to be touched effectively—rewarding the distinguished successes in music might have promoted a larger development than yet exists.

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As shown by the variegated nationality of our best musicians, a man (or woman) with the standing of virtuoso in either vocal or instrumental music, may make the rounds of the world as securely as though his pockets were filled (and they pretty generally will be) with the solid and handsome British gold pieces which certify sure enough wealth from pole to pole and open all doors. The new opera company draws upon every country of Europe, as does the Symphony Orchestra. The Kneisel Quartette represents the Near-East in its leader, who is a Roumanian, the Slavonian province of Austria, and Holland. Mr. Roentgen, the second violin—a nephew of the discoverer of the Roentgen Ray—and Mr. Willeke, the brilliant new 'cellist (with the record of first 'cellist of the Vienna Opera, though he is still under thirty), are both Dutch. The internationalism of art is one of its greatest glories, transcending the local patriotism and petty politics and the prejudices and passions of nations as it does their languages, with broader ideas and a universal language of its own.

SOLOISTS SHOW RARE ARTISTRY

Nov. 13, 1909
Mme Schumann-Heink
and Longy Appear.

Both Singer and Oboist Given
Appreciative Reception.

D'Indy Symphony Repeated

at the Rehearsal.

Two soloists, supreme in their respective forms of expression, gave distinction to the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. It is an occasion worthy of note which combines upon the same program the artistry of Mme Schumann-Heink and of our eminent oboist, Georges Longy. Both represent attainment which is notable in our time.

Mr Longy's is, of course, the more restricted and limited sphere. The greater credit is therefore due him for the assiduity with which he has cultivated the oboe, for the large degree in which his name and services have contributed toward the success and prestige of our orchestra and for the pleasure and profit which the music-lovers of Boston have derived from the unique and admirable club of wind-instrument players which was organized by him and bears his name.

Mme Schumann-Heink was apparently in the fullest possession yesterday afternoon of the large and responsive resource of her voice. She sang the recitative and rondo from the opera "Titus." This is the work that called Mozart, then an ailing man, to Prague to produce it (Dec. 1791) before he returned to resume the "Requiem" which death left unfinished.

Sung With Splendid Zest.

To write a melody so full of the suave and gracious optimism which characterized his style, while sensing the approach of the melancholy which was to envelop him, seems a strange antithesis in nature. Mme Schumann-Heink sang the recitative with splendid zest and authority. To the rondo she brought the beauty of tone, the clear delivery of the graceful phrase, the delicacy of adroitly controlled soft and medium voice and the vibrant timbre of fullest notes which mark her the rarely skilled singer.

In Gounod's tragic lines from his opera "Sapho," Mme Schumann-Heink was another artist. There beauty of tone was no longer the chief end in view. Often her tone was deeply significant precisely because it lacked sensuous beauty, as particularly in the concluding verses of both stanzas, where the grave, sonorous lower notes of her voice are employed. Here in the final lament of the disprized and disconsolate Sapho, the singer, with consummate mastery, imparted to her tones a ghastly menace denoting the abandon of desolation. No singer comes to our stage or concert rooms who more clearly or to greater pleasure evinces her sincere womanliness and musicianship.

Limitations Well-Nigh Conquered.

For his solo number Mr Longy had chosen Handel's concerto for oboe and string orchestra. The oboe does not invite nor permit a wide latitude in

scope and style of execution. Its largest charm and efficacy lies in the invaluable tone color with which it provides the composer's palette in the portraiture of naive, tender or pastoral moods. Than its voice in the orchestra when poor or mediocre, what is more banal?

When played with the exquisite sympathy and purity which characterize Mr Longy's style, it is highly expressive and delightful. With such beauty of phrase and of tone did Mr Longy play yesterday afternoon. Yet, not even his artistry can conceal the oboe's limitations as a solo instrument.

D'Indy's Symphony Clearer.

The chief orchestral number was the d'Indy B-flat major symphony, repeated by request. The perspective of this music grows more clear at this second hearing under Mr Fiedler's illuminating reading, which has followed so soon upon the first.

The mooted contention of a "program" or "no program" for music which would have emotional significance is still to be heard in the land. If from either it has suffered because of enforced activity rather than idleness. It is not necessary that to have appeal to imagery or emotion music should either spell out descriptive symbols or signs with alphabetical exactness or should be constructed along architectural lines of traditional sympathy or consonance.

There is no denying that the d'Indy symphony struggles, gropes, despairs, contests, falls vanquished, spurs onward, satirizes, rebels and blasphemes through the course of three movements which defy the euphonist to praise the sounds which they provoke.

It is equally obvious, after the sordidness and stress of materialism which has preceded, that truth and beauty triumph all the more gloriously in the pean of apotheosis proclaimed by the brasses in the last movement. This is the just, the inevitable, the superbly crowning conclusion of Mr d'Indy's philosophy—perhaps his own psychology, for sometimes a man writes out of his own life.

Much was due the purity and virile brilliance of Mr Kloeppel's trumpet for the transporting power of this culmination yesterday afternoon. It sang in heights with a fine, white fire in its tone and a sweep in its phrase which thrilled. Wagner's "March of Homage" resolutely concluded another brilliant concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the eighth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall had exceptional interest on account of the appearances of Georges Longy, the first oboist of the orchestra, and Mme. Schumann-Heink as soloists, and the repetition of D'Indy's colossal symphony in B flat. Mr. Longy played a virtuosic piece written by Handel in 1703, a concerto for oboe and strings. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the "Vitelilia" aria of Mozart and the stanzas from Gounod's "Sapho," "O Ma Lyre Immortelle." The advertisement by Wagner, the "Huldigung's March," brought the end.

Those destined for the "rush" seats in the upper gallery had been in their places on the steps and the street outside since 9 a. m.

D'Indy's symphony is an extreme work, extreme in its altitude and its musical speech. It is of proportions seldom conceived and still more rarely executed.

Such an achievement defies description in terms of praise, but at least we may laud the master hand that moulded the material so wisely and with such foresight, that combined this material in a structure that will surely long defy the ravages of time.

The rhythms in themselves have a significance of proportion and design sufficient to offer the thoughtful student an almost unending field of study. In his harmonies D'Indy is to the conservatives as a rampaging devil, yet beauty does not glow, but burns with a white, blinding heat in these pages. It exalts the soul and it is gloriously remote from a sensuous and neurotic age.

Let the imagination wander as it will. It will not reach the boundaries of this fourth dimension. The powerful opening movement contains all the elements of the whole, and here the personal note is most to be felt; but there is speedy release for yet higher flights, and in the extraordinary movement that precedes the finale and the finale itself, D'Indy is the artist supreme, who creates, not out of, but outside of himself, something higher than is his by the grosser rights of heredity, something that we grope for but do not name.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has long endeared herself to the public by her fervor and her sincerity. There was an occasional passage of rare beauty and there were the characteristic guttural emissions, the large and amiable curve of many phrases, reminding one of an automobile "skidding" swiftly around a corner. Mme. Schumann-Heink interpreted the stanzas of the unfortunate Sapho, a Gallic enough individual, according to Gounod, with breadth and enthusiasm. She is a big-hearted woman and she was much applauded.

The opportunity is too rare of listening to Mr. Longy's incomparable art. It mattered little whether the concerto of Handel was or was not one of the striking works of that composer. It would be a joy and a profit to hear Mr. Longy intone the sacred strains of "Sweet Nellie Gray" or "The Wearing of the Green." Technical description of his performance would be as impossible as unnecessary from a reviewer totally unacquainted with his instrument. When a performance reaches such a plane it speaks for itself, and it requires no particular comment to heighten the impression. It was a pity that there was so little of the concerto, for one could have listened indefinitely to such perfectly clean, expressive playing and such all-accomplishing musicianship.

Handel's piece is not a great one, though the measures of the Sarabande are more than pleasing, but any melodic line—and at least these phrases are clear of dross—would be an inspiration as heard yesterday. No wonder that the audience made known its approval.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, greatest of the contraltos whom Bostonians have heard in recent times, and Georges Longy, first oboist of the Symphony Orchestra, a musician who has done much to keep Boston in the van of musical centers, were the soloists at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal.

The renowned German-American singer was heard in a recitative and air—"Never shall Hymen adorn my life's path with roses"—from Mozart's "Titus," which she sang in Italian; and later she sang Sapho's dramatic aria, "O ma lyre immortelle," from Gounod's "Sapho." Her singing delighted the big audience. Mr. Longy appeared as soloist in the Handel concerto for oboe and string orchestra, and he, too, gave a great deal of pleasure.

The orchestral feature of the afternoon was the repetition of d'Indy's second symphony, which was played a month ago. It was repeated by request. It is a work that must keenly interest even those whom the new music does not strongly impress. The taste for caviare and d'Indy is yet to be acquired by many. Wagner's "March of Homage" was the closing number of one of the most attractive programs Mr. Fiedler has ever prepared. The playing of the orchestra was admirable throughout the rehearsal.

Next week the orchestra is away on its second trip to the South. It will return Dec. 14. The program for the public rehearsal of Dec. 17 and the concert of Dec. 18 will present in the three-fold capacity of composer, conductor and piano soloist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, who made such a favorable impression at his recital here a few weeks ago. He will conduct his own new symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," and will play his second concerto in C minor, evening Dec. 19 and Monday evening, Dec. 20.



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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

TRAGIC OVERTURE, op. 81

RACHMANINOFF,

"The Island of the Dead," SYMPHONIC POEM for
FULL ORCHESTRA, to the picture by A. Böcklin,
op. 29.
(First time in Boston)
(Conducted by the Composer)

RACHMANINOFF,

SECOND CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE with
ORCHESTRA, op. 18
I. Moderato.
II. Adagio sostenuto.
III. Allegro scherzando.
(First time in Boston)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Soloist:

Mr. SERGEI RACHMANINOFF.

Mason and Hamlin Pianoforte



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SERGE RACHMANINOFF.

He will appear in Boston as soloist in his own piano concerto and as conductor of his own symphonic poem.

SERGE RACHMANINOFF
Drum: Dec 16, 1909
RUSSIAN COMPOSER, PIANIST AND CONDUCTOR

His Coming, This Week, in His Threefold Aspect to the Symphony Concerts—His Comparative Youth and His Career in Russia and Germany—The Piano and the Orchestral Music That He Has Written—His Ventures Into Opera—The Concerto and the New Tone-Poem to Be Played Here—Rachmaninoff's Indifference to Ultra-Modern Tendencies

BY EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

For some weeks past Serge Rachmaninoff, the latest European composer to visit our shores, has been appearing as pianist and conductor in the concerts of our leading orchestras. Thus, he was soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its tour in November; he played his third concerto for a first performance anywhere with the New York Symphony Society; he conducted his latest orchestral work in Chicago, and he has played and conducted in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Toronto. Received with enthusiasm everywhere as befits an honored guest, he has made the impression of a pianist of great if not supreme gifts, a conductor of marked ability, and a composer of indubitable talents who takes a serious and dignified attitude towards his art. Although he has already made his Boston debut in recital, he will doubtless show his calibre as an artist still more effectively at the Symphony Concerts of Dec. 17 and 18, when he will play his second concerto and conduct his latest orchestral work, "The Isle of the Dead." In consequence a review of his career comes as a justifiable preface to his appearances on Friday and Saturday.

The Record of His Career

Russia, forever seething with revolution politically, maintaining reactionary philosophical ideas, as in the writings of Tolstol, affording a rich treasure to native composers, at least in the legendary poems of Lermontoff, Pushkin and Gogol, turns often, in spite of the intensely nationalistic composers of the "Invincible Band," Balakireff, Cui, Moussorgski, Borodine and Rimsky-Korsakoff, to the traditional in musical speech. Today the conservatives are headed by Glazounoff chiefly on account of his age and his prolific achievement. But close behind, and for many reasons of greater significance, are already two younger men, Scriabine and Rachmaninoff. Of these two, Rachmaninoff is the more consistent,

and the more representative. His most striking qualities are his ready acceptance of traditional form and musical speech as represented by Tschalkowsky, and his solid versatility, which is entirely free from the reproach usually associated with expansive manifestation of ability. For he has made concert tours as pianist in Germany, to Vienna, Paris, London, besides his native Russia and the present trip to America. As a conductor he has confined his efforts chiefly to directing performances of his own works, although beginning in 1904 he acted as first conductor at the Imperial Opera House in Moscow for two years. In composition he has tried impartially orchestral music, piano music in large and small forms, chamber music, songs, the cantata and opera. Born in 1873, he was trained first at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, then at the similar institution in Moscow, where he studied the piano with his cousin, Alexander Siloti. Tanéieff and Arensky were his teachers in theory, and before he was twenty he had won a gold medal for composition. At present he holds the position of musical inspector throughout Russia by special appointment of the czar, the highest existing official musical position in his native country. Some estimation of the consideration in which he is held in Germany may be derived from the fact that he is engaged to conduct his second symphony, Op. 27, and to play his second concerto, Op. 18, at a forthcoming festival in London directed by Hans Richter next October, to celebrate the centenary of Schumann's birth.

The Piano Music

Rachmaninoff was first known in this country as a composer of piano music, for Siloti played his famous prelude in C-sharp minor and the Waltz Op. 10 at his recitals in 1898-99. Characteristic short pieces are to be found in the sets Opp. 3, 6 and 10; and two suites for two pianos Op. 5 and Op. 17 are pieces for which the composer manifests an especial predilection. Among others of his piano pieces of more than ordinary interest are the Musical Moments Op. 16, a set of variations on Chopin's C-minor prelude, Op. 22, ten preludes Op. 23, and finally a sonata Op. 28, in D-minor. Rachmaninoff's piano style is not revolutionary, he does not attempt the subtle type of programme-music in which Debussy has treated subjects of fanciful delicacy and picturesqueness such as "An Evening in Grenada," "Gardens in the Rain," or "Goldfishes." It is wholesome and straightforward, frank in its musical message, admirably polished and fluent, but content withal with a traditional treatment of the piano. In short he is a believer in "absolute" music, in the impression resulting from the development of musical ideas apart from the extrinsic power of the imagination. Yet the idiom of his piano style is far removed from the commonplace. Within its limits, it is often difficult, but never ineffective. His prodigious ease and flexibility of resource testify alike to

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the thoroughness of the composer's training as well as to his faculty for invention. His technical figures are novel and varied, while his harmonic combinations are original without being bizarre. His most mature work for the piano is the sonata Op. 28, which actually has a programme back of it, although with characteristic reticence this does not appear in the published music. His inmost intention was to present the chief characters in Goethe's "Faust" in their individual traits as Liszt has done in his "Faust" symphony. With the clue that the separate movements might be entitled "Faust" "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles," it is not difficult to discover dramatic characterization in the subdued and yearning themes of the first movement, the feminine gentleness of the second, and the sardonic and sinister picturings of the forces of evil in the finale.

Foremost in the list of his chamber music is the Elegiac Trio, op. 9 (1893), composed in memory of Tschalkowsky, whom Rachmaninoff reveres as artist and man. In this trio the mood of poignant and sincere elegy is maintained throughout, but there is a tendency on the part of the piano to assume the lion's share in giving out and developing the thematic material without due regard for the stringed instruments. In form, also, the work departs somewhat from the classic standpoint, but the felicitous return of the opening mood of plangent despair, suggests that the composer may have had Tschalkowsky's Trio in memory of Nicholas Rubinstein in mind, although the actual musical substance is far different.

As a pianist, Rachmaninoff has naturally written for his instrument in combination with the orchestra. His first concerto, op. 1 in F-sharp minor, dedicated to Slioti, was played by Carlo Buonamicl at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dec 17, 1904, and later in the same season at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. It is frankly a virtuoso work, characterized by brilliant and effective passages for piano. In the second concerto, op. 18, in C minor, which he will play here on Friday and Saturday, the composer has sought to equalize the balance between the piano and orchestra. In the first movement the piano frequently plays accompaniment passages while the orchestra gives out the themes and overdevelops them. In the slow movement, the flute, clarinet and bassoons have frequent solos, in which the piano is chief accompanist, and only occasionally rises to assert its rights as melodic interpreter. In the finale, the interest is about evenly divided, although the piano comes to the fore with brilliant passages and a striking cadenza towards the close. The second concerto, which has already been played here by Gabrilowitsch and Miss Tina Lerner, is conspicuous for its solidity of structure, its musical lifeness, and for its notable originality and force, although on conservative lines. Of the third concerto,

which received its initial performance with the composer as soloist at a concert of the New York Symphony Society, Nov. 28, reports would indicate that it is similar in style to the second concerto, although more melancholy and subdued in mood. The customary slow movement is replaced by a lighter intermezzo, as in Schumann's piano concerto. The prevailing impression appears to be that the third concerto is a work of technical and expressive maturity, if somewhat austere.

Songs and Operas

If Rachmaninoff has a surprising number of instrumental works to his credit, considering his relative youth, he has also devoted himself markedly to vocal music. Among pieces of this class are six choruses for women's voices Op. 15; a humorous chorus for mixed voices; two cantatas "Spring" for chorus, baritone solo and orchestra Op. 15; and "The Avaricious Knight," Op. 20, words by Pushkin. He has also composed upwards of fifty songs (Opp. 4, 8, 14, 21 and 26), which show to a marked degree his ability to create and differentiate genuinely lyric words. Of these, the song Op. 14, No. 11, entitled "Spring Approaches," is worthy of more attention from singers on account of its spontaneous enthusiasm. In Op. 14 and 21 are at least ten songs which would repay study and performance by those interested in Russian music. The song Op. 21, No. 1, entitled "Fate," is ingenious in that it employs with various rhythmic and harmonic devices the opening theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, of which Beethoven himself said, "Thus Fate knocks at the door."

Rachmaninoff has also attempted the dramatic forms. His opera, "Aleko," after Puskin, was sung at the Imperial Opera House in Moscow as early as 1892. Another opera by him, with a subject of unusual romantic tinge, is "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 25, founded on episodes in Dante's "Inferno," the words by Modest Tschalkowsky, whose biography of his brother is a classic in Mrs. Newmarch's edition. In "Francesca da Rimini," to judge by the piano score, we find a style of a definitely romantic type, dramatic within somewhat conventional limits, yet attaining a conspicuous individuality, notwithstanding a noteworthy innovation is the use of choruses behind the scenes, singing with closed lips. This is perhaps a familiar effect upon the concert stage, but heard from behind the scenes it serves to deepen the mystery and tragedy of the story of these historic lovers. In the second act of "Madama Butterfly," Puccini has used similar means to similar ends.

The Orchestral Pieces

If Rachmaninoff's contributions to orchestral literature have not been many, most of them are representative of his music at its best. First of all comes the Fantasia "The Cliff," after Lermontoff, performed by the Russian Symphony Society

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in New York, Jan. 28, 1904, and again March 11, 1905. It was greeted with acclaim by certain New York critics, and justly so, for while relatively simple as orchestral works go nowadays, it has conspicuously imagination, picturesque suggestion and poetic color in its orchestral style, besides an intrinsic musical interest. It attracts alike by its unobtrusive yet rare workmanship, and the beauty and significance of its ideas. A "Gypsy Caprice," Op. 12, pleases more by the vitality and buoyancy of its rhythms than by the inclusive melodic character or treatment of its themes. The first symphony, Op. 13 (1895) is apparently unobtainable in this country. The second symphony, performed for the first time in America at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra Nov. 26, 1909, is a work of dignity and ample proportions. An impressive introduction developed with considerable sense of reserve power, leads to an allegro in which the themes are not of great significance, but in which the workmanship is firm, the structure logical and the orchestration brilliant if somewhat conventionally so. A long scherzo follows, full of picturesque orchestral effects, inimitable drollery and capricious humor, spontaneously ingenious in treatment. The slow movement impresses at first chiefly by its solidity and seriousness in the long-sustained breath of its melodies. The finale is unflagging in its brilliancy and variety of thematic manipulation; an episode appearing first in the wood-wind is later transferred to trumpets, trombones and tuba with brilliant effect. The second theme returns in a sort of peroration in combination with the rhythm of the first theme, and the symphony ends in a dazzling and vigorous climax. It is not a work of poetry or delicate sentiment, but the mastery of abstract symphonic style is exceptional in its surety and force; it is full of individual and sober conviction.

It seems reasonable to expect that Rachmaninoff's most significant orchestral work is the symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after the picture by Boecklin, played for the first time in this country under the composer's direction at a concert of the Chicago Orchestra Dec. 3, 1909, and to be repeated here this week. Pictures of Boecklin have already stirred the inspiration of Hans Huber, the Swiss composer, to compose a symphony, and suggested "The Elysian Fields" ("The Fields of the Blessed?") to Felix Weingartner. Nor is this surprising, for these pictures are full of sentiment, imaginative fancy and instinctively offer subjects for musical treatment by the receptive. From reports of the Chicago performance it would seem as if Rachmaninoff had translated with singular felicity the sudden swell and irresistible rhythm of the sea around the "Isle of the Dead" as Boecklin has pictured it, the brooding mystery and the varied tender thoughts of the departed hovering over their abode. Furthermore, it would seem as if he had united the structural strength and general technical mastery of the sec-

ond symphony to the imagination and poetic fancy of "The Cliff" and to have crowned these qualities with a maturity of expression and a human touch which betokens the ripened artist.

Conclusions

If we attempt to compare Rachmaninoff with other living composers of distinction, we must note first of all that the present issues of the ultra-modern musical world make little or no intimate appeal to him. "Pelléas and Melisande" seemed almost unintelligibly new to him; Delius and the later Strauss, Max Reger, Gustave Mahler, Vincent d'Indy, although strikingly distinct personalities, possess one trait in common, that of not interesting Rachmaninoff. Not a man of insular prejudice, a frequent and a receptive traveller, he is emphatically not a musical cosmopolitan, but clings with uncommon fidelity to the sacred traditions which he received at St. Petersburg and Moscow. In this he is typically Russian. He has his own voice; it is sturdy, surely not devoid of warmth, skilfully trained, knowing human emotion. But he is content to evolve his artistic personality, and its field of expression within limits already established in Russia instead of enlarging these bounds by dint of persistent effort. It does not detract from the value of his artistic qualities that he is thus; at all events in these days when artists are too eager to invent or follow up new creeds, it is refreshing to find a composer who is content to take his from the example of the master, Peter Tschalkowsky.

Rachmaninoff's New Tone-Poem

Mr. Rachmaninoff's new tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," in which he will conduct when he appears at the Symphony Concerts next week, was played in Chicago last Friday and Saturday by the Thomas Orchestra, for a first hearing, if we are not mistaken, in America. The composer conducted, and the band was alertly and sympathetically responsive to him. On the whole, the new piece impressed the reviewers favorably, and Mr. Gunn, for example, says of it in the Inter-Ocean. "The Isle of the Dead" is written after the well-known painting of the celebrated Swiss artist, Boecklin, whose pictures, by the way, have been the source of inspiration for at least one other composer. The subject would suggest that Rachmaninoff shares the same unwholesome temperamental tendencies that are responsible for the shortcomings of most of his compatriots among composers; but, while his symphonic poem is necessarily as sombre in color as the picture that inspired it, it is so filled with fine musical inspiration, so alive with unique rhythmical interest and so close knit in its musical structure that it can safely be classed as one of the significant novelties of the present season, and there have been few indeed. It owes its large measure of originality to its rhyth-

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mical life, which is much more than a clever exploitation of the unusual quintuple pulsation. Rachmaninoff shares in a measure that faculty of making the rhythmic pulse a magnetic force which has been the chiefest virtue of the great composers from Bach and Beethoven to César Franck and Debussy. His melodic inspiration bears no hallmark of the midnight oil such as clings ever to the creations of Richard Strauss, but finds its certain source in this pervading rhythmical life. The harmonic color which he applies from a lavish palette likewise serves to emphasize the rhythmical climaxes of the work; and very convincing climaxes they are. The waves of sound, that throb so certainly to the curious fivefold pulse, roll up to mighty heights around that stern and forbidding island that stands, inscrutable and yet serene, the symbol of that final mystery that dissolves all life's mysteries."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Dec 18 1909

A memorable concert took place yesterday afternoon when Sergei Rachmaninoff conducted his symphonic poem after Bocklin, "The Isle of the Dead," and played his piano concerto at the ninth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. The programme was completed by Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and the prelude to the Meistersingers.

Mr. Rachmaninoff, a tall gentleman in a frock coat, is a man of surprising, not easily explicable force and personality. In recent years Richard Strauss, Camille Saint-Saëns, Vincent D'Indy have preceded him as visiting conductors. The first electrified his orchestra and his audience. The second received the reward of his achievements. The music of Mr. D'Indy did him more justice than his presence. With a lesser reputation Mr. Rachmaninoff surpassed all these, as far as an individual impression was concerned. When Mr. Fiedler brought him upon the stage he acknowledged a cordial greeting with a fine dignity and the self-possession of a man of wide experience, then he led the orchestra in a superb performance with extraordinary authority and magnetism.

Listening to the impressive music one was the more sensible of the vitalizing power of the man himself. It was not possible to put a finger on a theme and say: "That's Rachmaninoff," but one was immediately seized and absorbed by an overmastering mood expressed with consummate technical and esthetic mastery. That was Rachmaninoff. When he writes for the piano he is only occasionally successful in capturing a good idea. Either, for the most part, he does not write seriously, or else invention, which is not the strongest factor of his compositions, refuses to work for the mere sake of sound or tonal design. He would tax the piano as he taxes the orchestra.

The orchestra can, respond, and Mr. Rachmaninoff is aware of its resources as are few composers, even today.

There is hardly a composer so utterly and exclusively subjective when he sits down in earnest to express himself. Claude Debussy may frighten the bourgeois, sitting in his tower of ivory, but somewhere, sometime, there is a public to be astonished. With, superb, unassumed superiority Rachmaninoff, self-absorbed, contemplates a great picture, then takes an immense modern orchestra, improvises upon it, talks to himself, quite regardless. It is by fortune, not design, and the grace of an enormous technic as well as an imagination that turns notes to gold, that this music has many qualities which appeal to audiences at large.

Bocklin's pictures have inspired more than one composer, but this is not pictorial music. It is the expression of a strong, latent frame of mind, a characteristic attitude, I believe, on the part of a very introspective individual. The water that surrounds the island is not the River Jordan, but the Styx. The scoring, the consummate skill with which the "Dies Irae," for instance, is employed, cannot easily be described in print. There is remarkable psychological as well as technical relation between the different sections of the tone-poem. There will be later occasions to go more fully into details. Has Rachmaninoff ever been more successful in putting himself upon paper? We should hear other of his works in the larger forms.

The concerto, too, is strong, having similar hall marks, but widely differing in its construction. The themes, which are cheap in more than one instance, have usually vigor and well-defined contrast. The piece is a monumental example of effective writing for the solo instrument combined with the orchestra. The first movement is especially effective, but there is more than the lust of conquest in these pages. There is beauty and firmness of structure and flashes of imagination that go far to redeem an occasional sterile of commonplace passage. Mr. Rachmaninoff played as he conducted, with a technic ample to meet the big demands of the work, with a sureness and conviction and enthusiasm that carried all before it. He received an ovation after the last movement.

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RACHMANINOFF IN TRIPLE ROLE

globe Dec. 18, 1909
As Conductor, Pianist
and Composer.

Symphonic Poem and Concerto
Heard for First Time.

Cordially Received at
Symphony Hall.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Russian musician, appeared at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon in the triple capacity of composer, pianist and conductor in the larger forms.

At his recent recital in this city Mr. Rachmaninoff was found, in a program of his pianoforte compositions, to tend toward serious introspection in his mode of thought, both as composer and as interpreter.

With the wider scope and larger eloquence both of his symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," and his second concerto for pianoforte, and the more complete means for expression which he had yesterday in our orchestra, Mr. Rachmaninoff again disclosed the same tendency to introspective thought magnified to the scale which his present resources could now reveal in his work.

Inasmuch as Rachmaninoff, the composer of his symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," must be largely estimated in terms of Rachmaninoff, the conductor of its first performance here, the work must necessarily be known chiefly through his reading.

As Composer.

It is as composer, in this instance, that Mr. Rachmaninoff interests most. As such let him first be considered.

He offers no "program" for this tonal poem other than the fact that his inspiration sprang from the painting, "Island of the Dead," by Arnold Böcklin.

The solemn grandeur of solitude, vast, still, eternal, all-pervading, broods over the picture. The stately cypress trees enforce the mood. The noiselessly approaching boat, its spectral cargo of mourner and coffin deeply confirm it. This is the abode of death. The tem-

poral, the trite, the inconsequential vanities of men and the passing hour have no place here. It is a theme of awe and primal bigness. To suggest it through the tones of an orchestra is to declare oneself a creative mind in music of deep insight and of great resource in expression.

As heard yesterday afternoon, the work was happy in the choice of themes, clear and logical in their development, rich in polyphony and appealing in the employment of color, in symmetry and plan of structure, it was admirable. In searching, trenchant delineation of the mood it was masterly.

The work began with repeated figure in double basses and tympani; quiet, remote, intangible, like the incessant beat of a distant sea. The movement then continued in unbroken, undulating waves of tone. There was no obvious, protruding lines; nor was there contrasting nor diverting episode or excursion into some new realm of fancy, as though the visual wonders of the island were the theme. A portent, strangely dissimilar to the world of sense clings to each bar and deepens as the work progresses.

Notwithstanding its flavor of mysticism, this music is not morbid, nor is it melancholy. It is contemplative. It has breadth of vision. It speaks of solitude and infinity.

Dignified Conductor.

It is quite extraordinary how Mr. Rachmaninoff has kept his score above intruding or compromising irrelevancy. Its aloofness grows and intensifies. A memorable instance of this sustained cumulative power came in the development of the theme first given out by the horn. It was worked over by the enlarging resources of the orchestra through constant and accelerated repetition until the whole instrumental body is carried by it to a climax of superb puissance.

The weird mysticism which the composer gains by the simple device of the theme with the minor third persisting in the clarinets through many measures, and then repeated by the solo violin, gives impressiveness to the latter part. The concluding measures are quietly reminiscent of the opening figures. So it passes like a dream tempered by the supernatural.

Men who conduct with a supreme and unmistakable stamp of authority are seldom players upon an instrument. Mr. Rachmaninoff is not such a conductor. He stood with dignity before the band and guided them through the work with an ease born of acquaintance with it. His beat upon the strategic first count of the bar is clear, but not strikingly incisive. The palm of the left hand when used at all was oftenest closed, save when the conductor extended the hand to diminish the tone.

Mr. Rachmaninoff does not depart from his self-contained and reserved aloofness, even for the flood of tone which the climatic points require. Here again is the introspective rather than the actively executive mind.

As Pianist.

As an interpreter through the piano, however, and not as a player upon men, Mr. Rachmaninoff was more convincing. His second concerto for pianoforte was

heard for the first time in Boston.

While he was admirable as an artist who takes the piano into his confidence, rather than as a virtuoso who performs feats of violence upon it, Mr. Rachmaninoff must again seem the greater as composer.

He has transcended the confines of the piano in this concerto. He has written music which gives the solo instrument an individual scheme of beautiful color and design in the pattern of the work until it proves too restricted for the breadth of thought which he would express.

Then, by permitting the greater resources of the orchestra to assist, and for the time, by making the piano an embellishing or accompanying instrument, he proves himself the composer first and the pianist afterward.

In the concerto, as in the symphonic poem, the composer shows his fondness for themes whose tones progress diatonically, or nearly so. In the first movements a subject of this character is given out by the piano and developed later with great beauty and effectiveness by the violins against embellishment in the solo instrument.

By this constant employ of the orchestra in supplementing his piano, Mr. Rachmaninoff has given his concerto a freshness and unfailing variety. The themes are uniformly melodious and amenable to picturesque development. Contrast in means of treatment abounds.

The adagio is serenely contemplative, and offered the artist, as pianist, the opportunity for that curious, searching style of melody playing which under his fingers gives each minute figure significance.

The closing movement, allegro scherzando, secures animation easily by a clever use of staccato accompaniment of suppressed intensity in the orchestra.

It offers, too, one of the most beautiful themes of the work, which is given to the clarinet and is made particularly conspicuous.

Sincerity of Workmanship.

While Mr. Rachmaninoff has supplied a cadenza for the piano, it seems, when not mere embellishment to the orchestra, as a form of individual speech, too intense to be trammelled by formal accompaniment, and not as a vehicle for mere display.

This sincerity of workmanship is stamped upon the two compositions throughout. It may be that which gives them the remarkable evenness of worth. There are not spots where the composer has seemed to fail of inspiration. He invariably has something to say.

As a pianist Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a memorable demonstration of what the subservience of technic to interpretation may do in piano playing. Runs, skips, velocity and all the horde of agile tricks which habit gives to fingers were present when needed. These things were automatic servants of a mind which planned the effect, and of an emotion which enlivened and projected it. This is not necessarily brilliant pianism, but it is admirable art.

The distinguished guest was called to the stage many times after his concerto. He shook hands in evidently grateful appreciation with Mr. Fiedler and Willy Hess, but even the ardent

and long-enduring applause brought but the scant suspicion of a smile to the strong lines of the face, which in its aloof absorption, its fine asceticism, mirrors much of the spirit of his music.

Brahm's "Tragic" overture began the concert. The prelude to "The Mastersingers" ended it.

RACHMANINOFF AS CONDUCTOR

Appears Also as Pianist and
Composer at Ninth Symphony
Rehearsal Before an Unusually
Enthusiastic Audience.

"ISLAND OF THE DEAD" AN IMPRESSIVE WORK

BY PHILIP HALE.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Tragic overture.....Brahms
"The Island of the Dead," symphonic poem
to A. Boecklin's picture.....Rachmaninoff
Second concerto for piano.....Rachmaninoff
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner

Mr. Rachmaninoff appeared yesterday as composer, pianist and conductor. He is not your ordinary composer-pianist or composer-conductor; he is a pianist of marked ability and a conductor of unusual skill, authority and magnetism.

His symphonic poem and his concerto were played here for the first time. When Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a recital with a program of his own compositions a month ago, he did not make a marked impression. The sonata, which is of about the same age as the symphonic poem, was for the most part austere, melancholy, self-restrained; the themes had not a decided profile, and the structure, though scholarly, was not remarkable. Nevertheless, the music had a certain individuality. Some of his smaller piano pieces had this and showed more spontaneity and charm in the invention.

"The Island of the Dead," which was performed in Moscow last season, was suggested by the well known picture of

Arnold Boecklin, a picture of which there are four or five variants. It is fair to assume that the music expresses the composer's thoughts suggested by the picture; that it is not merely an attempt to translate the picture into tones. The best commentary on this composition for a program-book would be an engraving or a half-tone of the painter's work. But if this composition were only a literal translation of Boecklin's picture, how would the middle sections with the emotional storm and stress and the climaxes, especially the one that is built on the third chief theme, be explained?

For Boecklin himself described his "Island of the Dead" as a dream picture. "It must produce such an effect of stillness," he said, "that any one would be frightened if he should hear a rapping on the door." The island is far from the strife and the din of the world. In its awful solemnity it insures unbroken rest and quiet for the dead. The waves are hushed. No voice is heard, no cry of wandering bird. It is as though no human being could endure the solitude; as though the island had been cursed with the curse of silence, as was the world and the wretched man by the demon in Poe's wild tale. The only visitors are for a moment, and they silently entomb those who are to be silent forever. The ferryman is no Charon demanding passage money or reviling the unprovided ghosts on the receding shore. And that white figure that stands by the coffin? Is it priest or mourner?

A literal translation of this picture into tones would necessarily be short, otherwise it would be monotonous in mood and in color. The first pages are admirable in the expression of the mood of the picture, as remembered by the hearer. After this mood is firmly established, the composer gives eloquent utterance to thoughts which he associates with Boecklin's painting. And to the hearer the composer seems, with his dexterous and effective use of the plain song "Dies Irae," and his own themes of lamentation and despair, to contrast the eternal silence of this cypress-tufted resting place and its inhabitants in their sepulchres with the emotions of those that must still live, strive, mourn. Thus does the composer give proportion and dramatic contrast to a work fundamentally sombre and nobly imaginative.

For this "Island of the Dead" is not merely pictorial; it contains lofty thoughts treated in an epic manner. The impressive effect is made not only by the character of the thoughts, but also by the arrangement of them and the orchestral expression. The poem is not episodic; there is unbroken continuity, as though one looking long at Boecklin's picture should meditate the eternal problems unanswerable in this world, realize the impotence of lamentation and protestation, and then accept the mystery and himself look forward to the last journey and the final resting place.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's concerto, written at least eight or nine years before the symphonic poem, is of a far different nature. It is frankly a concert piece for an accomplished pianist and for the pleasure of an audience. It is brilliant, and there are pages of pleasing sentiment and grace; there is effective orchestration. While the concerto is neither cheap nor vulgar, it is not, on the whole, a work of high distinction; but, when played as it was yesterday by the composer, it will interest, please and provoke applause. Mr. Rachmaninoff played brilliantly the virtuoso pages and in the second movement he showed genuine sentiment and refrained from sentimentalism. The audience was enthusiastic. I am told, for my acquaintance with the Friday afternoon concerts is of recent date, that the like enthusiasm has seldom been shown at a public rehearsal. The pianist acknowledged the applause, as he had played and conducted, in a dignified and quiet manner.

As a conductor, Mr. Rachmaninoff has had much experience in opera house and concert hall. This was seen at once. It was also seen that he was a master over men who responded gladly to his wishes, which were expressed with quiet force. He conducted simply; there was no fuss, nothing spectacular, but the man made his presence felt throughout the hall. He is a conductor of both subtle nuances and overpowering effects. Especially noteworthy was his preparation of a climax. The orchestra played as though inspired.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of the overture by Brahms which must be reckoned among that composer's greatest works. The performance of Wagner's overture was deficient in contrasts and it might be said that Mr. Fiedler "thought" the overture too restlessly and at times at too fast a pace so that the combined contrapuntal walks were not always well defined or in proportion. Not the least pleasant feature of the concert was the appearance of Mr. Fiedler accompanying the guest to the conductor's stand and then remaining in the orchestra an interested and appreciative listener. This courtesy is characteristic of Mr. Fiedler.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Pastorale from the Christmas overture; Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Tschalkowsky, concerto in B flat minor for piano; Bizet, suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.

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RACHMANINOFF AS COMPOSER AND PIANIST

(From Mr. Elson's Review in The Advertiser.)
PROGRAMME.

Brahms. Tragic Overture.
Rachmaninoff. "Toteninsel" Symphonic Poem.
Rachmaninoff. Second Concerto for Piano.
Soloist, Serge Rachmaninoff.
Wagner. Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

And now enters, long, lank and very earnest, Serge Rachmaninoff. We are grateful that this Russian does not go into the field of crabbed ugliness, as so many moderns have done. He has evidently followed the lead of his teacher, Tchaikowsky, and believes that most of the human emotions can be expressed without setting the auditor's teeth on edge. He believes, with Liszt, that even a "Symphonic Poem," may remain quite intelligible. Therefore, even at a first hearing, one can form a pretty good judgment regarding the "Toteninsel."

As a conductor Mr. Rachmaninoff was successful. He is very reserved in gestures, but his beat is decisive and easily followed. We do not rank him with the star conductors with which Boston has been pampered, but he is a leader of prominence none the less. Spite of the fact that putting "The Isle of Death" after the "Tragic Overture" was placing black after gray, the work and the conductor made a very great success and two ardent recalls followed. A well-deserved tribute.

And that reminds us to speak of Rachmaninoff, the pianist. Gifted by nature with phenomenal hands which can stretch to unheard-of intervals, he was naturally inclined to put some wide chords in his concerto, and he yielded somewhat to the temptation which beset Liszt, Rubinstein, Chopin and other pianist-composers, to sometimes make the solo instrument unduly prominent. His concerto, however, was often, what a concerto ought to be, a symphonic work with a thread of solo woven through it.

Intelligence, of course, this pianist has an abundance of, but this does not overshadow his impetuous temperament. He does not play for popular applause, like some of the great pianists we wot of. In this evident immersion in his task he reminds of Rubinstein, although his quiet and retiring manner is almost the opposite of that lion of the keyboard. He was recalled again and again at the end of the concerto. We have seldom seen such great and continued enthusiasm displayed at the afternoon concerts.

RUSSIAN VIRTUOSO ON SYMPHONY BILL

American Dec. 12, 09

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play its ninth program next Friday afternoon and Saturday evenings and on these occasions Rachmaninoff, the Russian virtuoso and composer, will make his appearance in a triple capacity. During the November Southern trip of the orchestra Rachmaninoff was soloist in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Hartford, playing his concerto in C minor which he will play here.

But not only will he appear as a piano virtuoso but he will conduct his new symphonic poem, "The Land of the Dead." This was first performed in America a fortnight ago in Chicago with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. The symphony was inspired by the picture by Arnold Bocklin which hangs in the Art Museum at Leipzig and is familiar to most people because it has been so frequently reproduced. Weingartner's symphonic poem, "The Field of the Blessed," was inspired by another picture by the same artist.

Thus Rachmaninoff appears as pianist, conductor and composer.

The other numbers on the program are Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The third Symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Saunders Theatre by the Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening. Olga Samaroff will be the soloist and the program will comprise Bantock's comedy overture, "The Pierrot of the Minuet," Schumann's Symphony in C minor, Rubinstein's fourth piano concert in D minor and Tchaikowsky's "Nutteracker" suite.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. RACHMANINOFF FOR UNIQUE IMPRESSION

His Fine Poise and Grave Sincerity—His Double Function as Conductor and Pianist—The Musician That Was Uppermost in Both—His Concerto and His Playing of It—His Tone-Poem of "The Isle of the Dead"—Its Pictorial Atmosphere and Poignant Suggestion—The Suggestion in the Man of His Music

For the first time, yesterday afternoon, since Mr. d'Indy paid his visit to Boston four years ago, a conductor other than its own and outside its own ranks led the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hess and Mr. Wendling had their turn when Dr. Muck fell ill, and Mr. Strube has conducted in his own pieces. Otherwise, until Mr. Rachmaninoff came yesterday, no leader has

stood for the moment in Dr. Muck's or Mr. Fiedler's place. Mr. Rachmaninoff is a composer, but he does not conduct in most composers' blind and errant fashion. He has had, it seems, his experience in Russian opera houses and in orchestral concerts in Germany, too. Still less does he conduct like a virtuoso conductor, expressly summoned to exhibit his methods, his "readings" and his temperament. Mr. Rachmaninoff's pose was quiet and self-contained; his gestures were sparing and unemphatic; they tempered oftener than they enforced; there was nothing graphic in his ways; but he clearly imposed his will upon his band. And it was the will of an expert, discerning, imaginative, unobtrusively commanding musician. From their first encounter with him, the men had respected Mr. Rachmaninoff's abilities; quickly they came to like him; they did their best for him and his music; and he, like Mr. d'Indy before him, will probably go back to Germany and Russia to tell how expert and responsive instrument the Boston orchestra can be. He impressed his audience as favorably. Since Mr. Rachmaninoff is a Russian by race, if a German by residence in recent years, some in it expected an exotic presence. They saw instead a very tall figure, long of leg, neither slender nor thick of body, with slightly stooping shoulders, a largish head, a smooth, oval face, grave of expression and lighted by gravely contemplative eyes—a figure that might have come almost as plausibly out of New England as out of Russia.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's bearing had not an "effect" in it. He seemed wholly sincere in his unconsciousness of himself, in his quiet absorption in the work before him. He came, with equal poise, to conduct in his own tone-poem and to play the piano part in his own concerto. With equal gravity, he acknowledged welcoming and rewarding applause. The whole impression was of a rare personal reticence, of a man sincere with himself and with all men and things else. There was need only of the quick-coming spur of the music to divine the fine intellectual and imaginative fibre underneath. The gravity of Mr. Rachmaninoff's music is in his presence; its quiet accomplishment of its deliberate ends speaks in his bearing. The quiet of its coloring, the reflection that shapes it, the deep but unemphatic moods of it are in his personal presence. It is as sincere as he. It is long since so static a personality has so impressed an audience at the Symphony concerts. That it should do so was finely creditable to its instinctive discernment, and the unusually hearty and reiterated applause that followed the end of the tone-poem and the end of the concerto was surely for the man as well as for the composer, the conductor, and the virtuoso. If a few in the second balcony were clamoring vainly for his hackneyed prelude, no one else thought of it in the newer and the larger aspects of the composer.

The concerts in which Mr. Rachmanin-

off played the piano part was his own in C-minor, the tone-poem, in which he conducted was his own "Isle of the Dead" to—as the title runs—Bocklin's like-named picture. The concerto, though it has been played elsewhere in America and with the Symphony Orchestra was new to Boston, and only Chicago of other American cities, had previously heard "The Isle of the Dead." Of Mr. Rachmaninoff as a conductor enough, for the time, has been said. He was no less the musician when he turned pianist. A virtuoso he surely is by right of technical resource and the expert employment of it; but in all else he is the antipodes of a virtuoso. He left his hearers without thought of such skill for the skill's sake or rather for the sake of display of it. He did not bid the audience heed the individuality and the temperament of his reading. Still less was he the composer displaying himself, and making double effect since he was a conductor withal. He was the musician who sank himself in the playing of the music before him—music that he understood the better and the expressive each of which he gained the more fully and pervasively because he himself had written it. Always his tone had an exceeding felicity, whether it marched in broad progressiveness, sang in musing and melancholy wise, figured a cadenza in the mood of quiet and contemplative play with tonal fancier, whether it became as one with the softer voices of the orchestra or marshalled the whole choir with its own. It was tone that never turned strident, nor hot nor brilliant. It kept always its crystalline quality, its fine, clear, cool shadings its intimate suggestion even with a great orchestra in a great concert-room.

It is already the custom to speak of Mr. Rachmaninoff's concerts as virtuoso pieces, because he was a practicing pianist before he was a composer. Other pianists may indeed make them such. As he himself played this second concerto, it seemed rather a piece of gravely meditated and reflectively written music for its own sake in which the piano had its place, not for the display of itself or of the pianist, but for fitter voice to his ideas and imaginings. Rather, it is absolute music in the true sense of the words, because the musical ideas whence it springs touch the imagination in themselves and being æsthetic pleasure, while in the evolution and the play of them there is continuing resource, continuously, invention and fancy. Mr. Rachmaninoff accomplishes these things indeed reflectively, but with reflection that in its sober depth of mood becomes emotion. His melodic ideas are not of a dried and evaporated Brahms, as some of his detractors will have it, but of the true vein of the contemplative and melancholy Slav. His own moods and moods and their own suggestions play upon them to give them more large and telling but always composed force, to turn them soberly songful, to touch them here and there with a quick

fight fire. The listener hears for the pleasure and the beauty of sound, now tinted with thought, now vigorous with power, now warm and supple with emotion. He hears and enjoys as gravely, as sincerely as Mr. Rachmaninoff wrote. It is music of a temperament that is rare in the strenuous fashion and impulses of music nowadays. It has caught an impulse that has caught the action, the detachment of Brahms and added to them the Slav intensity of feeling even when the particular Slav has masked and tempered it.

"The Isle of the Dead," at a single hearing at once baffled, interested and impressed. Mr. Rachmaninoff has worked long upon it; he is not sure even now that he imparts the moods that Böcklin's picture kindled in him and the suggestions that it brought to his imagination. The length and the minuteness of his labors upon it has made it music of very fine and adroit shadings and often of very finely subdued and poignant voice. The little waves of a still sea lap the low rocks on the steep, bare cliffs of "Böcklin's isle. A faint, still wind stirs in the tops of his thick cypresses. The air all about the isle is still, yet when it stirs plaintive voices or the phantoms of voice sound faintly in it. These sounds, this air make the atmosphere of Böcklin's picture; they were perhaps the essence of its grave suggestion to Mr. Rachmaninoff's grave spirit. He has sought in his music to give these sounds their shadowed, their phantom, their iterated quality. He holds the voices of his orchestra low; the music moves to subdued rhythms; the harmonic background is of tenest wan; the voice of the music seems very faint and far. Yet the lip of still sea and the rustle of the cypresses is not quite changeless, and the plaintive voice of what Prospero would have called the spirits of the isle stirs out of changeless shadows among them. The voice is oftenest the poignant voice of longing, a plaint as of souls that are restless—that know not either the joys of Elysian fields nor yet the pains of an under and torturing world.

They are in the isle of the dead, yet the memory of the life behind, of the pleasures and pangs still haunts them. The old existence, in phantoms as shadowy as themselves still vexes them. Perhaps it is out of such imaginative scheme that Mr. Rachmaninoff has wrought his tone-poem. The beginning is surely of the isle, the sea, the cypresses, the stillness. The plaintive phantom voices stir in the pale air and light; they turn poignant with the memories of earth, with the pleasure and the pain behind, the state of things remembered that were dear though they hurt. The voices rise an outcry. Yet here grief and longing must turn slowly. The voices fall and are still, and again the sea laps the cliffs and the cypresses quiver, and there is footfall of new souls at the gates, and in the wan and changeless light, the wan and the changeless air, the music end. Perhaps it is idle and futile fancy

so to make Mr. Rachmaninoff a "programme" for a tone-poem in which he has been content with a title. Yet, time again yesterday, his own music, and in its substance and its mood and above all in its instrumental coloring seemed to infuse it. As we wrote in absorbed and deeply touched mood to fine issues, so may his arers dare and try to listen to him.

H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT AND MR. RACHMANINOFF

More Admiration for Him on Saturday Night—"The Isle of the Dead" for a Second Hearing—Its Rare Traits in Contemporary Music—The Christmas "Messiah"—Miss Alda for a New Marguerite and Mr. Kolumbin for a New Tenor—Mr. Russell's Own View of the Season Thus Far—Mischa Elman's Concerts Here—The Double Bass as a Solo Instrument—Mme. Fremstad as Elsa

Mr. Rachmaninoff was as eagerly received and as warmly applauded, alike as composer, conductor and pianist, at the Symphony Concert of Saturday night as he had been on that of Friday afternoon. His grave and sincere presence once more commended him to his audience; it quickly discovered the quiet power and the static personal force in his conducting that made the band responsive to his will; and it heard in the concerto a musician, who was also a pianist and who chose at moments on Saturday night to suggest that it was a brilliant virtuoso whom he had thus subdued with rare artistic resolution, to the interpretative musician. The repetition of Mr. Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," confirmed every impression that it had made on Friday and brought others as illuminating.

In recent years, tone-poems have come thick and fast at the Symphony Concerts, and the problem that has beset the composers of every one of them is the adjustment of their musical structure and content, with their poetic structure and content. A true tone-poem should be symphonic—that is to say it should state its musical ideas and then develop and relate them in orderly fashion. The composer should work out his musical thoughts, so that musical paragraph should spring from musical paragraph; he should make his original material fertile before he adds new to it; his whole piece should be continuous musically, an organic musical whole, and not a mere succession of disjointed and scanty or prolix episodes. At the same time, the music should unfold the pictorial, the

poetic, the characterizing ideas, moods, impressions that the composer would have it suggest, and a tone-poem becomes a true tone-poem in the strict and almost the ideal sense, only when it simultaneously and unitedly attains both these ends, so that the development of the musical structure and of the poetic or the pictorial images becomes as an integral thing.

Strauss has attained this unity in "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration;" Mr. Loewler matches him in "A Pagan Poem;" and now Mr. Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," seems coequal with them. The pictorial and the poetic imagery of the piece, as the music disclosed it on Friday afternoon, surpassed every other impression. On Saturday night, it was as impressive even while the ear and the intelligence were following the purely symphonic structure of the music. The tone-poem is not episodic, but continuous; its fundamental musical ideas are developed and elaborated; new ideas spring from them, the severest purist, unless he denied tone-poems in general the right to exist, cannot quarrel with it as an organic musical whole. Yet it is as completely the tonal poetry, the tonal picturing, and in a very particular and vivid fashion that Mr. Rachmaninoff would have it. Often in private talk, he deprecates the excesses of "ultra-modern" music. He believes it possible to accomplish its delineative ends with more musical respect, in the narrow sense, to the means. In "The Isle of the Dead," he has practised his faith and justified it.

Ultra-modern composers, when they write tone-poems, or, indeed, anything else, are fain to be as emphatic as they can. If they sing, it must be oftenest in the broadest of cantilena; if they are agitated, tempests swirl through their music; if they despair, the lowest range of the sarrusophone, to say nothing of the double bassoon, may hardly compass the gloom of their imaging; if they are elate, they whirl like dervishes; if they would characterize, black indeed are the black lines and sharp the

contrasts; if they have new harmonic systems, they make them cut. They are not a reticent breed; they would express all that is in them up to the hilt and, oftenest, in the full glare of the world. Austerity is not their characteristic virtue; serenely they count oftenest boredom; and as for an emotion or a poetic image that has too deep for the fullest expression that they can give it, they have none such Mr. Rachmaninoff, in "The Isle of the Dead" stands apart from them. The music even when the loud stress is greatest as in the passages of lamentation and torture, is austere, exalted, remote music of noble idea, of large emotion, of continent spirit, and not of mere nervous and changing excitements. The passion of it is grave.

Again, the beginning and the end, in the picturing of the isle and in the wearing of its atmosphere, is music of a rare and detached serenity, poetic imagery expressed in tones, with a reticence that only deepens the colors of the picture and with a sustained exaltation that the more freer than from any cumbrus or common dish-rich. There is intense feeling in it; and Mr. Rachmaninoff's tones sometimes serve Böcklin's vision better than did the painter's own colors; but that feeling only makes the half-lights and the shadowy gradations of the music the more illusive and poignant. Deliberately Mr. Rachmaninoff has chosen an instrumental palette as subdued and smooth as Böcklin's, but his variety of tint within that smooth texture is ampler and his lines run more finely. Time and again, in the hearing of the music, it was easy to think of the shadowed beauty, the noble detachment, the calm of large emotion, the exaltation that was serene rather than hard of Brahms when deep feeling gravely possessed him and spoke in his finest music. Had Brahms ever written tone-poems, he might have written them structurally and expressively in Mr. Rachmaninoff's way.

H. T. P.

Pat. Du 14 1909 Rachmaninoff's Personality

Sergei Rachmaninoff made no especial sensation when he played some of his piano compositions last month in Symphony Hall, but after the Symphony rehearsal of last Friday afternoon he might be said, as far as this little corner of the universe is concerned, to have awakened famous.

The tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," and, in a lesser degree, the piano concerto, of which he gave such a sweeping performance, stamped him at once as a very exceptional figure among contemporaneous composers. It is questionable, indeed, whether any of the Russians of today can point to such a profound and superbly constructed work as an emblem of national achievement in

the subtlest of all arts. We consider that this tone-poem alone is sufficient to place its author in the front rank of the men who are creating today.

In conversation Mr. Rachmaninoff retains the singular poise and magnetism which are his on the concert platform. It is not frequently that such inner richness and refinement are met in a man so well equipped for the everyday experiences of life. He rose rather wearily, with the slight stoop of the shoulders which, like everything else about him, seems his particular characteristic. His greeting savored equally of impersonal cordiality and a sort of "So be it," not foreign to the mood of "The Isle of the Dead."

A Picture of Enthusiasm

From so highly developed a personality it was the more pleasing to meet with the most genuine and spontaneous enthusiasm; to see the eyes sparkle as he leaned forward in an earnest moment; to note the slight quiver of the curving lips when he became excited. The fine forehead and the strong nose are in this instance infallible marks of character and intellect. The eyes are unspoiled; they are still frank and kindly, and most of the time they are fixed upon you. The lips are sensuous and very sensitive, as are the long, nervous hands.

Mr. Rachmaninoff is as cosmopolitan in his ideals as in his music, which is only national, inasmuch as certain inherited qualities of temperament find expression in a characteristically racial manner. He considers that since the death of Cesar Cui and Rimsky-Korsakoff there are no great nationalists among the Russians who write music today. Was this deplorable, we asked, or the reverse. He responded, if the music was bad, it was deplorable; if good, the reverse, and thus a debatable matter was immediately disposed of.

"For myself, when I was in Paris and some of my music was heard there, the critics considered my style was peculiarly Russian, and they urged me to continue so. But I remember that one of the New York papers—I do not recall what one—discovered that my third piano concerto depends entirely upon national themes. This is not so. I could not do that, even if I wished it. That remarkable master, Rimsky-Korsakoff, could take a folk-tune of his people and weave a symphony from it. That is beyond me!

"I do not know what the musical future of Russia will be. There are many young and promising men, entirely cosmopolitan in their leanings, who have surprising technic, and who write a great deal. At this time Scriabine, for some years a colleague of mine at the Imperial Conservatory, is the most discussed. I cannot say that his later compositions are sympathetic to me. In former years he wrote music that had great promise and originality of style. I feel that he has imitated Strauss. The early works of the German are full of beauty and imagination. For those recently published I can only say that they seem to me unnatural and extravagant. 'Don Juan,' 'Tod und Verklarung,' 'Till Eulenspiegel'—wonderful! There are beautiful pages in 'Salome,' but 'Electra,' for instance, is totally impossible. I cannot endure a single measure.

Debussy Too Artificial

"What direction musical development will take it is utterly impossible to foretell. They say that the advance guard is from France. That may be so, but I do not understand such compositions. I do not like Debussy at all. His style appears artificial to me. 'D'Indy?' No! 'Ravel?' No! If you wish to know whom I consider the greatest of the Frenchmen, it is Saint-Saens! These

things after all must remain to a great extent matters of taste. We can only realize what we can appreciate. Now, the composer of all composers who means most to me, whose works I know by heart, is Tschaikowsky. He is neither a Russian nor a cosmopolitan. He is Tschaikowsky, and there is nothing that I cannot find in his scores."

"There is a branch of composition in which Russians have excelled, and in which I think there is a great field for them in years to come. I mean opera. Rimsky-Korsakoff has written works that are positively marvellous in their atmosphere, the instrumentation and the employment of the chorus. Those works are unique. Opera has been almost from the beginning a genuine outpouring of the spirit of the people; while symphonic composition has been an acquired art. The result of a performance of one of these operas in America would interest me. I have no idea how they would impress this public.

"The Isle of Death? Of course I have known the picture for many years, but it was not until two years ago, in Germany, that I thought of writing music to it. Bocklin created an epoch in art, and he nourished a generation of artists. The impression of the silent picture had been mine for so long that musical ideas seemed already formed when I looked for them, though the scoring took a good deal of time. Such pictures had to be painted, and, 'with a smile,' for at least one of them 'music had to be written.'"

Lights at the Symphony Concerts

To the Editor of the Transcript:

As a regular attendant at the Symphony Concerts, I take the liberty of calling attention through your columns to one accessory, a change in which would add much to the enjoyment of these performances. Those of us, who arrive before the musicians take their places, find the hall in a semi-darkness that would be delightful during the progress of the concert. With the advent of the orchestra, however, this is changed to a glare, trying in the extreme. As we have the finest orchestra in the country, why not let us have the best conditions for hearing it? Give us the glare of the light in which to find our seats and let the lighting of the stage, be as bright as is necessary, but in the auditorium during the concert let the illumination be much softer and more subdued.

H. D. PARKER

Jan. 18.

Regular auditors at the Symphony Concerts have often made the suggestion to each other that the letter printed above contains. So far as our knowledge goes, there is little complaint of the degree of light before the concerts begin, since most of those who come to them occupy the same seats from week to week and can find them readily enough. On the other hand, the lighting of the auditorium, as distin-

guished from the stage, is high and rather glaring while the concert is proceeding, and the intensity of it is particularly trying to those that sit on the side balconies and for whose eyes the chandeliers have a sinister fascination. The lights are lowered in Symphony Hall when Mr. Paderewski has a recital there in order to obtain the "atmosphere" that he desires. They are similarly lowered at the concerts of the Kneisel Quartet in Chickering Hall. At the least, the experiment of less light might be tried for a week or two at the Symphony Concerts and the liking of the public for it so tested. [Musical Editor of the Transcript.]

The Lights at the Symphony Concerts

To the Editor of the Transcript:

It is with deep gratification that the writer discovers at last in the Transcript an open protest against the barbarous and torturing lighting of our concert halls, and especially of Symphony Hall during the Symphony concerts. The writer once wrote to the management to try to induce them to substitute the pleasant half-lights of the hall before the beginning of the concert for the insistent glare of light that is turned on just before the first note is struck. The protest was not heeded or even answered.

Will not others join in pleading for this reform? It means economy of money to the management of the hall and inestimable increase of pleasure to those who go to hear music, and wish to hear it without aching eyes and distracted mind. Music is not an art that flourishes in the limelight. It is to be hoped that other papers, other musical editors and the great public of the Symphony Concerts that now protest in silence, or at best in murmurs, will help by direct and open protest to make our Boston concerts the perfect pleasure which Theodore Thomas years ago, by this same means made his concerts in Chicago. Such pleasure is not too much to crave from the music of a perfect orchestra. B. M. H.

Boston, Jan. 20, 1910

SOCIETY TURNS OUT TO HEAR SYMPHONY

Journal Dec 18, 1909

More Men Than Usual Attend the Friday Afternoon Rehearsal and Many Prominent Women Are Seen in the Large Audience.

There was a large crowd out yesterday for the Symphony rehearsal and

more men than usual, among them Pepito Arriola, invited to hear the soloist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, who received an ovation.

Among society people present were Mrs. Francis H. Peabody, Mrs. Charles E. Inches and her bud daughter, Louise; Mrs. Arthur Astor Carey, Miss Cornelia Wolcott, Mrs. William Hadwin Ames, looking well in a raspberry cloth gown, sables and white turban with feathers to match the gown; Mrs. George Cushing, Mrs. John L. Gardner in gray velvet and chinchilla fur cape, Mrs. Edmund Brainerd Cowles, Mrs. Walter Scott Filtz, Mrs. Francis M. Stanley, Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Miss Katherine Foote, Miss Emma Wethern, Mrs. Edwin Upton Curtis, Mrs. Frederic L. W. Richardson (Anne Blake), richly attired in black velvet, ermine furs and odd shaped small hat of velvet and ermine; Mrs. S. V. R. Crosby, with her father, Mr. Grew; Mr. Frederick P. Vinton, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, handsome in gray broadcloth; Mrs. T. James Bowlker, Miss Rosamond Dixey, Miss Mary Fay, Mrs. C. L. Wead, Mrs. Horace Clarke Jealous, Miss Katherine Fay in dark blue cloth and toque to match, Miss Rosamond Fay, Mrs. Thacher Loring and daughter, Margaret; Mrs. A. Forbes Conant, Miss MacNicholl, Mrs. George Shattuck, Mrs. Edward Winslow, Mrs. Eben S. Draper and her daughter, Dorothy, gowned in blue with white furs; Mrs. William Lindsey, Mrs. Edgar Pierce, Mrs. J. B. Forsyth and Maj. Henry L. Higginson.

PROMINENT WOMEN

AMONG PATRONESSES

For the initial appearance here, Monday, Jan. 3, of Irma Seydel in Chickering Hall, the following are patronesses: Mrs. Curtis Guild, Mrs. Eben Jordan, Mrs. T. Arthur Blake, Mrs. Robert Bradlee, Mrs. Eben S. Draper, Mrs. R. C. Dixey, Mrs. Amory Elliot, Mrs. W. Scott Filtz, Mrs. Charles Hayden, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Charles E. Inches, Mrs. John C. Inches, Mrs. Horatio Lamb, Mrs. George Lee, Mrs. Albert

Nickerson, Mrs. Henry Parkman, Mrs. Francis Peabody, Jr., Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Mrs. W. Theodore Reineke, Mrs. Horatio Slater, Mrs. Horace Stan-

146
ton, Mrs. Kate Warren, Mrs. Anna Zerrahn, Mrs. Max Fiedler, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Robert McQuillen, Miss Adele Thayer, Mrs. S. F. Richardson and Miss Elise Fay.

Small Dut 18.09

Yesterday's Symphony matinee might truly be called an historic occasion. One of the foremost living composers, Sergei Rachmaninoff, conducted the Symphony Orchestra in a performance of his own symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," and afterward he appeared as soloist in the performance of his second piano concerto. Neither of these compositions had been heard here before.

It was one of those splendid Symphony concerts that have made the name of Boston honored throughout the musical world. Rachmaninoff was due here in October, but his arrival was delayed, and instead of making his first appearance in America at Symphony Hall, as had been originally planned, he made it at a recital given at Smith College. Then he came to Boston to rehearse with the Symphony Orchestra, and he appeared with the orchestra in Philadelphia on Nov. 8, and afterward in other Eastern cities. He made his debut as a pianist in Boston, Nov. 16, and the impression he left then was greatly deepened yesterday. The enthusiasm that followed the performance of the concerto was extraordinary.

Difficult to Judge.

"The Island of the Dead" was played beautifully under the composer's direction. Mr. Rachmaninoff's somber aspect and demeanor seemed appropriate enough for once. His manner of conducting is decisive and expressive. Indeed, as a conductor he is much more demonstrative than as a pianist. The audience found the symphonic poem and its performance worthy of hearty, but not overabundant applause. The distinguished composer's manner showed that he was more than satisfied with the playing of the orchestra. The reserve of the audience was due, undoubtedly, to the difficulty of judging so profound and complex a composition as "The Island of the Dead" at a single hearing.

The poem was suggested to Rachmaninoff by Boecklin's famous picture that bears the same name; and, as it would be impossible to catch anything more than a general effect by a lone look at the canvas, so much must be missed at one hearing of the tone poem. The melancholy mood was established clearly enough; the traces of bells tolling, of hymns chanting, of breezes sifting through the cypresses that top the gloomy picture and of the boat of the dead being rowed up to the dismal shore were evident; but there were passages that eluded instant comprehension.

A Master Musician.

But while the symphonic poem was powerful in the main, the concerto was both poetical and popular. The symphonic poem represents Rachmaninoff's

present strength and style, which is full of mature and daring vigor; the concerto, being a much older composition, is naturally more conventional. It sticks more to the beaten path. One of the themes in the second movement of the

concerto had a fragrant beauty that affected the audience in the liveliest manner, and this movement was enjoyed most of all. The sweetness of it contrasted sharply with the sour style of the majestic poem. In the last movement of the concerto the eminent visitor showed a flashing technique. A master musician is this tall, serious-faced young man from Novgorod via Dresden.

The remarkable enthusiasm of the audience was not all kept by Rachmaninoff. He passed some of it to the orchestra with a wave of his arm. The band deserved the compliment.

Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" were also on the program. Next week's soloist will be Mme. Carreno, the well-known pianist, who will play the Tschalkowsky concerto in B-flat minor, No. 1. The symphony will be Beethoven's fourth. The holiday offering will be the pastorate from J. S. Bach's Christmas oratorio.

The Isle of Death

Sergei Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of Death," after Bocklin's famous painting, was one of the features of the second concert of the Society of Music Friends in Berlin. Oscar Fried conducted. Said the reviewer of the Musical Courier: "Rachmaninoff, the Russian, seems naturally to incline toward the sombre and melancholy, and it is easy to imagine how he could draw inspiration from this very beautiful painting. The contemplation of a masterpiece like Bocklin's affects different people in different ways, and it is a question whether Rachmaninoff's music of itself would arouse in the listener a thought of the Isle of Death. Yet it is impressive music. Noteworthy is the utter absence of themes. In their place Rachmaninoff employs short motives and parts of motives; it is impressionistic music, but the work shows logical development and architectural skill. Connected with the keynote of sadness and desolation is a certain grandeur. It is a question, however, whether Rachmaninoff's music will ever become popular with the masses."

Rachmaninoff is not the only composer to be inspired by Bocklin, for three of that remarkable artist's pictures have moved the German, Felix Wayrsch, to tonal deeds. These pictures are "The Isle of the Dead," "The Hermit" and "Play of the Waves." The composer will soon conduct his "three Bocklin Fantasies" at an orchestral concert in Altona. Nor must Hans Huber's Bocklin Symphony, in some respects a very interesting work when it was played three or four seasons ago at a Symphony concert, be forgotten. It is not strange that the boundless vitality and originality of Bocklin's creations should influence so many of the rising composers of today.

Symphony Hall.

Thirtieth Season, 1910-1911.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 8, 1910.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

PASTORALE from the "Christmas Oratorio"

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY, No. 4, B-flat major, op. 60

- I. Adagio; Allegro vivace
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro
- IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE No. 1, B flat minor, op. 23

- I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso: Allegro con spirito
- II. Andantino semplice; Allegro vivace assai
- III. Allegro con fuoco

BIZET,

SUITE, No. 1 from the music for Alphonse Daudet's play "L'Arlésienne"

- I. Prélude
- II. Minuetto
- III. Adagietto
- IV. Carillon

Soloist:

Mme. TERESA CARREÑO

Everett Piano used



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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Dec. 18, 1909

MR. RACHMANINOFF FOR UNIQUE IMPRESSION

His Fine Poise and Grave Sincerity—His Double Function as Conductor and Pianist—The Musician That Was Uppermost in Both—His Concerto and His Playing of It—His Tone-Poem of "The Isle of the Dead"—Its Pictorial Atmosphere and Poignant Suggestion—The Suggestion in the Man of His Music

For the first time, yesterday afternoon, since Mr. d'Indy paid his visit to Boston four years ago, a conductor other than its own and outside its own ranks led the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hess and Mr. Wendling had their turn when Dr. Muck fell ill, and Mr. Strube has conducted in his own pieces. Otherwise, until Mr. Rachmaninoff came yesterday, no leader has stood for the moment in Dr. Muck's or Mr. Fiedler's place. Mr. Rachmaninoff is a composer, but he does not conduct in most composers' blind and errant fashion. He has had, it seems, his experience in Russian opera houses and in orchestral concerts in Germany, too. Still less does he conduct like a virtuoso conductor, expressly summoned to exhibit his methods, his "readings" and his temperament. Mr. Rachmaninoff's pose was quiet and self-contained; his gestures were sparing and unemphatic; they tempered oftener than they enforced; there was nothing graphic in his ways; but he clearly imposed his will upon his band. And it was the will of an expert, discerning, imaginative, unobtrusively commanding musician. From their first encounter with him, the men had respected Mr. Rachmaninoff's abilities; quickly they came to like him; they did their best for him and his music; and he, like Mr. d'Indy before him, will probably go back to Germany and Russia to tell how expert and responsive instrument the Boston orchestra can be. He impressed his audience as favorably. Since Mr. Rachmaninoff is a Russian by race, if a German by residence in recent years, some in it expected an exotic presence. They saw instead a very tall figure, long of leg, neither slender nor thick of body, with slightly stooping shoulders, a largish head, a smooth, oval face, grave of expression and lighted by gravely contemplative eyes—a figure that might have come almost as plausibly out of New England as out of Russia.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's bearing had not an "effect" in it. He seemed wholly sincere in his unconsciousness of himself, in his quiet absorption in the work before him. He came, with equal poise, to conduct in his own tone-poem and to play the piano

part in his own concerto. With equal gravity, he acknowledged welcoming and rewarding applause. The whole impression was of a rare personal reticence, of a man sincere with himself and with all men and things else. There was need only of the quick-coming spur of the music to divine the fine intellectual and imaginative fibre underneath. The gravity of Mr. Rachmaninoff's music is in his presence; its quiet accomplishment of its deliberate ends speaks in his bearing. The quiet of its coloring, the reflection that shapes it, the deep but unemphatic moods of it are in his personal presence. It is as sincere as he. It is long since so static a personality has so impressed an audience at the Symphony concerts. That it should do so was finely creditable to its instinctive discernment, and the unusually hearty and reiterated applause that followed the end of the tone-poem and the end of the concerto was surely for the man as well as for the composer, the conductor, and the virtuoso. If a few in the second balcony were clamoring vainly for his hackneyed prelude, no one else thought of it in the newer and the larger aspects of the composer.

The concerts in which Mr. Rachmaninoff played the piano part was his own in C-minor, the tone-poem, in which he conducted was his own "Isle of the Dead" to—as the title runs—Böcklin's like-named picture. The concerto, though it has been played elsewhere in America and with the Symphony Orchestra was new to Boston, and only Chicago of other American cities, had previously heard "The Isle of the Dead." Of Mr. Rachmaninoff as a conductor enough, for the time, has been said. He was no less the musician when he turned pianist. A virtuoso he surely is by right of technical resource and the expert employment of it; but in all else he is the antipodes of a virtuoso. He left his hearers without thought of such skill for the skill's sake or rather for the sake of display of it. He did not bid the audience heed the individuality and the temperament of his reading. Still less was he the composer displaying himself, and making double effect since he was a conductor withal. He was the musician who sank himself in the playing of the music before him—music that he understood the better and the expressive each of which he gained the more fully and pervasively because he himself had written it. Always his tone had an exceeding felicity, whether it marched in broad progressiveness, sang in musing and melancholy wise, figured a cadenza in the mood of quiet and contemplative play with tonal fancier, whether it became as one with the softer voices of the orchestra or marshalled the whole choir with its own. It was tone that never turned strident, nor hot nor brilliant. It kept always its crystalline quality, its fine, clear, cool shadings its intimate suggestion even with a great orchestra in a great concert-room.

TERESA CARRENO.
(Ka-ray-nyo)

MME. CARRENO was born in Caracas, Venezuela, December 22, 1853, and received her first music lessons from her father, at one time a Minister of Finance. Quite early, however, she was brought to New York, where she studied under L. M. Gottschalk. She also studied in Europe under Mathias, and Rubinstein. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine at a charity concert at the Academy of Music in New York. She subsequently toured the States. Later she gave up piano playing for a time and adopted the opera stage. Her first appearance in this capacity was made in the part of the Queen in "Les Huguenots," which she took up at four days' notice to oblige Mapleson. In 1875 she became a member of a company under the direction of Maurice Strakosch. The company included Brignoli and Tagliapietra. The latter subsequently became her husband after her separation from Emil Sauret. In 1892 she married Eugen D' Albert, from whom she parted three years afterwards. While touring Venezuela with Tagliapietra's company, Mme. Carreno directed the performances for three weeks, during a quarrel between the regular conductor and the singers. In 1889, however, she resumed the concert stage, and appeared as a pianist. From that time her fame steadily increased, until now she has come to be regarded as unquestionably among the front rank of the pianists of to-day. (The Etude Gallery.)

Paste on this Margin.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
Trans. Dec. 18, 1909
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part in his own concerto, with equal gravity, he acknowledged welcoming and rewarding applause. The whole impres-sion was of a rare personal reticence, of a man sincere with himself and with all men and things else. There was need only of the quick-coming spur of the music to divine the fine intellectual and imaginative fibre underneath. The gravity of Mr. Rachmaninoff's music is in his presence: its quiet accomplishment of its deliberate ends speaks in his bearing. The quiet of its coloring, the reflection that shapes it, the deep but unemphatic moods of it are in his personal presence. It is as sincere as he. It is long since so static a per-sonality has so impressed an audience at the Symphony concerts. That it should do so was finely creditable to its instinctive discernment, and the unusually hearty and reiterated applause that followed the end of the tone-poem and the end of the con-certo was surely for the man as well as for the composer, the conductor, and the virtuoso. If a few in the second balcony were clamoring vainly for his hackneyed prelude, no one else thought of it in the newer and the larger aspects of the com-poser.

The concerts in which Mr. Rachmanin-off palyed the plan part was his own in C-minor, the tone-poem, in which he con-ducted was his own "Isle of the Dead" to—as the title runs—Bocklin's like-named picture. The concerto, though it has been played elsewhere in America and with the Symphony Orchestra was new to Boston, and only Chicago of other American cities, had previously heard "The Isle of the Dead." Of Mr. Rach-maninoff as a conductor enough, for the time, has been said. He was no less the musician when he turned pianist. A vir-tuoso he surely is by right of technical resource and the expert employment of it; but in all else he is the antipodes of a virtuoso. He left his hearers without thought of such skill for the skill's sake or rather for the sake of display of it. He did not bid the audience heed the in-dividuality and the temperament of his reading. Still less was he the composer displaying himself, and making double effect since he was a conductor withal. He was the musician who sank himself in the playing of the music before him—music that he understood the better and the expressive each of which he gained the more fully and pervasively because he himself had written it. Always his tone had an exceeding felicity, whether it marched in broad progressiveness, sang in-musing and melancholy wise, figured a cadenza in the mood of quiet and con-templative play with tonal fancier, whether it became as one with the softer voices of the orchestra or marshalled the whole choir with its own. It was tone that never turned strident, nor hot nor brilliant. It kept always its crystal-line quality, its fine, clear, cool shadings its intimate suggestion even with a great orchestra in a great concert-room.

already the custom to speak of Mr. Rachmaninoff's concerts as virtuoso pieces, because he was a practicing pianist before he was a composer. Other pianists may indeed make them such. As he himself played this second concerto, it seemed rather a piece of gravely meditated and reflectively written music for its own sake in which the piano had its place, not for the display of itself or of the pianist, but for fitter voice to his ideas and imaginings. Rather, it is absolute music in the true sense of the words, because the musical ideas whence it springs touch the imagination in themselves and being æsthetic pleasure, while in the evolution and the play of them there is continuing resource, continuously, invention and fancy. Mr. Rachmaninoff accomplishes these things indeed reflectively, but with reflection that in its sober depth of mood becomes emotion. His melodic ideas are not of a dried and evaporated Brahms, as some of his detractors will have it, but of the true vein of the contemplative and melancholy Slav. His own moods and moods and their own suggestions play upon them to give them more large and telling but always composed force, to turn them soberly songful, to touch them here and there with a quick fight fire. The listener hears for the pleasure and the beauty of sound, now tinted with thought, now vigorous with power, now warm and supple with emotion. He hears and enjoys as gravely, as sincerely as Mr. Rachmaninoff wrote. It is music of a temperament that is rare in the strenuous fashion and impulses of music nowadays. It has caught an impulse that has caught the action, the detachment of Brahms and added to them the Slav intensity of feeling even when the particular Slav has masked and tempered it.

"The Isle of the Dead," at a single hearing at once baffled, interested and impressed. Mr. Rachmaninoff has worked long upon it; he is not sure even now that he imparts the moods that Böcklin's picture kindled in him and the suggestions that it brought to his imagination. The length and the minuteness of his labors upon it has made it music of very fine and adroit shadings and often of very finely subdued and poignant voice. The little waves of a still sea lap the low rocks on the steep, bare cliffs of "Böcklin's Isle. A faint, still wind stirs in the tops of his thick cypresses. The air all about the isle is still, yet when it stirs plaintive voices or the phantoms of voice sound faintly in it. These sounds, this air make the atmosphere of Böcklin's picture; they were perhaps the essence of its grave suggestion to Mr. Rachmaninoff's grave spirit. He has sought in his music to give these sounds their shadowed, their phantom, their iterated quality. He holds the voices of his orchestra low; the music moves to subdued rhythms; the harmonic background is of tenebrous woe; the voice of the music seems very faint and far. Yet the lip of still sea

and the rustle of the cypresses is not quite changeless, and the plaintive voice of what Prospero would have called the spirits of the isle stirs out of changeful shadows among them. The voice is oftenest the poignant voice of longing, a plaint as of souls that are restless—that know not either the joys of Elysian fields nor yet the pains of an under and torturing world.

They are in the isle of the dead, yet the memory of the life behind, of the pleasures and pangs still haunts them. The old existence, in phantoms as shadowy as themselves still vexes them. Perhaps it is out of such imaginative scheme that Mr. Rachmaninoff has wrought his tone-poem. The beginning is surely of the isle, the sea, the cypresses, the stillness. The plaintive phantom voices stir in the pale air and light; they turn poignant with the memories of earth, with the pleasure and the pain behind, the state of things remembered that were dear though they hurt. The voices rise an outcry. Yet here grief and longing must turn slowly. The voices fall and are still, and again the sea laps the cliffs and the cypresses quiver, and there is footfall of new souls at the gates, and in the wan and changeless light, the wan and the changeless air, the music end. Perhaps it is idle and futile fancy so to make Mr. Rachmaninoff a "programme" for a tone-poem in which he has been content with a title. Yet, time again yesterday, his own music, and in its substance and its mood and above all in its instrumental coloring seemed to infuse it. As we wrote in absorbed and deeply touched mood to fine issues, so may his hearers dare and try to listen to him.

H. T. P.

Rachmaninoff This Week With Symphony Orchestra.

This week's Symphony program promises to be of more than usual interest, in that it will present Rachmaninoff in the triple capacity of composer, conductor and pianist. Rachmaninoff, it will be remembered, was scheduled to appear with the orchestra in October, but having had to delay his sailing from the other side it was necessary to postpone the engagement.

In the November southern trip of the orchestra Rachmaninoff was soloist in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Hartford, playing his concerto in C minor, which he will play here.

He will also conduct his new symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead." This had its first performance in America a fortnight ago in Chicago with the Theodore Thomas orchestra, Rachmaninoff conducting. As the title of the poem implies the composer has drawn his inspiration from the picture of Arnold Böcklin, which hangs in the art museum at Leipzig.

Böcklin, with his romantic and at times fantastic imagination, not only inspired many of the younger painters, but his pictures have before now acted as a source of inspiration to composers. Felix Weingartner's symphonic poem, "The Fields of the Blessed," was inspired by the picture of the same name

which is in Berlin; Hans Huber, the Swiss composer, has written the Böcklin symphony, the different movements of which draw their titles from the different Böcklin pictures, and recently foreign papers have noted the performance of another symphony based on his pictures.

The other numbers on the program are Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

SYMPHONY PLAYS HOLIDAY PROGRAM

Music Well Suited to Christmas-
tide at 10th Public Rehearsal
—Bizet's Suite "L'Arlesienne"
and Bach Pastorale.

MME. CARRENO, SOLOIST,
HAS BRILLIANT MOMENTS

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Teresa Carreno was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Pastorale from the Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Symphony, B flat major, No. 4, Beethoven; Concerto for piano, B flat minor, No. 1, Tschalkowsky; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet.

This program was well suited to Christmastide. The pastorale of Bach has specific significance. The symphony is of cheerful character and although the melancholy peculiar to Tschalkowsky enters occasionally into his concerto, the prevailing mood is one of inspiring excitement. In the second movement there are, besides the charming lullaby, a theme of a curious pastoral nature and a gay episode, while the joy of the finale is almost rowdy. The suite of Bizet was also appropriate, for the chief theme of the prelude is an old Provencal Noel or Christmas song. Mr. Fiedler is fortunate as a maker of programs and the one of yesterday evidently gave pleasure to the audience.

Bach's shepherds, wherever they are found, are inclined to be contrapuntal. They are not the "silly shepherds" of the old carols; they are learned in musical matters. In the portrayal of those abiding in the field keeping

watch over their flock by night there is not the fitting simplicity. Handel's little pastoral symphony in "The Messiah" is more imaginative; it is more in keeping with the scene. Having taken his naive theme, Handel had the good sense, and "good" is here synonymous with "poetic," to treat it with true pastoral simplicity, not the artificial simplicity for which the French invented the word "simplesse." The pastorale of Handel is singularly straightforward and frank, but it is also impressionistic. It is not sophisticated, and in this respect also, as in character of melody and quality of mood, it must be ranked far above the pastorale of Bach. Yet taken from its place in "The Messiah," and performed in concert as an opening piece, it would probably be thin and pale.

Mme. Carreno had brilliant moments in her performance of the concerto. There were frequent exhibitions of polished mechanism, now glittering, now crystalline. There was undoubtedly musical understanding, a fine sense of rhythm, a broad conception, dash, fire, yet the performance as a whole was disappointing. There was something lacking. Perhaps the pianist was not wholly in the vein, but there was this impression: There was not the full emotional expression of Tschalkowsky's thoughts and dreams. It did not seem as though Mme. Carreno went far under the printed page and brought forth all that was there. For to a great pianist notes are as memoranda, hints, and the true music lying dormant must be awakened and vitalized. Mme. Carreno is an admirable pianist in many ways, one to be named always with respect—but there is more in this concerto than she revealed.

It was a great pleasure to hear Bizet's suite again. We shall not probably have an opportunity here of seeing Daudet's play. A version in English was produced at New York in 1897, with an orchestra led by Anton Seidl, but the drama was caviare to the critics as well as to the public. The second section of the prelude and the adagietto gain greatly when heard in connection with the play, but they are also effective as concert pieces. What would the theatre public of Boston make of "L'Arlesienne"? Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in his speech last Monday night, said in effect that people now went to the theatre to find an answer for two questions: "How hard can one Dutch comedian hit another on the head without killing him?" and "Why do not the police interfere?" Unfortunately, there is truth in this cynicism. The woman of Arles does not appear on the stage, and her absence would vex many, who would like to see the "vampire" in flesh and blood as in "A Fool There Was." Then the contest between mother and son would hardly appeal to an American audience. It looks as though Bizet's music were doomed here to the concert room.

In the prelude, the saxophone solo,

the typical theme of "the Innocent," the younger brother, whose brain begins to work only as the tragedy deepens, was played by Mrs. R. J. Hall. This was probably the first time that a wind instrument was played by a woman in a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. In famous orchestras of Paris there are women in the string band. The sight is an agreeable one and the excellence of the performance is not lessened. Why should not any woman, who is competent, be allowed to join any one of the leading American orchestras? (This may be said without prejudice to male rights). Mrs. Hall's tone was full and pure and she expressed eloquently the plaintive character of the music. The episode in the prelude at last had its true importance at these concerts, and the peculiar quality of the saxophone was clearly recognized. The orchestral performance throughout was of high excellence.

The program of the concerts next week will include these orchestral pieces: Sibelius, symphony, D major, No. 2; Brahms, Minuet from Serenade in D major, op. 11; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Miss Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, who sang here with Dr. Wuellner early in the season, will make her first appearance in Boston with the orchestra. Her selections are Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and three songs with orchestra; Strauss, "Hymnus"; Max Fiedler, "Die Musikantin"; Wolf, "Er ist's."

CHRISTMAS MUSIC AT THE SYMPHONY

Every Number Reflects the
Joyousness of the
Season.

MME. CARRENO IS
SOLOIST OF DAY

Tilly Koenen, Dutch Contralto, to
Appear With Orchestra
Next Week.

Journal — Dec. 24, 1909
Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" pastoral,

Tschaikowsky's B flat minor piano concerto, with its dramatic Christmas eve story of the initial hearing before the hypercritical Rubinstein, and the old Provencal Christmas song in the prelude of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite lent a very seasonable interest to the Symphony matinee yesterday.

Mme. Teresa Carreno played the solo part in the Tschaikowsky work. Power, grace, tenderness and brilliancy marked her performance. The concerto is no mere virtuoso piece. It abounds in tuneful passages. Boston was the first city of all to hear it. That was in 1875, with Hans von Bulow as soloist. The work was applauded here then, and so it was yesterday. The great Russian composer still has his numerous and faithful admirers here. So has Mme. Carreno. After the concerto enthusiasm ran high.

The symphony, Beethoven's fourth, was deemed rather radical back at the time of the 1815 movement. Strauss and Debussy today make it seem as old-fashioned as the crinoline. But it has a bright color, on the whole, that well becomes the holiday season. It was beautifully played and Mr. Fiedler had to bow several times to the applauding audience. The Bizet suite, with which the rehearsal closed, had not been heard at one of the regular Symphony performances for more than seven years. The other music was the more familiar. Miss Tilly Koenen will be the soloist at next week's rehearsal and concert. The Dutch contralto will sing Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido," and some German lieder, including Mr. Fiedler's "Die Musikantin." The symphony will be the second by Sibelius.

SPIRIT OF SEASON.

Globe — Dec. 25, '09
"Christmas Oratorio" by
Symphony Orchestra.

Mme Carreno is Soloist of Day in
Tschaikowsky Concerto.

Mr Fiedler observed the Christmas time by introducing his symphony rehearsal program yesterday afternoon with the pastoral symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."

This choral work is in six parts, one of which he composed, intended to be given on each Sunday from Christmas to Epiphany. It is the second day's music, containing the announcement to the shepherds of the birth of the Christ child and the heavenly host praising

God, which is prefaced by this pastoral, the only purely instrumental part of the work.

Its spirit of quiet devotion and idyllic beauty speaks clearly through the wealth of pure melody, which a pastoral subject always inspired in Bach.

The exquisite tonal qualities of the wood-wind choir of the orchestra found in this serenely beautiful music a happy medium of expression.

Beethoven, in his fourth symphony further intensified and enforced the mood of quiet contemplation which Bach had begun.

Mr Fiedler read the opening adagio with the dignity and reverence of a prophetic and inspired utterance. The following allegro vivace answered with eager and joyous fulfillment.

The adagio of the second movement is apt and sympathetic music for the summoning of exalted thought and imagery. It was an appropriate companion piece to the Bach pastoral as a serene and lovely tribute to the Christmas time.

After the intermission came Mme Carreno, the soloist of the day, in Tschaikowsky's first pianoforte concerto, music more frankly inspired and pervaded by tempest and passion.

While this concerto, an early work of the composer's, is often remarkably unpianistic, and requires the solo instrument to vie unfairly with the orchestra, it contains pages of brilliant impassioned music which invite and declare the largeness of style and superb virility of Mme Carreno's mature powers.

She can give a sweeping eloquence to the rather rhetorical and theatric passage of upmounting chords with which the piano enters in the first movement against surging melody in the orchestra. Here, as often, this artist builds up bigness of effect by the sheer force of her realization of rhythm.

The pianist has need to do many things well in the course of this concerto. The cadenza alone demands purity of tone and the well moulded phrases in melody, flexibility and lightness of graceful arabesque, sturdy precision of gripping octave passages and a masterful differentiation in style. In all of these the pianist was authoritative and was yet reposeful.

Tschaikowsky has allowed variety to abound. If the orchestra supercedes the piano at times it supplies, particularly during the second and third movements, bits of folksong melody, bright of rhythm and the more glowing in color for their orchestral dress.

Mme Carreno personifies that admirable balance of mentality, temperament and technic which lends a distinction to the details of pianism and gives to larger achievement an imperious authority not attained by any woman pianist of our time.

Bizet's picturesque and richly varied suite No. 1 from the music for Alphonse Daudet's play "L'Arlesienne" closed the program. It is piquant, colorful and cognizant of wide orchestral resource.

It is a curious fact that composers for the orchestra should have ignored the expressive and noble voice of the saxophone to the degree that they have.

In the prelude and the menuet, Bizet has used very happily the alto, in E flat, which, out of the family of five of this instrument, is the most sympathetic in tone. Its infrequent use finds partial cause in the rarity of capable players. The purity and color tone and

beauty of legato phrase of the instrument as heard yesterday entitle it to a permanent seat with the more aristocratic wood-wind to which it is akin. Next week the program announces Tilly Koenen for the soloist, and the symphony in D major by Sibelius, the minuet from Brahms' Serenade in D major and Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes for the orchestral numbers.

BOSTON MUSICIAN, FIRST WOMAN TO PLAY WITH THE SYMPHONY

American — Dec. 26, 1909



MRS. RICHARD
J. HALL

Photograph by Pierce.

WOMAN SYMPHONY PLAYER APPLAUDED

Mrs. Hall Plays Difficult Scores
Without Notice for Artist
Taken Suddenly!!!

MRS. R. J. HALL of Bay State Road is the first woman to play an instrument in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday afternoon, when a saxophone player was taken suddenly ill, Mrs. Hall consented to take his place. Mrs. Hall played the difficult solo parts in the "L'Arlesienne" of Bizet without the slightest hesitation and was warmly applauded.

It was a novel sight and one which was thoroughly appreciated by the lovers of good music, for it required superb pluck and courage as well as skill to carry through the performance. Had Mrs. Hall not proved equal to the task, the orchestra would have been seriously embarrassed.

Mrs. Hall is a member of the Boston Orchestra Club. She is prominent in Boston musical circles and has been for years. For some time she has conducted at her own expense orchestral concerts to familiarize Bostonians with modern French music, of which she is a great admirer and student.

The fact that this social leader was such an adept at the saxophone was known to but comparatively few people and there was considerable surprise when she took her place in the orchestra yesterday. For several years she studied with Georges Longy, who plays first oboe in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and with other teachers.

The programme yesterday included the Pastoral Symphony from the "Christmas Oratorio," by Bach; Beethoven's "Fourth Symphony"; Tschalkowsky's Piano Concerto, No. 1, B-flat minor, and Bizet's Suite Arlesienne, No. 1. Mme. Teresa Carreno was the soloist.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

In honor of the season, the Pastoral from Bach's Christmas Oratorio stood first on the programme of the 10th public rehearsal this winter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Teresa Carreno was the soloist, playing Tschalkowsky's B-flat minor piano concerto. Beethoven's fourth symphony and the first "L'Arlesienne" suite of Bizet completed the list.

There is little music that is more beautiful or more thoroughly imbued with "Christmas spirit" than this prelude of Bach, which will be played again this evening. It is true that the piece was not conceived for an orchestra and a hall of such dimensions, but whatever the circumstances the measures speak for themselves, and whatever the interpretation Mr. Fiedler conducted with all his heart. The Beethoven symphony was also ideally in consonance with the occasion, for the introduction and the second movement have the mystery and the loveliness of nature, and the rest is lusty and joyous. So it was played with much virtuosity.

Tschalkowsky's concerto, with its superb sensuousness and its Russian growl, its vodka dance in the finale, has seldom been played here so magnificently. Majestic was the statement of the first theme, and how finely the somewhat episodic movement hung together! Mme. Carreno was more than a compelling virtuoso. She voiced the big moods of this concerto, which is first of all a very strong personal expression—as all of Tschalkowsky's symphonic music—and afterward a grandiose example of writing for piano and orchestra. Throughout there was the utmost continuity of thought, and that is not an easy thing to compass with this work. For once the insertion of the music hall tune, between the halves of the lullaby, did not come as something utterly extraneous. The finale had the whirl and abandon that is so seldom given it to a requisite degree, and it had more: a finely contrasted and proportionate treatment of the themes. It has been years since the great concerto has been so greatly treated here. As for Mme. Carreno, she is an astounding pianist and musician and she is a woman past compare.

In the performance of the excerpts from "L'Arlesienne" Mrs. R. J. Hall played the alto saxophone with a sense of style and tone quality, whatever the register, which did the utmost justice to an instrument not widely appreciated, as well as the famous music. The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the suite, though in more than one passage the elegance and the clearness of the unique instrumentation were lacking. There was much enthusiasm throughout the concert.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S PIANO CONCERTO AND MME. CARRENO

Old Bottles but New Wine at the Symphony Concert—Distinctive Qualities of the Work as They Were Revealed in the Playing—The Concerto as a Building of One Architecture, Entered by a Portico of Another Style—"1915," at the Castle Square Theatre, an Amusing Travesty of Local Traits with Sprightly Acting and Tangled Geography—"Carmen" Again at the Boston Opera House and Mr. Bourrilion's "Jose"

Again on Saturday evening at Symphony Hall a grand piano stood on the platform and Tschalkowsky's B-flat minor concerto on the programme; Mme. Carreno was elected to thunder its opening declamations as successor to Mr. Gabrilowitch, who played it last at these concerts a year ago, and again the programme notes reviewed the coolness between the composer and Nicholas Rubinstein, which followed that initial performance of the work in the St.

Petersburg class room. Certain circumstances of this performance gave a new emphasis to the concerto, and that episode, Mr. Gabrilowitch, it will be remembered, played the work as one Russian appreciating another. His ardor and his brilliancy had a national flavor to them. The impression of the work as a piano concerto was somewhat swamped in sympathy for the player's patriotic glow. Mme. Carreno, while she wanted nothing of the warmth, abated much of Mr. Gabrilowitch's partisanship. A more calm-eyed survey of the concerto was the result; also, a measure of sympathy with some of the dissent aroused at that early first performance. The work is so large-boned; its thunders so lend themselves to virtuosity at its best—and also at its worst—as to slide over many elements of challenge. What, for instance, becomes of the magnificent theme of the introduction, after it has served the purpose of the introduction? Why, then, were we invited into a noble pile through an Ionic portico to find the whole interior Romanesque? Again, as the piece built up its structural splendors, came the question if the architect had not too promptly embodied his vision in reality. This concerto has been the garment of many a player; of enough to have revealed its pattern thoroughly; not to have worn it threadbare, perhaps, but to have shown here and there a wrinkle.

If here and there a seam showed in the work itself, in its playing there was the utmost skill of workmanship. Mme. Carreno had chosen a medium which allows her to do what she is peculiarly qualified to do with the instrument in these tempests. As her hands swept the keyboard of its double fist-falls of chords in the opening measures, and subdividing into the sharp figure of the theme's second episode, her tone was so far from the ordinary clamors of virtuosity as to have caught a smooth, rich resonance which sang like an undertone from moment to moment. The player was achieving subtlety of tone coloring in the thunders of her fortissimo; she was bringing an art of exquisite shades to a canvas of heroic size. And it was here more than in the legato passages, more than even in the poesy of the slow movement which chimes a pianoforte accompaniment to a half-solo 'cello, that Mme. Carreno's individual values were felt. In the opening movement and again in the finale, the orchestra frequently overbalanced the solo instrument. In a passage of rushing octaves, or crashing chords, the soloist might be counted upon to dominate any tumult of the band, but in the weaving of the pianoforte arpeggii with which Tschalkowsky delights to festoon the beginning of his themes by woodwind and strings, the contest—and it became definitely so—was unequal. There was even a hint, in the execution of these long arabesques, terribly fleet, that the soloist, too, was a little scant of breath.

For the other numbers of the programme,

Bizet's Suite from the music for "L'Arlesienne" came with unexpected vigor and melody—particularly the Adagietto which has the intimacy of measures to accompany the spoken word with much greater richness of tone than mere "incidental" music; Beethoven's fourth symphony Mr. Fiedler caused to walk the accustomed stately paces of its slow movements with a polish of phrasing, while, for the allegros, especially of the first movement and the third, the rhythms were lashed into an impetuosity that approached violence. The closing measures were a gust, or as the Elizabethans would have said, a "flaw" of sudden sound. Quite apart from its seasonable subject, however, Bach's Pastoral from the "Christmas Oratorio" came with the most distinction both of Mr. Fiedler's leading and the band's following. Its stately weaving of polyphony, the alternations of its quaint pipings, the beautifully contrasted timbres of the instruments and the reserved comment of the organ may all have been a slightly amplified Bach, as regarded actual proportions of sounds, but it seemed just to suppose that it was an enlargement by which Bach was the gainer. Its proportions and its repose, as of the meditative calm of Eastern hillside under clear night skies, were sounded by the orchestra in a bit of its smoothest playing, and by its leader in his utmost skill of phrase.

L. P.

in A-flat major, op. 55
ilmente e semplice—Allegro
to

gro

O for VIOLIN, A minor, op. 53.
non troppo
non troppo
egro giocoso, ma non troppo

is Villanelle" FANTASIA for ORCHESTRA
(after Rollinat's Poem) op. 9

loist:

IA ELMAN.

and Concert next week.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY, No. 2, in D major,

- I. Allegretto
- II. Tempo andante ma rubato
- III. Vivacissimo. Lento e suave
- IV. Finale: Allegro moderato

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE and ARIA "Ah, Perfido" op. 65

BRAHMS,

MENUETTO from the SERENADE, No. 1, in D major, op. 11

THREE SONGS with ORCHESTRA:

- a) RICHARD STRAUSS, "Hymnus"
- b) MAX FIEDLER, "Die Musikantin" ("The Tambourine Player")
- c) HUGO WOLF, "Er ist's" ("Tis Spring")

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, CAPRICE on Spanish Themes, op. 34

- I. Alborada
- II. Variations
- III. Alborada
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song
- V. Fandango of the Asturias

Soloist:

Miss TILLY KOENEN.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — May 11, 1910

SIBELIUS, RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF AND MILESTONES

Mr. Fiedler for the First Time as a Composer at These Concerts—His "Tambourine Player" and the Singing of Miss Koenen—A Nearer View of Sibelius's Second Symphony and a Perspective on the "Spanish Caprice" of Rimsky-Korsakoff—The Old and the New in Russian Music, with Remote Echoes of Rachmaninoff's "Todteninsel"

Dr. Holmes makes somewhere the heartless remark that it is profitable to drop an old acquaintance overboard now and then just to see how fast we are travelling. This remark is not exactly adduced to apply to the second Symphony of Sibelius, but in the five years which have passed since it was last performed here, there has been a degree of progress which it helps, in a measure to record. It excited admiration yesterday afternoon; it excited little wonder; and, even where it tempted cacophony, little curiosity on that score. Again its terseness was noted—the conciseness by which it may be said to abbreviate symphonic structure. Its movements contain plenty of passages of free fantasia, but Sibelius does not linger over them for their own sake. The symphony is prodigiously boiled down. It is full of phrases which would expand into sentences, and sentences which might—and under the pen of almost any other composer would—be amplified into paragraphs. With all his northern ferocities, Sibelius has the sure sense of form. It is not that he would not like to linger, but that he is more interested in getting on. This sternness with himself, however, while it sets him a time and space limit, does not prevent him from demanding of his orchestra the utmost resources of its instrumental color. As it happened, a later number on the programme was to bring another season of vivid hues. Rimsky-Korsakoff's black-and-yellow "Caprice on Spanish Themes" is close of kin in this respect at least. The resemblance and the difference may be stated in some such way as this: Sibelius ransacks his color box for combinations within the limitations of a certain scheme. Heartily as we are bound to admire the vigor and energy of the Russian's work, its pictorial value is much as if the proverbial painter had stood up and hurled his proverbial palette at the proverbial canvas, with this reservation—that it was, on the whole, an uncommonly lucky throw.

The deft interrelation of parts in this shaggy symphony of Sibelius, its conformity to just proportions, has a rightness which

suggests the splendid limbs and torso of a Norseman revealing their accurate contours through his rough dress of skins. The first movement, especially, rises with the symmetry of a pyramid, built broad on the base of things. Its line rises to the peak of climax, and descends again. It begins with a curiously vibrant undertone of chanting strings, over which, in turn, mount its stridencies. It abates; again to the vibrant undertone of chanting strings. Mr. Fiedler found a congenial task in building up its phrases block upon block, and neither did his skill with the details dim his sense of the proportions. He made them, on the contrary, express the proportions, as in the transition passage which links the third movement—built on a much less ample scale—to the Finale. It is necessary to get from something in the proportions of an ordinary scherzo directly into the heroics of the last movement. Sibelius simply climbs a slope from his pleasant valley to his rugged tableland. And the boldness of Mr. Fiedler's leadership up that instrumental slope not only made the relations of the two movements instantly clear; it made one of the most effective single moments of the afternoon.

Since this symphony first came to fruition not only his brethren but Sibelius himself has had much to say. Perhaps its daring has come to sound a little timid. Today it impresses as a work undoubtedly with flashes of inspiration, but flashes; undeniably earnest in its thinking, and with that thinking at times somewhat mathematical; and splendidly pictorial of the rugged grandeur of the north under its leaden skies.

Beethoven's scene and aria, "Ah! Perfidio," was aptly chosen by Miss Koenen. The largeness of the music and the sombre tones which it employs are suited to a voice of just such heavy and sober colorings as hers. Such a voice is rarely flexible, and where the aria required vocal agility, there was lack of clarity in her tones. To the interpretative part of her task, nevertheless, she brought an appreciation which did not allow the large outlines of the work to contract, and at length, when caught in the sweep of one of Beethoven's irresistible rhythms urged mightily by the simplest figure of stalking bass, her voice transcended any limitations of quality and rose over the tumult of orchestra in the majesty required of it. She was much less expressive in Strauss's music to Schiller's "Hymnus"—as to which a witty architect was heard to remark that it was as if he had tried to copy a Madonna with compass and T square—and she was correspondingly more so in Hugo Wolf's brief and impassioned little lyric to Spring, "Er Ist's." The novelty of the afternoon, and one of its delights, was Mr. Fiedler's song with orchestral accompaniment, "The Tambourine Player." It is rich both in melody and instrumentation, and the former is evenly shared by voice and orchestra. A brill-

nant phrase to the musical clatter of the tambourine establishes the mood of the piece on the instant; the intrusion of gloomy minors on its hitting rhythm maintains that mood; and for a completeness of impression, it concludes with the opening phrase and whirr of the tambourine. It is a song admirably attuned to its theme and perfectly clear in every line.

Exactly a fortnight ago Boston was listening to a tone poem by one of the group of younger Russian composers. The performance of Mr. Rachmaninoff's "Todteninsel" brought forth many comments on the divergence of the younger men from the old nationalist school of which Rimsky-Korsakoff was an exponent. Yesterday afternoon, remembering the skill with which Mr. Rachmaninoff governed his imaginative music to union with symphonic form, it was possible, while listening to the "Caprice on Spanish Themes" of the elder composer, to guess at the length of road which lies between. Allowing for all the differences of form and intention in the two works, it is noticeable how that of Rimsky-Korsakoff has all the fitfulness, the disinclination, shall we say, to develop a theme except by giving it to a different set of instruments, as well as the exuberance of imagination which he shared with his brethren. The caprice, even more than its name implies, is brilliant, and it is as erratic. It brought a grateful interlude of virtuosity to Mr. Hess, who flung back its shimmer with a bow which never errs in such matters; it caused the brass to snarl and the strings to show their teeth like an angry Carmen; it was voluptuous, or riotous, or stentorian, and it was always episodic.

L. P.

SYMPHONY PLAYS MELANCHOLY WORK

Sibelius' Sombre Second Symphony Practically a Novelty to Audience at the 11th Public Rehearsal.

MISS KOENEN ORCHESTRA
SOLOIST FOR FIRST TIME

Harold

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yes-

terday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Tilly Koenen was the singer. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, D major.....Sibelius
Scene and aria, "Ahl perfido".....Beethoven
Menuetto from Senerade No. 1.....Brahms
Three songs with orchestra.....R. Strauss
Hymnus.....Fiedler
The Tambourine Player.....Wolf
'Tis Spring.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Caprice on Spanish Themes.....Rimsky-Korsakoff

The compositions by Sibelius and Rimsky-Korsakoff were practically novelties to the great majority of the audience, for the symphony had been played only once before, early in 1904, and the Caprice had been played at these concerts only once.

When Mr. Gericke produced the symphony, the work was caviare to the general and even to many receptive musicians. It was the first composition by the Finn that was played here, and little was known about the composer and still less about his habit of thought and form of expression. When the second symphony was produced by Dr. Muck, it made a deep impression, as did the violin concerto played superbly by Maud Powell. Last season Mr. Fiedler brought out "A Song of Spring" and "Finland."

Sibelius had his revenge yesterday, for the second symphony was better understood and appreciated. It is strongly individual, aggressively so, and unflinching individuality in art is generally disconcerting. The dominating mood of music is one of stern, almost savage, melancholy, a melancholy that is epic, not lyrical. The first movement is as the rhapsody of a bard, and this movement is perhaps the most perplexing of the four to one that wishes conventional thematic exposition and smug development.

The themes throughout have for the most part the character of folk-song, but Sibelius has said that he seldom if ever employs folk-songs, though he gives to themes of his own invention the characteristics of Finnish folk-song, and these national songs are charged with melancholy. The musical sentiment of the symphony is bleak, almost hopeless. There is also a rebellious spirit, as of a people clamoring for liberty. I do not recall one sensuous strain in any movement.

The triumphal ending is not an

ordinary hymn of victory with perfunctory fanfares of parade. There is a wildness, the wildness of loneliness and revolt. There is the suggestion continually of the rocks and moors and fens of Finland as described even by the prosaic. There is also the suggestion of that strange national epic the "Kalevala" or, "The Land of Heroes," which should be better known, now that it is published in Everyman's Library.

Once or twice there are fleeting reminiscences of Wagner in this symphony, but as a whole it is uncommonly original, in material, in structure, in sober ornamentation. The melodic lines, the rhythms, the orchestral expression are all peculiar to Sibelius. The grim sobriety is peculiar, as is the sullen despair, the hopeless attitude that follows a vain but heroic struggle. The robustness that is almost physical in tones; the manliness of this music, which in its hopelessness is neither whimpering nor hysterical; the elemental grandeur of certain pages; the bravery of the "unconquerable soul" in the "fell clutch of circumstance"—these, too, put the symphony above many others in the catalogue.

Tschaikowsky unwittingly did Rimsky-Korsakoff harm when his letter in which he described the latter's Spanish Caprice as a "colossal masterpiece of instrumentation" was published. Tschaikowsky was honest in his praise, but it aroused anticipations that are not realized when we hear the Caprice in 1909. "Scheherazade," by the same composer, is surely more brilliant; and compare for a moment this Caprice with Chabrier's "Espana" or with some of the pages in Bizet's "Carmen."

How inferior, how pale is this Caprice in its attempt to reproduce or suggest the dazzling light, the color, the mad or subtle rhythms, the costumes, the poetry, the atmosphere of Spain! The little impressionistic piano piece by Debussy, the "Evening at Grenada," is at the same time more realistic and more imaginative, realistic by reason of its very vagueness. The performance of the Caprice, though creditable in many ways, was aesthetically inferior to that of the symphony. The charming menuetto of Brahms with its old-time flavor was delicately played; it served well in contrast with that which preceded and that which followed, and to separate the songs.

Miss Koenen, who was heard here early in the season with Dr. Wuellner, sang for the first time in Boston with the orchestra. Her voice is full and

pure, agreeable, but without distinctive charm. She uses it with skill and she has evidently had much experience. She sang Beethoven's recitative with a nice appreciation of the various sentiments, and the aria with classic repose, but this aria is written in the grand style and singers of that style are now few in number.

In the group of songs she was most successful with Mr. Fiedler's sympathetic and effective setting of a poem by Eichendorff, and this song at once caught the fancy of the audience. Her reading of "Hymnus" was tame. Wolf orchestrated the accompaniment of his "Er Ist's" ("Tis Spring"), but the song is better with the original accompaniment with piano. All in all, Miss Koenen yesterday appeared as a highly respectable and uninspiring singer.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Elgar, Symphony in A flat major; Brahms, violin concerto (Mischa Elman); Loeffler, "The Devil's Villanelle."

Tilly Koenen, the Dutch Contralto, Gives Especial Pleasure.

By appearing yesterday at the Symphony rehearsal and tonight at the Symphony concert, Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, will have the distinction of being the last Symphony soloist for 1909 and the first for 1910.

Miss Koenen gave the most satisfaction yesterday with a trio of songs that included Mr. Fiedler's "Tambourine Player." This was performed so well, by both soloist and orchestra, that the applause treaded close to the encore ground. The song represents the youthful work of the distinguished conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. It showed grace and vigor. The sentiment of the poem was perfectly translated in the music. Miss Koenen also sang Richard Strauss' "Hymnus." Wolf's "Tis Spring," and Beethoven's Italian scene and aria, "Ahl! Perfido."

The orchestra played the Sibelius symphony in D major for the second time—or for the first time since 1904—and the audience, to judge by the applause, found much to enjoy in the work. There was an exceedingly graceful performance of the menuetto from the Brahms serenade in D major. The Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice on Spanish Themes," a brimming cup of musical allspice, came last, to make the return to the cold blasts and iced sidewalks outside all the more uninviting.

Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, will be next week's soloist. He will play the Brahms concerto in D major. Elgar's symphony, heard for the first time last year, will be revived, and the other number will be a Boston work, "The Devil's Villanelle," by C. M. Loeffler.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Rehearsal Devoted to
Scattered Miscellany.

Sibelius Supplies the Music, Miss
Tilly Koenen is Soloist.

The afternoon at the symphony rehearsal was one of scattered miscellany. Sibelius furnished the symphony—his second in D major—and Tilly Koenen, contralto, was the soloist. No feature or personality predominated, either of composer or soloist.

Sibelius, in this symphony, appears to be obsessed of a series of startling, shuddering episodes which he projects from time to time with grim and inexorable insistence. He frequently calls upon the brass for loud and hysterical proclamation of them. When he would be squeamishly uncanny, he sets the bassoons in hollow octaves to playing blind man's buff, with the cellos stealthily picking their way through a miasma of pizzicato notes, as in the opening theme of the andante.

According to Mr. Sibelius, pastoral naivete in Finland savors of the eerie frolics of imps, elves and chattering goblins. When he would bid a member of the wood-wind choir to speak with any individual prominence it was invariably a grewsome, sour or neurotic reply which he received—with one exception; the theme for oboe in the lento of the third movement had beauty and character.

This tendency to episode, pointed either with noise or with unexpressive gloom would not be insignificant in itself were it not for the tedious transitional passages which intervene.

The first two movements are the most logical and sustained in interest. Most welcome is the cantabile second theme of the andante, which was beautifully played by the strings.

In the last two movements the composer appears to suffer a dearth of ideas. He is given to long and vapid sequences. He has high-sounding pages upon which all choirs, and notably the brass, become zealous in the upheaval. There is no engaging conflict of dramatic forces, nor is the bombastic apotheosis a convincing resolution of the struggle.

In spite of the virtuosity of this orchestra and the discriminating sense of every available value with which Mr. Fiedler read the score, this work appeared of less interest than any modern piece of the season thus far.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice on Spanish themes was a series of tonal pictures of exhilarating, exuberant rhythms and brilliant orchestral color. Mr. Fiedler's keen sense of rhythm and the

incisive eloquence and swift vitality which it alone can impart to music of strong pulse, gives to such a number an imperious virility—just as it did yesterday.

Miss Koenen sang first Beethoven's recitative and aria "Ah! Perfido," and after Brahms' Menuetto from his Serenade, No. 1, by the orchestra, she added three songs with orchestral accompaniment.

Miss Koenen sings with sincerity and an apparent conviction. Obviously she has abundance of temperament, and the eagerness to communicate the idea in its entirety as it actuates her.

This singer appears to be of that type of contraltos who sacrifice natural beauty of voice in striving for a big tone. Brightness and poise give way to a smothered, sepulchral quality which leaves an inaudible pianissimo, and a labored execution in florid passages.

Her medium voice when used with moderate power shows this defect the least. The sweep of Strauss' melodic line in his "Hymnus" was quite beyond her. Mr. Fiedler's delightful "Die Musikantin," a song requiring much color of voice and quick sense of rhythm, found Miss Koenen animated, as did Wolf's "Erists."

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Dutch singer of mezzo soprano voice, Miss Tilly Koenen, who is meeting with success as a concert artist in her first American season, was the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday evening. Cheerful in temperament, she found a kindred spirit in Max Fiedler, and together they presented the following sunny program:

Sibelius, symphony, No. 2, in D major; Beethoven, scene and aria, "Ah, Perfido," op. 65; Brahms, menuetto from the Serenade, No. 1, in D major, op. 11; three songs with orchestra: Richard Strauss, "Hymnus"; Max Fiedler, "The Tambourine Player"; Hugo Wolf, "'Tis Spring"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, caprice on Spanish themes, op. 34.

Sibelius does not write formal melodies, any more than other modern composers write them, yet the music of this singer of far-northern Finland is as melodious as that of Mozart. Those persons who regret that music of today is not based on extended melody, who find all musical ideas incomprehensible unless they are set forth according to a diagrammatic pattern, must confess that Sibelius in his second symphony sounds well in spite of himself. They must confess, moreover, that the beauty of this work lies in something else than in neatly contrived combinations of tone color; they must be conscious as they

listen to it of a principle of rhythm precisely similar in artistic intent to that upon which the melodies of the old symphonies were built.

Here is the spirit of melody everywhere, although themes written in the manner of the past are rare to find. The nearest thing to the old type of melody is in the trio of the third movement, where a formal theme is given exalted treatment and is made to serve special purposes of decoration instead of general purposes of structure.

Mr. Fiedler in setting to music Eichen-dorff's lyric of the strolling tambourine player, excusably gave it an orchestral accompaniment, both because the actual jingling of a tambourine could give the realism he wanted and because the orchestra could establish for him upon the instant the needed mood of open-air festivity. The vocal melody of the song successfully expressed the tambourine player's longing for home and the orchestral accompaniment just as successfully pictured the lively scene in which the player unwillingly took part. It was not a large art problem that Mr. Fiedler had before him in his little song, but it involved the art principle of contrast in a peculiar way; his problem was not the usual one of setting one mood off against another at different points of time, but of maintaining two opposite moods in the music at the same time. *Monitor Jan. 3. 1910*

SIBELIUS SYMPHONY HEARD IN BOSTON

SINCERITY THROUGHOUT,
AND PURE ORIGINALITY

Orchestra Also Plays Max Fiedler's
"Die Musikantin"—Miss Koenen's Singing.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Sibelius, Symphony in D. No. 2.
Beethoven, "Ah Perfido." Scene and Aria.
Miss Tilly Koenen.
Brahms, Minuet from Serenade in D. Opus 11.
Richard Strauss, "Hymnus."
Max Fiedler, "Die Musikantin."
Hugo Wolf, "Er ists."
Miss Koenen.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The chief number of this concert was the Sibelius Symphony. This Finnish composer is both national and cosmopolitan. The national character of his music is shown in the sombre and earnest style of much of his work. The Finns are the noblest people that ever were doomed to martyrdom by an unscrupulous tyranny. Hon. Andrew D. White, long-time our ambassador to Russia, has told the present writer that their honesty, their fidelity, their purity, can scarcely be exaggerated. Perhaps Sibelius may be fated, like Chopin, to transmute into music the disasters of his country, for music is often born of sorrow, whether national or individual.

The symphony is, of course, a much more ambitious work than the "Spring-song" and "Finlandia" by this composer, which we heard in these concerts about a year ago. But in those works as in this larger one, we find the greatest of musical virtues—Sincerity. We believe a great deal of the modern music to be insincere, to be a deliberate throwing of dust in the eyes of the public; and, unfortunately, there are always many people who reverence any music that they do not understand.

The work is original from first to last. Its first movement begins with a chief theme that is as quaint as anything in modern music. It has all the brooding and pensive character of the North and the whole Symphony suggests Tschalkowsky, with a little less melody and less Cossack frenzy than we find in the Russian's music. As with Tschalkowsky there are many impressive passages in the deepest register of the wind instruments.

The second movement begins with pizzicato mystery and the contrabasses furnish a remarkable basso ostinato here to a strange theme on the bassoons. This second movement had the character of a threnody with some moments of striking power, but it was too long; it would have gained by brevity. Decidedly Sibelius cannot be accused of copying anybody. He is original if he is anything, and just this strange originality makes us timid about pronouncing judgment. One could readily see moments of Genius, but that the whole work is one of genius we are not yet prepared to say.

Folk-themes there were again in the third and fourth movements, which are joined together. There was often a sweet sadness in these that was ineffably poetic—"and resembled sorrow only as the Mist resembles Rain." But there was much repetition also. Sometimes this gave a picturesque monotony, but sometimes it seemed barren repetition. Chromatic scales up and down in alternation, furnished much of the bass of the Finale. There was a grand climax at the end.

The work was read very sympathetically. We suspect it of being a great symphony. At all events it is a composition which we would cordially welcome to a second hearing this season, for the sake of further study of it. It is certainly worth the pains.

The other orchestral works were of much lesser degree. Brahms's Minuet from his Serenade is finely developed for this simple form and display the great German in his more melodic vein also. There are those who consider Brahms to be always abstruse and generally tuneless. Possibly such a selection as this Minuet may cause these superficial judges to waver in their unjust opinion. Just as Bach became a link between the old, pure counterpoint and a more modern style of modulation, so Brahms reconciles the 18th century with the 20th, proving that the old forms are not threadbare and that modern expression need not necessarily depart utterly from the old channels. Such a bulwark against the flood of cacophony and formlessness in music is most valuable just at this time.

The absolute beauty of the melodies, the charm of the simple scoring, the clearness of the contrasts and their effectiveness, made the Minuet one of the most delightful compromises between classical and popular music that we have heard in a long time.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice was very brilliantly performed, but at its best we do not care much for the work. Much of it is tinsel and the efforts to excite the auditor and to be very "popular" are too evident. To use again the simile introduced above, we do not think this is a sincere work. Its glitter and its syncopations are stagy. We cannot smell much garlic in this work, it seems as if the cook had spilled some Bortzsch in the dish while cooking it. Bizet's "Carmen" is a very different presentation of Spanish Music. But it is decidedly a popular work, in its sparkling brilliancy, and it won the greatest applause of all the concert, although we rank it below the other two orchestral numbers. Perhaps it was intended as a sop to the popular Cerberus. If so it succeeded and achieved its purpose.

Miss Koenen did not make an overwhelming impression when she appeared in conjunction with Dr. Wuellner for a charitable cause, in Symphony hall, some weeks ago. Yesterday afternoon she was more in her element. The support of an admirable orchestra, the presentation of a Scena in which Bel Canto, recitative and dramatic power, are all displayed, and the presence of a large and musically-trained audience, all combined to make the singer reach her highest point of vocal power. Miss Koenen is a true mezzo-soprano, not an alto. She is her weak in her lower register, but her upper notes ring out finely. She has a delightful surety not only of intonation but in general execution.

Yet we can scarcely class her with the greatest singers. She has come to us laboring under too great a reputation.

Of the shorter songs, all three with orchestra, Mr. Fiedler's own composition may properly be given the place of honor. Mr. Fiedler has not yet become as well-known as he deserves to be, in America,

as a composer. He has composed much in the large forms, and his symphony has been highly appreciated in Germany, where it was given under his own direction by the Hamburg Philharmonic orchestra. He has also published (Breitkopf & Haertel) a string quintette, and has achieved other classical compositions as well as a host of lesser works.

"Die Musikantin" proved to be a close relation, as far as its subject went, to "Klinge, Klinge, mein Pandero," of the Jensen set of Spanish songs. But the music was by no means of the same type. The orchestration was very effective, with its impatient dashes of tambourine accompaniment, and the melody was also dramatic. This song was very cordially received, and Mr. Fiedler as well as Miss Koenen was obliged to bow his acknowledgments repeatedly. The song deserved this recognition.

Strauss' "Hymnus" was very loftily given and the harp accompaniment as played by Mr. Schuecker was a strong element in its success. The little "Lied" by Hugo Wolf, "Er Ist's," scarcely deserved to be weighted with an orchestral accompaniment. It is a purer gem when accompanied, as he wrote it, by piano. But in these little songs Miss Koenen made her best effects and won the most applause.

It may be quite possible that the concert "Scena," with its artificial agonies has gone out altogether. Even Beethoven cannot make these conventional contrasts thrilling, or the smooth cavatina-happiness and the aria-fury seem real to the modern concert-goer. The knell of "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," "Inferno" and of the Queen of the Night, etc., is not far off, and we fear, in spite of some very beautiful melody, "Ah Perfido" must go with them.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

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last performed here, there has been a degree of progress which it helps, in a measure to record. It excited admiration yesterday afternoon; it excited little wonder; and, even where it tempted cacophony, little curiosity on that score. Again its terseness was noted—the conciseness by which it may be said to abbreviate symphonic structure. Its movements contain plenty of passages of free fantasia, but Sibelius does not linger over them for their own sake. The symphony is prodigiously boiled down. It is full of phrases which would expand into sentences, and sentences which might—and under the pen of almost any other composer would—be amplified into paragraphs. With all his northern ferocities, Sibelius has the sure sense of form. It is not that he would not like to linger, but that he is more interested in getting on. This sternness with himself, however, while it sets him a time and space limit, does not prevent him from demanding of his orchestra the utmost resources of its instrumental color. As it happened, a later number on the programme was to bring another season of vivid hues. Rimsky-Korsakoff's black-and-yellow "Caprice on Spanish Themes" is close of kin in this respect at least. The resemblance and the difference may be stated in some such way as this: Sibelius ransacks his color box for combinations within the limitations of a certain scheme. Heartily as we are bound to admire the vigor and energy of the Russian's work, its pictorial value is much as if the proverbial painter had stood up and hurled his proverbial palette at the proverbial canvas, with this reservation—that it was, on the whole, an uncommonly lucky throw.

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Since this symphony first came to fruition not only his brethren but Sibelius himself has had much to say. Perhaps its daring has come to sound a little timid. Today it impresses as a work undoubtedly with flashes of inspiration, but flashes; undeniably earnest in its thinking, and with that thinking at times somewhat mathematical; and splendidly pictorial of the rugged grandeur of the north under its leaden skies.

Beethoven's scene and aria, "Ah! Perfido," was aptly chosen by Miss Koenen. The largeness of the music and the sombre tones which it employs are suited to a voice of just such heavy and sober colorings as hers. Such a voice is rarely flexible, and where the aria required vocal agility, there was lack of clarity in her tones. To the interpretative part of her task, nevertheless, she brought an appreciation which did not allow the large outlines of the work to contract, and at length, when caught in the sweep of one of Beethoven's irresistible rhythms urged mightily by the simplest figure of stalking bass, her voice transcended any limitations of quality and rose over the tumult of orchestra in the majesty required of it. She was much less expressive in Strauss's music to Schiller's "Hymnus"—as to which a witty architect was heard to remark that it was as if he had tried to copy a Madonna with compass and T square—and she was correspondingly more so in Hugo Wolf's brief and impassioned little lyric to Spring, "Er Ist's." The novelty of the afternoon, and one of its delights, was Mr. Fiedler's song with orchestral accompaniment, "The Tambourine Player." It is rich both in melody and instrumentation, and the former is evenly shared by voice and orchestra. A brilliant phrase to the musical clatter of the tambourine establishes the mood of the piece on the instant; the intrusion of gloomy minors on its lilting rhythm maintains that mood; and for a completeness of impression, it concludes with the opening phrase and whirr of the tambourine. It is a song admirably attuned to its theme and perfectly clear in every line.

Exactly a fortnight ago Boston was listening to a tone poem by one of the group of younger Russian composers. The performance of Mr. Rachmaninoff's "Todteninsel" brought forth many comments on the divergence of the younger men from the old nationalist school of which Rimsky-Korsakoff was an exponent. Yesterday afternoon, remembering the skill with which Mr. Rachmaninoff governed his imaginative music to union with symphonic form, it was possible, while listening to the "Caprice on Spanish Themes" of the elder composer, to guess at the length of road which lies between. Allowing for all the differences of form and intention in the two works, it is noticeable how that of Rimsky-Korsakoff has all the stiffness, the disinclination, shall we say, to develop a

theme except by giving it to a different set of instruments, as well as the exuberance of imagination which he shared with his brethren. The caprice, even more than its name implies, is brilliant, and it is as erratic. It brought a grateful interlude of virtuosity to Mr. Hess, who flung back its shimmer with a bow which never errs in such matters; it caused the brass to snarl and the strings to show their teeth like an angry Carmen; it was voluptuous, or riotous, or stentorian, and it was always episodic.

L. P.

Sibelius' Symphony Gives Memorable Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the 11th concert of the Symphony Orchestra this season last night in Symphony Hall:

Symphony No. 2, Sibelius; scene and aria, "Ah! Perfido," Beethoven; menuetto from Sere-nade in D, Brahms; three songs with orchestra: "Hymnus," Strauss; "Die Musikantin," Max Fiedler; "Er Ist's," Hugo Wolf; Caprice on Spanish themes, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The symphony by Sibelius has been given once before in Boston, under Mr. Gerlicke, in 1904. It was the first work by the Finnish composer to be heard here, and no doubt it was largely for this reason that it did not make so strong an impression as the first symphony in E minor, given by Dr. Muck in 1907. But the symphony heard last night is a magnificent work.

It is dangerous, too. We should beware of it. It should not appear on too many programmes. It might do incalculable harm to art, for it is sufficient to beat down the guard of the cleverest philosophy of esthetics ever formulated by dilettanti!

It is disconcertingly vital. It is brusque, direct, unsparing of emphasis, a primeval product, one would say, of the land that gave it birth. For through Sibelius, who thinks in 3-2 time and speaks with the voice of the early gods, a nation becomes articulate. His orchestral style is as individual as his ideas, which are like rough lumps of richest ore. It is as much the result of them as the bed of a river is the passageway worn by the current. The instrumentation is often harsh and thick, and as often again of the highest brilliancy. Gusts of tone in the lower strings, a brass choir that bursts out in golden splendor, or chokes with choler, sweet, wild phrases for the wood-wind—the shrill skirling of an icy blast, or fitful gleams of lovely sunshine, or, as in the last movement, the long, persistent figures for the basses, like the roar of surf.

Destiny's Hand Appears

Destiny has its hand on this music. Its might is unconquerable, but chained and

impotent. How magnificently it mutters and glooms! The two middle movements are prodigious beyond compare. The pizzicato of basses, which prepares the entrance of the melancholy theme for the bassoons and the entrance of that theme, is one of the most imaginative and inevitable instances of such procedure in symphonic literature. There is no escaping the mood. And what themes! The long, mournful melody for the strings in the second movement, and the pathetic, aspiring air for the oboe in the following section. Wilde said that no great artist ever sang without the fullest consciousness of the matter and the manner of his singing. Be it so. Whether preconceived or not, we know of few more affecting moments in modern music than the simple moving phrase sung by the pastoral instrument over rich harmonies in the brass—a passage made the more striking by reason of the utter contrast of the flying measures that precede.

Over all is the bleakness, the space and the eternity of the north. Listening to this symphony one would say that from that tremendous region shall come all things creative. These melodies seem to spring from the very bottom consciousness of a people—more, of humanity.

It remains to relate the astounding conclusion and its preparation. From the preceding movement the strings rush up, pile Ossa on Pelion and then walks out—what? A lordly, vulgar, heroic, commonplace tune that from a cheaper soul would serve admirably for the first eight measures of a slow waltz for the summer hotel. But how splendidly this defiance rings out! With what a battalion of brass and rhythm is it flung forth, a gauntlet thrown in the face of man and god. In other hands it would serve for the beer garden. But behold! A voice from Walhalla. The apotheosis of this theme at the last is unutterably superb. The man who can write with such force, such sheer strength and fertility of invention, who can, so to speak, throw manners to the winds and bring back the gods, is quite

beyond price in an over-cultivated age. The performance of a very difficult score reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Fiedler and his men.

In this concert Miss Koenen showed herself one of the great interpreters of song now before the public. She has a great voice, and she has executive ability which is not the property of all lauded concert singers. She felt and she communicated the nobly dramatic spirit which underlies the somewhat antiquated style of the music of Beethoven, for she has the vocal organ, the depth and sincerity of sentiment demanded by such lines. The singing of the recitative preceding the alra and of Strauss' "Hymnus" were especially memorable. The latter song makes every demand upon an artist, and Miss Koenen met these demands with a skill and comprehension, a sense of line in her phrasing, a subtlety of nuance which left little indeed to be desired.

Mr. Fiedler's song is modern in style and feeling, and an apt expression of the spirit of the poem. It does not necessarily require an orchestra for the accompaniment. Miss Koenen interpreted this song with the same insight which she had brought to bear upon the other compositions, and then she sang charmingly the delightful miniature of Wolf. There was a brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice, and the melodious movement by Brahms met with its due reward.

my Hall.

1909-10.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

ER, Conductor.

ONCERT.

MBER 4, AT 8, P.M.

ramme.

BAND,

SYMPHONY in B flat, No. 2, op. 57

- I. Extrêmement lent: Très vif
 - II. Modérément lent
 - III. Modéré: Très animé
 - IV. Introduction; Fugue and Finale
- (By request)

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "Jetz, Vitellia!" and RONDO "Nie soll mit Rozen" from the Opera "Titus"

HANDEL,

CONCERTO for OBOE and STRING ORCHESTRA

- I. Grave
- II. Allegro
- III. Sarabande
- IV. Allegro

GOUNOD,

Stanzas of Sappho from the Opera, "Sappho"

WAGNER,

HULDIGUNG'S MARCH OF HOMAGE

Soloists:

Mme. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mr. GEORGES LONGY.



MISCHA ELMAN.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

ELGAR,

SYMPHONY in A-flat major, op. 55

- I. Andante nobilmente e semplice—Allegro
- II. } Allegro molto
- III. } Adagio
- IV. Lento—Allegro

DVOŘÁK,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, A minor, op. 53.

- I. Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Adagio ma non troppo
- III. Finale: Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo

LOEFFLER,

"The Devil's Villanelle" FANTASIA for ORCHESTRA
and ORGAN (after Rollinat's Poem) op. 9

Soloist:

Mr. MISCHA ELMAN.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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Symphony Hall.

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MID-SEASON IN THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. Jan. 21, 1910
The Change That the Year Has Wrought in Mr. Fiedler and His Men—Mr. and

This afternoon begins the second of the Symphony Concerts for the year and, as the experience of recent seasons has gone, the more interesting half in programmes if not in assisting singers and virtuosi. Three months ago, when the conductor and the managers of the band were making their plans for the new season, reasonable forebodings beset them as to the effect of continuing, and not spasmodic, opera, upon the numbers and the sustained interest of the public of the concerts. The results of the sale of the seats belied any fear of diminishing audiences; and the course of the first twelve concerts has dispelled all anxiety of lessened interest. With the single exception of the rather dull programme of a fortnight ago, Mr. Fiedler has chosen interesting pieces and distributed them deftly among many likings without an abatement of the standards of the concerts, while he brought them to performance in a fashion that has heightened the general estimate and appreciation of his talents and that has restored the band to its double position as a very adept and expressive instrument.

Last year, apparently, even to the end of the season, Mr. Fiedler was still learning his orchestra and his public. Intensely eager to do his fullest and his best, he sometimes exaggerated his own admirable qualities to the detriment of them and a little to the coarsening of his instrument. This winter, whether or not it may end by his own choice his service with the orchestra, he has been more secure with himself, with his men and with his public. He has abated the exaggerations, the manipulations, the excess of imparting and characterizing earnestness with his music that sometimes clouded the large power, the warmth of romantic and dramatizing feeling, the eagerness for glowing line, significant phrase, and incisive accent of which they were the excess. Mr. Fiedler is more continent now, and thus often, the more finely puissant and illuminating. The excess of his virtues inevitably influenced the playing of his men, and at times last year the orchestra seemed to be losing a little of its former euphony and of its peculiar lustrousness of tone. It was fiery, but the fire was not always a fine fire. From the beginning of the new season, Mr. Fiedler has been more sensitive to the quality of the instrument upon which he plays, and he has found, as a conductor of his intelligence, experience and discrimination was sure to do, that his band becomes only the more delineative, dramatizing, characterizing and expressive voice, when he—and his men with him—guard the beauty, the balance, the sonority, the suppleness and the sensitiveness of tone that is the fruitful source of all their other great possessions. H. T. P.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISCHA ELMAN REVIVES DVORAK'S VIOLIN CONCERTO

Trans. Jan. 8, 1910
Contributions of the Player to the Work Performed—A Year in the Progress of the Virtuoso and the Ripening Qualities It Discloses—Mr. Loeffler's Symphonic Fantasia "The Devil's Villanelle" for an Exercise of Imagination in Orchestral Form—Elgar's Symphony Again and Renewed Impressions of a Work Uncomfortably Diffuse—A Note on the Invariable "Struggle with Fate" as Symphonic Subject Matter

After a silence of many seasons Dvorak's concerto for the violin was again heard at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, with Mischa Elman as the soloist. Weighing of the concerto as music is somewhat complicated by a performance which caused the solo player to be recalled until one lost count. As might have been predicted, Elman transfigured the work by the vigor and vitality of his playing. He played the concerto, to be sure, but much more he played upon the concerto making it half his own. The limits of expression imposed by the concerto form upon the virtuoso seem to have no boundaries for this player. In the florid passage work of the first movement he bound phrase to phrase by a continuity of expression which added unity to a section of the work which has otherwise seemed spun out solely for the purpose of subtilizing figures for the solo instrument. As when he played Tchaikowsky's concerto on the same platform a year ago, Elman caught the spirit of the work, or infused one of his own, and communicated it to his companions. He was as painstaking with the small things as with the great. He made the flourishes of technique a natural exuberance of expression, and no two came with the same tonal values; his legato playing, which thanks to the discretions of the accompaniment was steadily audible from piano to fortissimo, has gained during the past year in nuance, resonance and his own peculiar vibrancy. In so small a thing as a succession of even notes, each has its separate quality of tone delivered with a bow which deals in such subtleties with non-balance. The last movement with its careering rhythms was a carnival, for a sense of rhythmic values like Elman's, but the playing which revealed him as most the artist came during the slow movement. However much he may have gloried in the flourishes of the first or the impetuosity of the last, he played

the adagio as if he felt its beauty deep and keenly. He amply conveyed that feeling to his audience. If candor is to prevail, it may as well be said that preparation for Dvorak's concerto was somewhat lukewarm. The presumption seemed to be that if the work had deserved frequent attention it would somehow have been earned between 1886 and 1910. Its performance was another lesson in the power of a personality which might go towards explaining the admiration of our grandfathers for some of the music which has gone tepid for us. Mischa Elman saw a great deal in Dvorak's violin concerto and by virtue of his sincerity made others see.

With Elgar's symphony to open the programme the balance was maintained for a close with Mr. Charles M. Loeffler's sharply characterized music to the poem of Rollinat, "The Devil's Villanelle." It is not the first time this music has been heard in Symphony Hall, but it came yesterday afternoon to re-emphasize a hint of Mr. Loeffler's pleasure in doing what other men have done, only doing it better. His use of the organ against orchestral instruments playing in diabolical timbres at the end is frankly thrilling. The ecclesiasticism which it summons is not so potent of historical or pictorial suggestion as it has been for the similar effect elsewhere—in the "Manfred" Symphony, for example, where the organ tones fairly build up monastery walls—but for the task the composer has set himself in this instance, to fill to the last nuance the sense and the suggestion of the verses, the final episode through to the mystery of the last measure carries both its haunting mood and the fidelity of its expression.

Elgar's symphony, as it came again to performance a year after its first hearing here, has faded considerably. It sounded yesterday, even with all the fervors of the orchestra and the diligence of Mr. Fiedler's leadership, often labored and sometimes perfunctory. It was as if the work had been written, not because Elgar had to write it, but because he had made up his mind that a symphonic work was due from him. The technical feat of employing the same theme for the scherzo and the adagio never impressed the American audience as it impressed the Britons. Perhaps memory dwelt too freshly on the anecdote of the impromptu organist and his one tune. Perhaps, also, the listener wearied of the everlasting and vague references of the content of a symphony to "man's struggle with his environment" and the rest of it. Music which genuinely has anything to say, whether or not it follows the outlines of a programme in the modern sense, manages to make its message felt even if deprived of the assistance of the printed page, and where this message is lacking in its measures, it is not to be made up by the printed page. The exact authority of Elgar's intent in the symphony in question is somewhat vague. But it bears a strong

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THE SYMPHONY

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MISCHA ELMAN APPEARS AS
SOLOIST.

Conducts Max Fiedler Gives His Reading
of proven's "Eroica" Symphony
—Ma and "Year d in Tschalkowsky
Concepts Audience Pleased

The Boston Symphony orchestra has come to town again and this time it has brought Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, with it. At last night's concert in Carnegie Hall the orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and Paul Dukas's scherzo, entitled "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Between these numbers Mr. Elman with the support of the orchestra preformed Tschalkowsky's concerto for the violin. The conductor all the time was Max Fiedler.

It was he who played Beethoven's third symphony on the orchestra. Some comments have lately been made in this place on the earnest ambition of conductors to appear as interpreters of compositions by the masters. Beethoven has long been a happy hunting ground for the interpreting conductor, and the funeral march of the "Eroica" one of his favorite fields.

Two musicians of this city, one of them a writer on music, have for some years past amused themselves by timing the length of the funeral march under different conductors. It has varied all the way from twelve to twenty-one minutes. Wagner, as we have noted before this, said, and with justice, that when a conductor had found the correct tempo he also disclosed to himself the true nature of a melody and the right way to distribute light and shade in its delivery.

Some of these conductors must have failed to find either the tempo or the nuances. Mr. Fiedler's tempo was by no means extreme. But his treatment of the light and shade showed a true interpreter's desire to lay on the colors with a large fiat brush, like a scene painter washing in a sky. Here and there a streak of blazing white and here and there a splash of deep gray turned the whole into a study in something or other, but it was difficult to tell just what. It sounded at times like a Berlin impressionist's conception of the funeral march.

If this was the case with the march, it was still worse with the finale, for here the conductor had a bewildering variety of tempi and gradations, all surely designed to bring out meanings which Beethoven

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISCHA ELMAN REVIVES DVORAK'S
VIOLIN CONCERTO

Trans. — Jan. 8, 1910
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and cunning had hidden far down the depths of the score, where ordinary ears could never find them. The audience liked this, of course, for the public loves to be astonished, and when it hears familiar music played in an unfamiliar way it not unnaturally concludes that it is hearing "the hum of mighty workings." The first and third movements of the symphony were performed more nearly in accordance with traditions which have for many years withstood the assaults of determined interpreters and hence created less astonishment.

But the admirable playing of the orchestra in the scherzo aroused an enthusiasm which was fairly earned. Indeed throughout the symphony the splendid tonal qualities of the Boston organization and the finish of its technic gave pleasure even to those who could not bring themselves into entire sympathy with Mr. Fiedler's ideas about the way in which the composition ought to be read.

Mr. Elman delivered himself of a brilliant and commanding performance of the concerto. To be sure there were some personal peculiarities in his playing, not a few of which addressed themselves to the eye instead of the ear. But these could be avoided by the easy process of not looking at him. Still for a few moments at the outset there was enough to raise a question as to whether he was playing a violin solo or giving a demonstration of some new method of physical culture.

His playing of the music, however, had that brilliancy of tone and wonderful dash of style which have delighted auditors heretofore. It is no small pleasure to hear a violinist who plays with such genuine bravura, who bows with such magnificent freedom, and whose finger technic is so swift and so certain.

Further than this it can be said that Mr. Elman has the fundamental traits of a beautiful cantilena, but here he often spoils his art by youthful affectations which he will surely abandon as he matures. Too often also this gifted young violinist distorts his rhythm. This is a serious fault in musicianship, and before Mr. Elman can rise to the highest pinnacle of mastership he will have to learn to reverence the letter of the law.

But where such a real genius for the violin exists and is plainly coupled with so much real temperament it is safe to say that only too facile success can prevent the perfect development of gifts as rare as they are admirable. Mr. Elman is already a master violinist. His friends will hope to see him a monarch among artists.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISCHA ELMAN REVIVES DVORAK'S VIOLIN CONCERTO

Trans. — Jan. 8, 1910

Contributions of the Player to the Work Performed—A Year in the Progress of the Virtuoso and the Ripening Qualities It Discloses—Mr. Loeffler's Symphonic Fantasia "The Devil's Villanelle" for an Exercise of Imagination in Orchestral Form—Elgar's Symphony Again and Renewed Impressions of a Work Uncomfortably Diffuse—A Note on the Invariable "Struggle with Fate" as Symphonic Subject Matter

After a silence of many seasons Dvorak's concerto for the violin was again heard at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, with Mischa Elman as the soloist. Weighing of the concerto as music is somewhat complicated by a performance which caused the solo player to be recalled until one lost count. As might have been predicted, Elman transfigured the work by the vigor and vitality of his playing. He played the concerto, to be sure, but much more he played upon the concerto making it half his own. The limits of expression imposed by the concerto form upon the virtuoso seem to have no boundaries for this player. In the florid passage work of the first movement he bound phrase to phrase by a continuity of expression which added unity to a section of the work which has otherwise seemed spun out solely for the purpose of subtilizing figures for the solo instrument. As when he played Tchaikowsky's concerto on the same platform a year ago, Elman caught the spirit of the work, or infused one of his own and communicated it to his companions. He was as painstaking with the small things as with the great. He made the flourishes of technique a natural exuberance of expression, and no two came with the same tonal values; his legato playing, which thanks to the discretions of the accompaniment was steadily audible from piano to fortissimo, has gained during the past year in nuance, resonance and his own peculiar vibrancy. In so small a thing as a succession of even notes, each has its separate quality of tone delivered with a bow which deals in such subtleties with nonchalance. The last movement with its careering rhythms was a carnival, for a sense of rhythmic values like Elman's, but the playing which revealed him as most the artist came during the slow movement. However much he may have gloried in the flourishes of the first or the impetuosity of the last, he played

the adagio as if he felt its beauty deeply and keenly. He amply conveyed that feeling to his audience. If candor is to prevail, it may as well be said that preparation for Dvorak's concerto was somewhat lukewarm. The presumption seemed to be that if the work had deserved frequent attention it would somehow have been earned between 1886 and 1910. Its performance was another lesson in the power of a personality which might go towards explaining the admiration of our grandfathers for some of the music which has gone tepid for us. Mischa Elman saw a great deal in Dvorak's violin concerto and by virtue of his sincerity made others see.

With Elgar's symphony to open the programme the balance was maintained for a close with Mr. Charles M. Loeffler's sharply characterized music to the poem of Rollinat, "The Devil's Villanelle." It is not the first time this music has been heard in Symphony Hall, but it came yesterday afternoon to reemphasize a hint of Mr. Loeffler's pleasure in doing what other men have done, only doing it better. His use of the organ against orchestral instruments playing in diabolical timbres at the end is frankly thrilling. The ecclesiasticism which it summons is not so potent of historical or pictorial suggestion as it has been for the similar effect elsewhere—in the "Manfred" Symphony, for example, where the organ tones fairly build up monastery walls—but for the task the composer has set himself in this instance, to fill to the last nuance the sense and the suggestion of the verses, the final episode through to the mystery of the last measure carries both its haunting mood and the fidelity of its expression.

Elgar's symphony, as it came again to performance a year after its first hearing here, has faded considerably. It sounded yesterday, even with all the fervors of the orchestra and the diligence of Mr. Fiedler's leadership, often labored and sometimes perfunctory. It was as if the work had been written, not because Elgar had to write it, but because he had made up his mind that a symphonic work was due from him. The technical feat of employing the same theme for the scherzo and the adagio never impressed the American audience as it impressed the Britons. Perhaps memory dwelt too freshly on the anecdote of the impromptu organist and his one tune. Perhaps, also, the listener wearies of the everlasting and vague references of the content of a symphony to "man's struggle with his environment" and the rest of it. Music which genuinely has anything to say, whether or not it follows the outlines of a programme in the modern sense, manages to make its message felt even if deprived of the assistance of the printed page, and where this message is lacking in its measures, it is not to be made up by the printed page. The exact authority of Elgar's intent in the symphony in question is somewhat vague. But it bears a strong

resemblance to one announced to accompany the first performance of Frederick Stock's new symphony in Chicago last week. Again, the "toils and triumphs of human life." The obvious reflection is that Mr. Elgar's toils yesterday afternoon lasted for nearly an hour and a half. For a symphonic work of that length a composer needed to have had tremendous stuff in him which would not condense. The impression one brought away was not that the composer had any such abundance of great matter and that what he had would measurably condense.

For its incidental beauties, and they are by no means few, the work had every advantage that performance could bring it. The whirling transitions of the scherzo, its wild theme which goes crashing among the lighter pieces, the meditations of the adagio were given the utmost care and elaboration by the leader and a faithful enaction by the orchestra. What the symphony stood to gain by interpretation and instrumental color, it gained. It could not but have occurred to many as the strings were giving out the first theme of the opening andante, how far noble playing can go towards dignifying music that is intrinsically common. There was nothing either in the physiognomy of the theme nor its harmonization to give it distinction, and if it had been heard, say, on a cabinet piano in a drawing-room would have hardly left an etching mark on the memory. With the resonance of the strings and the subtlety of the phrasing by which it was played, it was only on challenge that it revealed its commonness. All this is not to say that the symphony does not contain measures, phrases, passages or even sections, if not exactly inspired, at least of great beauty. Towards the end of the Finale, for a notable instance, comes a repetition of the main theme in a different harmonic guise from that of its earlier appearance, and at a slower tempo, which surely communicates a sense of the deepening calm and the pride of achievement which the years bring to a fighter for his beliefs. In such a moment it is easy to believe that the music is a sincere expression of the composer's convictions. But such moments, as the symphony goes, are too infrequent. There is also the bare possibility that the terseness and condensation of Mr. Loeffler's Symphonic Fantasy accentuated all the shortcomings of the symphony. Of music which has multitudes of meanings packed into small compass of its measures, "The Devil's Villanelle" takes rank well to the fore, and it possesses two or three of the special virtues which Elgar's work most conspicuously lacks—brevity, terseness and condensation. Nor are these discrepancies sufficiently accounted for by the differences of form between the two works. The point is that Mr. Loeffler's music has something to say, and stops when it comes to the end. The symphony is vague about its subject matter, and in the hope of coming to the kernel of its theme, keeps putting off the end.

SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK BY ELGAR

Composition Essentially Product
of English "Middle Class"—
Tinsel Pomp and Gilded Com-
monplaces Characteristics.

ELMAN MAKES SENSATION WITH DVORAK'S CONCERTO

Herald — Jan. 8, 1918

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Mischa Elman was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in A flat major.....Elgar
Concerto in A minor for violin...Dvorak
"The Devil's Villanelle".....Loeffler

The English make a great ado about Elgar's symphony. They point to this and to his "Dream of Gerontius" and say exultingly: "We, too, have a great composer, who is already one of the immortals."

This symphony is essentially a product of the English "middle class" and it is no doubt dear to this class as are the pictures of the late Frith and the romances of Marie Corelli. Take the first and chief theme exposed in the Introduction. Was there ever a theme more rankly sentimental? It should be sung by Mme. Clara Butt, with great expression, and to the accompaniment of a piano and a cabinet organ. And this theme is the most salient of all themes in the symphony.

Nor is the development of the themes dramatic and impressive. There are endless and wearying digressions. There are parentheses within parentheses. There are long stretches of dulness that dispose the hearer to folding of the hands and sleep. There are pages that irritate by their impotent fury and bluster. On the other hand there are pleasing passages, moments of elfish charm in the trio of the scherzo, but what are

a few moments in an hour?

It has been said by ecstatic Englishmen that the adagio is "sublimely mystical." It is hopelessly middle class; there is no other word for it. Its sentiment is cheap; there is gush in plenty. The pomp of the apotheosis will no doubt excite applause whenever this symphony is played; but this pomp is tawdry; there is tinsel, not gold. Much has been said about the instrumentation. It is true that there are sonorous platitudes, gilded commonplaces. It is possible that Elgar may yet be known as the Tupper of music. The instrumentation of certain pages is euphonious; that of other pages is thick, muddy, drab.

There are few symphonies of equal length and pretensions that are so aggressively irritating, so wholly without distinction. The appeal of this work is like unto that of a frock-coated chapel orator. It recalls the rhetorical flights of Mr. Chadband improving an opportunity. There is the same expansion of a platitude; there is the same fatal and maddening fluency.

Mr. Loeffler's Fantasia is music of a far different order and rank. It was suggested by macabre poem of Rollinat, a French parallel to "The Devil's Thoughts," but Rollinat never conceived the happy idea of describing Satan's costume:

And how then was the Devil drest?
O! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches
were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail
came through,
nor is there in the Frenchman's poem anything that in grim humor equals Coleridge's opening:
From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the Earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

This Fantasia has the higher qualities: fancy if not imagination, sure and flawless expression, an exquisite sense of instrumentation, subtle and refined taste that is not too fastidious, a mastery over rhythm and color, unflinching appreciation of the value of contrasts. And this Fantasia would be effective even if the poem of Rollinat were not published in the program book. The publication, it is true, may allow a hearer to grasp the significance of this or that detail, as in the introduction by Mr. Loeffler of Aristide Bruant's cynical ditty, "A la Villette." The hearer will then feel the witty force of the introduction, provided he knows the air and also the words of the song. Nor would the pleasure of the hearer be aesthetically less if he were not able to recognize

"Ca ira" and the "Carmagnole" when they occur. The composer, making these points, makes them necessarily for himself and a few friends, unless the Fantasia were to be played to a Parisian audience, and even in this case many sleek hearers might not be acquainted with the terrible song of Bruant.

Any orchestral work that depends for its effect on something extraneous has little prospect of a long life. Beethoven's "Eroica" would be none the greater if he had retained the original title, "Bonaparte," nor does the title "Eroica" add one jot to the intrinsic worth of the music. Mr. Loeffler's Fantasia does not hang on an intimate knowledge of Rollinat's poem. As absolute music, as a fantasia, it is engrossing, fascinating.

Mr. Elman played Dvorak's concerto, which was brought out here by Mr. Listemann with piano accompaniment early in 1893, and first played with an orchestra by Mr. Adamowski at a symphony concert late in 1900. It is not easy to think of the concerto without the orchestra, for the instrumentation is the most striking feature of the work. The themes have a vague profile, and when they assume definite shape they are obvious. In his treatment of them Dvorak was garrulous, and, as a rule, inconsequential. Mr. Elman, however, by his sensuous tone in melodic phrases, by his brilliant performance of florid passages, and by his compelling personality glorified that which was inherently ordinary and redeemed the finale from vulgarity. His performance was remarkable in many ways, and it would have been remarkable for any distinguished virtuoso of twice his years. He was applauded enthusiastically. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra were also heartily applauded for the performance of the orchestral pieces.

There will be no concerts next week. The orchestra will be away on its trip to New York and other cities. The program of Jan. 21, 22, will be as follows: Berlioz, overture "Rob Roy" (first time here); Brahms' concerto for violin and cello (Messrs. Hess and Schroeder); Strauss "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

FOR SALE — SYMPHONY TICKET, REHEARSALS—(11-5), floor; original price \$45; will sell for \$20. Address H. A. CASEY, 17 Rhode Island Ave., Newport, R. I.
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AT THE SYMPHONY.

Repetition of Composition
by Sir Edward Elgar.

Mischa Elman, Soloist, is Greeted
With Hearly Applause.

Globe Jan. 8, 1910

The symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon became reminiscent of last year, in the repetition of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony; and, excepting one of Mrs. McAllister's morning musicales, in the first appearance this season of Mischa Elman. He had previously been announced to play the Brahms concerto. That by Dvorak in A minor was substituted. Mr. Loeffler's Fantasia for orchestra and organ, after Rollinat's poem, "The Devil's Villanelle," closed the program:

Memory does not need a violent prod to recall the symphony. Few foreign pieces of music had been so bruited abroad as the great light which was promised by the prophets. The honest and sturdy Britons, inspired with the belief that after two barren centuries a great composer had been born, arose and hailed him with one accord. The echoes of their plaudits crossed the sea and caused some stir. Anticipation was whetted keen. Walter Damrosch expounded upon the work at Carnegie hall and then produced it, Jan 3, 1909.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra played it for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of Feb 26.

Every American scribe of music has long since located its precise niche in the symphonic gallery. Nothing original could possibly be said now.

The simple fact remains that impressions yesterday practically coincided with those of 11 months ago. It becomes more apparent that in their zeal the British reviewers at times mistook the sudden for the serious, and fustian for heroism. There are pages opaque with the commonplace. Others are flamboyant with much clangor. There remain, however, portions which have strength, intensity and beauty.

As before, the first movement seemed the most convincing. The warring of its forces was quick, tense and sharply incisive. The rigorously accenting brasses clash in splendid onslaughts against the other choirs. The English always could fight. Interest is whetted and sustained. Disposition of thematic material and its orchestral color are impressive.

The scherzo, however, styled by Elgar Allegro, again romps by like a troop of booted clowns. They may be exuberant in England, but they sound obstreperous here. The Adagio, into which the movement leads without pause, again seemed prolix, and often weighted with dire heaviness rather than deep serious-

ness.

The last movement again appears to sacrifice a final climax, because the high pitch it strikes and maintains leaves little chance to say more. The brasses ejaculate and scream. The whole orchestra wades through noise. At times it speaks of courage and triumph. Oftener it is wearisome.

This symphony is greatly taxing upon conductor, players and those who listen. This may suggest a cause for the two unusual slips in the wood-wind.

Elgar's accredited position as composer of superior choral works warranted the eager anticipation of his symphony. Yesterday, despite Mr. Fiedler's diligent and just reading, it still seems to have been much overrated. Mr. Fiedler deserves thanks for this chance to hear it again.

Mr. Elman, more mature of physique and still more assured of manner, was heard with the greatest pleasure. He encompassed the herculean technical difficulties of the concerto, appalling octaves and all, with absolute sovereignty. His tone has become even broader. Through it runs the same virile and impassioned fire.

Mr. Elman has fathomed the deepest, most vital secrets of rhythm. He, above any artist on the present concert stage, allows it to possess, to enkindle, to intoxicate both nerve and blood until it becomes the puissant force in music which it may be, when a great temperament bids it. He was recalled time after time.

Mr. Loeffler's picturesque fantasy, as reproduced through the brilliant virtuosity of this bard, was by turns relaxing, amusing, exhilarating—always delightful.

WITH MISCHA ELMAN

MAN, BOY AND VIRTUOSO AS SEEN
IN AN INTERLUDE

Trans. Jan. 8, 1910

Candor and the Repertory—Of a Composer

Who Looks More Like an Englishman—

Concerning Violin Concertos, the Playing

of Them and a New Work by Glazounoff—

Morals of Spectacles and a Career

—Certain Relations Between the Vanity

of Applause and a Gospel of Hard Work

Learned Early in Life—What Twenty

Memorized Concertos Can Do to a Tired

Violinist

Violinist

Violinist

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the best of company. As the two are constantly getting mixed, one having to get up that the other may sit down, conversation is always brisk and often exciting. For he is apt to be expository, austere, confidential, ecstatic and comical in quick succession. There is still a third Mischa Elman, partly emergent, but so closely akin to the artist that in another year it is going to be hard to tell them apart. This is Mischa Elman the man. However, the boy is still safely in the ascendant.

"Hungry? Oh! Look at that collar. The fiddle did that. The fiddle and the finale of Dvorak's concerto. Why is it that people don't play that work? A man who has played in the orchestra twenty years told me he had never even heard it before. Surely it is a fine concerto. Why, this theme in the first movement—tum-teedle-tee-dee!—and this in the finale—tum-teetum-tum!—and the adagio. I feel every phrase of that. It seems to me full of power and passion. It will go better Saturday evening, see if it does n't. We'll all know our parts better. Shall I tell you something? I never play a concerto so well as when I play it with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. No," he parenthesizes scornfully, "I am not jollying. There's a reason. I've played with the men so much that we know each other. They know what I want to do, and help me do it. Perhaps they like me a little. If you were a soloist you'd be surprised at how much an orchestra can do to help.

"My idea of a concerto is something like this: There are the orchestra, the conductor, and you. The conductor is supposed to follow you, and on the other hand you are supposed to pay some attention to him. But there are lots of things which you can do better if you can deal directly with the orchestra. I believe that when an artist plays a concerto, some power, some—how do you say it?—magnetism, ought to go out from him and control all the playing—everything to sound as one. And when a feeling like this comes over me during a concerto—that we are all one voice—then I know I am playing as well as I can. One way of doing this is by making direct signals to the orchestra. Sometimes I turn to the players when the concerto comes to a certain point, and they respond with an effect—of cellos or of violins—without which my playing would lose half. You see by the time you get word to the conductor, and the conductor gets up his stick and the men catch the message, the music has gone on and it is too late and the effect is lost. It is better, if you can, to signal the orchestra and the leader at the same time, and when this goes well, I often feel as if they were following me even more than the conductor."

To those who have wondered at the singular vibrant quality of many of the concertos under Elman's playing, a vibrancy which seems to pervade not only soloist, but band, the foregoing explains much. Mischa Elman is what is technically known as a born virtuoso. He has all the un-

necessary apparatus for shining in a tary splendor, but instead he invariably chooses to infuse a throbbing, pulsating spirit into his accompanying orchestra which makes it as important an element as the solo. All is fused, and the performance becomes a unit. This dominance of the solo player is innocent of any overriding of the conductor's authority. Elman is one of Mr. Fiedler's most fervent admirers. It is rather, he explains, the conductor who makes such leadership possible for the soloist.

Once more confidences are in order: "Shall I tell you? Once, this afternoon, almost at the very end; I thought I was going to forget. I did n't. No! no! it was only a feeling here" (denoting a wabbling motion with a forefinger at his temples). "But it's an awful feeling. Tell me, do you think the audience would have known

if I had played a few wrong notes? I didn't do it, you know; but if I had, what?" (Any honest person can guess at the answer.) "Well," fetching a gusty sigh, followed by rather a wicked laugh. "I'm glad of that. . . . Did I ever really forget in earnest? Ah! hmmm; hmmm; Whereat Mischa Elman grins sheepishly, and after a pause resumes in a slightly different key: "Anyhow, I'll tell you one thing about forgetting: When once you begin, there's no place to stop. It just goes on and on dropping away. Uung!" And he waves both arms to simulate the horror of vacancy.

This is what is meant by the mixing of boy and artist in Mischa Elman. Try to picture a violinist ten years his senior candidly discussing artists' fallibilities. Elman's superb control of himself and his orchestral support relegates any lapses he may have had to the rank of pécadilloes; but it is odd to hear him tell about them.

"I wanted to use this concerto of Dvorak's in recitals," he resumed, "but the accompaniment needs the instrumental color that only an orchestra can give it." He appeals to Kahn. "What would this sound like on the piano?—Tum-tum-teetum-tum-tum-tee!"

"Leave out the interludes. Cut!" recommends Kahn.

"Huh! Not much. When I have an accompanist I'm going to make him work."

"Don't worry," says Kahn fervently.

For eighteen years of life, from which you subtract five years for infancy, Elman's repertory is large. He speaks of his concertos with a kind of separate personal affection for each one. There are about twenty in his family, "and sometimes when I'm tired they all get to going round and round," (illustrating with a blind-stagger motion of his head) "and when they act like that they're not such good friends. There's Mendelssohn's; ah, but I love that one, and Tschalkowsky's—fsst!—and Brahms's, and the great Beethoven concerto. And, by the way, I have a new one, by Glazounoff, very recent; I don't think

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It is very individual, and a beautiful work, played as if it were all in one movement, but it really has the customary three, each with its separate themes, but performed without pauses. I don't know whether I shall play this in Boston or not.

"Heh! You'd never take Glazounoff for a musician, say nothing of a composer. He looks more like an Englishman. So!" [with his hollowed palm the irreverent youth describes a mighty arc from his chin to his belt, puffs out both cheeks and rolls his eyes]. "He might be an English farmer, very red faced." Mischa Elman speaks suspiciously like a youth whose fair illusions of a celebrity have been shattered by the reality. But as he continues with a description of the famous Russian's agonies when obliged to make speeches during a recent siege of lionizing banquets in London the narrative is so graphic that our sympathies are with the portly composer. Rachmannoff, on the other hand, appears to have inspired him with complete admiration, a little tempered with awe. "He is very high and serious, is n't he? What do I want to say?—noble. We were together in New York earlier this season, and the last time I saw him he was in a very jolly mood." One gathered that the mood, if always cordial to a fellow-countryman, was on some occasions more rapt.

"... Well, I get tired sometimes, yes. I'm tired tonight. And hungry. It's this being up late nights. I sleep late in the morning, but that does n't always make it up. Now, like today; last night we all went to hear Professor Hess and Reger's new quartet, and—well I stayed up very late. Today, I did n't get up till nearly noon, got ready for the concert, put on a new string, and went to play. Tonight I have to myself and I'm going to the theatre—Ha! Ha! to see a musical show—I have so few evenings to myself you can't blame me for wanting to have some fun, can you?"

In the rhetorical pause he puts on a pair of spectacles through which he glowers with a juvenile professorial air like a Bostonian youngster of the funny papers. Something like this is suggested to him: "Oh," he runs a finger musingly over the rim of the spectacles with a placid cynicism, "I don't have to wear them except sometimes when I practise; not when I play, or nobody would come. Spectacles in concert? Mm! They'd end my career."

And so speak the dramatic personae of Mischa Elman; the two or three, or the three or four of him. As soon as he is neatly catalogued as a boy, he breaks out as an artist, and when boy and artist are comfortably pigeon-holed, he turns up in the guise of manhood. As he speaks, or even as he plays, it is perfectly easy to think of him as any third youngster of the Commonwealth of "Massachusetts" (as he calls it, with a Russian tongue helplessly

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stumbling over broken grammar). He would have gone to some preparatory school and become prominent as an end on the football team. The thick body, square head and grim jaw would have been invaluable. Picture the cheer-leader, after a play, rising to say through his megaphone—"Now, fellows, three long Andovers and nine rah's for Elman—all together!" Nothing easier. But the odd part is that just as Elman is preparing to fit into this frame, he is apt to launch forth into a discourse on the works of Johannes Brahms with a whiff of inspiration in it. Yet he is no hothouse plant of music. If he dares not skate, as he would like to do, or ride horse-back, as his heart desires, for fear of a fall, which might ruin him for a wrist or a finger, he has managed somehow to keep in excellent trim. "Feel that," he says, stiffening his left arm. The ripple of sinew up to his supple fingers is a sheaf of little steel wires. "And that," he adds, proffering the other, the bow arm. From shoulder to wrist the muscles are contracted into lumps as hard as rubber balls. It is not an athlete's arm. There is no exact name for what it is, for to watch it at work in a stiff-arm staccato or a long legato passage, is to realize that there are few like it in existence. It seems to be built without bones. The owner displays it without any evident personal pride. It is an accessory.

There is a haunting regret that George Elliot never had a chance to know Mischa Elman. He embodies certain doctrines so precious to her that, had the fates spun and clipped to overlap their threads, the violinist surely would have come in for being memorably "done" in some unwritten eleventh volume. As it is, "He was certainly a happy fellow at that time," she writes of a near kinsman of Elman's type. "with a great talent and a general resolve that his activity should be beneficent." Elman is a devout believer in the gospel of hard work. He says little about his daily practice hours. He admits that his hard work is a pleasure, that being one of the rewards of art, but it is nevertheless hard and nevertheless work. Furthermore, he speaks with hot conviction on one point: "If you don't work hard at the big things, what becomes of your power?" He often speaks like this, as if with meanings larger than he intended. And one thing more, partly illustrative, partly fundamental. He is, after all the intensity of his playing, obviously clear-eyed and heart-whole. His art consumes him. It is easy to see that he has not only ideals, but something more rare and equally important; he also has illusions. . . . The talk has turned on audiences. "That is undoubtedly true," says he, "nearly all of the average concert audience are women, and why not? Certainly I don't wish it otherwise." His grin is impish and hard of heart: "It's fine to have all the ladies come and admire you—so long as you don't admire them yourself!"

L. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to "Rob Roy"
(First time in Boston)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,
op. 102
I. Allegro
II. Andante
III. Vivace non troppo

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Thus spake Zarathustra," (freely
after Friedr. Nietzsche), op. 30

Soloists:

Mr. WILLY HESS

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER

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It has ever been played in this country. It is very individual, and a beautiful work, played as if it were all in one movement, but it really has the customary three, each with its separate themes, but performed without pauses. I don't know whether I shall play this in Boston or not.

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"... Well, I get tired sometimes, yes. I'm tired tonight. And hungry. It's this being up late nights. I sleep late in the morning, but that does n't always make it up. Now, like today; last night we all went to hear Professor Hess and Reger's new quartet, and—well I stayed up very late. Today, I did n't get up till nearly noon, got ready for the concert, put on a new string, and went to play. Tonight I have to myself and I'm going to the theatre—Ha! Ha! to see a musical show—I have so few evenings to myself you can't blame me for wanting to have some fun, can you?"

In the rhetorical pause he puts on a pair of spectacles through which he glowers with a juvenile professorial air like a Bostonian youngster of the funny papers. Something like this is suggested to him: "Oh," he runs a finger musingly over the rim of the spectacles with a placid cynicism, "I don't have to wear them except sometimes when I practise; not when I play, or nobody would come. Spectacles in concert? Mm! They'd end my career."

And so speak the dramatis personae of Mischa Elman; the two or three, or the three or four of him. As soon as he is neatly catalogued as a boy, he breaks out as an artist, and when boy and artist are comfortably pigeon-holed, he turns up in the guise of manhood. As he speaks, or even as he plays, it is perfectly easy to think of him as any third youngster of the Commonwealth of "Massachusetts" (as he calls it, with a Russian tongue helplessly

stumbling over Indian syllables). He would have gone to some preparatory school and become prominent as an end on the football team. The thick body, square head and grim jaw would have been invaluable. Picture the cheer-leader, after a play, rising to say through his megaphone—"Now, fellows, three long Andovers and nine rah's for Elman—all together!" Nothing easier. But the odd part is that just as Elman is preparing to fit into this frame, he is apt to launch forth into a discourse on the works of Johannes Brahms with a whiff of inspiration in it. Yet he is no hothouse plant of music. If he dares not skate, as he would like to do, or ride horse-back, as his heart desires, for fear of a fall, which might ruin him for a wrist or a finger, he has managed somehow to keep in excellent trim. "Feel that," he says, stiffening his left arm. The ripple of sinew up to his supple fingers is a sheaf of little steel wires. "And that," he adds, proffering the other, the bow arm. From shoulder to wrist the muscles are contracted into lumps as hard as rubber balls. It is not an athlete's arm. There is no exact name for what it is, for to watch it at work in a stiff-arm staccato or a long legato passage, is to realize that there are few like it in existence. It seems to be built without bones. The owner displays it without any evident personal pride. It is an accessory.

There is a haunting regret that George Eliot never had a chance to know Mischa Elman. He embodies certain doctrines so precious to her that, had the fates spun and clipped to overlap their threads, the violinist surely would have come in for being memorably "done" in some unwritten eleventh volume. As it is, "He was certainly a happy fellow at that time," she writes of a near kinsman of Elman's type. "with a great talent and a general resolve that his activity should be beneficent." Elman is a devout believer in the gospel of hard work. He says little about his daily practice hours. He admits that his hard work is a pleasure, that being one of the rewards of art, but it is nevertheless hard and nevertheless work. Furthermore, he speaks with hot conviction on one point: "If you don't work hard at the big things, what becomes of your power?" He often speaks like this, as if with meanings larger than he intended. And one thing more, partly illustrative, partly fundamental. He is, after all the intensity of his playing, obviously clear-eyed and heart-whole. His art consumes him. It is easy to see that he has not only ideals, but something more rare and equally important; he also has illusions. . . . The talk has turned on audiences. "That is undoubtedly true," says he, "nearly all of the average concert audience are women, and why not? Certainly I don't wish it otherwise." His grin is impish and hard of heart: "It's fine to have all the ladies come and admire you—so long as you don't admire them yourself!"

L. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to "Rob Roy"
(First time in Boston)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,
op. 102
I. Allegro
II. Andante
III. Vivace non troppo

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Thus spake Zarathustra," (freely
after Friedr. Nietzsche), op. 30

Soloists:

Mr. WILLY HESS

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Jan. 22, 1910

STRAUSS'S "ZARATHUSTRA" AGAIN YESTERDAY

A Remarkably Luminous and Puissant Performance That Kept and Co-ordinated the Larger Aspects of the Music, Made It Comprehensible and Emphasized Its Beauty and Its Emotional Quality—"Zarathustra" as a Song of Life—Monotonous Brahms and Rediscovered Beethoven

Mr. Fiedler fulfilled his promise, and yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert, repeated Strauss's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which he revived last winter after nine years of undeserved neglect, and brought to memorably illuminating and thrilling performance. The repetition proved yet more lucid in its disclosure of the closely knit, continuous, and spontaneously upspringing quality of Strauss's music; in its reticent subordination of the occasional passages in which he merely marks time in transition to the next idea or emotion that really stirs him, or in its softening of the rare moments in which the musical and the emotional and contemplative content of the tone-poem will not quite blend, and in the transporting beauty that the conductor and his men gave to the more lyric and melancholy episodes, like those of "joys and passions" and of the end; and in the exceeding and absorbing vitality that they imparted to the paragraph "of convalescence" and to the "dance song." If the performance of the whole tone-poem lacked a little of the power that swept Mr. Fiedler's hearers into it last winter, it gained in clearness, continuity, beauty and tonal variety. In it, moreover, Mr. Fiedler again seemed the most discerning, revealing and engrossing conductor of Strauss's music that our orchestra has yet known. "Zarathustra" came at the close of a programme that had already tested the endurance of the audience, in that it compelled it to listen to Brahms's monotonous double concerto for violin and violoncello. The tone-poem continued without pause for thirty-five minutes. Little even of ultra-modern music is so exciting to follow, so insistent in its play alike upon the mind and the emotions. The more significant then, that the two or three women that happened to leave the hall, seemed like some sudden and intruding jar upon the intentness of all the rest. At the end, moreover, the audience lingered to applaud, perhaps the music and certainly the conductor and his men. By these signs, Mr. Fiedler is the more bound to keep his promise of the prospectus, and revive Strauss's "Don Quix-

ote." It has been almost as long and quite as undeservedly neglected at the Symphony Concerts as was "Zarathustra."

The beginning of Strauss's tone-poem, as repetition after repetition renews it, is sublime. There is nothing like it, thus far, in the whole course of his music, not even in the magnificent and overwhelming close of "Electra." The long-held and surging organ-point, the dark coloring of the depths of the instrumentation, the flaming trumpet that cleaves them, the reiterated and commanding drum beats, the long sweeps of orchestral darkness, the fiery sweeps of impinging orchestral brightness, the night of it all, the majesty of it all, when the light finally triumphs, are unmatchable seemingly in the whole range of the music of our time. Writing, or professing to write of Zarathustra, the superman, Strauss for the moment becomes like to him. Even the passage in "A Hero's Life," in which the Hero seems to spring into life clad in every commanding attribute, will not bear comparison with this uprising of Zarathustra to the sunlight. The intellectual, the emotional, the pictorial, the expressive force of one sort of ultra-modern music dwells in it. It is monumental as well as sublime. There is hardly a power in the whole course of the music of our time to match it. Grant the impression of night—of idea, of emotion and of creation—and there is no need of the tedious and prying specifications of the analysts. Perhaps they have studied "Zarathustra" too closely; perhaps they have been over-concerned with what they are pleased to call "the philosophic basis" and the philosophic details of Strauss's tone-poem. A penny for some of their undermeanings, even for this prelude. It was thrilling to hear yesterday as music that suffices for itself in itself, that fears to fall again into their pestilent dialect, its own "message." Might it not even be called Life?

The tone-poem proceeds with its brief, grim passage, labelled "of the rear world," but sufficing for the shadows out of which this Life has come and the bonds that it has broken. It goes on, and Mr. Fiedler made it wax yesterday into a more and more penetrating, melancholy and longing beauty, to the episodes called "of joy and passions," and "the grave song." Was there thought of these sub-titles, though Strauss has himself written them and of the explanatory passages that the commentators have torn from Nietzsche's book? It is hard to so believe. The irresistible sensation was of the piercing beauty of the music as an emotional speech, the concentrated power of it as so much thought of man, and of the resource that wove out of itself the ever-expanding tonal web. It was Life again consumed of its longings, or recoiling—since there are fierce dissonances—from its disgusts. Ensued, the fugued passage, monstrous in its technical range and feats; curious to hear as almost a

kind of superhuman musical juggling. Yet Life again, playing at knucklebones with bones of intellect that have dried and broken for want of emotion.

Again, the voice of the music changed alike on Strauss's pages and under Mr. Fiedler's quickening and animating hand came the passage "of the Convalescent." The title has its ridiculous as well as its puzzling aspect, especially for such of us as are listening with little knowledge of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" and less respect for it. Strauss's "Zarathustra" suffices in the sunlit and glamorous beauty, the upspringing power of this passage of Life awakening again, feeling its strength, breaking the trivial bonds that have held it on its way through the world, and now quivering anew with the luminous elation of existence. This elation glows in the "Song of the Dance"; a waltz melody indeed, but a glorified waltz melody, and the more glorified by Mr. Fiedler. Earlier in the tone-poem Life feels the hint of passions; here now is its joy, its gaiety, its zest. And then comes the soberer and deeper elation of the night, the elation of high and uplifting passion, the sense of power in solitude, the image in tones of one of Rodin's Titans, the thought of Life exultant and puissant. And yet, and yet; the moods have come, the moods have gone; Life has stalked, cringed, sickened, thought, played, exulted, loved, but the mystery of it all only lingers, and deepens, and turns finer and more poignant. Who knows, who knows? There is but to wonder, to grope, to hold to the ideal that goes up and up in the ethereal violins, while the wood winds soften them. The edge of the final dissonance cuts them. No; the mystery may be insoluble. There remains to live and to do. If the tone-poem ends in tonal symbol, it ends as well in thrice-refined beauty.

Such a "Song of Life" did "Zarathustra" seem yesterday under Mr. Fiedler's reading; sub-titles, in which no one knows how serious Strauss may be, and maundering analysts to the contrary notwithstanding. So conceived, so felt, episodes that had hitherto seemed weak, or puzzling or over-labored, the mere marking of polyphonic time, or the mere freakish and almost squeaking juxtaposition of thematic ideas, became lucid and stirring parts of a dominating purpose that kindled now to one emotion and now to another. The music of "Zarathustra" is cerebral enough in all conscience. Once more in it, Strauss is the far seeing master of his design, who makes it grow under his hand like some fine and monumental piece of tonal architecture in which every detail falls into its place. It does have, beyond any other of Strauss's tone-poems, its faltering, its jerky moments. Yet, with these reservations, it is marvellously continuous in its evolution from itself, in its variations upon itself; in the noble sweep of its stride.

It was in such wise that Mr. Fiedler and his band wrought their performance. Most

of us, if we are quite honest, ought to be willing to confess that the middle sections of "Zarathustra" are unusually befogging. Try as we might, we have gone astray in them, and accused Strauss of weakness and of obscurity. Mr. Fiedler made them continuous, comprehensible, luminous. They fell into Strauss's whole design. They made their due impression. Steadily, too, he illuminated the mingled or the contrasted power and beauty of the music, and his men were at one with him. Before such an emotional reading of the tone poem, there was little need of sedulous questioning of the capacity of music to express philosophic thought, to gyrate in metaphysics, to imply ideas apart from its own. The intrinsic power, the intrinsic beauty sufficed for themselves. Song of Life or no Song of Life, there was no abating of the passionate voice of the music. It came and it went in passion that was of the moods and emotions that music can express and intensify nobly. Often the moods and the expression were titanic. The intellectual feat was more in the weaving of them into a sustained and self-creating web, less in reflective play, with the dubious and obscure philosophizings of Nietzsche. Strauss has not forgotten the emotional, even the merely songful quality of music, when the conductor can summon them from his pages. It was not the abstract play of themes and fragments of themes, or the feats of polyphony that kindled yesterday—the curious may have those dry sensations from the engraved pages of "Zarathustra." It was the passion of its play, and the feats that Mr. Fiedler brought uppermost, and therein he was summoning the true, the lasting voice of Strauss.

It was the happy fortune of Brahms's double concerto for violin, violoncello and orchestra, revived once more at the Symphony concerts, to precede this flaming red titanic "Zarathustra." The double concerto is hardly flaming music; beyond indeed much that Brahms has written, it is redolent of the visible and smoky lamp of calculating reflection. Brahms, at its finest, was a truly poetic spirit. He had his emotions, and his music sang with them; but in this double concerto they were mathematical emotions. The listener works out problems with Brahms and with the violin and the violoncello and applauds the ingenuity of the calculation. All concerned relax through the little second movement, and turn to meditative play with a gravely gentle musical thought. Then in the finale back to problem making and solving again, but at a little brighter pace. Rarely has Brahms seemed to care so little for instrumental coloring; only the long and diversified range of tone that he has in his solo instruments seems to interest him; while he goes on and on in his thoughtful and calculating monotony. The Brahms of his detractors is the Brahms of the double concerto, and almost as far from the gravely

beautiful and the gravely thrilling Brahms as are they. Logic is logic, and there is plenty of it in the piece, but logic is also dry. Unity is unity, and the two instruments and the orchestra are wrought into the development of the melodic ideas; but only the least human of us can stir to the leaden processes that accomplish it. Mr. Hess's fine and brilliant tone gave his violin a curious individuality in music in which nothing seems individualized, and Mr. Schroeder, warmly received as ever, was rich-toned when the voice of his 'cello struggled its way through the muddy and monotonous orchestral vesture. He appears so seldom in an orchestral concert that he deserves better fortune with the band that he long served so well.

They read Scott, in prose and in poetry, in the France of the thirties, and young men of Berlioz's romantic and imaginative temperament found themselves thrilled by the reading. Some of them set to writing romances of their own; some of them painted romantic pictures; some of them had perforce to be content with romantic overtures. Of these is Berlioz's overture to "Waverley," which has long fallen out of any working repertory, and of these is his overture to "Rob Roy," which, being newly published nine years ago, has been since undergoing intermittent resurrection. It was Mr. Fiedler's turn to rediscover it yesterday, and to play it, as it seemed, in very discerning vein. Berlioz's Highlanders were vague and romantic visions of the printed page that came nearest to it, tangibility in "wood-cut" frontispieces. There they oftenest strode over their native hills, and Berlioz's music strides accordingly; they took short, quick steps and he rhythms his music thereby. He has his motion of the skirling pipes of which he has read; it may be rather vague, but it serves for instructive bits of instrumental color. These Scots, as he discerned them in the Waverley Novels, seemed a melancholy and sentimental folk, and the vein of his contrasting passage is ready to flow. No doubt, too, they had their grave passions that ran deep, and again the vein of the larghetto is ready for tapping. Berlioz strenuous, Berlioz melancholy and Berlioz passionate succeed each other through the overture. It is the exuberant music of a fired youthful imagination, trying to give a local habitation and a name, musically, to its kindled fancies. It is as romantic as the frontispieces upon which his eyes dwelt; but not much more Scottish, save in the first melody of the English horn. If that is not born of a melancholy and wistful, lingering Highland folk-tune, then Berlioz has imagined one.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Jan. 22, 1901

There was exceptional contrast in the programme offered by Mr. Fiedler and his men yesterday afternoon at the 13th public rehearsal of the symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall: Overture, "Rob Roy," Berlioz (first time here); concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello, with orchestra, Johannes Brahms; tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Richard Strauss. Willy Hess and Alwin Schroeder were the soloists.

Berlioz' early overture has much interest, though it is not one of that composer's important works, and though Berlioz himself knew enough to take what was worth while from it, and preserve the same in the "Harold" symphony. There is the prodigious surety of the orchestration and more than one stroke of telling originality in the building of a structure which is often askew, but never characterless. The work, moreover, communicates the exhilaration of a young man writing down such ideas as are his for all he is worth, and this enthusiasm carries its own appeal.

What to say of the Brahms concerto? The thought is elevated. The instruments are handled adroitly from a symphonic standpoint, and probably quite clumsily for the executants. The orchestration is tranquil and well balanced—some would say, thick and opaque. There is high purpose in this music, and now and then, when clouds of confusing notes clear away for a moment, one senses the serenity and the calm exultation of nature—emotions which few have equalled Brahms in translating. The musical material is handled with an amount of sheer earnestness that should indeed be acknowledged—the earnestness, some would claim, of a short-sighted individual with a lexicon.

Intricacy after intricacy unravels itself to say, "Now do you understand?" Perhaps, but after having burrowed like a mole among themes and counter themes, how many of us remember what the composer was talking about five minutes ago? Such gravity! One bows the head before the introduction of the last movement of the C minor symphony, for instance, but are not too many of these passages like some unusually portentous-appearing gentleman, heavily laden, who sits down heavily after the meal, and begins, "I think—I think"—a momentary relapse—a start—"I think that"—then a platitude, and then oblivion?

The performance was excellent. Mr. Hess played the more brilliant instrument, yet he and Mr. Schroeder should be praised highly for the unity, the sureness and insight of their performance, and the orchestral part was well played.

The performance of Strauss' epoch-making work was inspiring in the extreme, and the most emphatic protest against mediocre music-making. The verdict of posterity cannot be

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delivered today, nor does a newspaper concern itself with posterity. All that can be said is that Strauss today seems above and beyond any other contemporaneous writer of symphonic music. No one else possesses his inspired technic, no one is so superbly artistic in entirely subordinating that technic to expression. Who equals him in imaginative sweep? To listen to this music is to behold a panorama of the universe. It should be added that there could hardly have been a more impressive reading of the monumental tone-poem.

BERLIOZ' "ROB ROY" IS GIVEN

Globe — Jan. 22, 1910
First Time in Hub at
Symphony Rehearsal.

Rare Treatment of Scottish
Themes by the Composer.

Teaching of Zarathustra in
Musicianly Setting.

The program of the 13th public rehearsal of the orchestra yesterday afternoon included the overture to "Rob Roy," by Berlioz (first time in Boston); the concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello, with orchestra, by Brahms, with Willy Hess and Alwin Schroeder for the soloists; the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Richard Strauss, freely rendered after the book by Friedrich Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra, a Book for All and None."

Berlioz, having won the Paris conservatory "Prix de Rome" by his cantata, "The Death of Sardanapalus," traveled and sojourned in Italy. At Nice he outlined this overture. After a performance at the conservatory April 14, 1833, he burned the score and parts. Had he heard his work played for the first time as it was yesterday he would have had less cause for his action.

The Morose Berlioz Touch.

The overture is fiery, impassioned, rebellious, repining and morose by turns. Berlioz, when normal, was of like tem-

per. He endeavored to mask something of his own disquietude under Scottish dress, but the autobiographical earmarks are not beyond recognition.

He uses a repeated martial figure as rugged and grim as the onset of doughty Scottish clans. They fight with fitful, feverish zeal, but come to no sure sign of victory or defeat. There are many abrupt transitions. There is frequent reedy, bagpipe flavor. There are melodies for the English horn unmistakably Scotch in color; they were strangely quaint and at times morbid. The work sounds incoherent, but it has an individuality, a voice and a certain puissance, which only an erratic and brilliant genius could have given it. For these qualities Mr Fiedler's reading is accountable in a balancing of choirs which gave the essential voices their just value.

Brahms Gives Two Solo Parts.

The Brahms concerto, uncommon in the use of two solo parts, reveals again what frank and ingenuous comradeship its composer can write into a dialogue for twin solo voices and an assenting, emphasizing and commenting orchestra. Themes of lucid and appealing beauty are proposed by one of the three and recur in some new guise of tone color or melodic structure.

Technically, this is adept and musicianly development of thematic material. Simply, it is the sign of charm and true pleasureableness in music which has both emotional and intellectual worth.

It had both yesterday. Mr Hess and Mr Schroeder—the latter an eagerly welcomed figure at these concerts. Both played with delightfully pure and sonorous tone and with admirable understanding for the continuity of the quick and intimate musical conversation which they carried on together. The orchestral part was no less enjoyable. The andante had rare charm of melodic beauty, good proportion and true euphony.

Zarathustra's Teachings.

Mr Fiedler played the "Thus spake Zarathustra" at the concerts of Feb 5 and 6 last season. A hearing of this monumental work once each year could be none too often. Friedrich Nietzsche, philosopher, savant, mystic, genius, in his wellnigh incomprehensively imaginative book which inspired Strauss to achieve this tone poem, peers through a succession of vast perspectives of man's soul. He makes the tragedy of human isolation a tremendous and appalling thing. Zarathustra, his hero, wearied of the long solitude of mountains, returns to mankind and would teach them life, and in so doing would find himself.

Strauss, in his not too literal setting of this idea, begins this psychic quest of a man for himself with an introduction involving orchestra and organ of such solemnity and grandeur as to seem the slow rising of the curtain on the drama of eternity.

Episodes follow of yearning, of the creature joys of passion and dance, of the visions of past dead, of science and achievement, of the exultant night song, of the twelve strokes of the final bell.

Through them all the haunting trumpet has followed with the interminable question of three unanswerable harmonic notes—the root, the fifth and the upper octave.

It was a superb performance, exquisite in the nicety of minute beauty, plangent and towering in bigness and awe.

SYMPHONY PLAYS BERLIOZ OVERTURE

Herald — Jan. 22, 1910
"Rob Roy," Written 80 Years
Ago, Performed for First Time
in Boston at the 13th Public
Rehearsal.

BRAHMS' DOUBLE CONCERTO BY HESS AND SCHROEDER

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Messrs. Hess and Schroeder were the solo violinist and 'cellist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Rob Roy".....Berlioz
Concerto for violin and 'cello.....Brahms
"Thus Spake Zarathustra"....Strauss

The overture to "Rob Roy" is nearly 80 years old, and it was not played here until yesterday. But for many years the "Rob Roy" overture was supposed to be non-existent. Berlioz declared that he destroyed the work the day of its first performance in Paris, and few knew that there was a copy of the score in the library of the Paris Conservatory. The score was not published until 1900, and Chicago, more curious than Boston, heard the overture in November of that year.

Berlioz told the world that he destroyed his score because it was diffuse and long, and the audience did not like it; but the memoirs of Berlioz, entertaining as they are, are not always statements of fact. The composer was a superb romanticist even in his recollections. Is it not probable that he destroyed "Rob Roy" because he used some of the material for his

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"Harold in Italy" symphony? The chief solo in the former for the English horn became the chief theme in the viola in the latter, and in the overture there was an anticipation of the motive that in the symphony reminds one of Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre" in "La Grande Duchesse."

It is easy in 1910 to smile at this "Rob Roy" overture, yet in several respects it was an uncommon work in the early thirties. First of all, it shows the instinct of Berlioz for orchestration, his fine ear for contrasting timbres, his clearness, his sense of proportion. It is true that he here uses frequently the least advantageous tones of the English horn, but he evidently wished their effect.

Did he intend to give a tonal summary of Scott's novel, or merely to write an overture of Scottish character, as revealed by the "Wizard of the North"? There is the introduction of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"; there is the suggestion of a reel or Highland fling; there is music of a chivalric nature, and the English horn solo with harp accompaniment may be reasonably taken to express courtship. The theme that some one has named the "Rob Roy" motive has little character, and Berlioz inventing it may not have had Rob Roy in his mind.

It is idle to speculate on the precise nature of the program. If Berlioz had a program, he did not reveal it. And if the theory of Boschot is sound—that Berlioz wrote the overture, hearing that a play, "MacGregor," was to be produced at a theatre in Paris—this overture has little in common with the scenario of the play. For several reasons the theory of Boschot is untenable.

An intelligent foreigner, attending the concert in his study of American life, manners and morals, and seeing and hearing Messrs. Hess and Schroeder playing the double concerto by Brahms, might have entered in his notebook last night: "This afternoon I saw two excellent musicians, accomplished virtuosos, unjustifiably condemned to hard labor in the sight of a large audience. The fortitude of these musicians, their resolute behavior, their courage and patience in the accomplishment of a stubborn and disagreeable task, excited my admiration, and we all applauded vigorously to support them in their hour of trial and to reward them when they were released from bondage."

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave

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a brilliant and impressive performance of Richard Strauss' colossal tone poem, a performance that should have awakened enthusiasm and not merely feeble hand-clapping. Marcel Schwob in his bitter "Treatise on Journalism" put among the "100 Best Books" of the journalist a condensed "Nietzsche for society people." Strauss, or Mr. Fiedler, might arrange a pleasing potpourri, "Gems from 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'" for afternoon performances. This potpourri should include the overpowering introduction, the dance song (in simpler form), the trumpet leap that at times in its elaboration reminds one of the once popular tune, "Where did you get that hat?" the episode with the bell and the mystical conclusion.

It is too late to inquire whether Strauss should have tried "to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of its development, religious and scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the

Superman." No one, not even Strauss, could do all this, and did Strauss make the statement with a straight face? If he had given the title "Homage to Nietzsche" he would then have allowed hearers to "find things" in the music, each hearer according to his light.

Nine out of ten will listen to this symphonic poem as though it were absolute music, music without a program. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" contains some wonderful pages, but as a whole, as a work of purely musical art, it falls below "Don Juan." "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration." But Strauss' partisans might answer that with "Zarathustra" the composer invented a new art.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows:

Beethoven, Fugue for strings, op. 133; Franck, Symphony in D minor; Sibelius, "Night Ride and Sunrise" (first time); Wagner, Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde."

Boston Hears "Rob Roy" Overture For First Time

Journal Jan. 22, 1910
A seventy-seven-year-old overture by Hector Berlioz, called "Rob Roy," had its first performance in Boston at yesterday's Symphony matinee. It proved to have a deep Caledonian complexion. Berlioz himself has referred to the overture as being "long and diffuse" and it might well have been allowed to rest in peace. The applause for it yesterday was indeed perfunctory.

The solo number was remarkable for its duet form—the concerto in A minor, by Brahms, for violin and 'cello, with Professor Willy Hess, the concert master of the orchestra, and Alwin Schroeder, the former leader of the orchestra's 'cello wing, as soloists. Mr. Schroeder was also one of the soloists when the concerto was performed here before, in 1893, in 1897 and again in 1902. It is a thoroughly delightful work and it had on this occasion a worthy performance. The playing of the soloists was praiseworthy not alone for its technical but for its sympathetic quality. The orchestral support was excellent and the result was a rare pleasure that prompted the audience to start the applause even before Mr. Fiedler had stopped swinging his baton.

But all this was mere pleasantries compared with what followed—the performance of the Strauss tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The piece is also called a symphonic poem, but Strauss is

said to prefer the other appellation. He would have the music speak for itself, independently of a program. For the most part it does speak for itself, so that the title of the piece might well be, not "Thus Spake Nietzsche," as has been suggested, but rather "Thus Spake Strauss." No doubt the composer was under the spell of the extraordinary philosopher who began by praising Wagner and ended by roasting him on both sides. The poem was played here last year and Mr. Fiedler's success as a Strauss conductor fully justified this comparatively quick repetition. The performance yesterday was very impressive.

There will be no soloist next week. Beethoven's "Grand Fugue for String Orchestra" will be performed by the orchestra for the first time. A symphonic poem by Sibelius, "Night-Ride and Sunrise," will be another novelty. The symphony will be Franck's in D minor. The prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde" will complete the program.

The report that Sergei Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Russian composer and conductor, is to succeed Mr. Fiedler at the end of the present season, was authoritatively denied yesterday.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

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Berlioz was represented on the program of the thirteenth Symphony concert. Berlioz, whose music Mr. Fiedler likes for its imperishable originality, whose music Mr. Fiedler never fails to interpret with humorous regard for all its Gallic piquancy, with keen appreciation of its Gallic neatness of structure. The piece representing Berlioz was the "Rob Roy" overture, new to the Boston concerts.

Piquant orchestration, neat structure and a unique spirit of expression are the traits of this music that have made it worth recovering from oblivion and putting into the modern orchestral repertory; doubtful is it if the little work is of much value for any comment it contains on Scott's novel. For some reason or other the music of Berlioz always sounds modern; the "Rob Roy" overture, but for its system of harmony three generations old, might have been composed in Paris last year. After the overture is well started, there begins a melody for English horn with harp accompaniment—the second subject, as the program book technically explains matters. Now this passage with its quaint formality sounds far from modern to ears trained in the music of Debussy; yet it brings about a hush in the orchestra, a spirit of genial, thinking repose, which a Debussy might wish to attain and might not, even if he broke every old structural rule and ransacked the whole realm of harmony.

Brahms had second place on the thirteenth program, Brahms, whose music Mr. Fiedler can nearly always make interesting, whether it has an inner, compelling spirit of its own to make it appeal to listeners or not. Mr. Fiedler did not have everything to do with the success of the Brahms number, the double concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello, with orchestra, op. 102; the burden of making the piece acceptable he divided with the two soloists, Willy Hess and Alwin Schroeder. Applause was no test of the favor the concerto found with the audience; for if they applauded as vigorously as they would like to have done, they might have led Mr. Fiedler to think they wanted to hear double concertos played often. Unquestionably their feeling was that the powers of

Brahms as a musical mathematician were in their best estate when he wrote this music, that his problem to keep two solo instruments of like tone color distinctly sounding against a background of orchestral tone was happily solved at every point, that no two more discreet solo players could be asked for in such a piece than Messrs. Hess and Schroeder. But further than that they did not care to go in the matter. It is good for the technical development of composers that they write a certain amount of mathematical music in the course of their lives, good for communities that pride themselves on their symphony orchestras that they submit now and then to the discipline of listening to it.

Two stalwart modern musicians have felt impelled to set the philosophy of Nietzsche to music, Richard Strauss and Frederick Delius. Reason enough why they should, because it is a marching, singing, dancing philosophy that lends itself to musical rhythm, and it is a traveling, experiencing scenic kind of philosophy that lends itself to musical description. Mr. Fiedler a year ago played the "Zarathustra" tone poem, op. 30, of Strauss, and he played it again Saturday evening. This year's performance was less tempestuous than last year's, less brilliant in a way, but smoother. The sensational episode of tolling a deep-toned bell was omitted, to the confusion, perhaps, of some who like to keep their place in the program, but not much to the hurt of the music as a whole. Some of the Strauss peculiarities of expression came out clearer than last year, such as the sudden jarring of the discordant muted brass tone in the midst of a calm passage in the strict Mozartean style. There was an evident purpose on the part of Mr. Fiedler to give the music a restrained reading, and not to throw the individuality of Strauss into too bold interpretative relief.

Mr. Fiedler will not have put himself on record as a complete interpreter of philosophical music until he has performed the "Zarathustra" tone poem of Delius, a composer who is not content with giving into the hands of his audience a program of excerpts from the book of Nietzsche, but provides a chorus and soloists to sing the words to which he wishes to give musical illumination.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Jan 16 '10

Education by means of reiteration seems to be the order of the day with the conductors of orchestra concerts in New York. Mr. Mahler performs a symphony at a Philharmonic concert in regular course, repeats it in the historical course, repeats it again in the popular Sunday afternoon course, and, if it chances to be a work by Beethoven, repeats it still again in the Beethoven course. Perhaps Mr. Walter Damrosch has already played the symphony at a concert of the Symphony Society; if not, he promptly does so. Then comes Mr. Fiedler, with his delightful men from Boston, and because New Yorkers so keenly appreciate his ministrations we hear it again. Of course, it is not to be thought of for a moment that the conductors are inviting comparison of their readings and the skill of their performers. No. They are introducing New York to Beethoven's "Eroica," which New York has known since 1843, or his C minor, which has been a twice-told tale since 1842. Now, the enjoyment which the highest form of musical art invites does not depend on a comparison of the poses and gestures of conductors, nor their notions of what can be done by them in the way of giving significance to texts by changes of accents; nor by the individual or combined skill of their players; and, even if the most familiar works are those which are most enjoyed, so they be great works, a music-ridden city might be pampered a little bit along the line of change and novelty.

Mr. Max Fiedler, of the Boston Orchestra, is generally merciless. So were his predecessors before him. For years the programmes of the monthly New York concerts have been made solely from the point of view represented by the latitude and longitude of the Hub of the Universe (latitude 42 degrees 21 minutes and 27 seconds north, longitude 71 degrees 3 minutes and 30 seconds west). At intervals a timid note, not of protest (no, not of protest!), but of supplication, has been sounded from the village of Manhattan, but in vain. And we have fallen back, humbled and abashed, and listened to the voice of admonition: "Hear now this, thou that art given to pleasures, that dwellest carelessly, that sayest in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me." And we have heard on Thursday night the fourth performance in two months of Beethoven's "Eroica," and yesterday the fifth in a little over a year of Elgar's Symphony in A flat. All this is beautiful music—noble music—and to hear it often is to be uplifted and refined in

thought and feeling, and there is no agency so exalting, no emollient, so efficacious as the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But may we not be educated, since it must needs be so, in a larger knowledge of things that be, but which we know not of, rather than a higher knowledge of the things which also be, but which we can spell backward?

A kind Providence interfered yesterday to save us from hearing a fourth performance this season of Beethoven's violin concerto—not that the music is not worth a fourth hearing. Of course, it is worth many times four hearings every month. But it was a question whether or not, after the manner in which Mischa Elman sentimentalized the Tschalkowsky concerto on Thursday and suffocated it with his affected mannerisms, his reading of the manly Beethoven work would have endured comparison with the performances which it received at the hands of Mr. Kreisler and Maud Powell. It was a lucky dispensation which substituted Dvorak's concerto in A minor at the last moment, for odious comparison was thus avoided. The Dvorak composition was played here in the long ago by Maud Powell (twice), Henri Marteau (also twice) and Ondricek, but it was out of the minds of all but reminiscent graybeards, and was therefore as good as new. It was, indeed, better than new, as recalling a composer who lived in the midst of the storm and stress of the Richard Strausses, Max Rigers, Debussys and their small fry imitators and pursued his way over meadows where flowers of melody and blossoms of harmony sprang up to greet him and lifted their heads in gladness out of his footsteps after he had passed. Not a bloom of art did Dvorak crush. It was a pleasure to hear his concerto again, and doubly a pleasure to hear that the performer did not disfigure it with such whinnings and whimperings as he injected into Tschalkowsky's work. The Elgar symphony began the concert and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture ended it. Everything was brilliant and convincingly played. H. E. K.

My Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"I love music, but I hate musicians," the eminent German author, Dr. Riehl, used to say. Why did he hate musicians? Because most of them do not love music, but only love themselves. Their one thought is to show off their own accomplishments and cleverness; they choose pieces which help them to do this, regardless of their intrinsic merits. Orchestral conductors are no better than the singers and players. They give their audiences a surfeit of Berlioz, Richard Strauss, Max Reger, and other orchestral tone-jugglers, not because their

works deserve such preference on account of their contents, but because they help to show off the good points and the brilliant execution of the orchestra.

Mr. Max Fiedler made a bad impression on those who love the best music by the programme he arranged for the season's first Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Surely, it would have been enough to have one show piece, like Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." There was no demand for the other one, Max Reger's "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy." It would be an affront to Mr. Fiedler's taste and judgment to suppose that he selected this piece because he considered it particularly meritorious. Let us be charitable and further assume that he did not choose it because it would serve to show New Yorkers once more what an admirably drilled band the Boston Symphony Orchestra is. Let us take it for granted that he produced it simply because it is a novelty. But why should our orchestras present a novelty unless it is interesting? No one, surely, could be so devoid of all judgment as to claim any merit for that "Prologue" except that of clever contrapuntal writing and fairly good orchestral coloring. Max Reger impresses some persons by talking as if he had something important to say; but what he does say is as entertaining as conversation about the weather when no other topic suggests itself. Only by such a comparison can one give an idea of the utter emptiness of Reger's music.

A delightful relief was the singing by Mr. Gilibert of the amusing air of the Drum Major from "The Cadi" by Thomas. Mr. Fiedler redeemed himself by allowing such an amusing trifle, and later on two others—"Far from His Wife" from Massenet's "Griselda," and "Let's Dance the Jig" by Charles Bordes—to be introduced in a serious concert. Every menu ought to have its sherbet and olives; Hans von Bülow advised this long ago (he recommended Strauss waltzes for the purpose), and the applause bestowed on M. Gilibert last night showed that the audience relished the change. Much of this applause, to be sure, was bestowed because of the bright and impressive way in which the popular French baritone sang these numbers.

There was one masterwork on the programme—Brahms's second symphony. It was well played and tumultuously applauded. The second symphony is one of those works which please—and always has pleased—even those who do not accept every work by this composer as a masterpiece, and who echo the question once boldly put

to him by one of his most intimate and adoring friends (Frau Herzogenberg): "Why, when we know you can produce pure gold, do you so often give us brass?"

The audience at the Symphony Concert on Saturday night received Franck's symphony yet more warmly than did the listeners of Friday afternoon. Twice and thrice it recalled Mr. Fiedler and finally he brought the men of the orchestra to their feet. The performance differed in no essential particulars from that of Friday, though here and there perhaps, in his eagerness for the fullest expression, Mr. Fiedler a little overdrove the music. Again, too, the wind choir of the orchestra played as though it were summoning the very voices that Franck heard in imagination. Time and again for the peculiar softness and the peculiar luminosity of his instrumental coloring, he seemed to depend upon the wood wind instruments and oftenest upon the clarinets, and at every turn, Mr. Grisez and his companions seemed as one with the composer. Moreover, the symphony itself brought one satisfaction rare in the hearing of Franck's music outside the best of his piano pieces, the quartette and the quintette for strings, and the violin sonata. In much of his other music, are moments when imagination and execution flag, when the particular passage falls short of its end and declines into something very like commonplace. The symphony, unlike Franck's other orchestral pieces, and unlike his choral music, has no relaxed and barren moments. It sustains itself to the end. As a whole Franck's orchestral music is scanty, but, as it happens, one piece seemingly might be added to it, which is seldom or never heard in concerts anywhere. Early in the eighties, Franck wrote an opera, "Hulda," after a tale of Björnson, that had a very short existence on the stage. It contains, however, some very beautiful and characteristic ballet music. Is there a reason why it should not be lifted from its place in the opera and played as a concert piece?

The Symphony Orchestra departed last night on its annual journey to the Middle West, though this year four of the seven concerts will befall in cities in the State of New York. The orchestra plays in Buffalo tonight; in Detroit tomorrow; in Cleveland on Wednesday; in Erie, Pa., on Thursday; in Rochester on Friday; in Syracuse on Saturday; and in Troy next Monday. The chief and often-repeated items in the programme are Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite, "Scheherazade," Goldmark's symphony, "The Rustic Wedding," Weber's overtures, and the pieces from Wagner played here on Friday and Saturday last. In Buffalo, Mr. Rachmaninoff—and for his final appearance in America—will play his second piano concerto with the orchestra; while in Erie, Rochester, Syracuse and Troy, Mme. Samaroﬀ will be the pianist. Elsewhere the orchestra will be unassisted.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN, OVERTURE to "Genoveva." op. 81

FRANCK, SYMPHONY in D minor
I. Lento: Allegro non troppo
II. Allegretto
III. Allegro non troppo

WAGNER, PRELUDE and "LOVE DEATH" from "Tristan
and Isolde"

WAGNER, "WALDWEBEN," "Life and Stir of the Forest,"
from "Siegfried," Act II.

WAGNER, OVERTURE to "The Flying Dutchman"

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

192 Symphony Concert. July 31, 1910

MR. FIEDLER'S fourteenth program was changed a few days before the concert; and, while the most important number, Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor, was retained, the general spirit of Saturday evening's performance was without question different from what it would have been if in the first half of the program the Franck symphony had been associated with Beethoven's fugue for string orchestra instead of with Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, and if in the second half of the program Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" music had been associated with the new symphonic poem of Sibelius, "Night Ride and Sunrise," instead of with two other Wagner numbers.

Evidently Mr. Fiedler aimed originally at a varied program, aimed in the first place to put Franck's somber pondering in contrast with Beethoven's energetic thinking, and aimed in the second place to put the Sibelius symphonic style of composition in contrast with the Wagner dramatic style. The change of plan, accounted for in part by the failure of the publisher to provide Mr. Fiedler's men with the Beethoven music in season for rehearsal, made likeness instead of unlikeness of style and of mood the rule in each of the two program divisions.

The Schumann of the "Genoveva" overture was the romantic and introspective Schumann of the piano pieces, controlling the orchestral medium of expression better, if Mr. Fiedler's matter-of-fact reading of the work is fair to judge by, than he controls it in his symphonies. Franck, too, was introspective in his D minor symphony, and Mr. Fiedler made it his chief task of the evening to put his audience on terms of intimate understanding with this work and to disclose to them the composer's inmost purposes. The symphony is not one of unfolding ideas, because the strict formulas of structure to which the composer confined himself did not permit him to declare his thoughts with complete freedom. If he had chosen to write a symphonic poem instead of an old-fashioned symphony, his work would have been more illuminatingly expressive of himself; for he is constantly struggling to say what the symphonic formulas will not allow him to say. And yet Franck by sheer titanic strength won his battle with the

formulas; he succeeded in making them do things which they are not rationally capable of doing. But the victory was not all with the composer. He wrote his symphony, but after all it is a work of a single mood and not one of a variety of related moods, as a symphony ought to be; and it turns out in the end to be in spirit a symphonic poem, even if it is outwardly a symphony.

The audience gave Mr. Fiedler their warmest appreciation of his conducting the Cesar Franck work; they recalled him after he left the platform and they were not satisfied until he called on his men to stand and join in acknowledging the applause.

The interest of the Wagner music was in the "Siegfried" forest music and in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman." The "Tristan" music had not the charm that Mr. Fiedler gave it last year. It is not necessary to compare Mr. Toscanini's conducting of the prelude at the performance of the opera in Boston a few weeks ago with Mr. Fiedler's performance of it at this concert, any further than to say that Mr. Toscanini's crescendo was something to remember for a lifetime and that Mr. Fiedler's crescendo was hardly discoverable.

The program of the concert was as follows: Schumann, overture to "Genoveva," op. 81; Franck, Symphony in D minor; Wagner, Prelude and Love-D minor; Wagner, Prelude and Love and stir of the forest, from "Siegfried," act 2; overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

193 FRANCK'S SYMPHONY WORK OF NOBILITY

REMARKABLE READING

BY CONDUCTOR FIEDLER

Three Great Wagner Numbers
Given, the Last "The Flying
Dutchman" Overture.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Schumann, "Genoveva" overture.
Franck, Symphony in D minor.
Wagner, Vorspiel and Liebestod, from "Tristan and Isolde."
Wagner, "Waldesweben" from "Siegfried."
Wagner, "Flying Dutchman" overture.

It was a change from what had been announced. Owing to the non-arrival of the parts of Beethoven's Fugue (Op. 133), which was to have opened the programme, a revision of the list was necessary. This was not to be regretted as regards the non-arriving number, for those who know Beethoven's Op. 133 will remember how ungrateful a work it is both for players and auditors; but we were sorry to miss Sibelius's Symphonic Poem.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture is not one of his masterpieces. It is not comparable with his "Manfred," for example. But it has its grand moments. The brasses played very finely, and the overture was given so broadly that we cannot remember a more effective reading; and Schumann even at his second best is well worth while.

Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor is a noble work which all were glad to hear. It was a delight to get into a French field of Music

Where the D'Indys cease from troubling
And Debussys are at rest.

Yet even while we pay tribute to the great Frenchman we cannot but notice how much more powerful is Wagner. We do not plunge into comparisons for detraction here. The figure out of which much of the first movement of the Symphony is spun (G. c sharp, f.) and which is heard in the Introduction at the very first, is of closest kinship to the three-noted "Fate-motive," which Wagner develops all through his Trilogy. But what a difference of treatment! No one in the world could handle those three notes as Wagner has done; they are the most impressive short figure in music. But setting aside this unapproachable competitor, Franck gives a wonderfully interesting development of his material.

Another point is to be dwelt upon with admiration,—the work is comparatively

short! With some of Franck's pupils brevity is a lost art, but here the master contents himself with three, instead of four, movements, and these not of unreasonable length. Therefore there is no strain upon the patience of the auditor as in the long, long symphonies of Elgar, or of Paderewski—the latter also of but three movements, but of linked sourness tremendously long drawn out. Franck must have thought of Tony Weller's advice about Sam's love-letter—"It's make her vish there vos more"—when he wrote a three-movement symphony.

Although nominally minor, the Finale is almost triumphantly major, a great part of the time. There is no pining or whining in this work, and no incomprehensible discords either. The Finale has its victorious Chorale and a return of a five-noted figure which has also played an important part in the previous portion of the work. It is sane, sunny and healthy music and a pleasure to listen to; would there were much more like it.

When it comes to figure treatment Franck has something of the ingenuity of Brahms and also possesses that master's surety of touch. The finale of this symphony, like the finale of the C minor symphony of Brahms, becomes almost an epitome of the whole work. There are many beauties that we should like to chronicle enthusiastically. The powerful canon that is evolved from the three-noted figure in the first movement, the noble use of the English horn (it was excellently played too) in the second and third movements, the interpolation of the effect of a Scherzo in the slow movement, the lofty climaxes of both the first and last movements.

And all these touches were read with remarkable effect by Mr. Fiedler, whose care in phrasing and in dynamics, whose intelligence in making every figure and every touch of figure treatment clear, cannot be too highly spoken of. Mr. Fiedler was never so effective in his work as he is today, and the public seems to appreciate this fact. The symphony became the highest type of music, that in which intellect and emotion are held in equipoise, in which heart and brain are both appealed to.

The Wagner numbers, which closed the programme, also showed Mr. Fiedler as a great conductor in this wholly different field. We have so recently listened to the "Tristan and Isolde" selection given wonderfully well under an Italian (Toscanini) that it was interesting to compare the "auffassung" of our conductor and his orchestra. There was a little more of virility and less of languishing tenderness in this performance, than at the recent operatic one. The climaxes were worked up in titanic power with remarkably well-shaded crescendo effects.

"Waldesweben" remains forever one of the most subtle, yet realistic, pictures of Nature that has been achieved in Music. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" is fine enough in more obvious portrayal, but here we have the myriad voices of the forest

in a manner that no other composer ever dreamed of translating into music. And the strings gave their manifold divisions with such delicacy and purity that the number became more graphic than ever. Yet this number loses much when divorced from the stage. One wants to feel that in the midst of all this beauty of Nature there lurks in his cave the worm that no vermifuge will cure, the dragon that is soon to come out and make Apothecary-shop-window eyes at the unsuspecting Siegfried.

After this the Dutchman flew. He lost nothing of his wild sea-faring character at the hands of Mr. Fiedler, who takes this part of the work (the figure is the first figure of Beethoven's ninth symphony, upside down) with the fierce power that Paur used to give to it. He did not reef a single sail, but led on to a mighty climax at the end, when Senta finally saves the marine gentleman and the conqueror can order his men—"Belay there!"

It is pleasant to know that while there are so many flying Frenchmen (Paulhan, Miscalot, Bleriot, etc.) there is at least one unapproachable Flying Dutchman. The magnificent performance of this overture brought a most enjoyable concert to an end.

DIRECTOR FIEDLER CONFIRMS OFFER OF ENGLISH SYMPHONY

man's Jan 27 '10

Leader of Boston Orchestra
Says That He Has Con-
cluded No Negotiations
With Manchester People.

SECOND YEAR HERE

The New York German newspaper, the Staats-Zeitung, announced last Sunday that Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was to conduct the Manchester (Eng.) Symphony orchestra next season in place of Dr. Hans Richter, and this morning another New York paper repeats the announcement.

Mr. Fiedler when asked today as to

the truth of the report, said that the



(Photo by Garo.)

MAX FIEDLER.

Conductor of Boston Symphony orchestra, who really belongs to the Hamburg organization.

managers of the Manchester organization had made him proposals, but that he had not concluded any negotiations with them.

Mr. Fiedler came to the Boston Symphony in October, 1908, succeeding Dr. Karl Muck, who was the conductor the two preceding seasons. He was called to his present post from the Hamburg Conservatory, to which institution he now nominally belongs.

He has conducted the London Symphony orchestra, and he once conducted the Manchester Symphony Orchestra at Birmingham.

His distinguishing work in Boston has been the presentation of great modern works such as Bruckner's symphony in

C minor and the Strauss tone poems. He has turned the attention of his public to the value of present day music, and had changed the attitude of Symphony audiences from one of distrust for the composers of our own time to one of respect and even of preference.

14TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Familiar Compositions Enjoyed
by Audience—No Soloist—Mr.
Fiedler Conducts—Wagnerian
Excerpts. *Herald Jan 29, '10*

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows:

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann
Symphony in D minor.....Franck
Prelude and "Love Death" from
"Tristan und Isolde".....Wagner
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried"....

Wagner
Overture to "The Flying Dutch-
man".....Wagner

Although these works were all familiar; although there was no soloist; although the program was too long, the concert gave great pleasure to many who rejoiced even in the overture to "Genoveva," an opera which was never so popular as Offenbach's "Genevieve de Brabant," but is much more respectable and dull.

The passion and tumult of two of the excerpts from Wagner's opera and the delightful suggestion of forest life from a third no doubt stirred the great majority of the hearers, yet the feature of the concert was the performance of Cesar Franck's symphony. When this noble work was first played here it perplexed and irritated many. Some went so far as to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the conductor and the management. Some really believed in their heart of heart that the good old "Papa" Franck was Anti-christ in music, and, not knowing his

blameless life, they pictured him as an absinthe drinker with shrieking trousers and a Boulevard "Mich" hat. But the invigorating waters of ultra-modernism have rolled over the audience during the last half-dozen years and some that at first could not "understand" Cesar Franck's symphony now find it sane, a classic, and a little old-fashioned. Thus does the pendulum swing to an extreme.

This symphony is in cyclical form. A generative motive gives cohesion and symmetry to the movements. It has been said in opposition to this form that one main theme, however ingenious its metamorphoses may be, argues a paucity of invention; that each movement should have distinct and salient themes. I cannot see the force of this reasoning in this instance, for there is as much genius shown in the reshaping of the generative theme as there would be in the invention of other unrelated motives.

This symphony is indeed a beautiful, a sublime work, one to be ranked with d'Indy's symphony in B flat; that is to say, among the greatest symphonies written since Beethoven's death, and there are none greater than the two. But The Herald has often eulogized at length this work, and eulogy by repetition becomes as tiresome as blame. The symphony would have gained yesterday if Mr. Fiedler had taken the superb finale, the mighty hallalujah, at a slower, more dignified pace. The allegros of Franck often suffer from undue speed. Mr. Fiedler's reading of the first movement was sympathetic, and the middle movement was effectively played.

The program of the concerts on Feb. 11 and 12 will include Bruckner's symphony, E major, No. 7, and Chadwick's Sinfonietta in D major (first time at these concerts).

Jan 29, 1910

There is no band like the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As Paderewski has repeatedly said, it is beyond compare. But Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon is not like the Boston Opera House on the opening night of a notable engagement. There is a distance between the two auditoriums that at times cannot be bridged. One of these times is when the prelude and "Love Death," from Tristan und Isolde, is up for performance.

This music was one of the special features of the Symphony program yes-

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yesterday. The same music was played at the Boston Opera House three weeks ago next Monday night by the so-called German orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, led by Arturo Toscanini. The effects all through the opera house performance were thrilling. The orchestra played like a band inspired; and no doubt it was inspired. Toscanini is a phenomenal conductor. Boston has perhaps never seen his equal.

Atmosphere Is Lacking.

Yesterday the Symphony Orchestra, led by the able Mr. Fiedler, gave a beautiful performance of this Wagner music, but when it was over the impression made by the performance led by Mr. Toscanini remained as firm as before. And if the Italian conductor had been in the German conductor's place yesterday the result would unquestionably have been the same. The mood—the atmosphere—felt only in the opera house was lacking to make yesterday's performance almost perfect. It had marvelous beauty and the intensest spirit; it won great applause; but it did not create the breathless interest that marked the recent performance at the opera house.

Wagner understood the limitations of the concert hall when he protested against having this music performed as a concert piece in Vienna, but this understanding, however, did not prevent its appearance in concert programs before the opera was produced in Munich; and Wagner himself conducted it as a concert piece. Nevertheless, as the performance yesterday demonstrated once more, it is essentially opera house music. That is why the impression made by the performance under Toscanini was not erased by the performance under Fiedler. But the idea of comparing the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra with the Boston Symphony Orchestra is preposterous. That was also demonstrated in commanding style yesterday.

Had Livelier Effect.

The more descriptive music of the forest scene in "Siegfried," which followed the "Tristan und Isolde" number, had a much livelier effect. In this case the beautiful playing had its full reward. So it was with the concluding number on the program, the mellifluous "Flying Dutchman" overture, which Wagner wrote long before his crowning "Tristan" days.

Cesar Franck's epoch-making symphony in D minor was another very interesting feature of the program. It is a work performed by the orchestra with the rare combination of skill and sympathy, which secures the utmost success. Schumann's "Genoveva" overture opened the afternoon's entertainment.

The orchestra will play in the Middle West next week. For the Friday matinee, Feb. 11, and the Saturday night concert, Feb. 12, the orchestral novelty will be George W. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta in D major." The symphony will be Bruckner's seventh.

FRANCK AND D'INDY

THE TWO COMPOSERS AND THEIR SYMPHONIES *Jan 29, 10*

The Revival of Franck's Symphony by Mr. Fiedler Yesterday and the Comparisons and the Contrasts That It Suggested with d'Indy's Two Months Ago—The Likenesses and the Differences of the Music in Which the Two Men Express Themselves—Fragments of Wagner and Schumann's "Genoveva" for the Rest of the Concert

Yesterday, for the first time in many weeks, there was no assisting singer or virtuoso at the Symphony Concert. Mr. Fiedler and the band had the programme to themselves, and again, by almost similar exception, it bore no new music. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," that Mr. Fiedler, like Dr. Muck before him, cannot forego, began the concert, and a group of pieces from Wagner, obviously prepared for the impending Western journey—the prelude and the finale from "Tristan," the forest scene from "Siegfried" and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman"—ended it. Mr. Fiedler read the overture to "Genoveva" with his habitual warmth toward romantic music and with his habitual zeal to point its contrasts. It is music of Schumann, the romantic poet, steeped for the hour in a touching mediæval tale, who happened to make tones and not words the medium for the imaginings and the emotions that the legend stirred in him. There is no Schumann of the opera house, though "Genoveva" was designed as an opera. There is almost no Schumann of the orchestra though he did write clumsily scored symphonies for it, but there is always, even in this hackneyed overture, Schumann, the romantic poet, who happened to be composer too. And yesterday, the wind choir of the orchestra were poets with him in the quality of tone with which they clothed the sombre and boding introduction.

They that find pleasure in Wagner's music in the concert room, or are fain to be content with it there because they hear it so seldom in the opera house for which it was designed, were fearful at the beginning of the season that they would miss their delight. Last year Mr. Fiedler almost exhausted the preludes and the other fragments of Wagner's music-dramas that usually pass to concerts, and it seemed unlikely that he would repeat them so soon. He has none the less—the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," for example, a few weeks and the fragments, again of yesterday. With the conductor's choice of only one of them could the purists of the opera house

quarrel. The prelude to "Tristan" and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" have their reasonable place in the concert-room, but the forest scene from "Siegfried" is precisely what the title implies, dependent for some of its significance upon the setting at which the listener looks, upon the play of light upon it, upon the movements of the singing actors and upon the due progress of the drama. The atoning circumstance, yesterday, was the exceeding fineness of whirling tone that the orchestra brought to the sounds of the forest and the exceeding brightness that it attained and the clear heroic note that it struck in the passage in which Siegfried kindles to the thought of the remote and fire-girt valkyr and sets forth to seek her. The quality of the orchestral performance, again, was the distinction of the playing of the prelude and Isolde's last speech from "Tristan." Perfection and poignancy of phrase went hand in hand; the men of the orchestra, and notably again the wind choir and the deeper strings alternately were as singing-actors in their emotional speech; and the tonal coloring glowed and darkened with that characteristic Wagnerian richness that Strauss and Mahler and d'Indy with all their effort, may not yet quite compass. The blemish was the lack of the racking and the swelling intensities of Isolde's death song. Mr. Fiedler has never been an operatic conductor; he lacks operatic intuition; he can conceive and execute the "Liebestod" symphonically; he has not yet done so operatically.

The middle and the major "number" of the concert was Franck's symphony in D minor, unheard here since Mr. Gericke "took a benefit" in the spring of 1906, but evidently as eagerly anticipated as it was warmly applauded by the audience of yesterday. Mr. Fiedler's public in Hamburg loved not the newer French music and he seldom played it to his audiences there. It is not music again that he was likely to put on his programmes when Rome or London was discovering him as a "star" conductor. Here he has had the freest hand in the choice of his pieces; he was sure of the liking of his public for this French music; and he has had what for him has been the high and deepening pleasure of the virtual discovery of d'Indy, Debussy, and even Franck. It is quite true that with all his eagerness of sympathy and diligence of understanding, Mr. Fiedler has come to this music a little Teutonically. He grasps d'Indy's music, because, perhaps, with all its Gallic qualities, it yet has its German kinships; and twice this very season he has brought the Frenchman's second symphony to eloquent and luminous performance. He succeeded less well with the endless arabesques and the endless orchestral pointings, the streaming tints and half tints of instrumental coloring, the subtle and capricious invention of Debussy. His reading of Franck's symphony yester-

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day stood betwixt and between. It had not the sustained and revealing eloquence that distinguished Mr. Fiedler with d'Indy's symphony; but he did not thicken and blur Franck's music as he did Debussy's. Mr. Fiedler seemed clumsy with the scherzo-like passage of the second movement. He did not attain Franck's aerial lightness nor Franck's gossamer fineness. No more, perhaps because of an over-eager pace did he quite attain to the exaltation—and speaking in what sonorities!—of the close. Here Franck's music, like that of Bruckner's at the end of his eighth symphony, is of the visions, made sound, that St. John saw in Patmos when the heavens were opened and all things were as conquering light. On the other hand, Mr. Fiedler did keep the peculiarly lucid, the insistently songful quality of Franck's music, and he kept as well its individual accent of a fine and spiritualized sensuousness, and its pervading voice of intimate, lyric, and aspiring rhapsody. As well as he might he did justice to Franck's music on its emotional, its reflective and its architectural side, as the symphony with the rare completeness of nearly perfect work fuses them.

Two months ago Mr. Fiedler revived d'Indy's symphony in B-flat major and played it four times to his audiences. Yesterday, in turn, he revived Franck's symphony. D'Indy was the kindled and devoted pupil of Franck; he has been his discerning and discriminating biographer. Franck wrote rather for himself and for what cried for expression in him than with any clear and militant sense of propaganda. If he could go his own way, according to his own lights, he was content. D'Indy, more the propagandist, has become at once the inheritor and the priest of what the swift years already name the French tradition. He has practised it according to his own lights and understanding, even as Franck shaped it. By common consent d'Indy's second symphony is his fullest and highest accomplishment thus far in orchestral music. By equal agreement Franck's symphony is in like cording to his own lights and individuality, even as Franck shaped it. By comparison generally, was bound to come yesterday, and it was interesting to follow.

In the first place, for resemblance, the two men are at one in their sense of musical design, of musical architecture. Either of their characteristic symphonies evolves itself from the germinating musical thoughts—their chosen and characteristic method—and proceeds in self-creating, harmonious, vital and cumulative progress. Everything is ordered; everything proceeds out of its due place into its due place; the musical synthesis bears almost any test of clearness, coherence and logical evolution. There are no loose ends, no scraps, no unrelated details. The design of the two

symphonies bears witness to the common intellectual grasp of the two composers upon the architecture of music. Again, in the nature of the musical material that the two composers have wrought into and upon their design and from which indeed it proceeds, there is a common quality—its songfulness. The dullest ear, which understands by melody no more than the "fat" tunes of the commoner Italian opera, does respond to the insistent and pervading melodic quality of Franck's symphony. Steadily the music sings, whether it be sombre or radiant, secure or struggling, murmuring or sonorous, and sings with the peculiar sensuous quality of Franck, now liquid as it were, and now aerial—a song never of the earth but always of air or vapor or fire. Once our ears grow accustomed to the harmonies of Mr. d'Indy's symphony—and with each repetition his idiom becomes more comprehensible and penetrating—like perception of the songful quality of his music and like emotional response to it will come. And then, the soft, clear melodic line of Franck's symphony and the more abstruse and harder melodic line of d'Indy's will seem each as the complement of the other. Franck's harmonies seem luminous and unlabored; d'Indy's imply more strenuous research and larger and finer reflection—the quest for the exact and the characterizing expression that is the everlasting pain and the everlasting stimulus of such devoted artists as Franck and d'Indy. The end of the quest with either remains the same, the clothing of the musical thought in illuminating, characterizing and individual vesture. Out of Franck's harmonies springs the pervadingly luminous quality, the pervading mystical voluptuousness of his music. Out of d'Indy's similarly spring the gravely concentrated voice, the austere, the remote, the lofty qualities of his music.

Here the two symphonies and the two composers with them begin to diverge. Franck, for example, is no such master of the intricate weaving and the atmospheric and animating suggestion of rhythms as is Mr. d'Indy. The rhythmic march of his symphony is comparatively simple. It is not free and various; sometimes it is even halting and monotonous. D'Indy's symphony on the other hand teems with diversified, intricate and penetrating rhythms that help to give it tense and stirring life. There is little simplicity in d'Indy, except when simplicity is the chosen intellectual and emotional means to a pre-considered end. Meditative as Franck was, much and spontaneous simplicity runs from him. Franck could use the instruments of his orchestra for the plangency of sound, the glamor of color, the softness or the poignancy of accent that he sought. He asked no more of instrumental timbres. D'Indy studies them as he studies his harmonies, would ever penetrate to new secrets of them, would ever cor-

relate or contrast them anew, would ever draw from them some new and piercing means of expression, or weave them into some web of new device. Franck was content to be solid and luminous with his orchestra. If it expressed, he was content; d'Indy would have it richer, more poignant, now more solid and now more transparent—and more various and significant always than ever has man made it before.

Perhaps behind these differences and resemblances, both in the two symphonies and the two men, lies the essential and dominating distinction between their minds and spirits. In a certain sense their aim is the same, the clothing of a symphonic design that springs from certain deeply reflected and deeply felt musical ideas with the beauty of thought, the beauty of emotion and the beauty of form. They are at one in their belief and their practice that the chosen matter of the symphony in its logical course should determine and condition its form. But the thought and the emotion of Franck are not as the thought and emotions of d'Indy. He loved, says a younger man time and again of his master, he was goodness incarnated. D'Indy in turn can hate like the best of us and combat against and with his hatreds. Franck's thoughts were oftenest simple thoughts. He knew little, he cared for little, outside music. D'Indy's thoughts are oftenest abstruse thoughts; he is full of knowledge of many things and of reflection upon it. Franck lived in intimacy with his own spirit; he had need only to look into it for creative impulse. D'Indy, though he, too, has this introspection and is stirred by these impulses, must often have the aspects of nature to kindle him. Some of his music is frankly so inspired; and an ingenious Parisian used to say that he could always descry a landscape, hear one or another wind, and see one or another light behind d'Indy's music.

The impulse that stirred in Franck's spirit and the emotions that it bred were almost always the impulses and the mode of aspiration. Beethoven, in some of his later music, is as one who would move clamorously to the very gates of heaven and thunder at them with the passion of his song. Franck, in contrast, would heavenward on the fine and luminous wings of his canticles and pray there gently insinuatingly for entrance. And through the gates his eyes would swim in the vision of mystical and glamorous happiness. Of such was his sensuousness and his voluptuousness—for it is truly a very trating voluptuousness because it is fine and ethereal—and they drew him to mysteries equally of the Roman Catholic and of the pagan legend of Eros and Psyche. Of such is the beauty with its soft white fire, with its clear radiance and with its tender and yet piercing voice of intimate longing and unspoken aspiration, with which he has clothed his music. Franck, ultra-modern as he may be in music, has his monkish, his mediæval side.

the other hand, there is no voluptuousness in D'Indy's music, and little in it that is mystic. He is in no mood for intimate communings, for whisperings of soul. Very seldom is his music tender. Like Beethoven, D'Indy would scale heaven by the large intenseness of his song, by the mighty fervor of his aspirations, by the power that has given him the victory in struggle. He is august, noble, lofty, austere. He holds himself remote. He is as high priest to the emotions of men that think and feel with him. He harks back to the Greek tragedians—to the mighty struggle of Æschylus, and to the mighty—and conquering—serenities of Sophocles. H. T. P.

MR. FIEDLER AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. — Jan. 27, 1910
The Conductors for Next Year and the Errors of Current Speculation in New York—The Facts as They Now Stand and Plausible Inferences from Them—A Concert of Unfamiliar French Music by the Orchestral Club—Ravel, Debussy, d'Indy, Rameau, Dukas and PIERRE in Contrasted Novelty—Miss Allan Dances Her Dance of Salome—Mr. Mahler as a Song-Writer—Other Notes of the Day

The time of year draws near when the reporters of news about music in New York are annually preoccupied with the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They imagine their readers, busily speculating like themselves upon what changes may occur in it, and they are eager to gratify this curiosity and to abate any resulting anxieties. Now, as everyone knows, who has frequented places of musical resort in New York, it is possible to hear anything and everything that could be wished in the corridors and the press-room of the Metropolitan Opera House, and from these fruitful mothers of fact, rumor and remark comes presumably the following paragraph printed in the Sun of this morning: "It has been settled that Max Fiedler is to retire from the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the close of the present season, as he will be at the head of the Manchester Orchestra from next October. In Manchester he will succeed Hans Richter. It has not yet been decided who will take Mr. Fiedler's place as conductor of the Boston organization. It is rumored that the management has been trying to get Arturo Toscanini. The Italian conductor is fond of conducting symphonic concerts, but so far has made no answer. In case he is not selected it is regarded as certain that Karl Muck will be released to go back to Boston and become conductor

of the orchestra for a term of years."

The paragraph is such a small but concentrated masterpiece of erroneous statement that it is hard to traverse it without an appreciate thrill over its artistry. In the first place, if Mr. Fiedler has been appointed to the conductors of the Hallé Concerts in Manchester in England, knowledge of that distinction has been strangely withheld from him. Last winter, Dr. Richter, who has long conducted at those concerts suggested to the committee in charge of them that with advancing age, it might soon be necessary for him to leave his post. The committee debated the matter, canvassed possible successors to Dr. Richter—among them Mr. Fiedler—and could agree upon none. The final outcome, indeed, was the making of a new arrangement with Dr. Richter whereby his work was lessened, but whereby as well he was to continue indefinitely as the conductor of the Hallé Concerts. It is true that Mr. Fiedler had some discussion last summer with the management of the orchestra in Hamburg of which he was the conductor before he passed to Boston, about his return, but Hamburg is not Manchester and the "exchange of views" in the German city had, as it happened no very definite outcome. It is quite true also that Mr. Toscanini has "made no answer" to any proposal from the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the sufficient reason that none whatever has been made at any time to him. Naturally the management of the orchestra has taken thought of the conductor for next year, but it has never taken thought of Mr. Toscanini as a possible occupant of the post. His abilities as an operatic conductor shine at the Metropolitan; his abilities as a conductor of orchestral concerts are veiled in mists of Italian report; as nearly as any one can seem to be a permanent figure in the shifting conditions of the Metropolitan he seems to be such.

It is not true, again, that "it has been settled that Mr. Fiedler will retire from the conductors of the orchestra at the close of the present season." As a matter of authoritative fact, nothing whatever has been settled as to a conductor for next year; but, as the merest outsider can readily infer from the quality of Mr. Fiedler's work this year, alike in his conducting and in his programmes, from the favor that he enjoys with the public of the concerts in Boston and from the general liking for him in the cities which the orchestra regularly visits (where its audiences this winter have been larger than ever before), the chances incline to his continuance in his present post, if all necessary arrangements can be adjusted in Germany. Finally, it was never the way of Dr. Muck much to enlighten the newspapers as to his individual plans and purposes. He returned from Boston to resume his post at the Royal Opera in Berlin; he continues diligently in it; with some show of authority it was even stated

last fall that his contract with it had been renewed. In Berlin he lives, in Berlin he works, and speculation upon his release from the Royal Opera and any consequences of it to the Symphony Orchestra remains, as it has remained for two years—mere speculation. "Certainties" in these matters are the peculiar possession of our neighbors in New York. Perhaps it is one of the fashions in which they would honor our orchestra. H. T. P.

FRANCK LINKED WITH WAGNER

Globe
Symphony Rehearsal in
a Rare Program.

German Composer Appears in
Three Contributions.

Schumann's Overture to
"Genoveva" Presented.

Mr Fiedler made two supreme quotations from epoch-marking composers at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon which when so linked together upon an orchestral program must give it distinction. Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor preceded the intermission. The prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde" followed it.

In the symphony Franck has crystallized the idealization of the spiritual in man. It vibrates with the power in his own life, which not only redeemed from defeat a perpetual struggle against the pettiness, the strut, the fever and the malice of Pharisaism, but preserved a serenity and calmness of soul which betrayed no outward sign of that struggle.

In his monumental "Tristan und Isolde" Wagner has glorified a supremely human love. Here, divided by the brief span of the program's recess, was the apotheosis of asceticism and of passion—not of that asceticism which is the abnormal, morbid aloofness of monastic seclusion from the world's activity, but the concentration of a pure and unselfish labor in it and for it.

Such was Cesar Franck's life through the 50 years in which he lived quietly

but deeply, taught earnestly; wrote little of great moment but thought much. Then he wrote a string quartet, a quintet and this symphony—with a few other works, and they are masterpieces.

With Promethean Fire.

There are pages of this symphony suffused and illuminated as by the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven. In them there is strength, majesty, the proclamation of victory and triumph, but there is serenity, profound grandeur, untroubled by the show of turmoil or conflict. There is no measure inflated by bombast, pomp or blatant circumstance.

There are moments in the development of the first theme of the first movement which are overpowering with the exaltation and infinitude of prophetic utterance. The return in the last movement of the principal figure of three notes, remolded into new tints of color and shades of thought, embellished and interwoven with a coterie of lesser figures, and carried to a triumphant conclusion, is as the unfolding of the experience of a whole people in the life of one man.

Mr Fiedler's reading of this work and the orchestral performance of it inspire the hope that it may not again lie in such long seclusion.

Reading of Tristan Music.

In Mr Fiedler's reading of the Tristan music there was dignity, fervor and well-ordered intensity, if less of the elasticity of tempo and glow of passion which Mr Toscanini brought to it. The sensitiveness and rare beauty of the strings of the orchestra was particularly apparent in this number, and the soft murmurings of Wagner's "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," which followed it. To make a Wagnerian group of three, the overture to "Flying Dutchman," splendidly tempestuous and virile, closed the program.

It had been begun by Schumann's overture to his only opera, "Genoveva." In his intent this prelude would suggest the sad story of the plot, which relates of an absent knight and husband, an intriguing friend, a wife dishonored and disowned, the misery of herself and her child and her final restoration.

The work has beauty in its tender sadness and unrest, but the gentle and ungrammatical Schumann tells the heart-gripping story in more pacific and less convincing fashion than a modern tragedian, like Reger, who personifies dissonance, might do.

The orchestra will make a special western trip next week. There will be no concerts until Feb 11 and 12.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY OLIN DOWNES *Pat*

Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture, Franck's Symphony in D minor, the Prelude to Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," the forest music from "Siegfried," and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" were played by the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the 14th public rehearsal of the season.

The overture of Schumann is a flower of romanticism, filled with beautiful

thoughts which are not always happily expressed, nor has the musical fabric the body that one would desire, especially in the concert room. For the poetry of the introduction and the beautiful horn call, and for other isolated passages the music is well worth hearing, but as a rule the instrumentation is neither clear nor well-balanced, and Schumann, as a dramatist, rarely rings true.

Mr. Fiedler gave a notable reading of the Franck symphony, which by reason of its all-embracing humanity, its exalted emotion and its rock-ribbed structure, will surely long resist the ravages of time. Franck himself, in his life, and in this symphony, is a touching example of the beatitude that he loved: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Listening to this soaring music, who will say that the days of noble things have vanished with the classic masters?

With all the sombre coloring, which becomes so radiant in the final movement, there is to be felt, as well as the melancholy of a great spirit, a grand note of triumph. And while Franck may have lacked ability to write dramatic music for the stage, it seems that there are few more dramatic pages in all absolute music than those of this symphony. For example, the great and stormy fantasia of the first movement, the preparation and the invocation of the motto which is so significant throughout, in the last measures of this section, the mighty re-entrance of a theme formerly given to the English horn in the finale, the proclamation of the promised land by the horns in the same movement, and the burst of triumphant tone when this figure recurs, thundered by the entire orchestra. Finally, the conclusion, as over chords deeper than ever plummet sounded, the strings just breathe a dreamy reminiscence of the censer-like melody heard in former pages, and then over elemental, swinging basses, the whole orchestra, while the horns call, rises to glory.

The color scheme of the work, the bold but consummately artistic progressions, the sequences of key, are quite beyond praise for coherency, justness and effective contrast. The last movement has more than a tinge of the orchestral style inaugurated by Liszt, but it is clothed with a spirituality and a sweep of vision for which Liszt often strove, but never attained in such a degree. Those glorious passages might accompany the Ascension.

I am told that the performances of the Wagnerian excerpts were of a nature to do the utmost justice to the traditions of the orchestra. There will be no public rehearsal and concert next week, as the players will then be on tour.

FIEDLER DENIES HE IS TO RETIRE

Director of Boston Symphony Orchestra Says Nothing Is Determined for Next Year—Would Like to Stay Here.

STILL UNDER CONTRACT WITH HAMBURG SOCIETY

Herald Jan. 28, 1910
Dispatches from New York, announcing the retirement of Max Fiedler as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the close of the present season, to accept a similar position in Manchester, Eng., were last night pronounced false, both by Mr. Fiedler and Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra. No definite arrangement has yet been made by Mr. Fiedler for next season, but whether or not he will remain in Boston will be decided by the end of this week.

Last night Mr. Fiedler said: "This story is all news to me. Where I shall be next year has not been definitely settled, but we shall know for certain by the end of this week. You already know that I am still under contract with the Philharmonic Society of Hamburg.

"Two years ago I secured a year's leave of absence and came to Boston. I liked things so well that, at the close of my first season here, I asked for another year's leave and it was granted. I cannot now say that I can have another year's leave.

"If I leave Boston I shall go back to Hamburg. My family and relatives are there—it is really my home and for that reason I would be glad to go back at any time. Still I like America and Boston very much. If I stay here, I will ask release from my engagement with the Philharmonic and stay a number of years. On the other hand, if I return to Hamburg, it shall be for a long period of years. We'll know by the end of the week."

Mr. Ellis reiterated what Herr Fiedler said and added:

"This talk about our trying to get Toscanini here is made out of whole cloth—it's nothing but gossip. Not a thing has yet been decided definitely."

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRUCHNER,

SYMPHONY in E major, No. 7

- I. Allegro moderato
 - II. Adagio: Sehr feierlich und langsam
 - III. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Etwas langsamer
 - IV. Finale: Bewegt, doch nicht schnell
-

CHADWICK

SINFONIETTA in D major, (in four movements) for
ORCHESTRA

- I. Risolutamente
- II. Canzonetta: Allegretto
- III. Scherzino: Vivacissimo e leggiero
- IV. Finale: Assai animato

(First time at these concerts)

MR. FIEDLER CONTINUES

Trans. Feb. 5, 1910

His Re-engagement as Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for Two More Seasons—Fruits of His Faithful and Unremitting Service of the Past Two Years—His Obstacles, His Conquests, and Significance of the Present Choice

The disputes which have waged as to the probable succession of conductors for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the information which New York has, from time to time, undertaken to supply, have been set aside by the announcement, during the last few hours, of Mr. Max Fiedler's reengagement for the seasons of 1910-11 and 1911-12. The decision comes not altogether as a surprise, and certainly as a gratification to a large and an increasing public, which has during two winters, learned to appreciate the earnestness of Mr. Fiedler's work, and the solid qualities of his interpretive art. Dr. Muck's name had been bruited abroad as a probable successor; Mr. Gustav Mahler, too, came in for his share of the conjecture, nor were the names of such men as Weingartner, Strauss and Schuch unmentioned. What with the New York press and the assiduity of foreign correspondents, half a dozen capitals have been concerned, soon or late, in furnishing the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a leader.

Mr. Fiedler came to his present post under conditions which may be thought of as trying. He succeeded a conductor of magnetic personality and a highly individual manner, both of leadership and musical taste. It is not by personal magnetism that Mr. Fiedler seeks his musical ends. It is rather by thought, study, the careful weighing of this or that method, the patient elaboration of detail, and finally by the sweeping impetuosity which would weld all these elements into a single and unified impression of the effect he would produce.

As the audiences of the Symphony Concerts have watched him, for two seasons; as they have listened to the band as he summoned its thunders or its muted undertones, they have learned to appreciate and to admire a certain sturdy quality not only of the musician but of the man. Mr. Fiedler is never otherwise than obviously doing his best; whether the work happens to conform to his particular tastes or the contrary, it has justice at his hands; he furnishes, as the winter weeks go by, the figure of a finely-endowed leader, sparing no resource to give his audiences of the best of himself and his orchestra. It is known, of course, what a strong personal loyalty he has inspired among his men, and this is far from surprising. During the early months of his incumbency there were grumbles at his manner of fashion-

ing programmes. These were merely chronic manifestations. They ceased and not to reappear. For a year past Mr. Fiedler's programmes have been a review of what a musical public wish to hear recurrently; he has brought telling contrasts of old and new; or significant juxtapositions of similar styles; he has scanned the horizon for new works of interest or importance; he has renewed, reviewed, innovated and educated.

These are a few of the services for which, during the past two seasons, we are debtors to Mr. Fiedler. The catalogue is by no means complete. To require more of a servant of a city's musical public would be demanding payments which have already been made in full. Mr. Fiedler remains the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by the proudest right in any man's possession. He has fairly won it.

SINFONIETTA BY CHADWICK FALLS FLAT AT CONCERT

Journal

Boston's supremacy in the American section of the musical world, which was testified to recently by two of this season's Symphony soloists, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, found another striking illustration at yesterday's Symphony matinee, when a Sinfonietta in D major by George W. Chadwick, one of Boston's prominent composers, was performed for the first time at these concerts.

Sinfoniettas—little symphonies—are not familiar compositions. One by Ferdinand Thierot was performed at the Symphony concerts just 17 years ago. This one by Mr. Chadwick was first heard by the public at a Chadwick concert in Jordan Hall in 1904, the year in which it was written.

It is not so interesting a composition as Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," heard at Symphony concerts two years ago this month. It is not so remarkable either for charm of theme or for strength of general interest. Usually Mr. Chadwick's works have an attractiveness well sustained from beginning to end. Yesterday the interest of the audience rose and fell. Many people went out after the third movement, and at the close of the performance the applause was perfunctory. There was no calling for the composer. The plain fact is that the Sinfonietta fell flat.

The memorable feature of the concert was the performance of Bruckner's seventh symphony, which had not been heard since 1906, in Dr. Muck's first season. This is the symphony with the famous adagio, sometimes described as funeral music, in memory of Wagner. It is also the symphony which Bruckner, in his naive way, said that he would like to have spoken of to his idol, Beethoven. At any rate, it is a work treated most sympathetically and reverently by most of the conductors of the day. Three of these conductors, by the way, Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur and Dr. Muck, who have presided over the Symphony Orchestra, were pupils of Bruckner. Gustav Mahler, who will come here two weeks from tonight with the New York Philharmonic Society, is also a Bruckner pupil.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the symphony was full of color and vigor. The soloists next week will be Ernest Hutchinson and Harold Randolph, who will play the Mozart concerto for two pianos and orchestra. The Haydn symphony in D major and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture will have a place on the program. Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," which was played two months ago, will be repeated by request.

SYMPHONY GIVES PUBLIC REHEARSAL

Fifteenth of the Series Included Work of Bruckner and a Sinfonietta by George W. Chadwick. *Herald*

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was made up of Bruckner's symphony in E major, No. 7, and Chadwick's Sinfonietta in D major, which was played for the first time at these concerts.

There are conductors, as Messrs. Fiedler, Muck, Nikisch, Loewe, who find great pleasure in conducting certain symphonies of Bruckner. Many in the audience, unless the hearers be members of a cult, carefully chosen and sworn to be enthusiastic, cannot understand why these conductors delight in performances of the symphonies. To them a symphony of Bruckner is not unlike the great image, seen by Nebuchadnezzar in a dream: The image whose form was terrible. "This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, his belly and thighs of brass; his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay." And to some, not even the head is of gold.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave an eloquent interpretation of this symphony in E major, and the interpretation was as lucid as it was romantic and impressive. Surely any person sensitive to music that heard the performance must have been moved to say: "Bruckner, after all, was a genius." The composer was a genius, but it would be better for his

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fame today and hereafter if he had also been a man of talent.

Perhaps it was an inherent failing; perhaps it was due to a lack of thorough and long continued training that Bruckner's musical thought was seldom logically developed; that he lacked concentration; that he indulged himself in long winded digressions; that his seriousness was not tempered by the humor that leads to self-examination and rigid self-criticism. He had a rough humor, and at times a biting wit, they say; for he was not always a child as he is sometimes represented, although he liked to pose as a simple child of nature. There was a dash of peasant shrewdness in his composition, but he was not an unerring judge of his own works.

And so it must be said of this symphony, as of other symphonies by Bruckner, that it contains great things: noble and beautiful themes; pages of idyllic charm and demoniacal energy; sublime passages and overwhelming effects. It must also be said that there are pages which are trivial or dull, repetitions that weary, digressions that exasperate, halts and delays that put a favorably disposed hearer in bad humor.

It would be hard to find any theme more nobly beautiful in thought, form and orchestral expression than the first one of the opening allegro. The cantilena in the Adagio might have been proudly signed by Beethoven at the height of his power, and this Adagio as a whole is one of the most superb symphonic movements in the literature of music. The Scherzo has marked Brucknerian character, but this movement and the Finale are not equal to the two that precede.

Here and there the influence of Wagner is shown. This is not surprising when we remember Bruckner's worship of that master and recall the fact that he once or twice deliberately in his symphonies quoted phrases from Wagner's works, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps as an act of homage. In this 7th there are passages that recall measures of "Parsifal," others that suggest measures in "The Ring," rather by harmonic and orchestral mood than by the melodic line. That which is great in the symphony is Bruckner's own. It far outweighs the chatter and the maunderings. It is enough to insure the composer an honorable place among the composers of lofty ideas and memorable deeds.

Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta was first heard here at his own concert in 1904.

(By a typographical error the tonality of the work is given on page 1165 of the program-book as "F major." It should be "D major," as stated on the next page of the book and on the title page.)

This music is agreeable, cheerful in disposition, frank, unpretentious, yet showing by its workmanship the ability of the composer. There is nothing that enters at hap-hazard; there is nothing that hints at experimentation; the composer knew what he was about to say and he said it as he intended it should be said. The Sinfonietta would undoubtedly be more effective as a whole in a smaller hall. As it was played yesterday, the first movement, with its attractive themes, one of which has a charming oriental character, with its interesting and firmly knit development and its dominantly joyous spirit, had the most distinction of the four.

The program of the concerts next week has been slightly changed from the one announced in the program book. Haydn's Symphony in G Major, the "Oxford," will be played instead of one in D. The other pieces will be Mozart's Concerto for two pianos and orchestra; Rachmaninoff's Symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead" (by request); Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." The pianists will be Messrs. Hutchinson and Randolph of Baltimore.

CHARMED BY SINFONIETTA

Stoke
Symphony Orchestra
in a Premier.

Sane, Bright and Sound Work
of the Composer Presented.

Bruckner's 7th Symphony
Is Also Repeated.

After sitting through an hour of

Bruckner's seventh symphony in E major yesterday afternoon Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta in D major, heard for the first time at these concerts, was all the more welcome. This does not imply that Mr. Chadwick's work would not have been heard gladly at any time, nor does it follow that a "symphony" must always be better music than a "sinfonietta" (a little symphony).

As is his custom, Mr. Chadwick has written music which is vital. The four movements are all short. They set a brisk and eager pace and keep it up. They would not necessarily unfold the psychology of a man's life nor crack the deep riddles of the world, but they are a gracious balm to those who would.

It is music of bright color, sound substance and of a genial sanity withal. It is pithy. It has something to say, and says it spontaneously and with dispatch.

Playable Initial Theme.

As always, Mr. Chadwick gives character and identity to his music by the clearness and vigor of his rhythm. The first theme of the first movement is a case in point. Every violin in the band must have felt its power. It is playable and has melodic charm.

The oriental theme, with a very characteristic dress in strings and harp, and the cantabile theme for violins, which then follow, retain their individuality and return in the recapitulation in a different key and in new guise without being hounded to death on the way, as were innocent, well-meaning fragments of melody in the Bruckner work. The second movement adroitly added the military color to a pert and piquant tune which begins in the strings and made it a march resounding with brass and enlivened with tambourine.

The scherzino is the gem of the work. It is a veritable spider-web of finely spun filaments of rhythmic tone, glistening in the sun. Its figures in the 9-8 time were woven with a deft dexterity and were played with admirable lightness and vivacity.

The precision and brilliance of the bowing at Mr. Fiedler's lively pace were admirable. The finale retains the animation of the work and runs nimbly to the close.

Refreshing After Bruckner.

The sinfonietta came as an exhilarating breeze on a summer's day bringing hope and refreshment. Both were needed. If Bruckner's symphony could be limited to the first movement, allegro, and the second movement, adagio, much valuable time and much wearying noise might be saved.

The scherzo is so liberally weighted down with bombastic twaddle that what there is of beauty hides its face. Where is more senseless fustian than the trumpet theme, revived and re-echoed to the apotheosis of boredom?

A man who had few friends and cared for few, who traveled little, who built his world of solitude and introspection might indeed have written

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such music. It knows neither the gladness of children nor of nature. It has long forgotten, if it ever knew, that play is the eternal secret of life. It smells of the must of Faust's study and by so much is it pitiable rather than bad. The last movement is sterile and tedious and often condemns the brass to hard manual labor in coping with fortissimos that blare forth neither dignity, euphony nor any illuminating idea.

How the first two movements could have been written by the same man remains a mystery. At times in the unfolding of a thought through modulation the opening allegro reminds of Wagner, whose ardent disciple and champion Bruckner was.

Some Shreds of Melody.

The themes here have agreeable individuality and often beauty. Their development shows the fondness of the composer for inversion, and his skill in thus turning a melody upside down. The first and the second chief themes are reiterated again and again after this fashion in varying orchestral color.

The adagio is heralded by Bruckner's partisans as his most superb utterance. It contains a second theme of unquestioned loveliness and apparent inspiration. The first theme, intrusted to four tubas—according to the score, two in B flat and two in F—has a serious and exalted beauty.

Why the composer chose a brass instrument with upright bell, whose tone contains unavoidable blare and is incompatible with the strings of an orchestra, is hard to say. The more romantic and no less dignified tone-color of the french horn would have been a beautiful medium.

Dissonances in the symphony have before been complained of, and with reason. They do not sting the senses into a sudden glow. They fire the mind by aimless wrangling. Dissonance is not mere confusion.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Fiedler and an Unusually Tepid Audience—Bruckner's Symphony of the Tenor Tubas, and Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" for Contrasting Pieces—Of Ground Plans and Their Advantages in Music *Trans.*

Truly the conductors of the Symphony Concerts are all in the pleasure—or the routine—of the day for the audiences that "sit under" them for twenty-four weeks of autumn, winter and spring. It was a fortnight, yesterday, since the company of Friday afternoons had assembled in Symphony Hall, and in the interval Mr. Fiedler had been reappointed as conductor for two seasons to come. Nine-tenths of his hearers, it is safe to say, warmly like his conducting, and one proportionately glad that they are to have long pleasure of it. The conductor was only human when he seemed to come a little elatedly to his place. Yet the welcoming applause has been heartier

when he has returned from a journey to New York, or was merely following the course of successive concerts in Boston. It was not a whit more hearty in the intervals, or at the close, of Bruckner's symphony in E major, which was by no means so well received as it was under Dr. Muck three years ago, or as was the composers' eighth symphony under Mr. Fiedler last winter. Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" was the other and contrasting piece. It is light music, as the music of symphony concerts goes—easy to understand, brief, interesting and spirited. Yet it waked little more applause than did Bruckner's unsparing lengths and insistent idiosyncrasies. Worse still—for a very rare occurrence at the afternoon concerts in Mr. Fiedler's time—departures were audible, visible and plentiful at every pause in the music. Perhaps one reason is not far to seek. Mr. Chadwick, in recent years, has written eminently masculine music. The qualities that give it exceptionally American savor—its robustness, its elasticity, its high spirits, its unexpectedness, its alternate reliance and frankness—are masculine qualities. In a time and a world that is sadly feminized in the arts in America, Mr. Chadwick has dared to write as a man for men. His courage praises him; the music that he has conceived, like the "Symphonic Sketches" of the spring of 1908 and the "Sinfonietta" of yesterday, praise him still more. Yet all this brings its consequences. Women seemed not to like the Sketches overmuch; they drifted away from the "Sinfonietta," or they applauded it only mildly. Fortunately, tonight, Mr. Chadwick will have more listeners of his own sex. They ought to champion him.

When Mr. Fiedler divided his programme between Bruckner's symphony and Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta," he evidently intended the second piece as contrast and relaxation to the first. The symphony continued for fifty minutes; the "Sinfonietta" for barely twenty. Mr. Chadwick sought brevity, while Bruckner courted lengths. Bruckner is reflective, laborious, striving. He dreams his dreams; he sees his visions; and he would transmute them into tones almost by the main force of his invention and the white heat of his ambition. For him large ideas and imaginings, largely and powerfully expressed. Mr. Chadwick in this particular piece writes spontaneously, fancifully, gayly. He contemplates not an august masterpiece but a pleasurable trifle. The contrast ran further. Bruckner, after long meditation, invents melodies of ample substance, long, and in some instances, like the very first theme of this particular symphony, of thrilling beauty. Then he sometimes worries these melodies with their endless advance in crescendo and in more and more opulent instrumental dress, until they gradually fall away or he breaks abruptly with one phase of them and passes to another. There are architects, children of the Beaux-Arts, who believe that the fount of all architectural

virtue is the making of a ground plan. Make it as it should be, they say, and the building, especially in its exterior, will rise almost of itself. Bruckner lacked this architectural faculty; and unkind fate had schooled him in no Beaux-Arts of music. He lacked the designing faculty; he failed in his ground plans and his symphonies do not rise from them. They lack unity; the divisions and sub-divisions of them stop oftener than they end; they are not adroit in transitional passages. Now, Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" shines with these virtues. His design is small, his design is simple; but it is a design. Musical paragraph flows from musical paragraph. The transitions are so persuasive that the ear hardly notes that it is heard. Bruckner, in this symphony in E major, as in all the rest, worked under laborious inspiration. Mr. Chadwick in the "Sinfonietta" worked in spontaneous craftsmanship. The Viennese produced a puzzling and uneven monument; the Bostonian a pleasurable trifle. Yet the advantages in the process are by no means all on the side of the larger purpose and the bulkier accomplishment.

The newspapers in the smaller cities that the Symphony Orchestra visits for occasional concerts seem highly pleased at the re-engagement of Mr. Fiedler as its conductor for two years to come. There were fewer such concerts in Mr. Gericke's time than there are now; but he usually counted them as so many burdens, made his programmes as short as might be, and filled them with pieces that required little preparation, without much regard to the likings of his prospective audiences. Dr. Muck was as conscientious with these concerts in secondary cities as he was with all his work; but he had little understanding of the varying publics that sought them and he clung as stiffly to his theories and methods of programme-making as he did in Symphony Hall. Perhaps out of his experience as an occasional conductor in the smaller cities of Germany, Mr. Fiedler has better pleased his audiences at these "out-of-town" concerts than have any of his predecessors. Oftenest he has made his programmes two hours long, given them a characteristic diversity and usually included a piece or two that might be hackneyed in Boston or in New York, but that is still welcome in Providence or Springfield. Besides, there is no mistaking the means or the results of Mr. Fiedler's conducting. Dr. Muck used to puzzle his "out-of-town" audiences. Mr. Fiedler never does. *Trans. Feb. 10. 1913*

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY CONCERT

1 season ticket, first bal., front row; well forward; choice. Address P.O.A., Boston Transcript 4(A):

WANTED

ONE TICKET FOR SYMPHONY REHEARSAL for January and February; floor preferred. Telephone 397-2 Brookline. (A):

Bruckner and Chadwick Again

The audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday night seemed the smallest, thus far, of the year, and parquet and balconies showed frequent gaps of empty seats. Perhaps a long symphony and a short symphony to make a whole programme deterred some to whom the word is still portentous even when it designates music as light and complaisant as Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta." Perhaps, too, the part of the public that finds Bruckner tedious was wary of the lengths and the exactions of his seventh symphony. Anyhow, enough that admired it were in the hall to give it much more hearty applause than it received on Friday and to recall Mr. Fiedler twice at the close. Mr. Chadwick's piece, too, was more warmly received; and had not sickness kept him from the hall, he might justly have risen to make his acknowledgments as the way is of resident composers at the Symphony Concerts.

Happily, too, Mr. Fiedler was less expository and more eloquent in his performance of Bruckner's symphony than he had been on Friday—more willing that his hearers should follow for themselves the structure of the music, while he summoned its alternate moods of aspiration and resignation, of struggle and of momentary freedom. In particular, he and the orchestra seemed unusually sensitive to the idiosyncrasies of Bruckner's instrumental coloring. In the early days of the seventh symphony a wit in Vienna promptly named it the symphony of the tremolo, because so often in it the violins are all a-quiver over the tonal mass that the darker strings, the horns and the brass choir sustain underneath. Sometimes, so far as it is possible to guess Bruckner's emotional purpose, the quiver is of anxiety and sometimes of elation. Then the conductor, as Mr. Fiedler did, should make it significant. Almost as often, however, it seems only a mannerism, and a refuge, and then again, as Mr. Fiedler did, the conductor should make it as unobtrusive as possible. Always, too, Mr. Fiedler and the band were mindful of the magnificence of Bruckner's brass. The composer was no master of instrumentation, as mastery goes nowadays, but whether the stimulus came from Wagner or out of his own spirit, his hand and imagination warmed to his brass choir. He loved its golden sonorities; he liked to make their beat like the waves of a glowing sea to the tossing rhythm of his drums; or he would weld it into a single deep and mellow mass above which his strings could quiver and shimmer; or he would let it bear up and up and more and more broadly the song of his aspiration until the voices of horns and trumpets and trombones and tubas suffused the whole orchestra and the climax was as rich and resplendent as his own visionary ardor. He felt, too, the varieties of tonal color in the brass instruments. His trumpets in this seventh symphony almost match Strauss's in "Zarathustra," and

his tenor tubas, at once plaintive and sombre, are no Wagnerian affectation. Most composers, before Strauss, have been comparatively straightforward with their brass, even when they have made it as expressive as does Wagner. Bruckner, by one of the queer impulses of a queer "genius," is actually subtle with it. H. T. P.

News of the Day

So seldom has there been any change in the position of the instruments in the Symphony Orchestra that the public of its concerts are amusingly interested in the present migrations of the harp. For years it has stood directly under the conductor's stand, beside the seat of the first viola player. Now, apparently, Mr. Fiedler has resolved to shift it, and is experimenting to find the fittest place for it. First, he put it in the farthest corner of the orchestra, at the left of the stage, behind the remotest cellos and close to the double-basses. Last Friday and Saturday he moved it again, and it stood on the edge of the platform abreast of the first violins. Whither it will go next remains to be seen, but in neither of the experimental positions has its voice been so clear against the whole orchestral mass as it was in the accustomed place.

The New York Telegraph differentiates Mr. Fiedler by a new title from other German conductors that have come to opera houses or orchestras in America: "He has made," it says, "a definite attempt to assimilate himself with his surroundings. To complain against the importation of foreigners to interpret music for us is as demagogic as it is ridiculous. But many of our conductors have impaired their usefulness by their reluctance to study the English language, by their indifference to our methods of living, by a sort of alien sulkiness. Now, Mr. Fiedler conducts his rehearsals in English. This may seem a small thing, yet it betrays an admirable spirit, a keenly good taste. It helps to emphasize the fact that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not an alien and exotic thing."

... by the orchestra; nor does

... refuse any reasonable request made

... by western audiences for the performance

... of the favorite symphony or overture. Mr.

... personality and behavior on the stage

... He is neither pontifical nor flip-

... It is evident to even the careless that he is

... of the responsibility of his position, and

... does not take himself too seriously. His

... ty, his modesty, his devotion to his task

... ognized by all. It may also be said that

... in the critical cities that look forward

... to its concerts; and under his rule the

... have been highly remunerative to the

... ment. *Herald Feb. 6. 1913*

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

- HAYDN, SYMPHONY in G major, "Oxford," (Peters, No. 9.)
(Rieter-Biedermann, No. 2)
I. Adagio: Allegro spiritoso
II. Adagio
III. Menuetto: Allegretto: Trio
IV. Presto
- MOZART, CONCERTO for two PIANOFORTES, (K. 365)
I. Allegro
II. Andante
III. Allegro
- RACHMANINOFF, "The Island of the Dead," SYMPHONIC POEM
for FULL ORCHESTRA to the picture by A. Böcklin,
op. 29.
(By request)
- BERLIOZ, OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini,"
op. 23

Soloists:

Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON

Mr. HAROLD RANDOLPH

Steinway Pianos used.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY OLIN DOWNES

Post Feb. 12/10
Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and George Chadwick's Sinfonietta made the programme of the 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Chadwick's little symphony was heard for the first time at these concerts. Form aside, he might well have dubbed the genial composition, "Novelette in Four Chapters," for there is surely a fanciful underlying programme. Yet the four movements have coherency of thought and style which is genuinely symphonic to a far greater degree than the "Symphonic Sketches" played under Dr. Muck in 1908.

The material and the workmanship of this "Sinfonietta" is light and transparent, though scored for full modern orchestra. The pieces are in the nature of a divertimento. There is consistent employment of some material that has an Oriental twang, but these sighs and roulades need not be taken too seriously. The slow movement is pretty, and it has imaginative touches. The growth of the song theme into a march is not merely a thing on paper; it is immediately appreciable to those who listen for the first time, and the dying echo of the march in the last measures is poetic. The scherzo is characterized by clever and diverting rhythms and instrumentation. In this movement, and in the last, Mr. Chadwick's valuable trait of native humor is prominent. Whether this section was penned before the finale of the Symphonic Sketches, or not, is unknown to the writer, but at any rate, there is strong affinity between the concluding measures of the two pieces, and there is further resemblance to the "thought of 30 days" in certain poignant measures which interrupt the brilliancy of the finale. Yet a further resemblance: in spite of mock Orientalism, the prevailing character of the music, with its lively, snappy motives, is a little Scotch and more plain, home-brewed American.

This music, no doubt with design on the part of Mr. Fiedler, offered the strongest possible contrast to Bruckner's awe-inspiring symphony. The first three movements of that enormous work are immensely strong, rich and superb. It is a glorious experience to encounter, one after another, perfect nuggets of musical invention, themes which in themselves would furnish such a master of construction as, say, Cesar Franck with material for an entire symphony. There seems hardly a limit to the imagination and the creativeness of Bruckner, and there is only one movement in this seventh symphony which has the customary blemishes, incongruity of material and loose, ill-considered structure. This is the finale. The other movements are, indeed, extraordinary, titanic. It should be said that it is not always well to form too hasty conclusions in regard to the strength or the weakness of this singular composer, for his methods, as well

Feb. 12/10 SYMPHONY CONCERT

In the Boston Symphony orchestra played their fifteenth program of the season, as follows:

Haydn, Symphony in G major, "Oxford" (Peters, No. 9), (Rieter-Biedermann, No. 2); Mozart, Concerto for two pianofortes (K. 365); Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead," Symphonic Poem for full orchestra to the picture by A. Bocklin, op. 29 (by request); Berlioz, Overture to the opera "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23. The soloists in the concert were Ernest Hutcheson and Harold Randolph.

The tone poem was that which the composer Rachmaninoff, conducted at a Symphony concert during his recent visit to America. The work as conducted by Mr. Fiedler had clearer structural significance than it had when conducted by Mr. Rachmaninoff; but while Mr. Fiedler's interpretation laid emphasis on structure, it did not neglect to make plain the moods and pictures of the music. There were the contrasting moods of defeat and triumph, each of which prevailed by turns through more than half the poem and seemed likely to last indefinitely, when the principal violin and the solo woodwind voices interrupted and brought in a period of pastoral and idyllic contemplation. So the music progressed to the end, with a short processional scene as its one dramatic feature and with a moment of neutral mood, like that at the close of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic symphony, to justify the Teutonized Rachmaninoff in calling himself a Russian composer.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the tone poem was more or less interesting than the composer's, according to whether the listener prefers bold or subdued effects of orchestral interpretation. If Mr. Rachmaninoff's contrasts had been stronger, Mr. Fiedler's would doubtless have been lighter; at any rate the regular conductor of the orchestra could be counted on to give the work a reading all his own.

The Mozart concerto for two pianos was performed in as thorough a spirit of scholarship by Messrs Hutcheson and Randolph as was the Brahms double concerto for violin and violoncello in which Messrs. Hess and Schroeder recently appeared at a Symphony concert.

Piano Soloists. Feature Of The Symphony Rehearsal

Journal Feb. 19, 1910

For the first time in nearly twenty-seven years two piano soloists appear together at the Symphony concerts this week in the performance of Mozart's concerto for two pianofortes. The soloists are Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson, both from Baltimore, and both musicians who have taken a creditable part in the advancement of the best interests of music in this country. The concerto, a characteristic sparkling work, written when the Viennese genius was but 25 years old, had a sympathetic performance at yesterday's matinee and consequently produced charming effects. Soloists and orchestra vied one with the other in dialogue and chorus that fairly bubbled over with grace and good nature.

Similar airy and agreeable tones characterize Haydn's "Oxford" symphony, which preceded the Mozart number; so that for half the concert the audience was kept in the most cheerful of moods. But after this eighteenth century sweet simplicity came the sharp contrast in the form of Rachmaninoff's tone poem, "The Island of the Dead," which was played at the Symphony concert just two months ago, when the composer was visiting Boston. Finally, as a sort of happy medium, came the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture by Berlioz.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. On March 4 and 5 the program will include a novelty, Sibelius' tone poem, "En Saga;" Wagner's "Faust" overture; Schumann's first symphony, Strauss' symphonic fantasy, "On the Shore of Sorrento," and Tchaikowsky's "1812" overture.

SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH REHEARSAL

Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Poem "The Island of the Dead" Repeated by Request—Music Suggested by a Picture.

OVERTURE TO "BENVENUTO CELLINI" ALSO PLAYED

Herald Feb. 19, 1910

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "Oxford" Haydn
Concerto for two pianos.....Mozart
"The Island of the Dead" Rachmaninoff
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"....

Berlioz

Rachmaninoff's Symphonic poem, a musical illustration of Boecklin's celebrated picture, was played yesterday "by request." The composer conducted the work when it was first played here last December.

This music was suggested to the Russian by a picture. It is reasonable to suppose that the music is the expression of his emotions awakened by the picture; which one of the four or five variants of the original we do not know. It is also reasonable to suppose that the composer wishes the hearer to be similarly affected. But between the composer and the hearer the conductor, the interpreter, must stand. A composer is not always a good conductor even of his own compositions; he may not have authority and magnetism; he may not have the technical skill. Fortunately for us Mr. Rachmaninoff is a conductor of ability and experience. We knew how he wished his music to sound; what moods, emotions, effects are contained in the score—as he conceived it and as he still feels.

Mr. Fiedler is also a conductor of ability and experience. It is not likely, however, that he, or Mr. Nikisch, or Mr. Mahler, or Mr. Weingartner would conduct "The Island of the Dead" in precisely the manner of the composer. The individuality of each conductor, worthy the name of conductor, must necessarily assert itself. Boecklin's picture is not the same to all that see it. Rachmaninoff's music is not the same to all that read or hear it.

There can therefore be different and at the same time effective interpreta-

sons of this symphonic poem. One reading may appeal to A more than it does to B. Now suppose that C has not seen Boecklin's picture, not even a half-tone of it? The music to him will be only absolute music, music without a program, without any association. What he will hear, what he will feel will depend wholly on his own imagination.

But C might say reasonably that music which paints in tones the Island of the Dead should have for its prevailing mood a certain calm, a certain serenity. The waves should lap the shore, not surge and roar. Let the lamentation of the mourners be ever so poignant—and it may be taken for granted that the more dramatic section of this symphonic poem is a lamentation—the mood of the Island is one of peace.

When Mr. Rachmaninoff conducted, the first impression was of this calm, this repose; and the passionate outburst and the funeral hymn, the "Dies Irae," were all the more dramatic. The ocean, as Mr. Fiedler sees it, is agitated. The waves themselves mourn and they toss in anguish. As conducted by him, the work has more than one great climax. The difference in the readings and in the consequent impression made on the hearer was interesting. It should be remembered that the presence of the composer gave an extraneous interest to his composition.

If A exclaims: "I prefer the reading of Mr. Rachmaninoff," not knowing the score, it is because A, knowing the picture, sees it as the composer saw it, and his mood was more in unison with the composer's mood. To the average audience Mr. Fiedler's reading would be the more dramatic. Some, who are impressed by the awful stillness of Boecklin's picture, prefer the composer's interpretation.

The overture of Berlioz was brilliantly performed. Haydn's symphony pleased many, and it was finely played. The last movement suggests comic opera music, such music as the famous finale in "The Marriage of Figaro."

Messrs. Hutcheson and Randolph for some years have been passionately addicted to the habit of playing mild, innocuous music for two pianos. Yesterday they gave a performance which may justly be described as neat.

The program for the concerts of March 4 and 5 will be as follows: Wagner, Faust overture; Schumann,

symphony in B-flat major; Sibelius, "A Saga" (first time here); Strauss, "On the Shore of Sorrento," from "In Italy"; Tschalkowsky, overture "1812."

WITH HAYDN AND MOZART.

Globe Feb. 19, 1910
Symphony Rehearsal Program Followed on With Rachmaninoff and Berlioz.

The symphony rehearsal program yesterday afternoon before the intermission consisted of Haydn's G major "Oxford" symphony, and Mozart's concerto in E flat major for two pianos. The two pianos were played by Ernest Hutcheson and Harold Randolph, both of Baltimore. After the recess, Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead" was repeated "by request." The overture to Berlioz' opera "Benvenuto Cellini" closed the program.

Haydn remains a model of simplicity and clearness of design and an unfailing champion of arch and tender beauty. His writing in this symphony, as was characteristic of him, is luminous and direct in style. A few quiet moments of adagio lead into the rollicking allegro of the first movement. It is such music which holds up to clear view the unanimity and precision of bowing which characterize the first violins of this orchestra.

Much of Haydn's music seems trite and obvious today, but his flashing arabesques of rapid scale passages will always impart their sprightly zest when played with such dash and clean-cut execution. It is in such melodic music, too, that the tone color of the different choirs may be heard with particular clearness. Mr. Fiedler read this strictly fashioned, melodious music with much spirit.

It is rare to see two pianists fraternizing over two grand pianos on a concert platform. Such a musical dialogue holds the attention of an audience by obliging those in the rear to guess who it is that is playing now. The pianists were clearly worthy of something more individual than twin appearances. Their playing of the cadenza had admirable lightness and flexibility and purity of tone. Both Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Randolph were recalled.

Thanks are due Mr. Fiedler for repeating Rachmaninoff's tone-poem. Here is music of noble seriousness, of sombre and exalted beauty, of mystical aloofness from time, place and obvious circumstance. It knows not the beaten path of platitude. It holds communion with silence and with the dead. The value of the work is not to be found in considering it merely a tonal picture of the famous painting by Boecklin which inspired it. The composer has worked the sinister phrase of the "Dies Irae" over and over with relentless insistence.

The Berlioz overture contains a brilliant introduction which leads through indifferent pages before the recapitulation. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave it with much fire.

There will be no rehearsal and concert next week.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

TWO CLASSICS, TWO MODERNS AND TWO PIANISTS

Trans. Feb. 19, 1910
A Symphony by Haydn and a Double Concerto by Mozart That All Concerned Kept to Their Substance and Spirit—The Two Pianists—Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," and a Moral or Two About "Interpretative" Conducting—The Baffling Kaleriodoscope That It Is

Whatever else the public of the Symphony Concerts may mistrust, it never doubts Haydn. Annually the dutiful conductor puts a symphony by him on a pair of programmes, and annually two audiences receive it with happy applause. For the present musical year the incident befell yesterday afternoon; the applause was as cheerful as ever and the relative freshness of the chosen symphony—the "Oxford" in G major—and the suavity of the performance by Mr. Fiedler and his men made the plaudits the more deserved. A concerto out of Mozart followed, and the foreboding might have feared that Mr. Fiedler, for once, was making a "unified" programme in the fashion that used so to distress some of Dr. Muck's hearers. The real purpose, however, was a purpose of curiosity. The concerto is written for two pianos and from Baltimore came Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Randolph, long expert in such music, to play it. As in their recitals, their pianos stood back to back in solid black mass across the centre of the stage; at either end sat one of the virtuosos; above this barrier towered Mr. Fiedler; beyond and around was the orchestral fringe. The spectacle was so unusual that the listeners craned their necks to look even as when some noted opera singer is the "soloist" of the day and in their absorption in the sight of two pianists accomplishing a common task, they almost forgot the music that set it. Perhaps thereby they lost little.

Then, the unity of the programme split in two, and the other two pieces upon it made contrasting romantic music. One Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead" was of the sober, the brooding, the reticent and a little morbid romanticism of our own time; the other Berlioz's overture to his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," was of the large, frank, showy and striding romanticism of the thirties. Mr. Fiedler, who can conduct as though a like temperament was in belated play in him, fairly wallowed in the delights of the music, and the band had its joy of it as so many virtuosos disporting themselves in a familiar and rather flamboyant task. With "The Isle of the Dead," Mr. Fiedler's conducting was of like temper; but it was not conduct-

ing that suited either the musical or the poetic substance of the piece. The tone-poem lost its rarefied quality; the audience listened coldly; and the applause at the end was the half-hearted applause of warm anticipation that has turned into rather bewildered disappointment.

In spite of the little band of purists that would have their Haydn and their Mozart as the eighteenth century—as they believe—had them, such music as the symphony and the concerto of yesterday must be inflated when it is played at a symphony concert ten years into the twentieth. Haydn and Mozart wrote for little bands, little audiences and little halls. In a sense that is by no means detraction, they also wrote little music. Symphony concerts, in 1910, connote big bands, big audiences, big halls and, as often as not, big music. Inflation there must be, and the real point of the process is whether it does violence to the substance and the spirit of the music. When the purists have their way with it they make it sound quaint in twentieth-century ears. Quaintness is precisely the effect that most delights these perverse souls, but quaintness was also the last quality that the eighteenth century found in its own music. The English ears that heard the "Oxford" symphony in 1791 or the Viennese audience that first listened to the double concerto ten years earlier, doubtless found both the most natural music in the world, as Wagner's or Brahms's is wholly natural nowadays to us.

To inflate Haydn's symphony or Mozart's concerto to the dimensions of the modern symphony concert is thus to make it natural again in our ears, and to inflate the one or the other with the intelligent discrimination that Mr. Fiedler and the two pianists showed yesterday, is to restore both to something very like their true estate. The Oxford dons and gownsmen, who heard Haydn's symphony, may have been little interested and little versed in music; but the sympathetic ears in the Sheldonian Theatre must have found pleasure in its unfeeling suavity of voice. It is a smooth symphony—recall for example how little the two dance melodies of the final rondo are differentiated or how slightly the heavier contrasting passages in them disturb the euphonic flow of the music. It is music of frequent repetition that the players must vary by the shadings—and the shadows of shadings—in their virtuosity. It is music that is full of little feathery ornament, like the breathings of the wood-winds, that is not itself unless it come as so many exquisite felicities. Now, the attaining of these qualities as Mr. Fiedler and his men proved is as possible to a large band as to a small, in a modern hall as well as in a little salon, to an audience nowadays as to an audience a century ago. In pervading but shaded suavity, in ceaseless euphony, in delicate flicker of feathery detail, Haydn's symphony

surely sounded yesterday as it must have sounded in its time and for once in his music, it has not a hint of commonness.

Mozart's concerto for two pianos—the concerto in E-flat, has much less distinction. Curiosity over the double pianistic feat that it asks keeps it alive, and when the feat is done with the mutual understanding and sympathy, the common feeling for melody, figure and phrase, for pace and rhythm, with the team play of hand and almost of intuition that Mr. Randolph and Mr. Hutcheson shared yesterday, it has its interest of musical curiosity and of psychological curiosity as well in this welding of two minds and temperaments in a common task. The eighteenth century, however, probably had far less curiosity over pieces for two or even three pianos. They were common enough in those days; all sorts of composers wrote them; all sorts of players played them as so much routine. Mozart was of his time, and wrote routine music like the rest, and of it is the double concerto. Probably the Viennese audiences that first heard it expected no more than routine, just as a Bostonian audience does when it is asked to hear a new string quartet by an American composer. We of the twentieth century, being trained to Mozart as a classic master, will have him always masterful and always classic. Being human he could not always be so; being spendthrift and poor, he flung off potboilers, of which the double concerto is one. Something of his finer qualities went into it—the light brilliance of some of the running passages, the quick fancy of the cadenzas, the sunny flow of the more songful passages. Two modern pianos and a modern orchestra had their share in them; and, as with Haydn's symphony, abated not one.

The hide-bound in convention, tradition and musical antiquities generally like to sneer amusedly at what they call modern "interpretative" conducting, but the contrast between "The Isle of the Dead" as the same audience heard it under Mr. Fiedler yesterday and under Mr. Rachmaninoff two months ago, made a singularly salient instance of what it may accomplish, or fail to accomplish, with the same music. Mr. Rachmaninoff was conducting in his own piece. Steadily, so to say, he held it down. He kept its voice and the voices of the orchestra low; the instrumental coloring was insistently shadowed and sombre. If still music is possible—and it certainly is in impression—the music of "The Isle of the Dead" was still as the cypresses in Böcklin's picture that suggested the tone-poem, as still as the motionless air in which the isle itself stands or

the pale light in which it swims. Much of the music under Mr. Rachmaninoff's hand seemed deliberately monotonous, like the low, unbroken lapping of the sea upon the isle, like the changeless fields of sky above it. And when they who mourned their dead lamented in the music, or when perchance a dim longing for the life behind, for its

pains as well as its joys, for all that it had meant and known, stirred in this still isle of disembodied souls, then was the music, as Mr. Rachmaninoff read it, still low-pitched, quivering, shadowed. It was the music of those whose grief sits too deep for loud lament, or it was of the longing of spirits that are half-phantoms. Thus "interpreted," and by the composer himself, the music seemed imaginative, beautiful, poignant. None was easy to recall like to it in mood; few of the tone-poems of the hour seemed so fully to accomplish their end as poetry by the music that was their means.

Under Mr. Fiedler "The Isle of the Dead" became as another piece. Had he never seen Böcklin's picture—a picture of stillness, of remote monotony, of rarefied airs and rarefied lights, if ever there was one? Was he, who usually is of quick and keen perceptions, especially in romantic music, deaf and blind to what seem the audible voices and the manifest moods of Mr. Rachmaninoff's tone-poem? Did their quietness, their monotony, their endless shadows evade his more robust mind and his more eager temperament. To every one of us, and sometimes often, there is music that we may not, for some temperamental barrier, understand, and into which even the most supple and manifold conductors may not enter. Franck's "Psyche," as Mr. d'Indy's subsequent playing of it disclosed, was a sealed book to Mr. Gericke. Tried by his predecessors and successors, Dr. Muck was not fortunate with Schubert. Similarly "The Isle of the Dead" seemed to evade Mr. Fiedler. For the images that Mr. Rachmaninoff's music wrought he substituted a troubled sea, a perturbed isle, rushing winds, glaring lights, mourners who cried their grief, spirits that clamored their longings. Mr. Rachmaninoff's isle was an isle of sanctuary and solitude. Mr. Fiedler bade his audience lustily to hear the effects of the concert-room. Before he was half done it was easy to believe that "interpretative" conductors may not only interpret music, but as understanding and sympathy serve or fail, almost create or almost annihilate it. And to turn this queer kaleidoscopic glass of "interpretation" yet again, what was fatal in Mr. Fiedler's conducting to Mr. Rachmaninoff and "The Isle of the Dead," intensified, glorified, fairly-recreated the striding, restless, opulent, heavy-handed Berlioz of the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." H. T. P.

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Monitor SYMPHONY TRIP. Feb. 17/10
The Boston Symphony orchestra will start Sunday night on its fourth southern trip. The usual concerts will be given in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn, and Monday evening, Feb. 28, the orchestra will appear for the third and last time this season in Hartford, Conn.

The principal works to be played are Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," the Brahms D major symphony and the Strauss tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." In Baltimore Mr. Fiedler is to give Beethoven's Ninth symphony with the assistance of the Oratorio Society of that city and a quartet of solo singers. Below is a schedule of the concerts with programs:

WASHINGTON—New National theater, Monday, Feb. 21, at 4:30 p. m.: Weber, overture "Euryanthe"; Schubert, symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead"; Wagner, Waldweben from "Siegfried," act II; Wagner, overture "Rienzi."

BALTIMORE—Lyric theater, Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:15 p. m.: Schumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Mendelssohn, concerto in E minor for violin and orchestra, Prof. Willy Hess, soloist; Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (choral) in D minor, Boston Symphony orchestra and the Baltimore Oratorio Society, assisted by Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Miss Janet Spencer, contralto; Daniel Beddoe, tenor, and Claude Cunningham, bass.

PHILADELPHIA—Academy of Music, Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:15 p. m.: Schubert, Symphony in B minor, "un-finished"; Brahms, double concerto for violin and violoncello; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem "The Isle of the Dead"; Richard Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Soloists, Willy Hess, violin, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello.

NEW YORK—Carnegie hall, Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:15 p. m.: Schubert, symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"; Brahms, double concerto for violin and violoncello; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead"; Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Soloists, Willy Hess, violin, and Alwin Schroeder, 'cello.

BROOKLYN—Academy of music, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:15 p. m.: Schumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Brahms, sym-

phony in D major, No. 2, op. 73; Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival."

NEW YORK—Carnegie hall, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2:30 p. m.: Goldmark, "Rustic Wedding," symphony, E-flat major, No. 1, op. 26; Strauss, "tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; Wagner, prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

HARTFORD—Parsons theater, Monday, Feb. 28 at 8:15 p. m.: Smetana, overture, "The Sold Bride"; Brahms, symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 73; Wagner, Aria, Gerechter Gott from "Rienzi"; Strauss, tone poem, "Don Juan"; Saint-Saens, "La Fiancee du Timbalier"; Tchaikowsky, overture, "1812." Soloist, Mme. Kirkby-Lunn.

SYMPHONY KEEPS SAME CONDUCTOR

Management of Orchestra Announces That Max Fiedler Has Been Reengaged for the Next Two Seasons.

Monitor — Feb. 5, 1910
Max Fiedler has decided to remain in Boston as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced Friday night that Mr. Fiedler had been reengaged for the coming seasons, 1910-11 and 1911-12.

This settles definitely the reports printed in the New York papers that Mr. Fiedler intended going abroad for the next season, possibly to Manchester, Eng., or to Hamburg, where the conductor has been under contract with the Philharmonic Society for several years.

Mr. Fiedler's reengagement here may mean a severance of his connections in Hamburg. Ten days ago, when the matter was still unsettled, Mr. Fiedler said his leaving or staying in Boston depended on whether or not he could get further leave of absence from Hamburg. The conductor's family, now in Hamburg, will probably come to Boston.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

A "FAUST" OVERTURE

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38

I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace

II. Larghetto

III. Scherzo: molto vivace; Trio I: molto più vivace. Trio II.

IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

SIBELIUS,

"A Saga," TONE POEM for ORCHESTRA, op. 9
(First time in Boston)

STRAUSS,

"On the Shore of Sorrento," the third movement of
"In Italy," a SYMPHONIC FANTASIA, op. 16

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE, "1812" op. 49

Organist: MR. MARSHALL.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

NEW MUSIC OF HEROIC LEGEND FROM FINLAND

Trans. Mch. 5/10
Sibelius's Saga for Its First Performance in Boston and Its Traits of Savage Grandeur, Brevity and Earnestness—Schumann's "Spring" Symphony Again After a Long Silence and Mr. Fiedler's Exceptionally Happy Manner of Dealing with It—Wagner's "Faust" Overture to Complete a Week of Oddly Coincidental Faust Music

If anyone wishes to compose an essay on sincerity in music, Sibelius is a text. Earlier this season his second Symphony was played here, and whether or not the children of Anglo-Saxons understood this fiery Scandinavian, there was, at least, no doubt of his earnestness. Yesterday afternoon Symphony Hall heard for the first time his tone poem, "A Saga." It is short. It is frequently violent. Both brevity and savage earnestness consort with such a narrative of heroic legend as the music seeks to reproduce. The devices of instrumentation are bold, though hardly, in the main, innovations. Their use seems the natural language of the mood. The violins begin in a vaguely rich shimmer of pianissimo; a viola soliloquizes; bold figures stalk in the deeper registers of the double basses and brass, against the background of strings in subdued chanting; a storm of plucked strings sweeps the violoncellos against clamorous horns; or, for a conclusion, comes the long passage for muted strings while a clarinet muses over the softest roll of drumsticks on cymbals, something at once as crisp, as eloquent and as vital as wooing in sharp Northern weather—heroic wooing on a wild moor in frosty air. These are the syllables of the tongue which Sibelius speaks. They are little more. His eloquence is, as has been intimated, a matter of sincerity. The music has color, as we understand color of Sibelius. That is to say, its browns, drabs and grays are in infinite gradations as those of a Northern moor. The scene is not one of desolation. The scene is one of grandeur that is gloomy only to the timid. Again, this saga is not the music of rhyme; it is not even the music of metre; what it is superlatively is the music of rhythmical conciseness, and it leaves, accordingly, a more unified impression of its qualities than the Symphony. But it leaves, in common with the Symphony, a haunting mood that persists when the Strauss and Tschalkowsky which followed have sounded and passed; something which abides as that poignant chanting phrase of the violins

which opens and closes the first movement of the Symphony. In that work and in this we seem, with the composer, to have had a vision or dreamed a dream. We seem to have seen something

It was good to hear the horn call of Schumann's first symphony sounding "over the heights" once more, and it is doubtful if the real beauty of the music has ever been summoned from the orchestra more completely than Mr. Fiedler called it out yesterday afternoon. It is justly named a "spring" symphony. Its most loyal admirers are bound to admit that the frost is not yet all out of its ground and that here and there in the road is a stretch of heavy going. Mr. Gerlicke used to cross these places on the sleek polish of a sled; Dr. Muck, by the impetuosity of his progress; Mr. Weingartner, who once essayed it here as a visiting conductor with a visiting orchestra, spurred across cavalierly. Mr. Fiedler's way is the most satisfactory of them all. He crosses honestly, on broad tires. It has been noted of him before this how he "cleans up" obscure instrumentation. His discrimination and his command of the fine shades of orchestral voices have rarely been more adroitly put to work than in Schumann's music yesterday afternoon. To particularize: his accentuation in the brilliant opening of the Allegro Molto Vivace etched the music on the auditors' consciousness as definitely as line drawing; again, he beat out the rhythm of the Scherzo with a hand that felt the right tempo into fractions of the instant. It was incisive; it was spirited without being over-eager; it was impetuous and yet had a flavor of deliberation. Mr. Fiedler's hand has done many bigger things, it has seldom, however, been employed more adroitly than while it fashioned yesterday afternoon the climax and cadence of Schumann's first symphony, feeling out its slightest nuance, interpreting its poetry, and breathing the warm, mild air of the season into its fresh and joyous pages.

For the rest came the third movement of Strauss's Symphonic Fantasia "From Italy," an excerpt which finds the symphonist in as melodious a vein as he knows; Wagner's contribution to the musical literature of "Faust," and Tschalkowsky's patriotic overture, "1812." We shall have heard here, by the week's end, three of the extant musical versions of the legend, no slight coincidence as musical events go. Earlier in the week at the Boston Opera came Boito's tribute; and this evening in the same place, while the Symphony Orchestra is repeating Wagner's Overture, comes Gounod's opera. All three unite to the same impression. Boito summarizes; Gounod sentimentalizes; Wagner philosophizes. Each presents an aspect; none is complete. Wagner does not profess to be complete; Boito does not succeed in being complete; Gounod does not care whether he is complete or not. This being the situation, preference is en-

tirely a matter of taste. To conclude the concert Tschalkowsky's "1812" Overture marshalled its battalions. The church bells sounded tocsin; but the church bells were not a success. Neither, for that matter, were the blows of the drumstick sullenly booming the simulated cannon shots. The sounds chiefly suggested Russian multitudes falling flat on their faces when the great guns went off. Is it a Russian or an Oriental custom? "1812" is naturally far above the average "occasional" music. Still, it was not in a public square, with church bells, cannon and "a full brass band ad lib," that Tschalkowsky sought the serious things of his art, and the overture plainly shows it. In other respects we are back in the days of "peace jubilees," Gilmore's Band and "The Star Spangled Banner," audience joining.

L. P.

SIBELIUS' POEM BY THE SYMPHONY

Finnish Work Calculated to
Excite Tears No Less
Than Applause.

Journal — *Mich. 5/10*
"En Saga," a tone poem by Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, had its first performance in Boston at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday. Sibelius, a man of indisputable talent, resembles his fellow-Scandinavian, Sinding, whose "Rondo Infinito" was played at the Symphony concerts last November, in that he prefers to paint his tonal pictures in dark colors. Yet there is no mistaking the robust, invincible character of the figures seen through the melancholy mists. The Finns may be down, but they cannot be kept down. That is the impression left by this characteristically Finnish composition. It is the story of a noble struggle against long winters and unsympathetic Russians, and it is calculated to excite tears no less than applause. Yesterday the well-tempered enthusiasm was intended as much for Conductor Fiedler and his master-players as for Composer Sibelius and his fellow-sufferers at home.

Spring was welcomed with a performance of the vernal Schumann symphony in B flat major, the third and fourth movements of which gave particular pleasure. Richard Strauss was represented by some of his 21st birthday pieces—the third movement, "On the Shore of Sorrento," from the symphonic fantasia, "From Italy"—which showed the Strauss of the early tran-

sitional period, bristling with originality, yet still paying tribute to the melodious masters of old. Wagner's "A Faust" Overture and Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture completed the program. Ferruccio Busoni, the celebrated pianist, who has not visited Boston for half a dozen years, will be next week's soloist. His offering will be Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, in the performance of which he is said to be now without an equal. Brahms' fourth symphony and Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture will be the other numbers.

SYMPHONY PLAYS SIBELIUS' "SAGA"

Mournful Tone Poem Feature of
the Program Given by Or-
chestra at Its 17th Public
Rehearsal.

Herald — *Mich. 5/10*

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Although there was no soloist, the second balcony was completely filled, and the audience otherwise was unusually large for a purely orchestral concert. The program was as follows:

A "Faust" overture.....Wagner
Symphony in B flat No 1.....Schumann
"A Saga," tone poem op. 9.....Sibelius
"On the Shore of Sorrento".....Strauss
Overture "1812".....Tschalkowsky
"A Saga," by Sibelius, was played here for the first time. It is one of his earlier works, according to the opus number, and it was published in 1903. Theodore Thomas was the first to produce it in this country, and he brought it out in Chicago six years ago next month.

It is said that Jean Sibelius is periodically overcome by strong and rebellious liquors. We are not informed as to the length of the intervals between the days and nights of alcoholic exaltation. No doubt his weakness has been exaggerated by report, for in the intervals of depression, which must ensue according to the warnings of those combatting the Demon Rum by tract and lecture, this same Sibelius has been profitably

busy and his imagination has had run and unembarrassed play.

There may yet be a Sibelius legend; that this composer of Finland wrote his best works under the influence of liquor; just as there is a Fielding legend, a Hoffmann legend, a Poe legend; but poet, novelist, musician never wrote anything that the world cared for when he was alcoholically drunk, and no constant and two-handed drinker could turn out the quantity or quality of work that made the reputation of the men just named. If Sibelius really is a victim of appetite, the saying of Abraham Lincoln concerning Gen. Grant may be applied to his case, and a barrel of Sibelius' favorite tippie should be sent at once to certain modern composers—a puncheon or two to Max Reger, whose notorious indulgence in beer may be detected in the thickness and garrulity of his scoring.

Sibelius has given no program in explanation of his "Saga"; he has not hinted at any literary material though some of his compositions have been inspired by the "Kalevala," the national Epic of Finland. He has said that the thematic material of "A Saga" is wholly of his own invention. Mrs. Newmarch thinks the music suggests the recital of some old tale. This discovery is not particularly ingenious. She infers from the title, that this tale is Scandinavian rather than Finnish. Why? Dr. Niemann insists that the tone-poem relates to Finland, and that the fate of a people is musically described. Is it necessary to believe this? Was Finland so thoroughly oppressed by Russia when Sibelius composed this music? Was the composer not then receiving from the Russian government a stipend, of which he was deprived only recently?

It is more probable that the composer was inspired to write "A Saga" by some old recital of heroic and pathetic deeds or by the idea of writing music in Saga vein. The tone-poem is interesting in certain well defined ways, both technically and aesthetically. There is an original use of instruments in combination and in special treatment to give the appropriate atmosphere, to establish moods, and not merely for bizarre effects. There are highly original harmonic progressions. The themes, though the composer's own, have folk character. This one may to some bring thoughts of the Finnish landscape. That one, by its monotonous rhythm, by its sing-song, may bring the reciter of old tales before the eye. Other hearers may be reminded of "ancestral voices prophesying

war." This is true, that the music is unusual, now virile, now sad with the profound and manly sadness of a northern and melancholy race; that it is highly individual and nobly imaginative; that the ending is one of singular beauty. The music yesterday made a deep impression on the audience.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Fiedler to put in juxtaposition with this chill lament from the North the sensuous music of Strauss, music that reflects the sea just stirring under an Italian sun.

There are pages of Wagner's overture that now seem old fashioned and mediocre, and there have been more effective performances here than that of yesterday. Schumann's Symphony was appropriate to the day without, and the second and third movements were well played. Mr. Fiedler, who of late has been inclined to rush the pace of fast movements, took the first allegro at such speed that the detail suffered at time, and the finale was more animated than graceful. So, too, in Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture, which was written for performance in the open air, there were instances of injurious speed, as the announcement of the allegro's first theme and the treatment of the third or "Cossack" motive. There has been one memorable performance of this overture in Boston, the one led by Mascagni in Symphony Hall in November, 1902.

The program of the concerts of next week will include Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5 (Ferruccio Busoni, pianist); Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde."

FINLAND'S WOES IN A TONE POEM

Sibelius' "A Saga" Given at
Symphony Rehearsal.

Rendition of the Piece Is First
Presentation in Boston.

Globe — *Mich. 5/10*
At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon Mr Fiedler and the orchestra

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played Wagner's "Faust" overture, Schumann's B-flat major symphony No. 1, the tone poem, "A Saga," by Sibelius, for the first time in Boston; "On the Shore of Sorrento," the third movement from Strauss' Symphonic Fantasia, "From Italy"; the "1812" overture by Tchaikowsky, with Mr Marshall as organist.

The new Sibelius tone poem was most able of all to arouse and hold the hearer's interest. This was not merely because it was a novelty, for the work itself is the product of aggressive individuality, grim concentration, towering seriousness and an admirable acquaintance with orchestral resource.

Sibelius is least of all a cosmopolitan. He broods upon the fate of his native country of Finland, of the suffering and cruelties which his countrymen have endured, and upon their unquenchable love of liberty, which persistent adversity has intensified.

He paints in dark, harrowing and gruesome colors and blends of tints without apology or palliation. His use of dissonance is striking and notable. It becomes a personal voice. To ears measuring all combinations of sound according to their tuneful sweetness, the prolonged chords in the wood wind, harsh and refusing to be resolved, were distressing. Heard as the voice of suffering, they were poignantly expressive.

In his second symphony, recently played, Sibelius is as unswerving in his allegiance to his locale, and in the aggressive independence of his methods, but he appears often to let them lead him into unqualified ugliness void of illusion either of stress or of rebellion.

A Rugged Theme.

"A Saga" is virile with the ruggedness of jutting rocks and northern seas. To the expression of such a theme Sibelius has used the gray, desolate colors of his low wood winds, the low voices in both strings and reeds in the lament of long-sustained and mournful phrases. He has set the orchestra over against itself in a seething mass of contending tones, which beat upon each other with the fury of armies until they crash in a final on-set.

Blind, groping, pitiful silence follows, the more intense for the wailing of a few feeble voices as if in helpless protest. Hope revives in the purposeful reiteration by the noble-voiced clarinet of the theme previously heard upon the disconsolate violas. It still bespeaks the horror of past wrongs, but it glows now with courage for the future. It recounts pages in the history of Finland which are beyond the province of stilted and obvious words. It was played with power and understanding.

Schumann's Poetic Symphony.

Of the reading of the more familiar pieces, especially of the poetic beauties of Schumann's symphony, it may be the remembrance of Mr Mahler's recently glowing and finely imagined interpretations, or it may be fatigue incident to the trip. The fact remains that the noisy heroism of the "1812" overture could not compensate for an afternoon of dry and unemotional conducting.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY, in E minor, No. 4.

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E flat major, No. 5, op. 73, "The Emperor"

SCHUBERT,

OVERTURE to "Rosamunde"

Soloist:

Mr. FERRUCCIO BUSONI

played Wagner's "Faust" overture; Schumann's B-flat major symphony No. 1, the tone poem, "A Saga," by Sibelius, for the first time in Boston; "On the Shore of Sorrento," the third movement from Strauss' Symphonic Fantasia, "From Italy"; the "1812" overture by Tschalkowsky, with Mr Marshall as organist.

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CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E flat major, No. 5, op. 73, "The Emperor"

SCHUBERT,

OVERTURE to "Rosamunde"

Soloist:

Mr. FERRUCCIO BUSONI

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY, in E minor, No. 4, op. 98

I. Allegro non troppo.

II. Andante moderato

III. Allegro giocoso

IV. Allegro energico e passionato

BEETHOVEN

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in E flat major, No. 5,
op. 73.

I. Allegro

II. Adagio un poco moto

III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

SCHUBERT,

OVERTURE to "Rosamunde," op. 26

Soloist:

Mr. FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Chickering Pianoforte used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. BUSONI RETURNS WITH NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Trans. — Mich. 12. 1910
An Extraordinarily Tame Performance of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto—Busoni the Avowed Virtuoso of Six Years Ago and the Busoni Who Has Renounced These Vanities, with the Results—What He Brought to the Symphonic Concerto and What He Did Not Bring—Brahms's Last Symphony and Its Test of the Orchestra's Finest Temper

Ferruccio Busoni, the pianist, reappeared yesterday afternoon as the soloist with the Symphony Orchestra. It is six years since he last seated himself to a pianoforte on the platform of Symphony Hall. These six years had been reported to have wrought a transformation in the player. On that evening of March six years ago he played Saint-Saëns's concerto in C minor with what seemed then a half-contemptuous ease. He was frankly the virtuoso. The flashing runs, the clamors of full chords, the fleet brilliancy came with a grace of style which made the mere execution of the work interesting for its own sake. Saint-Saëns of the C minor pianoforte concerto is not being very metaphysical: he is being superbly pianistic, and so, on that occasion, was Mr. Busoni. Yesterday afternoon, to emphasize his newer art, Mr. Busoni returned to us with the Olympian moods of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. It was the concerto with which he opened his present American tour; he has played it often in the past two months, and there is every reason to suppose that it is the work by which he chooses to identify his present artistry.

Now the concerto in E-flat is tolerably familiar here. In the past four years it has been played by Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Bauer and Mme. aus der Ohe. Mr. Paderewski, though he forced the instrument until it smoked, was splendidly imperial; Mr. Bauer was less the potentate, but he was at least the crown prince, while Mme. aus der Ohe wore the ermine with a majesty which was more like Beethoven's own than either of them. She was, if you like, the empress, a large, Teutonic empress. There was doubt, yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Busoni finished, if he was even of the blood royal.

The performance was flatly tame. A skilled gymnast has a right to admiration; but we do not admire him in an academic gown. We also suspect that under his academic gown he still wears his spangles. Indeed, there were several flashes of the spangles—in the clarity of the arpeggio, in the single melody that sang in the treble

over a subdued orchestra; in the glitter of passage work of the finale, and especially in that intense contrast of black and white in which the player delights to work boldly.

If a pianist has the voice of the spirit in him, the Adagio of the "Emperor" concerto will make it heard. Of all the unforgettable things that Mr. Paderewski has done, his poetry with the ending of this movement is the least to be forgotten. Here, indeed, the solo instrument finds its place as a subordinate instrument in the symphonic whole. Its faint beatings, "batteries," of the two hands in the treble, register the deep breathing of its measureless calm. Mr. Paderewski, for these measures, was rapt as a seer. Even Mr. Bauer, certainly a pianist of secondary rank, floated the measures on an oarage of wings as of some great bird that roams the twilight, while Mme. aus der Ohe caused it to rise with one beat of pinions. Mr. Busoni never left the ground.

And yet the singular part is that the few measures of interlude leading into the finale were not played so well by any of them. Mr. Busoni conceived them and gave them forth as an half unconscious speech in undertone, a thought aloud. Of course, it was obvious that the soloist had not rehearsed with the orchestra, but that omission did not affect the quality of Mr. Busoni's playing. He watched the conductor, to be sure, with an obedience odd to see in a soloist, but Mr. Fiedler, in the course of much adroit accompanying, has rarely keyed his band at a truer pitch to the pianoforte than yesterday afternoon. The concerto is a symphony with a solo part. Mr. Fiedler made it steadily a symphony, and not once did he obscure the soloist. Indeed, if the whole truth is to be told, it was the orchestra that furnished the Beethovenesque flavor. And Mr. Busoni, resolutely putting away the vanities of the virtuoso, was, as a finely-skilled impersonator, asked to preach. Mr. Busoni can impersonate Liszt and Saint-Saëns as few men living: when he speaks with Beethoven's tongues of men and of angels St. Paul has the last word of him.

Brahms of the fourth, and last symphony is Brahms in all his austerity. From the exuberance of Schumann last week to the restraint and the mastering sense of form of this work was an orchestra reappearing almost in a disguise. Such music as that of the first and last movements of this symphony reveals the final equipment of the orchestra. These movements contain as little as possible the music of ornament and display; they contain everywhere and always what we are pleased to call "pure music." Elsewhere Brahms of the symphonies may cut away every non-essential voice, every superfluous note, and fling the design of his work out in broad simple and bold outline. Here the structure is compact. The weaving is close. The texture is fine and the pattern gleams and glistens large in the

rich fabric. In the orderly development of its themes one does not feel an effort. It is the joy of the mind in acute thinking, the pleasure of creating, and the mastery of method. Often, the melody rose full-throated, thickened with the sombre voices of violoncellos and refined with the choring of the wood wind. Mr. Fiedler caused it to flow amply with some of the repose and the irresistible onward sweep of a quiet river, broad in current between low banks. Such was the serene and yellow Andante, and such, in a different tempo, the stately grace of the Allegro giocoso. If we are minded to smile before the beginning of the finale, at the thought of Brahms's "passionate," the finale is not slow to teach that passion can be dignified by one word. Brahms's passion is intellectual. This, finally, is the music of impassioned thought.

L. P.

BUSONI MASTERLY AT THE SYMPHONY

Beethoven's "Emperor"
Concerto Brings Forth
Many Recalls.

ITALIAN PIANIST SCORES AS SOLOIST

Mme. Sembrich Will Be Heard at
Next Week's Concerts for
First Time in Years.

Journal — *Nov. 12, 1910*
Ferruccio Busoni, greatest of the Italian pianists, was the soloist at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday. The program will be repeated tonight. Busoni was last here six years ago. He was an extraordinary pianist then. In fact, he was a remarkable musician in the '90's, when he made his American debut in this city and settled down here to teach—and met grim experiences. Now he returns like unto the proverbial conquering hero.

His Symphony selection this time is Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, last heard here in 1906, when Miss Adele Auder Ohe was the soloist. It is a work that demands well-rounded artistry; and

this is exactly what Mr. Busoni shows. The audience is left to give quite as much consideration to Beethoven as to Busoni. The interpreter does not try to make himself more prominent than the composer. Yet Mr. Busoni's power as a pianist is manifestly equal to the most delicate or most difficult tasks. His technique is masterly, but he uses it simply as a means toward an end—toward the perfect expression of the composer's intent. After the performance Mr. Busoni was recalled several times.

Brahms' fourth symphony and Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture completed the program. Mme Sembrich will be heard at next week's concerts for the first time in ten years.

BUSONI WITH SYMPHONY.

Herald — *Nov. 12, 1910*
Pianist Heard at 18th Public Rehearsal After Six Years' Absence.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4.....Brahms
Piano Concerto in E flat, No. 5.....Beethoven
Overture to "Rosmunde".....Schubert

This concert was noteworthy chiefly by reason of the reappearance of Mr. Busoni after an absence of six years. When he first came to Boston, in 1891, his ability was recognized in Europe, and when he visited here in 1904 he was ranked among the very first of pianists then living. His reputation has grown even in late years, and it is said that while his mechanism was flawless long ago, he has gained in emotional quality, in eloquent expression.

It seemed to me yesterday that his characteristics are about the same as they were when he last played here with the orchestra and in recital. His technical proficiency is indisputable and he makes no parade of it—for he is a sincere musician of the highest thoughts and aims. To speak of him as merely a most accomplished virtuoso in the less savory meaning of the word would be impertinent and unjust. Nevertheless, Mr. Symons was not perhaps unfair when he described him as a great executant, for hearing him, he could not feel "the contact of soul and instrument," he could not feel that a human being was expressing himself in sound.

He admitted that Mr. Busoni could do on the piano whatever he could conceive; but the question, after all, was what could he conceive?

Yesterday there was, as ever, the absolute mastery, the calm self-assurance that at once put the expectant audience at ease, the modest use of the uncommon proficiency, the delightful clarity in swift or in complex passages, the intelligently musical phrasing, the rhythmic sense, the variety in touch that should have aided in expression. It is not easy to think of anyone "playing" the notes of this concerto any better. Yet on the whole there was something lacking, something that left undone, or not present, disappointed the hearer who had read of Mr. Busoni's growth as an interpreter, as an artist that in performance recites the music of the composer. The dignity of the performance was marked, yet the dignity of the composer was greater. In the first movement there was a suspicion of incongruous restlessness, a nervous and alien spirit on the part of the pianist and on the part of the orchestra. There was hardly the broad, commanding, irresistible statement of a master-work.

In the adagio there was the appropriate simplicity, there was the suggestion of contemplation, but one wished for a little more warmth, a little more color. It all seemed remote, too far from this world.

Admirable, however, was Mr. Busoni's anticipation of the chief theme of the rondo, and here was the one memorable touch of poetry in the performance. Admirable, too, was his reading of the rondo, a reading that was impressive and stirring.

The performance was no doubt an excellent one in many ways, so excellent that it should have been great in every way. No one wishes to hear this concerto played in "Erebus' vein"; no one wishes to hear its noble sentiments sentimentalized. The performance of Mr. Busoni was possibly great, but it was not a great interpretation.

The pianist was applauded fervently and recalled several times. The performance of the Symphony by Brahms awakened moderate rapture. The first movement was taken at an unusually slow pace and the structure of the work was shown as though it were on the dissecting table. The following andante was anything but "moderate" in its flow, for it assumed a dirge-like character, but an average was struck, for the

third movement was taken at a speed that taxed the ability of hearers and players. X

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strube, comedy overture "Puck," MS. (first performance); Strauss, Symphonica Domestica; "Deh Vieni" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Singt dem Goettlichen Propheten" from Graun's "Der Tod Jesu" (Mme. Sembrich); overture to "The Magic Flute"; four songs sung with piano by Mme. Sembrich; Brahms' "Die Nachtigall," Schumann's "Widmung," Fiedler's "Wiegenlied" and Strauss' "Staendchen."

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Rehearsal Has Busoni as
the Soloist.

Pianist Plays "Emperor" Concerto
—Orchestra Interprets Brahms.

Globe — *Nov. 12, 1910*
Ferruccio Busoni, the pianist, not heard in Boston since 1904, was soloist at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto.

Mr Busoni is remembered from the two years of his residence in this city, for piano playing which clothed high technical efficiency with an impressive beauty, an elegance and an artistic sincerity in interpretation. He again disclosed these qualities yesterday, ripened to fuller maturity and augmented by a more imposing breadth of style. A sanity, a catholicity, a sense of symmetry of the whole structure and of an experience encompassing broadly the phases of music, characterize Mr Busoni's playing and the impressions he gives. He is not a mere virtuoso. He is a great artist.

He has read first the printed page of his music and is mindful of its absolute demands of material tones, dynamics and the craftsmanship of pianism. But he has read farther.

To this skeleton of the technic of his instrument an ardent and fertile imagination and a guiding artistic sense have added flesh and blood and have molded the flowing, rounded lines of sculptured but vital beauty.

The secret may be in the repose with which he plays. There is a continence,

reticence, even in the largest moments, but there is also unimpeachable authority in his speed.

In bravura Mr. Busoni is incisive, rigorous, intensely virile—as in the passage in octaves—but never sufficiently forgetful of the poise which envelopes him to be said to play with abandon.

Perhaps the most pleasurable memory of the afternoon is of his dexterous and pliant fashioning of soft tones. Mr. Busoni is an expert in arabesque. Notwithstanding the marked tonal limitations of his piano, he could weave a skein of silken tone in its upper register into a melody of exquisite fibre and proportion. It had plasticity of tempo, which did not stalk unrelentingly onward like some inexorable churchman. It was amenable to the mood. It had lightness, elegance and grace. Thus was wrought many a bit of embellishment, cadenza or striking rhythmic effect.

Caprice preference or other sign of the player's individuality did not enter in. The identity of the performer was submerged in that of his author. It was Beethoven who spoke, serene, masterful, compelling. Mr. Busoni was repeatedly recalled to the platform.

The symphony was Brahms' No. 4 in E minor. It is the voice of the man of learning, who is great for his simplicity, the universality, the human appeal of his utterance. Brahms, the last of the classicists, the inquirer after purity and nobility of form and strength, and profundity in the expression of music, at times in his earlier symphonies made the lack of glow and grayish heaviness of their scoring but a sign of their abstruse and ponderous structure.

In the fourth symphony he is writing with larger sympathy for a larger public. The allegro begins at once with a genial persuasive theme, not unlike Mendelssohn. In the free fantasia he converses with a quiet contemplation of beauty, as a methodical and serious mind would reason out a logical process of thought.

The Andante is a song of beautiful melody. The opening theme of the horn with a quaint and delicately exotic flavor in the harmony and the theme of the oboe against plucked strings were charming for their lyric grace and euphony, both in structure and as reproduced by conductor and players.

The third movement is bright with a sunlight which warms and caresses. It had a spontaneity and quickened appeal yesterday afternoon. Mr. Fiedler made the movement suggestive of the romantic rather than the austere Brahms.

A performance of Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde" which was sensitive to the vernal freshness and charm of its melodic beauties closed the program.

News of Music March 18, '10

The contrast between Mr. Busoni's playing of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto at the Symphony Concerts last week and of the pieces that he chose for his recital on Wednesday remains curiously baffling. Some of his audience at Symphony Hall happened to hear him play the concerto elsewhere during his present tour and each time they received the same impression of penetrating and minute exposition as by intellectual process and of endless shading and adjustment of superficial details. In his playing of the concerto, Mr. Busoni lacked largeness, sweep, fire, nobility. He was neither authoritative nor puissant. Deliberately as it seemed, he chose to be meticulous, academic, even pedantic, or else to turn "precious" and spend pains upon details that made the whole seem only the more lifeless. Hearing the concerto, the listener was ready to say that Mr. Busoni was traversing what the scholarly call "a period" of transition. He had seemingly forsworn his old puissance and vividness of effect and was seeking subtler qualities of expression that he could not compass and that were often at variance with the might and march of the music. Then, at the recital of Wednesday, he summoned precisely the qualities that had been lacking in his performance of the concerto, clothed Beethoven's and Liszt's sonatas with them, and swept his audience before him in the aural and emotional welter of it all. Mr. Fiedler, try as he might with the orchestra, could not stimulate Mr. Busoni; nor yet seemingly could a concerto that is far more kindling than Liszt's sonata; but the pianist readily enough whipped himself and his audience to the old excitements. Apparently there are now two Busonis, and the Busoni of effects is much more exhilarating than the Busoni of exposition.

The Symphony Orchestra will depart on Sunday for its final concerts of the year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," and Schumann's "Spring" symphony and Haydn's "Oxford" symphony make the large and the repeated items of Mr. Fiedler's programmes. Mme. Sembrich will assist the orchestra in Philadelphia, Baltimore and at one concert in New York; while at the other, and in Brooklyn and Washington, Mr. Hess will play Bruch's third concerto for violin. As a conductor and as a maker of programmes, Mr. Fiedler seems much to please the public of the orchestra in other cities, and almost invariably this winter, the audiences for the concerts there have been larger than in all the past of the band.

The second of the two annual concerts for the profit of the Pension Fund of the orchestra is set for the evening of Sunday, April 17, in Symphony Hall. In all probability, the programme will consist wholly of fragments from Wagner's operas. So long as Boston has virtually no German

opera or next to none, "Wagner" concerts remain the unfailing resource of the Pension Fund. One performance, respectively, of "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger" will be the sum of our Wagner on the stage (where he always should be) this winter.

After the first performance tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Converse's music-drama, "The Pipe of Desire," will be repeated at least once more—on Thursday evening of next week, with "Cavalleria Rusticana" and dances by Miss Pavlova to reinforce it. According to the New York Herald, at the end of the dress rehearsal yesterday, "the orchestra and the conductor, Mr. Hertz, applauded and compelled the composer to descend to the orchestra pit and bow his thanks."

The Pittsburgh Orchestra is once more in its annual straits, and this time it is sending out the following explanation and appeal: "We are in the midst of a campaign to save the Pittsburgh Orchestra, which is threatened with disbandment. As you perhaps know, it has been kept up for the fifteen years of its existence by the support of a few men. These feel that the time has come for the orchestra to be an institution of the whole community and to be supported by it. The aim is to popularize the orchestra in every way and to make the prices such that its performances will be within the reach of all." The truth is, as other cities with more recent orchestral ambitions are discovering, that it is much easier to start a symphony orchestra with loud fanfares of "uplift" than to maintain it year after year, with hard money out of the pockets of guarantors.

a) MOZART,

b) GRAUN,

MOZART,

a) BRAHMS.

b) SCHUMANN,

c) FIEDLER,

d) STRAUSS,

ARIAS with ORCHESTRA,

"Deh Vieni," ("O Come, my heart's delight,") from Le Nozze di Figaro, Act IV, Scene X.

"Singt dem göttlichen Propheten," ("Lo the Heaven descended Prophet,") from "Der Tod Jesu" ("The death of Jesus")

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Magic Flute"

SONGS with PIANOFORTE

"Die Nachtigall," ("The Nightingale"), op. 46, No. 4

"Widmung" ("Dedication"), op. 25, No. 1

"Wiegenlied," ("Cradle Song"), op. 8, No. 1

"Ständchen," ("Serenade,") op. 17, No. 2

Soloist:

Mme. SEMBRICH.

Baldwin Piano used.

Hall.

909-10.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CERT.

19, AT 8, P. M.

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RTURE, "Puck." (MS.)

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DOMESTICA. op. 53, (in one move-

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Marcella Sembrich



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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

STRUBE,

COMEDY OVERTURE, "Puck." (MS.)

(First performance)

Conducted by the Composer

STRAUSS,

SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA. op. 53, (in one movement.)

a) MOZART,

ARIAS with ORCHESTRA,
"Deh Vieni," ("O Come, my heart's delight,") from
"Le Nozze di Figaro," Act IV, Scene X.

b) GRAUN,

"Singt dem göttlichen Propheten," ("Lo the Heaven
descended Prophet,") from "Der Tod Jesu" ("The
death of Jesus")

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Magic Flute"

a) BRAHMS.

SONGS with PIANOFORTE

"Die Nachtigall", ("The Nightingale,") op. 46, No. 4

b) SCHUMANN,

"Widmung" ("Dedication,") op. 25, No. 1

c) FIEDLER,

"Wiegenlied," ("Cradle Song,") op. 8, No. 1

d) STRAUSS,

"Ständchen," ("Serenade,") op. 17, No. 2

Soloist:

Mme. SEMBRICH.

Baldwin Piano used.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

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| STRUBE, | COMEDY OVERTURE, "Puck." (MS.) (First performance) Conducted by the Composer |
| STRAUSS, | SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA. op. 53. (in one movement.) |
| a) MOZART, | ARIAS with ORCHESTRA, "Deh Vieni," ("O Come, my heart's delight,") from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Act IV, Scene X. |
| b) GRAUN, | "Singt dem göttlichen Propheten," ("Lo the Heaven descended Prophet,") from "Der Tod Jesu" ("The death of Jesus") |
| MOZART, | OVERTURE to the Opera "The Magic Flute" |
| a) BRAHMS. | SONGS with PIANOFORTE "Die Nachtigall", ("The Nightingale,") op. 46, No. 4 |
| b) SCHUMANN, | "Widmung" ("Dedication,") op. 25, No. 1 |
| c) FIEDLER, | "Wiegenlied," ("Cradle Song,") op. 8, No. 1 |
| d) STRAUSS, | "Ständchen," ("Serenade,") op. 17, No. 2 |

Soloist:

Mme. SEMBRICH.

Baldwin Piano used.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

Strauss, Sembrich and Strube Share Honors

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the 19th rehearsal of the season by the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Gustav Strube's comedy overture, "Puck," dedicated to Mr. Fiedler, was performed for the first time; Strauss' "Domestic Symphony" followed; Mme. Sembrich sang Mozart's "Deh Vieni" from "The Marriage of Figaro," Graun's "Singt dem Gottlichen Propheten" from "The Death of Jesus," and these songs with piano accompaniment: "The Nightingale," Brahms' "Dedication," Schumann; Cradle Song, Fiedler; Serenade, Strauss. Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute" completed the programme.

Mr. Strube's overture has a felicitous introduction. The piece as a whole is clearly and pleasantly written. The instrumentation at certain climaxes is rather heavy for this composer, and the nature of the composition, while on the other hand the scoring is often reminding of Mendelssohn, and certain phrases recall composers for whom Mr. Strube has probably only abhorrence. Was Mr. Strube or Mr. Fiedler responsible for occasional thickness?

The overture has many happy thoughts, but there are episodes which did not at first hearing appear worthy of much reiteration, and with all its agreeable character, the composition does not seem so essentially the speech of the composer as other offerings from his pen. The music was well received, and Mr. Strube bowed his acknowledgments from the orchestra.

There are those who retain honestly acquired prejudices to their own detriment when they are confronted by such an innovator as Strauss. Strauss wrote a symphony in one movement, in accordance with the modern habit. He dubbed his symphony "Domestic." He even went so far as to insert captions in the score, referring to aunts and uncles, and so forth. It would be amusing, probably, if Strauss should yield some time to the strain of humor that is strong in him, and tell the public what he was really thinking about when he wrote this grandiose score. Was his intention merely "Advice to Young Mothers," or "The Home Beautiful?"

It happens that an immense orchestra, and often very complicated counterpoint, are resorted to, to express simple, tender and humorous things. That is the composer's concern, not ours. We are to listen with unblased ears. No one who so listens will attempt to deny that this music is as sane as any written today, and that by far the greater part of it

is sheerly beautiful, even when judged by the standards of the preceding generation.

Mme. Sembrich sang the music by Graun and Schumann in particular with some effort, but she has not lost her sterling musicianship, and for the rest of her performance she again displayed here rare sense of values. There were instances when she did not conquer, but covered up a difficulty, yet her phrasing and her Italian were charming in the air by Mozart, and the songs by Fiedler and Strauss were very artistically rendered. Mr. Fiedler's song is delightful in its simplicity and sincerity, and unaffected melodic character. The performance of the "Symphony Domestica" was very sympathetic, but too spasmodic, and at times the quality of orchestral tone was not what might have been desired. Mr. Fiedler, however, is to be warmly thanked for again bringing the work before the Symphony audiences, and for interpreting it with such earnestness and good will.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — h.d. 19' 10
STRAUSS'S "DOMESTICA" AND MME. SEMBRICH

A Surprisingly Disappointing Performance of the Tone-Poem — A Sluggish Orchestra, and Mr. Fiedler's Unfortunate Pace—His Exaggeration of Details—The Interest of Mr. Strube's New Overture—The Rising Worth of His Work—Mme. Sembrich's Concert Within a Concert—The Vocal Twilight of Her Present

Adverse circumstance beset Mr. Fiedler in his performance of Strauss's "Symphonie Domestica" at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. The audience had plainly come to hear Mme. Sembrich who had the second half of the concert almost to herself and was impatient of all that went before; while those who take their music seriously were haunted by recollections of the four impassioned performances of Strauss's tone-poem that the orchestra and Dr. Muck accomplished in the winter of 1906, when it was still a novel piece here. The conductor was frank in his dislike of the later music of Strauss; for him pleasure ceased with "Death and Transfiguration"; but once he had undertaken the "Domestica" he rose to the power, the richness, the splendor of much of the music. Even across the silencing years the glowing sonorities, the magnificence of instrumental coloring, the pulsance of impassioned orchestral song with which Dr. Muck made the slow movement unfold all its intensity of emotion and expression still sound. Even now, and by no means in pale echo, the frenzy of the final fugue under his hand still rings. It was an orchestral delirium, if you will, but it was a glorious Bacchic intoxication. Time and again, elsewhere in the "Domestica," he made incidental babble seem as fine and poignant eloquence; and he turned strokes of irritating whim into ironic humor or characterizing delineation. Strauss may or may not have intended the tone-poem as an orchestral glorification of the intimate affections, life, emotions and aspirations of a mated pair and their child; but Dr. Muck, almost in spite of himself, lifted it to such beauty and poetry. He was, he is, a great conductor and his performances of the "Domestica" are memorable in the years of the Symphony Orchestra. And they were what they were, because the men were as his responsive and kindled instruments. Into them he flung the passion and the frenzy, the eloquence and the power that he found in the music. The heat of the performance burned away its technical exactions, its mechanical difficulty. The music lived in

the common excitement of conductor, band, and orchestra. Whereas—and here Mr. Fiedler was undoubtedly hampered—the orchestra yesterday was insecure and spiritless. It slipped as it seldom slips even in the most perilous of ultra-modern music. It was spiritless, when six weeks ago in "Zarathustra," it was all illuminating fire. The performance, as performances of the "Domestica" should go was tepid and labored, and the audience naturally was as tepid and unresponsive. There has been time for further rehearsal; there ought to be fire tonight.

Hitherto in "Zarathustra," in "Don Juan," in "Til Eulenspiegel," in "Ein Heldenleben," Mr. Fiedler has seemed to excel in the music of Strauss generally all his predecessors here. He disclosed its formal traits, its masterful soundness of structure, but he did not expound them. He let the deliberate ugliness, the wilful freakishness of some of the music serve clearly its delineative purpose, but he did not dwell upon them as though they were the chief virtue and not a conspicuous weakness of Strauss. He gave the music its sweep of stride; he clothed it with its richness of eloquent instrumental coloring; he summoned its magnificence of power, its intensity of beauty. By his choice of pace, by his vitality of rhythm, by his tonal adjustments and emphasis, by his glow of instrumental coloring, he has revealed how closely Strauss has wedded his design and his expression of it, and with what mingled force of intellect, emotion and execution he has made his tone-poems impart both. The true Strauss, the living Strauss, the Strauss that is of our own time, thoughts and passions, has thrilled and commanded in Mr. Fiedler's performances, and the public of the concerts has awaited them eagerly.

The more the wonder, then, that the "Domestica" should so have baffled Mr. Fiedler. Hitherto, with Strauss, he has been all for the long advancing lines of the tone-poems, for their mass rising upon mass; no conductor has seemed more to apprehend them as ordered and self-creating tonal architecture. Yesterday, to the contrary, he was all for isolating detail meticulously. He did, indeed, often contrive these details with exceeding beauty and finesse as in the first and mysterious entrance of the melody of the child; as in the lullaby that soothes it to sleep; as in the gentle transition to the passion, beginning in tenderness of the slow movement. Again he was merely meticulous, as in the trivial striking of the clock and some of the give-and-take of the chatter of the scherzo. More than once, too, he exaggerated superfluously, as one who cultivates individual research for the neglected, and thus he stayed the whirl of the fugue to fling up the merest chips of Strauss's inexhaustible fancy. So ran these emphatic details, but by the emphasis upon them, the tone-poem ceased to run—flood of tone that it is—and merely moved in petty eddies. In Mr. Fiedler's tempi was far worse offending. In the introduction he

unfolded the characterizing melodies of husband and wife clearly enough. If they seemed not so vital as those of "Ein Heldenleben" or "Don Juan," the difference lay rather in the composer's invention than in the conductor's handling. The gay character of the scherzo followed the crisp musical interchange of high spirits, but Mr. Fiedler slowed it into sentimentality and sugared it with an undue softness of tone. He embarked upon the slow movement—the soul, the glory, the potent eloquence of the "Domestica"—music of the passion of a man for the work that he loves and in which he achieves; music of his passion for the woman who, body and spirit, shares his life; and music, finally, of those vague and fleeting night visions, like scraps of thought and tatters of emotion, that traverse sensibilities that have been so stirred in their finest fibres.

As Mr. Fiedler had slowed the scherzo, so now he quickened all this passion of intense song. The pulsance of the music dwindled; the magnificence of it faded; the richness of the superposed sonorities, of the glowing instrumental colors dimmed. The "sleep-chasings" went in characterless blur. There was no responsive emotion—but the mood of disappointed and righteous irritation. It was Strauss emasculated. The final fugue, even, did not save the day. In that orchestral frenzy who cares how Strauss heats himself and his orchestra? Those who would unravel its details may pore over the pages of the score. The delirious excitement, the Bacchic note of it all is the goal of the performance, and Mr. Fiedler would not let it whirl; he would lay the finger of exposition on each detail; he flung out bits spiritedly enough, but the music never outraced itself and whipped its hearers with it. A tame "Domestica," a pedantic "Domestica," a bourgeois "Domestica"—and Strauss a thousand miles away.

Mr. Strube's later music, to which the orchestra yesterday added his new overture, "Puck," ought to bring him wider and further note. His concerto for violin and violoncello, his imagination and eloquent symphony of last year—a little masterpiece in the play of instrumental timbres and in economy of means in the expression of alert fancies, and his new piece are quite as distinguished music as many a composer writes in Germany today—the Boeher, the Frieds, the Schillings, the Schumanns and the rest. Their compositions go the round of the orchestras and then overseas to other bands. The connoisseurs, and even the mere listeners are presumed to know something of the men and their work, to follow them from piece to piece. And there in our orchestra sits Mr. Strube, as he sat yesterday, diligent with his violin, but giving his leisure to the writing of music that is quite as good as theirs, and that deserves as wide note. Is he content that the Symphony Orchestra shall play his pieces; that they shall interest and stir his hearers; that the critical and the practised shall praise them.

and that then they shall fall away into obscurity? Is there no way by which they may pass to other orchestras; that other publics may know and admire them? Is Mr. Strube so content with the reward of his own particular audience, so eager to pass to the next thing, so absorbed in himself, that he seems to sit patiently under an unjustly narrow note?

Mr. Strube seems as imaginative, felicitous and impinging with instrumental timbres as a composer of the hour should be; he can invent tingling or suffusing harmonies that bear his own stamp; and he has the courage of his invention in all these things. His melodies are as interesting and individual, as suggestive of beauty, as quick with emotion as those of many a contemporary composer. They engross or they stir as abstract music; they are concrete of thought or mood. Above all, he can write highly expressive music in the characterizing and emotional sense of the hour and at the same time shape it to the form, however academic, that he has chosen, making it supple to his ends. Now these are rare abilities as composers go nowadays, and there was fresh proof of them in the new overture. The form was classic—the sonata form, in fact; yet at every turn seemingly, Mr. Strube could make it expressive of mood and picture, and develop simultaneously his melodic ideas and the promptings of his fancy. He was as felicitous as ever with his play of instrumental timbres; his harmonies fell piquantly upon epicurean ears. And throughout, he was weaving his picture in tones of his forest glade in the misty night, of fairy folk tripping in it; of Puck himself to lead and watch them, now impishly gay; now with sober eyes and hand upon contemplative chin. Year after year in his early music, Mr. Strube seemed to lack the communicating spark that might kindle hearers to it. He was a little sluggish, sirupy, tame. Now the spark is bright in his imagination and in his execution. His music has its tang, and no one, outside Boston, seems much to heed.

The Polés, in the arts, have their privileges after all. At the end of the orchestral part of the concert on Friday, Mme. Sembrich gave a concert of her own quite in the fashion in which Mr. Paderewski—and no one else hitherto—has been permitted to override precedent and rule at Symphony Hall. She began with Susanna's air "Deh vieni!" from the final act of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro"; she proceeded with such parts of an air from Graun's "Der Tod Jesu"; an orchestral intermezzo ensued, the overture to "The Magic Flute"; and finally the singer sang at least seven songs. Four were upon the programme—Brahm's "Ded Nachtigall," Schumann's "Wedmung," Mr. Fiedler's own "Cradle Song" and Strauss's "Serenade"—while the rest were her familiar "extra pieces," even to the Polish mazurka to her own accompaniments. The pieces, except Graun's air, were adroitly chosen for the tones in Mme. Sembrich's voice that she still commands and that cost her least effort. Yet even so,

her labor to phrase exquisitely the air from "Figaro's Wedding"—and she did phrase it exquisitely—deprived the music of some of its warmth. It was Mozart in mezza voce that dimmed the brightness of the music; it was of a musing and not a half-mocking Susanne. Graun's air is relentless in its intervals; or that some of it might have been yesterday; and such intervals are not easy for Mme. Sembrich nowadays, and she can only laboriously sustain the tones with which he surmounts them. In the songs went, as they have often, the qualities that have distinguished Mme. Sembrich among the singers of her time—the sense of their doings and their integrity as a whole, the flow of the melody and exquisitely lapped and shaded phrases, the adroitness of detail, the imaginative discrimination, the delicate continuance of emotion. Her qualities of mind and spirit—and they are as essential as qualities of voice to a singer in the finest sense—still serve her. They have never seemed riper; she has never plied them more adroitly. Often, however, the voice and the breath behind it obey not or obey hesitatingly, partially. The purpose is clear; but the means of expression falter, under the pitiless years, under the pitiful mistake that it would still try to command or to wheedle them. The twilight of her voice has surely come upon Mme. Sembrich, and there might have been—there was only a few years ago—such a golden sunset.

H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe — *Feb 19, '10*
Strube's Overture "Puck"
for First Time.

Strauss' Domestic Symphony Played
—Mme Sembrich Is Soloist.

At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon Mr. Fiedler played for the first time a comedy overture "Puck" (MS.), dedicated to him by Mr. Strube of the orchestra.

The composer has not written from a program. He expresses himself, according to the program-book, as wishing "to portray in tones a sylvan picture, with some frolic, with Puck as the main figure." The result, built in sonata form, is a happy realization of such intent. Mr. Strube has written with a fresh and fertile imagination. His music has spontaneity, graceful humor, lightness, and melodic appeal. He has ably contrasted the divisions and his use of orchestral color is tellingly effective.

Mr. Fiedler read the new piece with spirit. Mr. Strube rose from his chair in the first violins and acknowledged the generous applause.

Mr. Strube's zestful fairy painting put the audience in an exhilarating mood to listen to Strauss' "Domestic" symphony, which followed. It was played twice at these concerts in 1907.

Since March 21, 1904, when Richard Strauss conducted Wetzler's orchestra in the first performance of the work on any program, commentators, critics and other facetious persons have furnished amusement for themselves, the public and doubtless for the composer by their conscientious search for a program.

Dr. Strauss himself said before the New York performance: "I wish my music to be listened to purely as music." He is reported to have said in London in 1902 that his next tone-poem would illustrate a day in his family life, that there would be three subjects representing papa, mama and the baby.

It straightway became a pleasant task for some to discover in the score after the glockenspiel struck 7 o'clock that baby awoke the nursery echoes, say at 7:09, was played with by mama from 7:10 to 7:26, was given his bath at 7:31, his breakfast at 7:42 and possibly spanked soon after.

If the weaving of this colossal orchestral web of tone can better engage the mind by having its progress catalogued like a vaudeville bill, both incentive and guide books can be found to do it.

An introduction at once states the three themes presumed to be indicative of the father. These are followed by those related to the mother and the boy. To attempt to affix labels to the contrapuntal development which follows is analogous to matching the colors in a child's primer to the glories of the sunrise.

Strauss set himself to a task which was obviously to contain humor. He has not essayed so tremendous a problem as in either the "Hero's Life" or "Thus Spake Zarathustra," but he has developed the ideas of his "Domestic" symphony with logic and cumulative intensity.

Whatever the coherence which an arbitrary or assumed program may give the work, it possesses symmetry and balance as a piece of musical architecture. The contrast between the reposeful, lyrical passages and the stressful moments of Strauss' debate with his wife as to whether the youngster shall be a great composer or possibly the next speaker of the house, are all the more striking and make the climactic moments the larger, because there are lyric episodes of extreme melodic and harmonic simplicity and quiet beauty.

The double fugue in the finale pits two themes against each other, one a derivation of the child's theme, which is given largely to the different choirs of brass. The development yesterday maintained a lively light of tone which left little resource for a conclusion. Otherwise, Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave a rendition which revealed technically the molten glow of Strauss' gorgeous orchestration and the pulsant virility of his contrasting rhythms.

Mme Sembrich was the soloist. A veritable demonstration was given her at her appearance and after her several numbers.

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With the orchestra she sang the "Deh Vieni" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and a florid aria from Graun's "The Death of Jesus." After Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, she sang a group of four songs with piano. They were: "The Nightingale" by Brahms, "Dedication" by Schumann, Mr. Fiedler's "Cradle Song" and the "Serenade" by Strauss.

Mme Sembrich did the Schumann song with a keen realization of its contrasting moods and a communicating power in interpreting them. She sang the grateful lullaby of Mr Fiedler's with true sentiment and with the exquisite sense of lyric beauty which has characterized her singing of songs.

There were recalls and granted encores to close the concert.

SYMPHONY GIVES STRUBE'S "PUCK"

Review — *Ind. 19, 10*
Comedy Overture Written by
First Violin Performed for the
First Time at 19th Public Re-
hearsal of Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Sembrich was the soloist.

Mr. Strube's new comedy overture "Puck" was performed for the first time. The overture has no program. The Puck is not necessarily Shakespeare's Hobgoblin, who fights maidens of the villagery, misleads night wanderers, and offends the dignity of the wisest aunt telling the saddest tale. Mr. Strube wished to portray in tones a sylvan frolic. His themes are fresh and full of character. They are skilfully developed. The harmonic treatment is ultra-modern, but charming and effective, not merely bizarre. The instrumentation is masterly throughout. The episodes in the exposition are effectively contrasted, and the prevailing mood is one of rustic gayety relieved by a passage of true and delicate sentiment. The overture was warmly received by the audience and Mr. Strube was obliged to bow his acknowledg-

ment from his seat at the first violins. The performance of this overture was the chief feature of the concert.

For it cannot be said truthfully that Mr. Fiedler's reading of Strauss' Symphonie Domestica which followed was highly poetic or objectively effective; nor was the performance technically worthy of the orchestra's high reputation. The reading was episodic. There was no real continuity of thought. The choice of tempo was not always fortunate. The beautiful "Love Scene" was hurried and the calm happiness of the wedded was turned into nervous eroticism. The brass was forced till there was no pure quality of tone, and the performance was often ragged. The other orchestral selection was Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," which was performed in orthodox fashion.

Mme. Sembrich, who is now engaged in the painful task of bidding her American admirers a long, last, lingering, sad farewell, sang Susanna's aria, "Deh Vieni," with the preceding recitative from "The Magic Flute"; a portion of the aria, "Lo, the Heaven-Descended Prophet," from Graun's "Death of Jesus," and these songs with piano accompaniment: Brahms' "Nightingale," Schumann's "Dedication," Mr. Fiedler's "Cradle Song" and Strauss' "Serenade." Mme. Sembrich was applauded heartily by those who remembered her past glory. They that heard her for the first time must have wondered at her reputation. She sang Mozart's aria carefully and with a discretion that forbade any emotional expression. Nor was she able to sustain tones without a quavering and a sagging from the true pitch.

She sang only the first section of Graun's florid air, and she labored in bravura. She was more her former self in Schumann's "Dedication" and in Mr. Fiedler's pretty little song. More noteworthy than her singing were the accompaniments of Mr. Frank La Forge. The audience, remembering gratefully the singer of past years, applauded her at the end, so that she added to the program these songs: Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht," Michael Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air" and the inevitable Polish song with her own accompaniment.

The program of the concerts April 1 and 2 will be as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" symphony; Tschalkowsky, "Francesca da Rimini"; Sibellus, Elegy and Musette of the suite ar-

excellent chamber music player.

The announcement of the probable appointment of Anton Witek is made in this way:

"Negotiations are in progress with Anton Witek, concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and one of the most notable violinists in Germany, and it is probable that he will succeed to the post vacated by Mr. Hess."

Mr. Hess was under contract to remain one year longer with the Symphony Orchestra; but his invitation to Berlin is so advantageous to him that the management consented to release him. The announcement says:

"Prof. Hess has just been appointed the head of the violin department of the Koenigliche Hochschule of Berlin, as successor to the late Carl Halir, who succeeded Josef Joachim in this very honorable and important position. Moreover, Mr. Hess will become the head of the Halir quartet, which was the successor of the Joachim quartet, and will now be known as the Hess quartet; and, also, will become the first violin of the Schumann trio, of which the head is Georg Schumann, the well known composer and conductor. He also becomes conductor of the orchestra of the Hochschule, the post which Joachim held with that institution.

"Although Mr. Hess' contract with the Symphony Orchestra had one year to run the management has consented to release him, but with much regret, for Mr. Hess has proved himself to be, during his stay in Boston, not merely a violinist of extraordinary quality, but a concert master, than whom there is no better in the world."

MR. HESS TO LEAVE THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. — *Ind. 28, 1910*
The New Posts in Berlin That He Has
Accepted in Succession to Joachim—The
New Concert-Master for the Orchestra
Here—

Mr. Hess, the concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, has decided to accept the new posts that have been offered to him in Berlin; the management of the Symphony Orchestra is willing to release him from its contract with them; and, accordingly, he will leave the band at the end of the current season and in the autumn settle

permanently in Berlin. First of all, Mr. Hess will succeed the late Carl Halir, the eminent violinist, who died last November, as the head of the violin department in the Royal Academy of Music (the Hochschule) in Berlin. He will, furthermore, become the leader of the Halir string quartet, and the violinist of Georg Schumann's trio—piano, violin and violoncello—and he will conduct at the concerts of the orchestra of the Hochschule. The Halir Quartet was the successor to Joachim's; and the Hess Quartet, as it will now become, will succeed in its turn to the Joachim tradition. The Schumann Trio likewise continues it; while in the teaching of the Hochschule Mr. Hess will practically succeed to the work that Joachim did for many years before old age and his administrative duties as the principal of the whole academy compelled him to abandon it. The experiment that brought Mr. Marteau to the Hochschule, after Joachim's death, has evidently proved less fruitful than anticipations suggested, and Mr. Hess will now succeed to Joachim's various activities in the school itself and in the concerts of Berlin.

Now that Halir is gone, no violinist is so directly the heir of Joachim as is Mr. Hess. He studied with the elder violinist; and he has continued all his life to follow the Joachim methods, and, duly liberalized by his own temperament and the changing musical times, the Joachim "traditions" and standards. Though Mr. Hess has chosen oftenest to work as a teacher, as a concert-master, and as the leader of string quartets, rather than to lead the life of a wandering virtuoso, he is one of the foremost violinists of our time, who has at last entered into rewards that properly crown such distinction. From Mr. Gericke, through Mr. Fiedler, the conductors of the Symphony Orchestra, the men of the band, the public of the concerts have all borne witness to Mr. Hess's abilities as concert-master. In him indeed, and in nearly equal measure are the steadying sureness and the communicating spirit that are essential to such work. As a leader of a string quartet, connoisseurs here have long known the quality of his work and applauded. His individuality in a chamber concert was indeed insistent, but in itself it struck fire. As a virtuoso at the Symphony Concerts and elsewhere, especially in the fine richness of his present maturity of mind, imagination and execution, it is easy to believe that Mr. Hess, had he chosen, might have made his career like to those of the violinists who go up and down the world. He elected another, and now one of its richest rewards has come to him.

THE CONCERT AND THE OPERAS OF SATURDAY

Trans. ———— *Mch. 21, 1910*
Mme. Sembrich's Surprise and a Bettered "Domestica"—The Distinction of Miss Nielsen's Violetta—Mr. Converse and an Interviewer—The Shortcomings of American Opera by American Composers—The Arrangements for the Remaining Symphony Concerts—Mme. Sembrich to Sing for the Pension Fund—Miss Alda, Mme. Noria and the Boston Opera—Mr. Paur to Leave Pittsburg—Mr. Elman's Return Next Year

The surprise of the Symphony Concert on Saturday evening came after it was nominally done. A considerable part of the audience lingered for "extra pieces" from Mme. Sembrich, and she was as willing to sing them as she had been on Friday afternoon. Among them was the "Primavera" waltz that she has so often interpolated into her parts in light operas or used as a "bonne bouche" for the end of her concerts in minor cities. The warming process of her hour of song—for she sang nearly an hour on both occasions—the accumulating excitement of accomplishment and applause and long habit and sureness of effect with the waltz may all have stimulated her. As it was, she sang the music as she has no other piece in Boston for two or three years. Her tones, even her upper tones, regained their lustre and their light firmness; her breath served her at every turn; she phrased largely, richly, elastically again; her "execution," as the textbooks say, had its old precision, security, aptness and élan; the listeners heard again the Sembrich of the brilliant, the unlabored years. It was as stirring a feat as, a little before, Mme. Sembrich's singing of "Deh vleni!" had been a little epitome of exquisitely discriminating artistry. The memory of all that had gone between—the ill-sustained intervals of the air from "Der Tod Jesu" and the short-phrased songs vanished under its magic.

As it was reasonable to expect, the performance of Strauss's "Domestica" on Saturday much excelled that of Friday afternoon, and for once the earlier concert had been indeed the "rehearsal" that it is still officially named. There is still reason to mistrust some of Mr. Fiedler's tempi, especially that which surely deprives the unfolding orchestral song of the slow movement of some of its richness of accumulating emotion and magnificence of superposed harmonic and instrumental color; but the "sleep-chasings" had more of their

dream-like and flickering quality than they had on Friday, and the scherzo was less a succession of "blits" than Mr. Fiedler had chosen at first to make it. The orchestra, moreover, was secure (and in the vein; its spirit was again the spirit that two months ago made "Zarathustra" flaming. Mr. Fiedler and the men alike flung themselves on the orgy of the final fugue, set it racing with itself; tossed out like sudden flashes of remembered feeling the echoes of the song of the slow movement; the strings bit; the trumpets were as "red" as Strauss himself could have wished, and the whole finale thus brought much of its intrinsic and weltering excitements. But was it quite necessary to play Mr. Strube's overture with a robustness, and even a coarseness of tone, that implied that it too had been composed in similar vein? Surely it had not. H. T. P.

Mme Sembrich. Soloist at the Next Symphony

The 19th public rehearsal and concert of the Symphony orchestra next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will bring as soloist Mme Marcella Sembrich, who will sing for the first time with the orchestra in over 10 years and will then make her last appearance of the season in Boston.

Mme Sembrich was soloist with the orchestra in December, 1899, but a number of things have happened to prevent her appearance at a Symphony concert since that time. She will sing "Deh vleni," from the last act of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," a tune that is indelibly connected with her name, for since she became a member of the Metropolitan opera company in 1899 she has been the only "Susanna" at the performances of this opera. Her second aria will be "Lo, the Heaven-Descended Prophet," from Graun's "Passion Oratorio," "Der tod Jesu."

Older patrons of the Symphony concerts will remember this well, inasmuch as it was a favorite selection of Mrs Henschel in the days when she was often soloist at the concerts. Graun was a notable figure in German music the first half of the 18th century, and this oratorio is practically the only thing of his which remains. It is performed annually in Berlin by reason of a bequest, but so far as the American public is concerned this aria is all that is left of it.

The songs which Mme Sembrich will sing include a "Cradle Song" by Max Fiedler, Brahms' "The Nightingale," Schumann's "Widmung" and Strauss' "Serenade." The principal orchestral work will be Richard Strauss' "Symphonía Domestica," which Dr Muck placed on two different programs three years ago. The novelty on the program will be an overture by Gustav Strube of the orchestra. It is a comedy overture and is entitled "Puck." It was written last year and is dedicated to Mr Fiedler. The other number will be the overture to Mozart's "The Magic Flute." *Globe Mch. 13, 1910*

ranged from the incidental music to "King Christian II" and Valse Triste (first time in Boston); Dvorak, "Carnaval" overture.

The announcement is made that Mme. Sembrich will sing at the next Pension Fund concert of the orchestra.

SEMBRICH GIVEN HEARTY WELCOME

Journal ———— *Mch 19, 10*

Divides Honors With Strube at an Attractive Symphony Rehearsal.

MISTRESS OF BEL CANTO IN BOSTON

Comedy Overture, "Puck," by Strube, Played for First Time in Sympathetic Style.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the incomparable lyric soprano, and Gustav Strube, composer and violinist, divided the honors at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday. It will be the same to-night, at the regular concert. The mistress of bel canto, the like of whom has not been heard on this side of the ocean for many, many years, sang with orchestra the aria, "Deh vleni," from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Lo, the heaven-descended Prophet," from Graun's "Lenten cantata," "The Death of Jesus." Later on she sang several songs with piano, among them Conductor Fiedler's own charming "Wiegenlied."

Mr. Strube was represented by a comedy overture, "Puck," played for the first time—a tricksome little piece, bright with talent and imagination, masterfully written and most sympathetically performed.

Strauss' "Symphonía Domestica," not heard for four years, and the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" completed one of the most attractive programs of the season. Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Strube were the special objects of the general enthusiasm.

Take Elevator

MME. SEMBRICH WITH THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The 19th public Symphony rehearsal and concert this week will bring as soloist Mme. Sembrich, who will sing for the first time with the orchestra in over 10 years and will then make her last appearance of the season in Boston. She will sing two short arias and a group of songs with a piano. The first aria will be "Deh vleni," from "The Marriage of Figaro," a song indelibly connected with her name. The second aria will be "Lo, the Heaven-Descended Prophet," from Graun's "Passion Oratorio," "Der tod Jesu." Older patrons of the Symphony concerts will remember this well, inasmuch as it was a favorite selection of Mrs. Henschel in the days when she was often soloist at the concerts. The songs will be by Fiedler, Brahms, Schumann and Strauss. The principal orchestral work will be Richard Strauss' "Symphonía Domestica."

ANTON WITEK MAY LEAD SYMPHONY

Concert Master of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra Asked to Assume Position Vacated by Willy Hess.

Herald ———— *Mch. 29, 1910*

The resignation of Willy Hess, concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was announced yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, confirming the cable dispatch published in The Boston Herald in the morning. Prof. Hess has sent in his resignation to take effect April 30, at the close of the current Symphony year.

His successor probably will be Anton Witek, concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra. Herr Witek was born in Saaz, Bohemia, Jan. 7, 1872. He studied the violin under Bennewitz at Prague, and in 1894 was chosen concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra in Berlin, a position that he now holds. He is an

See over 2 pages for end

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Boston Symphony Orchestra



Engagements

Academy of Music Philadelphia
Monday Evening, March 21

New National Theatre Washington
Tuesday Afternoon, March 22

Lyric Theatre Baltimore
Wednesday Evening, March 23

Carnegie Hall New York
Thursday Evening, March 24

Academy of Music Brooklyn
Friday Evening, March 25

Carnegie Hall New York
Saturday Afternoon, March 26

Buckingham Music Hall Waterbury
Monday Evening, March 28

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," op. 68
I. Awakening of Serene impressions on arriving in the
country: Allegro, ma non troppo.
II. Scene by the brook-side: Andante molto moto.
III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro. In tempo d'
allegro. Thunder-storm; Tempest: Allegro.
IV. Shepherds' song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after
the storm: Allegretto.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"Francesca da Rimini," ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA
after Dante, op. 32

SIBELIUS,

a) Elegie and Musette from the SUITE taken from the
incidental music to Adolf Paul's Tragedy, "King
Christian II."

b) Valse triste

(First time in Boston)

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE, "Carnival" op. 92

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Apr. 2, 1910
"FRANCESCA" ACCORDING TO
TSCHAIKOWSKY

An Orchestral Fantasia in the Composer's
Finest Style, and a Performance of It
in Mr. Fiedler's Best Manner—Of Horns
and Romanticism—Imagination and the
Response It Claimed—Two New Pieces
of Sibelius with Familiar Traits—Beet-
hoven's "Pastoral" Symphony as Early
Programme Music

On our library tables a score of years ago lay a volume of sombre drawings. They frightened the children one way; they frightened their elders another. The text was a bad translation of Dante's "Inferno"; the drawings were gloomy and powerful interpretations of the poet's vision—a shade corporeal, perhaps, for spirits, yet splendidly in key with the conception. Early in the book came a picture of huddled shapes, half-human, half-fanciful, whipped aloft in darkening spirals on a sounding blast. Near at hand, hovering beside the crag where the brother poets stood, hung a dolorous pair in embrace. The picture was Gustav Doré's incomplete but unforgettable Paolo and Francesca.

Tschaikowsky knew this drawing, and yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall it was had again in terms of music. It is idle to inquire whether the idealized tragedy of these immortal lovers best finds its way to the imagination by the graphic or the tonal art. Its beauty and its elevation are there. The poet shows us that this catastrophe was one of the things that was to be—he presents the stimulus to the imagination; the interpreter must do the rest. The interpreter yesterday afternoon happened, fortunately, to be Mr. Fiedler. It is often said that the Germans have a faculty of seeing these things largely. Somewhere in the journals of a great English novelist it is remarked, for instance, that Kaulbach conceived and painted the most impressive of his "Weltgeschichtliche Bilder," "simply under the inspiration of a grand myth," and this is a tolerably accurate account of Mr. Fiedler's dealing with Tschaikowsky's orchestral fantasia. It contains, to be frank, passages of mere conventional declamation. They are brief, infrequent and mostly occur at the beginning. They were present yesterday afternoon, but so transformed by the fervor of the conducting as to pass unnoticed and merge into the splendor of the parts which are more genuinely inspired, for the fantasia (if it had been written this year it would be termed "symphonic poem") was a labor of love, and even the labored measures show this. They would not have shown it if Mr. Fiedler's inter-

pretation had not been quite as much a labor of love. The journalizing novelist again prefigures him. He seized the whole conception of the piece at a flash, and welded even its commonplaces into significance and distinction.

Tschaikowsky has strewn this score with careful ornament. At the same time he has conceived it on a grand scale. He has adorned without cluttering. The full string choir will sweep upward in gust of sound over subtle accents of wood wind and sharp blasts of brass in peculiar poignancy. Such passages reveal the dual character of the music. It is large in pattern and minute in design. It was precisely this largeness and, at the same time, this fineness, that Mr. Fiedler threw upon his orchestral screen. They were Dante's creatures, interpreted in tones by Tschaikowsky and speaking with a powerful eloquence which they owed to the conductor. For details: He lashed the spinning rhythms into spirals which almost visualized the blast which drove the restless spirits on; the strings swept up wailing chromatics and swept down again as we have heard wind under eaves of lonely nights; the dialogue of the lovers came as that self-forgetting speech when the voice turns unconsciously to music—breaths of flute notes fluttering over the lament of violoncellos lighted by harp strings in pale flickerings. This, in justice, was a conductor plus individual virtuosity, and yet it was individual virtuosity which would have counted for little without such leadership. This quality made

itself apparent in another important detail. The fantasia opens with a phrase for horns which sounds instantly the whole romantic range of the legend. The phrase recurs, and to go wandering among the other instruments, but never with the same atmospheric effect as when it recurs for horns. Tschaikowsky seems to have apprehended as much, for when it is wanted with this special emphasis, the horns have it. There is good reason to suppose that the composer learned this idiom from Wagner. It is used in several of the earlier operas which were known to Tschaikowsky, and the manner reappears in Parsifal, notably in the first scene of the last act, where it is used once and again to herald the return of the guileless knight. Wagner knew and Tschaikowsky learned that the very essence of the romantic spirit can be summed up in the rich, mysterious timbre of these horns—the mediæval, the chivalric, the ascetic and the mystical. There is matter in the precise psychological effect of such a phrase—as connoting the content of romanticism—to fill chapters. In this particular "orchestral fantasia" one had almost said the interpretation stands or falls by a right apprehension of such a phrase. It may mean everything, or it may mean nothing. To Mr. Hertz, conducting "Parsifal," it meant the casual—which is to say, nothing; to Mr. Fiedler, conducting Tschaikowsky's work, it meant the definite romantic value—which is to say, everything. It is not within the scope of a review to

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enumerate the studied excellences of this thing; it may only be recorded here that, given music to fire the imagination, Mr. Fiedler has the imagination to fire. Even a Friday afternoon audience in Symphony Hall felt its glow.

The two new pieces of Sibelius, an elegie and musette and a valse triste, are relatively unimportant. After the composer's Second Symphony and Saga of previous concerts these minor pieces stand with little to distinguish them but an occasional manner in instrumentation, the plucked strings, dearly beloved of the savage Finlander, or a certain knack of getting a sombre resonance out of the violins. Sibelius is better when he has something to paint; best when he has something to resent. If music could predispose hearers to his favor for a new piece, the Symphony and the Saga had done so, but these two bits are not of their stature in any dimension. It is merely interesting to note that the quartet of first violins which sounds with such wistfulness choring in the Saga is employed for a sigh of three notes to end the valse triste.

For the rest came Dvorak's overture, "Carnival," and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (No. 6) which Mr. Fiedler took in the mood of tempered "programme" music. It was skilfully done, and it was the style of interpretation which Mr. Fiedler can do better than another—he made, for instance, the "thunder storm" an incident of classic realism—but the performance was completely overshadowed by his surpassing leadership of the romantic fantasia. Cold blood preferences are one thing; Tschalkowsky balanced in the scales with Beethoven: persuasion like Mr. Fiedler's conducting of the latter yesterday afternoon is another, and leaves little choice. The thing was done, and it was only the hard condition of the interpretative art that prevented its being done to stay. L. P.

SIBELIUS' MUSIC PLAYED.

Symphony Orchestra Gives Twentieth Public Rehearsal.

Herald — Apr. 2, 1910

The program of the 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in F major, "Pastoral" Beethoven
"Francesca da Rimini"....Tschalkowsky
Elegie and Musette from the suite taken from incidental music to Paul's "King Christian II."

Sibelius
Valse triste from the music to "Kuolema".....Sibelius
Overture "Carnival".....Dvorak

The symphony was well played, and Mr. Fiedler's reading was effective,

although exceptions might be taken to his turning the allegretto into an allegro. The "jolly gathering of country folk" did not cross in mirth the bounds of respectability.

Tschalkowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" is profoundly emotional and dramatic. Mr. Fiedler took the allegro, the musical picture of the hellish storm, which never rests and leads the spirits with its sweep, at so fast a pace that even the accomplished virtuosos of the orchestra were hardly able to play the notes, much less give expression to them. Mr. Fiedler of late has shown a singular tendency to rush his allegros so that the result is confusion and tumult. It is true that this allegro of Tschalkowsky is an "allegro vivo," but it is not an unreasonable one. The section which depicts Francesca with her pathetic story was played poetically.

Three short pieces by Sibelius were performed here for the first time. The Elegie and Musette are from a suite made out of the incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II." The Elegie is a romance for strings, and it has tender sentiment, but it is the tenderness of strength, far removed from sentimentalism or mere prettiness. The Musette, for clarinets, bassoons and strings, is a delightful little piece, not too archaic, yet with decided character. The Valse triste, for small orchestra, is also taken from the music to a drama, Jaernfelt's "Death." On the stage a woman, dying, hears in delirium waltz music and sees the shapes of dancers. She rises from her bed and would fain dance with them. They seem to avoid her. The dance grows wilder. There is a knocking at the door. The music ceases and the shapes vanish. The door opens. Death enters. Played in concert, without any reference to the stage, this strange and mournful waltz makes an effect. Little pieces the three, yet they are the work of a true master, and as they were played yesterday they made a marked impression. A very fast performance of Dvorak's "Carnival" overture brought the end.

BEETHOVEN PASTORAL SYMPHONY

Record — Apr. 2, 1910
Was Feature of the Programme

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. "Pastoral Symphony."
Tschalkowsky. "Francesca di Rimini." Orchestral Fantasia.

Sibelius. Elegie and Musette, from Suite "King Christian II."

Valse Triste.

Dvorak. "Carnival" Overture.

It was quite right, in the midst of the Opera season, to make the programme purely orchestral, and it was pleasant to turn from cadenzas and high Cs to the more classical paths of music, says L. C. Elson of the Symphony rehearsal yesterday.

Beethoven's sixth symphony, however, is not the greatest of the nine, and although its pictorial effects appeal most to the multitude, it by no means proves that Music which gives a definite picture is the greatest. His seventh symphony tells no definite story, yet it has more to say than this "Pastorale," which may be considered as the very foundation-stone of "Programme-music" (i.e. pictorial music). It was so considered by Mendelssohn, who, when he was reproached with giving too many pictures in instrumental music, replied—"After Beethoven has opened the door, anyone may enter."

But the performance of the symphony was quite another matter. It was a vivid presentation of Beethoven's ideal, such as probably he never heard during his life time. He probably never dreamed of such an excellent interpretation of his work as it received at this concert. The constant development of fragments of the opening phrase was delightful to follow.

The thunder-storm, in which the lightning comes after the thunder, was nobly played, and the passages on the deepest contra-basses (deeper than the ordinary instrument) were rumbling enough, while the passages between the violoncellos and the contra-basses were well roared.

Tschalkowsky's Fantasia was windy enough to have been a tone-picture of Chicago. It received a splendid reading. Not only were the whirlwinds of Hades given with graphic effect, but there were "sounds and lamentations, heard in the air," (and

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not from aviators either) that were most impressive. The clarinette and flute solos were very well played, and the piccolo player in this and in the Dvorak overture, blew in a manner that showed that he had no pulmonary troubles. Altogether "Francesca di Rimini" was the most successful number of the concert and was immediately appreciated by the audience as such.

BEETHOVEN NUMBER SYMPHONY FEATURE

Journal — Apr. 2, 1910

Thunderstorm in "Pastoral"
Strikingly Expressed
by Players.

MANY NOVELTIES ON THE PROGRAM

Music in "Francesca da Rimini"
Fantasia Splendid Exhibition
of Orchestral Bravura.

There were brave tone painters before Agamemnon Strauss: Beethoven's thunderstorm, in the "Pastoral" symphony, and Tschalkowsky's windstorm, in the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, were among the striking features of yesterday's Symphony matinee. The simple, yet profound spirit of the Beethoven number was perfectly expressed in Mr. Fiedler's reading, while the performance of the music depicting Paola and Francesca; imprisoned in the winds and blowing around the world was a splendid exhibition of orchestral bravura.

The novelties this week are the Elegie and Musette from the "King Christian II." music, by Sibelius, and a "Valse Triste," by the same downhearted composer. The Sibelius pieces were interesting, but it was good to hear, immediately afterward, the Dvorak "Carnival" overture, with its pictures of revelry by night and by day.

Converse's "Endymion's Narrative"; Tschalkowsky's violin concerto, with Mr. Kreisler as soloist, and Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme" are on next week's program.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Beethoven's "Pastoral"
Charmingly Played.

Two Dainty Novelties by Sibelius
Heard With Pleasure.

While it is still a little early for thunderstorms, this week's symphony seemed appropriately chosen. It was the sixth, the Pastoral symphony, with its carefully elaborated and developed melodies, its gentle reminder that out of doors the flowers are already blooming, and the country is already putting on its dress of beauty.

The "Pastorale" is always a treat, whether it be conducted by a Nikisch, a Gericke or a Fiedler. Certainly each gave his own personality expression in the reading; and as certainly no one of them was "able to defeat Beethoven," as a cynic once put it.

Mr Fiedler's reading was what Boston has learned to expect from him; broad, yet full of color; delicate and dainty in its demand for unity, yet with sufficient passion to produce real emotions in the audience, and to keep the performance from being mere ritual.

Unless, like the program writer, one tells of the life histories of the singers who for one reason or another did not take part in the concert at which the "Pastorale" was first played, there is little to say at this date of the Pastoral symphony.

Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," which was the second number of the program, has not been performed in Boston since Dec 30, 1905. Nobody who heard it then, however, had forgotten it; the most wonderfully graphic musical painting of not only the whirlwinds of hades, but of the tragedy which sent Francesca thither, it is absolutely unforgettable music.

In broad, somber tones it paints the scenery; with incredibly swift moanings, the string orchestra and the wind thrown against each other, it tells of the troop of ghosts that exult in the sin of the flesh, and in beautiful, pitiful melodies it tells Francesca's story as she told it to Dante. Then comes the tempest of the inferno again, and a climax which tears one's very heart.

Mr Fiedler took it at the swiftest possible tempo; it was beyond belief that the men could actually play the notes at all in some of the passages. Yet never in the days of the most stringent martinetism was there more faithful unison.

The performance waked an audience a little inclined to peace and placidity by the Beethoven symphony, and the applause testified how strongly the people had been moved.

Next came two delicious bits by Jean Sibelius, played for the first time in Boston. The first is an "elegie and musette," from the suite made from the incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II," opus 27. The elegy is composed for strings and has a melody that comes very near being great music.

It is played by the cello and is as graceful and sad as can be imagined. It is all a subdued and sad piece, but by no means mournful; it is reflective rather than heartbroken.

The musette is so melodic and simple that it may very well become one of the favorites at the summer popular concerts; it has a delicious little melody that is humorous and yet has a French trickiness in it. This is played as a solo by the clarinet over a droning accompaniment of strings.

The second part of this number was the "valse triste," from the incidental music to Arvid Jarnfelt's drama, "Kuolema." It is this sensuous, drowsy waltz—again with that cunning touch which is characteristic of Sibelius—which the dying mother hears in her delirium. One section, in which the strings barely touch, whispering, the chords of a throbbing rhythm, is almost unique in music. It is a wonderfully attractive little piece.

The concert ended with Dvorak's smashing "Carnival" overture, which was a good choice for the winding up of a program which took the audience through so many and so strenuous emotions.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts this week, is reported as saying: "In Germany they like an artist better if he does not dress well. The slightest individuality, perhaps even a slight swaying as the artist plays, is enough to cause his condemnation, no matter what his musical abilities may be. He must efface himself. If he appears in a coat of the latest cut, wears attractive cravats, makes himself personally pleasing, he creates a sentiment that is adverse. A badly cut coat goes a long way toward creating a favorable and sympathetic attitude in Germany."

FIEDLER HAS FINAL SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Beethoven Is Feature of the
Last Concert of the
Present Season.

Mr. Fiedler has mapped out the principal features of the remaining concerts of the present Symphony season. Next week's program comprises Converse's "Endymion's Narrative," Tschaikowsky's concerto for violin and Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme," with Fritz Kreisler as soloist.

The following week Mr. Fiedler purposes giving Faust's symphony with the choral finale, enlisting for this purpose the aid of the Apollo Club. It is a number of years since the whole of this great work has been given. For the twenty-third concert on April 22 and 23, Mr. Fiedler has chosen as his principal number Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Quixote," which has not been heard here since Mr. Gericke produced it here in the season of 1903-1904.

The last program will have, as last year, Beethoven's ninth symphony with the chorus of the Cecelia Society and the following soloists: Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Mr. Berrick von Nordan and Mr. Frederick Weld. Mr. Fiedler plans to confine this program to Beethoven's first symphony and his ninth.

The sale of seats for the Pension Fund concert of the orchestra, which will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, April 17, will open at the box office at Symphony Hall on next Friday morning.

ELGAR,

VARIATIONS on an original theme, op. 36

(Organist, Mr. MARSHALL)

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER.

ny Hall.

1909-10.

NY ORCHESTRA.

R, Conductor.

NCERT.

IL 9, AT 8, P. M.

amme.

N'S NARRATIVE," for full ORCHESTRA

for VIOLIN in D major op. 35

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

CONVERSE,

"ENDYMION'S NARRATIVE," Romance for
ORCHESTRA, op. 10

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major op. 35
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Canzonetta: Andante
III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo.

ELGAR,

VARIATIONS on an original theme, op. 36
(Organist, Mr. MARSHALL)

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER.

MR. KREISLER AND OTHERS

A SYMPHONY CONCERT WITHOUT A SYMPHONY

Trans. Apr. 9, 1910
Mr. Kreisler's Remarkable Performance of Tschaikowsky's Concerto for Violin—The Transformation of the Music Under His Mind, Temperament and Hand—Elgar's "Enigma" Variations Revived to Pleasure as a Concert Piece—"Endymion's Narrative" for Early, Romantic and Spontaneous Converse

No symphony stood on Mr. Fiedler's programme yesterday afternoon, and at last he fulfilled the promise, made at his first coming, of a performance of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations. He continued, too, his round of American composers that began with Mr. Chadwick, continued with Mr. Loeffler, and now has reached Mr. Converse—the youthful Converse of ten years ago, of "The Festival of Pan," and yesterday of "Endymion's Narrative." At the end the audience twice and thrice called Mr. Converse to his feet and after the Variations it was plentiful in applause, as applause goes at the end of the afternoon concerts. The livelier interest of the listeners, however, was clearly in the reappearance of Mr. Kreisler. He is ending his present visit to America with the concerts of yesterday and today in Boston; he purposes not to return for several years; our public quickly discovered and has long cherished the violinist. His welcome was foreordained, and happily all that he did justified the applause that subsequently heaped it. Mr. Kreisler is more a man of moods than his contained and cheerful external aspect seems to imply. As those who have frequented his concerts know, he can be very much in the vein or as far out of it.

Yesterday the violinist's piece was Tschaikowsky's concerto, which from the vivid and enduring impression that Mr. Elman made with it, seems to have been played here in recent years oftener than it really has. Mr. Elman played it with the fire and the passion of enkindled and achieving youth, with the restless and intense Slav temperament ever uppermost in him. He made the music quite as much of himself as it was of Tschaikowsky or of the violin. Mr. Kreisler, on the other hand, played the concerto as a man and a violinist in the mellowed ripeness of maturity. The technical difficulties of the music are proverbial; Mr. Elman conquered them magnificently and carried the audience with him in his conquest. Mr. Kreisler, by the superlative fineness, elasticity and freedom of his skill, made them seem inconsequent and often non-existent. Mr. Elman in his playing of

the concerto sought and gained the utmost largeness, richness, eloquence of tone. Mr. Kreisler, who cherishes his instrument too much ever to force it and who is too intelligently mature to seek bigness, preferred a finer, more supple and more adroit tone that never lost its delicate elasticities, its finesse of varied force and shading, its low and very thrilling intensities. It was a tone of almost perfect artistry, exquisitely and felicitously touched with almost as perfect expression.

Mr. Elman had no purpose to idealize Tschaikowsky's music. He kept it breathlessly tossing, cavorting even, breathlessly losing itself, breathlessly finding itself again through all the final movement. He made it indeed a whirling little tempest of the violin. Similarly, he was minded to the broadest and the deepest of long-drawn intensities in the song of the slow movement. We that listened could hear the two Slavs a-singing. So, equally, with the first movement, which he made a rhapsody of technical conquest and a rhapsody of fitful and almost hysterical instrumental song. Mr. Kreisler, in his turn, distilled Tschaikowsky's music through the alembic of his own mind and temperament. Invariably, almost, they refine. They transmute smoky and blazing passion into clear, white, ethereal flame. They make the rhapsodies of nervous susceptibility and sensation seem the rhapsodies of a finely touched spirit. Mr. Kreisler's intensities are low; but they are exceedingly poignant. The mind as well as the emotions stir to them. So, yesterday, Mr. Kreisler transformed and idealized the concerto, and so he clothed it with a beauty that was out of himself as much as it was the yielding of the music. The rapt and the brooding beauty that he gave to the slow movement made it of a new loveliness. It was like the idealized intoxication of musing. The finale was no riot of folk-tunes, but a poetized revel of the spirit of folk-song, achieving the rhythmic beauty of dancing sound. The first movement was indeed still a rhapsody, not of technique and of impetuous fire, but of the finest and quickest of rapturous emotions that happened to be expressing themselves through the finely puissant, the delicately poignant voice of the violin. Throughout power and passion yielded to the finer power and intensity of an idealizing beauty. The purists in things Russian will say that the concerto, so played, is no longer Tschaikowsky's. It is, and gloriously, Mr. Kreisler's.

Sir Edward Elgar has little occasion nowadays to insist, as he used to do, that his hearers should take his Variations as a symphonic, a concert piece. Now, when the secret of one or another of the initialled variations is beginning to transpire, nobody cares much about whom they are intended to suggest. Sir Edward's intimate circle is his own concern, and we may all wish him joy of some of his rather noisy and rather sentimentalizing friends, if the initialled music truly implies them. Nowadays, too, we are as little curious about the "other,

larger theme that 'goes' but is not played through and over the whole set" of Variations.] Sir Edward, being imaginative, may hear his voices of vision and ideal and very properly keep them to himself except as they make the rather rarefied and aspiring atmosphere of some of his music. We that listen are content with the melodious theme that his orchestra recites and upon which

with due wideranging and often felicitous ingenuity he makes his variations. Perhaps the truth is that audiences have solved Sir Edward's proposed "Enigma" as an interesting and amusing concert piece. It is persuasively symphonic, full of scholarly and spontaneous, and inventive and imaginative technical resource. Sir Edward is expert in the contrasts and combinations of instrumental timbres; he can make very fine strokes or wax and broaden into swelling sonorities. Some day, the conservatories are sure to be studying the Variations for their instrumentation.

Sir Edward makes the form elastic to imagination or to fancy. Not one is dull and not one is mere pedagogy taking its pretentious exercise along a road that it has worn bare. The light variation of "Dorabella" teems with the piquancy of changeful rhythms and the "pointillage," as the French say, of instrumental timbres. [She, at least, must have added to the gayety of the rather heavy Elgarian circle.] One and another variation has a warmth of spirited imagination that bears the hearer through it almost before it is done. In others, Sir Edward is pleasantly pensive; and in one—the variation of "Nimrod"—he is eloquent, noble, sustaining and intensifying the mood of deep play of feeling between close friends in a rare moment of intimate exaltation. And in the finale he touches the easy sensibilities of those who love the swelling progressions, now stayed and now sped, of a mounting flood of orchestral sound. The answering flood of applause ensues; Sir Edward has made a "successful" piece; but one that is often better token of his finer qualities of imagination and execution than much of his more pretentious and ambitious music. Time, the sifter, is quite as likely to pass the Elgar of the Variations and the overtures through his sieve, as the Elgar of the symphony and what plous Britons call his "sacred works."

The youthful Converse of the end of the nineties—he was then not yet thirty—seems to have known his Liszt as well as the stimulating Keats that suggested "The Festival of Pen" and the ballad of the merciless lady as well as "Endymion's Narrative" of the concert yesterday. Not that Mr. Converse, who has always gone his own way, borrows from Liszt or repeats tricks of manner. The American chose to call his piece a "Romance for Orchestra," but it is analogous in mood and treatment to the symphonic poems of the Hungarian. The mood, the poetizing and the suggesting purport of the music conditions in form. There is slow, sombre-colored, the indecisive and aspiring introduction—Endymion

broods upon the vision and the passion that absorb him. There is the middle and frenetic section of struggle and relief, of frenzy and despair—Endymion at war with himself eager for all things yet restless under all but his passion. There is the exultant and mounting finale, Endymion resolutely fulfilling his progress toward his vision. The piece is indeed a romance, because it is so full of the fitful turbulence of romantic passion—much fuller than it is of the remote, grave and rarefied air of Keats's verse. Yet Mr. Converse contrives, as he always does, to make all this romance into symphonic music that develops of itself from himself. Thus, already, he is expert in the essentials of the symphonic poem. His transitional passages limp a little, as they do in almost all his music, but when the moment comes for the translation into tones of the emotion that is stirring in him, he is eloquent and with a youthful and fiery frankness of speech.

In Lisztian fashion, too, Mr. Converse loves his upspringing and broadening orchestral sonorities; he feels the thrill of ample and sustained sweeps of luminous or shadowed tone. He is beginning to know the secrets of restless and interwoven rhythms, the suggestions of harmonic backgrounds, even if they will not quite bring the air of Keats. He loves the excitements of abrupt contrasts and transitions; but in these earlier days Mr. Converse had little subtlety with instrumental timbres, and little mind to isolated and delicately shaded individual voices. He reflects now upon his orchestra; while ten years ago its possibilities intoxicated him. "Endymion" is spontaneous, as none of Mr. Converse's recent music has been. The romantic energy, the youthful fire of it sweeps the hearer onward. He believes and stirs, as Liszt's music makes him believe and stir, because he cannot help it. Does Mr. Converse think too much in these his days of ripening middle age? Does he look too often into the theatre and too little into the eyes of the Romance that held his younger years?

"Who holds by thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby."

H. T. P.

LYRIC 'ENDYMION'S NARRATIVE' GIVEN

Boston Symphony Orchestra's
21st Public Rehearsal Is Eloquent
Production of Converse's Romance.

FRITZ KREISLER'S VIOLIN
PLAYING IS REMARKABLE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"Endymion's Narrative".....Converse
Concerto for violin.....Tschalkowsky
Variations on an original theme....Elgar

Mr. Converse has said that he wished this romance and the other work founded on episodes in Keats' "Endymion"—"The Festival of Pan"—to be judged according to their musical merits or demerits; that he had no desire and did not attempt to follow slavishly the text. His aim was to give a general reflection of emotional phases. He also said that the idea of "Endymion's Narrative" was derived from the scene where Endymion, in melancholy mood, reveals the cause of his sorrow to his sister Peona. The music pictures him despondent, harassed by visions of the ideal, which at last comes out victorious and leaves behind it affection and other confining conditions.

In other words, Mr. Converse wishes this romance to be judged first of all as music without a program. But there is the disturbing title. They that insist on knowing what music "means" will listen to the Romance as though it were an interlinear translation of Keats' text. How many yesterday could have told offhand the nature of Endymion's narrative or the name of the person

to whom it was addressed. Is the poem familiar to the younger generation? The first line is now a stale quotation and some may remember the roundelay and the verse which serves as motto to Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native." But how many could tell who Peona was? Mr. Converse wrote this romance in 1901. Today he would probably take any other of the more famous poems of Keats, as later he was moved to composition by "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

The question comes up, would any hearer find greater depth or finer quality of beauty in this music by being familiar with Keats' poem? Mr. Ernest Newman would probably say "Yes"; and, if Mr. Converse should maintain that the music is not program music, Mr. Newman would reply: "But there's your title. As I associate the story of Coriolanus with one of Beethoven's overtures because Beethoven gave it the name of the hero, so I am forced by you to associate Endymion's outpouring of soul with your music."

To him that cares not for Endymion or Peona, the music itself will give pleasure. He will recognize the expression of moods; he will hear festal music that is, however, secondary; he will hear the struggle of a noble idea with opposing forces and he will find in the jubilant close the triumph of this idea. The music will please him emotionally, for it is first of all emotional. The melodies will appeal to him, and so will rich harmonies and delicately effective or sumptuous instrumentation. This Romance is one of the most spontaneous of Mr. Converse's works.

In these days of young Napoleons of finance, railroads, etc., it is an atrocious crime to be over 40, and the age of 30—Mr. Converse composed "Endymion's Narrative" when he was of that age—is considered one of apathy if not of decrepitude. This music is full of youthful hopes and dreams and aspirations, but the expression is not callow—not so callow as many pages of Keats' poem. On the other hand, the music is not painfully searched after; there is not the too-evident wish to avoid the commonplace; there is no fanatical bowing down to strange harmonic gods. If there is any influence revealed it is that of the composer of "Tristan and Isolde," not of the ultra-modern French and Germans, but this Wagnerian influence is slight and more in an infrequent use of formula than in melodic or harmonic reminiscence.

"Endymion's Narrative" was first played here seven years ago. During these years we have heard strange things in music and listened to strange doctrines. The strangeness in the best of these works is now recognized as beautiful invention. The strangeness in many of them, impotent striving, caused them to disappear and be forgotten. Mr. Converse's romance is still fresh and modern. Its modernity is that of true beauty that abideth, of high thoughts that do not easily die.

The orchestra gave an eloquent performance and Mr. Converse was obliged twice to bow in acknowledgment of the hearty and long continued applause.

The performance of Tschalkowsky's concerto by Mr. Kreisler must be ranked among the most memorable musical events of the recent years in this city. It was memorable not only by reason of technical display, fine taste, brilliance, emotional quality; it was also memorable because the violinist in a certain way recreated the work and gave dignity and charm to pages that heretofore have appeared indifferent, trivial or even vulgar.

Seldom has any performance at a Public Rehearsal aroused as great enthusiasm. It would not be easy to describe Mr. Kreisler's playing to them that were not present. The performance was one to remember, not to analyze; to wonder at as a phenomenon of nature. Conductor and orchestra, as under a spell, gave a most sympathetic accompaniment.

Elgar's variations are the work of a thoughtful and well equipped musician, who is not without fancy, who has facility in expression, who is often fortunate in combinations of timbres. He does not always distinguish between thought and rhetoric; he has a weakness for sonorous platitudes. When he would fain be most impressive his music is often the emptiest. When he does not take himself too seriously his music is pleasing, but without fine flavor. The composer is an excellent example of the middle class in art. The prettiness, for instance, of the "Dorabella" variation is that of the promenade concert. This set of variations with the bombastic finale was well played.

The program next week will include Liszt's "Faust" symphony with male chorus and Ducasse's Suite Francaise.

FRITZ KREISLER IS STAR AT MATINEE

Magnificent Performance
Given by Violinist at
Symphony Hall.

Journal — Apr. 9, 1910

Fritz Kreisler, the most distinguished violinist who has visited Boston for a good many seasons, was the soloist at the Symphony matinee yesterday, playing the Tschalkowsky concerto in D major, last heard when Elman made his first appearance here, a little more than a year ago. Kreisler's performance was magnificent, not only in its display of technical power, but in its intelligent expression of the deep emotional contents of the work. It was a virtuoso exhibition commanding the admiration of the most critical. The members of the orchestra were as enthusiastic as those in the audience. Great applause followed the first two movements and at the end the brilliant soloist was recalled several times. The playing of the orchestra was also worthy of the heartiest commendation.

Frederick S. Converse, the composer whose opera, "The Pipe of Desire," was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York a few weeks ago, was another recipient of popular honors after the performance of his romance for orchestra, "Endymion's Narrative," which is the first number on this week's program. It is an interesting composition and it was most sympathetically played. Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme," with Mr. Marshall as organist, was the concluding number.

Next week the program will present another novelty, Roger-Ducasse's "Suite Francaise," which will follow "A Faust Symphony," by Liszt.

It is announced that the engagement of Anton Witek, as first violin, to succeed Professor Willy Hess, is virtually assured. Mr. Witek has been concert-master of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin for the last sixteen years. He was born in Saaz, Bohemia in 1872, and studied at Prague, under Bennewitz. He is described as a "serious, solid, thoroughly grounded musician," and not a virtuoso, and as an "excellent interpreter of the classic masters," and yet having a wide acquaintance with the modern orchestral repertory. He has made successful tours as a concert soloist in Scandinavia.

CONVERSE WORK AT SYMPHONY

Endymion's Narrative
by Orchestra.

Tschaikowsky and Elgar
Round Out Rehearsal.

Concerto For Violin Is
Played by Kreisler.

Globe — Apr. 9, 1910

The program of the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: "Endymion's Narrative," romance for orchestra, op. 10, by F. S. Converse; Tschalkowsky's concerto in D major for violin, played by Fritz Kreisler, and Elgar's variations on an original theme, op. 36, with Mr. Marshall as organist.

Mr. Converse has written superbly imaginative music. It is fanciful without being grotesque, picturesque without being bizarre. It fathoms seriousness without tedious profundity, and it knows lightness and caprice. It flows unflinchingly. It is ardent and quickening with the glow of youth and of combat. It throbs with the emotions of the heart and plays with the fancies of the brain—it is true romanticism.

The work was "suggested" by certain scenes from Keats' story of Endymion. Mr. Converse has professed no desire "to follow the text slavishly and in detail, but merely to give a general reflection of its emotional phases."

While making his romance reflective of the spiritual struggle of the hero between ambition and love, the composer has not omitted episodes of lighter and more playful fancy which are replete with beautiful imagery.

The work is singularly fresh, spontaneous and well sustained. It has fleetness and vitality, the true flavor and the breath of life. It has spun itself into a tonal fabric in which are found melodic beauty, a wealth of contrasting color, effective employment of light and shade, and although a free, yet a consistent invention in pattern. Mr. Converse rose from his seat and acknowledged the applause which was generous.

Mr. Kreisler, who has of late seasons steeped his soul in the chaste serenity of early Italian classicism, is not now disposed to forsake its hallowed light even for the impassioned melancholy of the Slavic Tschalkowsky. The abandon of Mr. Elman's broad and puissant

bowing may well be imagined in the two strongly rhythmed, folk-lore flavored themes of the fiery finale.

Yesterday Mr. Kreisler's bravura was perhaps less obvious but not inferior in power of suggestion. He kept that admirable poise and equilibrium which does not lessen the virility and verve of his playing by giving it polish.

Even here, Mr. Kreisler was fastidious in keeping the silken gloss and richness in his G string tones where more "temperamental" or "emotional" players might have rasped ravishingly. Mr. Kreisler does not forget beauty of tone or of style. This finale was done with superb spirit. It did not possess wild admirable poise and equilibrium which the bounds of a rhythm which moved both by its rigor and its plasticity.

Much might be said of the beauty of tone and the finish of phrasing in the first movement, and of the exquisite reading of the Canzonetta.

Mr. Kreisler is not immune from questionable intonation in rapid passages, but the supreme art of his playing and interpretation transcends a quibble in technic. Mr. Kreisler was repeatedly recalled.

Elgar has written a theme, called "Enigma" in the score, and on it 13 variations and a finale, each indicative of the nature and temperament of a friend, and each inscribed with the friend's initials. Here is more than a mood for every day. Happy is the man who boasts 14 such well-assorted friends.

Elgar wrote some of these variations with a fluency, a spontaneity and a lightness of touch which find but remote kinship in the mediocrity of his profound symphony.

Mr. Elgar's fondness for the pompous is discernible in the heavily-scored finale. It may be said at times to be imposing.

The curious and irrelevant might be piqued to know who and what was the academic composer's inspiration for the sprightly, vivacious and kittenish suggestion of femininity inscribed to "Dorabella" in the 10th variation.

The concert was highly enjoyable. Mr. Fiedler conducted with spirit, and the orchestra was sensitive both to technical demands and to mood.

Next week Liszt's "Faust" symphony will be given with the assistance of the Apollo club. The Suite-Francaise in D major of Roger-Ducasse will be performed for the first time in America.

FIEDLER GUEST OF THE PAPYRUS CLUB

Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was the guest of honor at the spring dinner of the Papyrus Club at Young's. In honor of Mr. Fiedler a quartet sang a parody with the following chorus:

Bing go the cymbals and bang goes the drum—
Scherzo in skirts, nocturne in Te Deum.
And you'll get a thriller that thrills you
through and through
When Fiedler's fiddlers fiddle a tune that's
new to you.

Among the guests were Eben D. Jordan, Wallace Goodrich and Louis C. Elson. *Journal* Apr. 5, 1910

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

LISZT,

A FAUST SYMPHONY in three Character Pictures,
(after Goethe)

I. FAUST. Lento assai. Allegro impetuoso
Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai

II. GRETCHEN. Andante soave

III. MEPHISTOPHELES. Allegro vivace ironico

Final Chorus. "Alles vergänglichhe": Andante mistico

Organist, Mr. MARSHALL

MALE CHORUS from the APOLLO CLUB

Mr. James H. Rattigan, Tenor

DUCASSE,

SUITE FRANCAISE in D major

I. Ouverture. Très décidé

II. Bourrée. Pas vite et très rythmé

III. Récitatif et Air. Très declamé. Plus lent. Lentement

IV. Menuet vif. Très décidé. Tranquillo

(First time in America)

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"FAUST" SYMPHONY AND A ROGER-DUCASSE SUITE

Adm 1

April 16, '10

Apollo Club Assists in the Liszt
Work—A Couple of Mishaps
During the Afternoon.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Liszt. "Faust" Symphony.
Roger-Ducasse. Suite Française.

The list looks short, but if the reader is at all acquainted with Liszt's "Faust" symphony he will know that this work is a concert in itself. It is not a work, however, that is holding its own. Compared with such a symphonic poem as "Les Preludes" it seems rather faded, but it is brilliant in tone coloring, ingenious in figure treatment and at times attractively melodic, at all events more so than many of the modern works of its size and scope.

The first movement, picturing Faust, is largely occupied with the ambitious and military side of his character, and does not dwell much upon his amatory entanglements. The second movement is the gem of the work, and portrays the simplicity and trustfulness of Marguerite or "Gretchen." Here there is directness of melodic structure and a tone-picture that is not only quite intelligible, but attractive as well. Metaphysics or Ethics enter into the third movement, which is devoted to Mephistopheles.

By a stroke of genius Liszt refrains from giving definite new figures to Satan, but evolves the greater part of the movement from parodies and mockeries of preceding themes of Faust. It is a vivid way of suggesting that Satan cannot construct but can only demolish. The pure and innocent themes of Gretchen are, however, beyond his power. The end brings in a chorus to words of Goethe, a fitting climax poetically, but not as great musically as some preceding portions of the work, being chiefly a "rechauffee" of the "Gretchen" theme.

There are many chromatic passages in the movement and much "obbligato." It is not welded together, but sounds rather heterogeneous. There is neither the Wagnerian beauty of "leit-motiven," nor their exquisite development, in the work.

But it must be borne in mind that Liszt was the pioneer. He was the precursor of many Wagnerian ideas. How much Wagner borrowed from him may easily be studied in this symphony. The Slumber music from "Die Walkure," the "St. John's Day" figure, from "Die Meistersinger," and many other acquaintances may here be met with. Per Contra, Liszt owes considerable to Berlioz. The whiff of purity (the "Gretchen" theme) in the midst of the Satanic atmosphere of the third movement, may have been caught

from the religious theme of the monks which Berlioz introduces in the orgie of the Finale of the "Childe Harold" symphony, while the parody of lofty themes by Satan is a replica of the idea which dominates the finale of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique."

The first movement was especially well played in the heroic touches. The "Gretchen" was dawdled a little and had as little backbone as a jelly-fish. Nevertheless its chief theme was beautifully interpreted. The counterpoint of the Finale was clearly defined and everything was going well, when—at the very climax—the organ began "ciphering." Possibly the instrument thought that, in a modern symphony, a few notes more or less made no great difference, and therefore started an improvised organ-point of its own. As a consequence there was a "lunga pausa" before the chorus could enter. A little later "the lights burned blue," or at least they went out, so that the Mephistopheles movement was full of appropriate pranks.

When the chorus did enter (it was a delegation from the Apollo club) after repairs had been made, it sang very steadily and beautifully, and the solo tenor, Mr. James H. Rattigan, gave a very artistic interpretation of his melodious numbers. But the contretemps must have been a terrific strain upon Mr. Fiedler, and it could not have happened at a worse moment. The audience tried to express its sympathy by much applause.

Roger Ducasse is a new name to Boston audiences, so new that it will be sought in vain in the latest Grove and Riemann biographical dictionaries. He is, as the name indicates, a Frenchman, and his composition is in the modern French school. Ducasse is quite a young Parisian and a pupil of Faure. He promises well. He has already won the second "Prix de Rome" and has composed some worthy orchestral pieces. But there is yet considerable difference between Dukas and Ducasse—the French might say that the latter is the feminine of the former.

The overture of the "Suite Française" was the best part of the work. It was melodious yet finely developed. We welcome a young Frenchman who does not drag us through the brambles and unfold unsolvable mysteries with each new composition. The Gallic love for the woodwind instruments was made apparent in the first two movements. Piccolo and flute were especially prominent and especially well-played.

There was a Bourree that no Auvergnat could dance to, but it was bright and capricious music all the same. The Suite tapered off a trifle towards the end. Ducasse showed a mastery of the large orchestra, but every modern composer does that. No one nowadays dreams of writing even a Cradle-song without trombones, tubas, gong, cymbals, half a dozen kettle-drums, etc. The so-called "classical score" seems gone for good.

It may have been the mishaps of the concert, or it may have been the glitter and romance of the Liszt symphony, but the Suite on this occasion seemed something of an anti-climax. It may make a much better impression tonight. It is certainly good music.

AN ORGAN AND THE SYMPHONY

Trans. — Apr. 16, 1910

An Afternoon of Unusual and Amusing
Incident at the Symphony Concert—A
Vicious and Untamable Organ That Dis-
turbed Liszt's "Faust" and Sorely Vexed
Mr. Fiedler and His Men—Lengths, Lights
and Light-Mindedness

An organ, at a symphony concert is a vain thing for safety. Since composers will, on occasion, write parts for it, orchestras, on occasion, must provide it. Time was when they gave their concerts under the shadow of a "noble instrument" fixed in his place, oftenest dependable. Few orchestras sit upon such shadowed stages nowadays, and at Symphony Hall in particular, the actual organ is an ignoble instrument. Externally, it is diminutive and ugly to the eye, a mere thing to be shifted about the stage according to the convenience of the day, with a hose pipe trailing away into what Zarathustra called the rear-world. Its tone oftenest is as ignoble as its aspect—a mere organ in its lower and prosaic estate. Its temper—for organs notoriously have tempers—is ignobler still. Every organist, who to his anxiety has had to do with it, has opened it with suspicion and closed it with relief, weary with careful and mistrustful tendence. Like some children, however, such an organ can be most vicious when it is left to itself and most perilous after a long period of seeming quiescence. Now, the organ at Symphony Hall, has behaved itself unusually well these many months, made a show even of sham virtues, and lulled those in charge of it into a false confidence that grew a little careless of what used to be a periodical and minute examination into the state of its "innards."

Yesterday the organ had its part in the finale of Liszt's "Faust" symphony; once more it had been shifted—this time to the extreme left of the stage, beyond the first violins, but well toward the front, clearly visible, and, as the event was soon to prove, clearly audible. Ignoble but quiescent, it stood in its sheath of virtue through the first movement of the symphony. The ensuing pause was longer than usual and impatience seemingly winged its viciousness. Mr. Fiedler lifted his stick to begin the second movement and simultaneously the organ, of its own motion, lifted its voice. It was a two-fold voice, so to say, half-shrill with petulance, half-gruff with sullenness. Quick-eared persons in the audience who dislike the new music, believed that they were hearing a new dissonance, tried to discover whether Liszt had anticipated Strauss or d'Indy, and wondered just how it characterized Gretchen in an Andante

Souave. The mere laity pricked up its ears at an unfamiliar sound that no human hand was drawing forth from wood or string or brass; placed it, guessed it, and smilingly craned its head to see and hear. Mr. Fiedler did not smile; while Mr. Marshall, the organist, disappeared to suppress behind the scenes the fit of temper that had seized his instrument. The restraining process took time.

At length the symphony proceeded, but with the experienced and therefore mistrustful Fiedler casting nervous side-glances at the tamed organ, and with his men beginning to be as nervous as he. The second movement—of "Gretchen"—flowed its course; the third movement—of "Mephistopheles"—went its ironic and acrid way. The moment of transition came, the moment dear to the word-painting commentators: "The music ascends in the violins, grows softer and softer; the oboe sings the Gretchen theme. The vision quickly fades. Again an outbreak of despair; and then things grow more and more desperate, till we come to what we may call the transformation scene. It is like the rolling and shifting of clouds, and, indeed, transports us from the abode of mortal man to more ethereal spheres." But the organ would have none of them. The inferno of its own entrails cried out in protest; and lifted its voice in a sustained and mounting wall. A classicist behind us said it "ululated," and presumably the word described the sound. The audience, being human, craned and tittered; Mr. Fiedler rapped the band to silence, tossed his stick on his music-stand and in three strides almost was out of the door seeking the organist. If a passing look could annihilate wood and metal, the organ would have fallen into shreds and splinters as he passed.

A long and excessive pause as Wagner's stage directions say, ensued, in which the murmurings of the organ gradually stilled themselves. Mr. Marshall once more took his place before it—grim; and Mr. Fiedler—grim, too—resumed the finale. Then the choir of the Apollo Club for the chorus and Mr. Rattigan for the tenor passages, bore orchestra and conductor, symphony and audience to the end. There was a hearty burst of applause; over it rose a burst of chattering tongues such as the afternoon concerts have not known in many a day; and then suddenly, to cap the climax, the hall was in the semi-darkness that usually shrouds it. The hour was four; the organ had lengthened the "Faust" symphony by many minutes; an innocent electrician had believed the concert ended. An unusual number of the audience took the hint and departed; Ducasse's new suite went its way between a conductor and a band who were plainly glad to have done and to whom his daring 15-8 and 11-8 and 7-4 and 5-4 time-signatures may plausibly have seemed the final vexation of a freakish day. It was a day for record not for reviewing. That shall come after the con-

cert tonight. Meanwhile the organ is receiving what the policeman who orders traffic was sure it needed—the third degree.
H. T. P.

Organ Goes on Rampage at Symphony Concert

Post

Apr. 16, 1910

BY OLIN DOWNES

The performance of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, for the first time in many years with chorus, was the least of the sensations attendant upon the 22d public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The symphony was well under way when the great organ became possessed of the Mephistofeleian spirit of denial. The first movement of the symphony—the "Faust" section—had been given a brilliant performance. Mr. Fiedler took up his baton to commence the "Gretchen" movement, when the organ, recollecting the final conflicting tonalities of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," began to vocalize. Two tones, the one a squeak and the other a groan, sounded simultaneously and continuously. There was a wait of some 10 minutes before the refractory instrument was suppressed. The "Mephistofeles" movement went on in good shape, until it was nearly time for the "chorus mysticus" to be heard, and then a chord kept sounding long after Mr. Fiedler had become discouraged in endeavoring to drown or discourage the tone. Mr. Fiedler was obviously at the end of his patience. The audience, pleasantly disposed, applauded for the movement to finish. At last Mr. Fiedler took courage, and the final pages proceeded without mishap. Previous to the performance this evening, the instrument will be carefully gone over. It is not the first time that it has caused some inconvenience, though never in such a glaringly discourteous manner. The exact cause of the trouble is not known. Either a pneumatic valve was responsible for the "ciphering," or there was some complication in the arrangement of the cable which connects the manual with the wind chest and pipes, for the keyboard was placed at one side of the orchestra, instead of at the back of the stage or directly in front of Mr. Fiedler, as usual.

This was not all. The "Faust" symphony is a work of no mean dimensions. Under ordinary circumstances it consumes 50 minutes and upwards in performance. The delays, on this occasion, brought the conclusion at about 3:55. As the concerts usually conclude by a

quarter past the hour, the electrician very naturally concluded that the end was come, and, as the audience poured into the corridors for the intermission, the lights commenced to go out, one set after another. The hall was in darkness, save for the lights which hang suspended over the orchestra, before the mistake was corrected. There was more laughter.

These were by far the most diverting moments of the afternoon, for Liszt's symphony, though containing more than one flash of genius, is upon the whole tedious and boresome. Nor can better things be said of the suite by Roger Ducasse, which was given for the first time in this country. Mr. Ducasse, a pupil, we are told, of Gabriel Faure, has an extensive technique, and in the music heard yesterday he brings his tools with him. The music is modern. It is written with design to fill old bottles with new wine. It is ingeniously, though usually obviously, pieced together. The overture is festive and brilliantly orchestrated, as are the other movements. This music is for the most part forced and arid.

Hearing Liszt's symphony the immense debt that modern composers, from Wagner down, owe that composer, was the more apparent. The first movement of this work is interesting. It is impossible to consider it a symphony, for, in spite of pretence to symphonic proportions and principles, the music is seldom or never symphonic, in the true sense. With all his brilliancy, Liszt very rarely displayed any ability to give a theme genuine development. In the Faust movement climaxes build up and lead to nothing.

A climax should be the flowering, the explosion, of what has gone before. Better to take the other point of view, to consider this as a series of musical pictures. There is much striking material. Never mind if the phrases—most significant, believable, Faust-like phrases—which introduce the section, do make us think of Tristan. They are genuinely expressive, and it is not particularly profitable to waste time in speculation as to the real thief, Liszt or Wagner. Both gentlemen were inhabited by a consciousness new born in that period. Wagner was the greatest musician; Liszt, perhaps, the greatest seer—as witness his successors, to name only two, Franck and Strauss. The two artists benefited by each other.

There are some of the very biggest kind of ideas in this symphony. In writing of Faust, the philosopher and sceptic, Liszt knew whereof he spoke. His portrayal of Gretchen is melodious and milky, the Mephistofeleian mockery of the last part is potteringly ingenious and quite futile. And the passages for the chorus are still more flat. They do not, indeed, invite comparison with the great setting of the same passage by Schumann. With the exception of the misshapen mentioned this performance was in the highest degree worthy of Mr. Fiedler and his men. The chorus, too, sang with fine body and sonority of tone. This chorus consisted of members of the Apollo Club, and it was James Rattigan, tenor, who sang the difficult solo measures. These gentlemen are to be heartily thanked for their performance, which made possible a hearing of a very important and comparatively unknown work.

"FAUST SYMPHONY."

Liszt's Movement Played
by Fiedler's Men.

Suite Francaise by Ducasse Given
Its Premiere in America.

Globe — Apr. 16/10

Two works comprised the program at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon: Liszt's "Faust Symphony in Three Character Pictures (after Goethe)" with a male chorus from the Apollo club, James H. Rattigan solo tenor and Mr. Marshall organist, and a Suite Francaise in D major by Ducasse, for the first time in America.

The three divisions of the symphony, "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles," do not betray symphonic form in their relation to each other, and with the exception of the first, in their structure as individual movements. "Faust" does follow the general plan of the usual divisions of exposition, working out and recapitulation.

The composer's purpose was to write music which should describe or characterize these three individuals, after the fashion in which Goethe wrote of them. One might say that Liszt had written three tone-poems or "character pictures," instead of a symphony. His music, however, is much inferior in vitality, imaginative sweep, coherence and communicating appeal to "The Preludes" or even to his "Hungarian Rhapsodies."

The thematic material of the "Faust" is not itself at fault. The opening theme with its two ascending tritones is not unlike the groping, despairing Faust, nor is the oboe's strained downward skip of the major seventh in the second unbecoming to his laboring mind. There is another theme descending step-wise that breathes of longing, and another which speaks manfully and with resolve in the trumpet, and later with much bombast and pomp in all the brass.

In the use and development of this subject matter there is a lack of completeness, directness or conviction of statement.

The "Gretchen" division has character, but does not fully characterize. It is sweet, mild, innocuous music, with the prettiness of flowing curves of gracious melody as far as Gretchen herself is concerned. In the light of such an atmosphere it is difficult to explain the perturbed and self-absorbed seriousness which beclouds the entrance of Faust, after the version of Goethe.

For his third division, devoted to Mephistopheles, Liszt has evolved a pregnant and subtle psychology. Instead of setting up his arch-fiend in the clouds to declare his colossal impudence by hurling puny threats at Omnipotence as does Boito in his opera "Mefistofele," Liszt makes him the evil spirit of Faust's own life.

His psychology is better than his reduction of it to music. It would be curious and diverting after the innocent and amiable unsophistication of the Gretchen music, to hear a daring and riotous perversion of the Faust themes according to Liszt's plan for this movement, but with the exquisite keen-bladed satire and sardonic malevolence worthy of the prince of negation, and not with merely the lukewarmness of mischievous chatter.

And yet, strange to say, this music raised the devil with the organ. Yesterday afternoon shortly before the chorus was to sing, the noble instrument raised its voice in one prolonged, lusty note of protest. Mr. Fiedler was obliged to stop the performance until the speaking tone could be stopped.

The final music of the male chorus lifts the hearer into a height of quietude, serenity and contemplation far above the stress of the world. The choir from the Apollo club sang in all ways acceptably. Mr. Rattigan performed the small solo part smoothly and with good intonation.

Mr. Fiedler read the work throughout with care and spirit. He did much to give significance and color to waste places. The orchestra met the terrific difficulties of the work successfully.

Roger Ducasse, about whom the dictionaries are as yet reticent, was a pupil of Faure and, as the program book also says, was winner of the second "grand prize" at the Paris conservatory in 1902.

His new work is full of vivacity and nervous energy. The overture of the first movement is bright piquant and the best sustained in interest. The Bourree of the second movement is dainty, quaint and delicate.

A recitative and air with agreeable melody for clarinet and English horn and a somewhat stilted and pompous Minuet conclude.

MUSIC OF DUCASSE HEARD HERE FIRST

Herald — *Apr. 16/10*
Suite Francaise, Played by the
Boston Symphony Orchestra
at Rehearsal, Has Been Given
Nowhere Else in America.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Ducasse's Suite Francaise. The orchestra was assisted in Liszt's Symphony by members of the Apollo Club and James H. Rattigan, tenor.

Roger Ducasse's Suite was played for the first time in America. It is said that he is a step-son of Gabriel Faure and some hint at a closer relationship. However this may be, as a pupil of Faure, he took the second "Prix de Rome" in 1902. Small pieces by him have been performed in Paris during the last six years, but he blossomed out in 1909 when his Variations on a Serious Theme for orchestra were performed at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, and this Suite was played twice at a Colonne concert. The Variations will be heard here next Tuesday at Mrs. Hall's concert. Choruses by him were produced last month at a Lamoureux concert. With Faure, Aubert, Caplet, Hure, Koechlin, Ravel, Schmitt and others, he has recently founded the "Societe Musicale Independante," a society that purposes to give five concerts this season, beginning April 20, in which compositions for orchestra and chamber music will be played without regard to style or school. These concerts are especially for the benefit of young composers, but interesting works of the past will not be excluded.

This Suite contains an overture, a bourree, a recitative and air, and a minuet. The music is not preten-

tious. It seems as though the composer had endeavored to modernize in an extreme degree the archaic suite. The overture, for instance, begins with a pompous theme after the manner of Handel, but in the development of the theme Ducasse is soon ultra-modern in harmonic progressions and general spirit. Nor has the Bourree the rough and stamping character of the old dance. The chief theme is rather delicate and the treatment and the instrumentation are carefully searched out. These two movements are the most distinguished of the four.

The recitative was played without marked expression by the first clarinet. The air, written preferably for an oboe d'amore, but given in the absence of this instrument to the English horn, is suave. The continuation of this air admits of more expressive treatment than it received. The finale, a minuet, has some pleasant pages, but as a whole it is too mannered, and the changes in tempo—15-8, 11-8, 7-4 and 5-4—do not add to the effect. The chief feature of this suite is its instrumentation. In the minuet there are singularly effective passages for trumpet.

The performance of Liszt's Symphony was seriously marred by the unruly behavior of the organ, which ciphered badly, once in the extraordinary passage which Wagner stole with both hands and without remorse. There was added irony in the fact that a workman was at the time in the organ to ensure a perfect performance.

The interruption and delay were annoying to the conductor and the audience, and the effect of the symphony was impaired thereby. Nevertheless the music made a profound impression and the audience was demonstrative in appreciation.

The symphony was an extraordinary work at the time it was written, and it is still extraordinary in structure, in poetic thought, and in charm and brilliance of expression. It led the way to the ultra-modern symphony. It furnished thematic and harmonic material to many now held up as great, especially to Wagner. Not only are there reminiscences of Liszt's music in "The Valkyrie" and in "Parsifal," but the manner of Liszt—manner, not mannerisms—in-

fluenced Wagner profoundly, as it influenced Franck and Saint-Saens. The "Faust" symphony, misunderstood and neglected as it was for years, even today not fully appreciated by many and openly flouted by hide-bound conservatives, made possible the music of the present that is of real value.

Furthermore, in this "Faust" Symphony there is true characterization without a minute and impertinent program. The movement "Faust" is deeply thoughtful, philosophic, yet restless with the restlessness that cannot find satisfaction in this world. "Gretchen" is not only beautiful and pathetic as music; it typifies the qualities of womanhood that have made Goethe's heroine stand apart enskied from her sisters. In "Mephistopheles" there is no vulgar pantomime music, no music for a devil to appear through a trap door, no shrill whistling on the fingers and no Meyerbeerian pomp of brass as in Boito's "Mefistofele"; but the metamorphoses of Faust's themes are the expression of the Spirit that denies the fiend's arch-mock. Especially ironical is the transformation of Faust's triumphal motive that is given in its glory to the brass and afterward debased in the dust.

There is perhaps a time in the life of every concert-goer when he judges Liszt by music that has pseudo-grandeur, a species of sentimental religious feeling, and a naivete that is artificial. As years go by the concert-goer learns to differentiate between Liszt the virtuoso and Liszt the artist, as by reading the volumes of Liszt's correspondence that have been published lately he learns to respect and admire the man himself, eager for the welfare of others, unselfish, generous with time, influence and his purse. The years go by and the fame of Liszt grows more and more brilliant. Surely the composer of the "Faust" Symphony must be ranked beyond doubt and peradventure with the immortals.

The members of the Apollo Club gave excellent assistance in the final mystical chorus.

CIPHER BLEATS IN MIDDLE OF SYMPHONY

Trouble With Organ Nearly Breaks Up Concert and Causes Titter.

APOLLO CLUB'S WORK PLEASES AUDIENCE

"Suite Francaise," Played for the
First Time Here, Proves a
Scholarly Composition.

Journal — *Apr. 16/10*
A little cipher is a dangerous thing. It almost broke up the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. This particular "cipher," as organists call it when the organ blows itself, began with a plaintive bit of treble just before the second movement of Liszt's "Faust" symphony, the first number on this week's program. Conductor Fiedler gave an inquisitive look over toward Organist Marshall. A smile ran over the audience; then a titter. Finally Mr. Marshall withdrew, and so did the cipher.

But alas and alack, they both came back for the third and last movement. In the most impressive measures—in the famous tone picture which has been likened to the "rolling and shifting of clouds"—the cipher bleated out once again, and more plaintively than ever. Mr. Fiedler rapped sharply on his desk and the orchestra stopped. Such interruptions do not happen more than once in a dog's age. It sounded scandalous. The audience applauded Mr. Fiedler sympathetically as he hurried to and fro. Mr. Marshall withdrew again, and the symphony was resumed, this time continuing through to the end without more ado. The delay brought this first number to a close at just 4 o'clock—the last intermission in recent years.

The performance, however, was splendid. The Apollo Club sang the "Alles Vergaengliche," which forms the conclusion of the work, in English—and sang it beautifully, as might have been expected. James T. Rattigan was the tenor soloist.

Roger Ducasse's "Suite Francaise," played for the first time on this side of the ocean, was the concluding number. It proved to be a scholarly and spirited composition.

Next week August Halm's symphony for string orchestra will be performed for the first time in America. Strauss' "Don Quixote" and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music will be the other numbers.

THE CECILIA AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. Apr. 15/1910
The Advantages to Both in an Alliance and the Circumstances That Counsel It—Musical Satiety in New York and Musical Satisfaction in London—The Delights of Operatic Antiques—"Habanera" and the Boston Opera—A Spanish "Ring"—Mr. Newman's Retort Upon Mr. Shaw

Today and tomorrow, a choir from the Apollo Club is singing in the Finale of Liszt's "Faust" with the Symphony Orchestra. A fortnight hence a choir from the Cecilia will assist it in a performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Had Mr. Fiedler found occasion to perform Debussy's tone-poem, "Appalachia," he would have had need this season of still another choir. Last year, at the Symphony Concerts, a part of the Choral Club of the Conservatory and a body of singers from the Cecilia were necessary to Debussy's "Sirens" and the Choral Symphony. Dr. Muck in the two years of his conductorship ventured no music that asked an assisting choir; but in Mr. Gericke's time, performances of Schumann's "Manfred," of the music of the Venusberg in "Tannhäuser" and of fragments of "Parsifal"—to cite only casually—required such assistance. The conductors of the Symphony Orchestra have often wished to put on their programmes music that demanded both an orchestra and a chorus; that was interesting, important and sometimes rarely heard, in itself; that had at least an occasional place in the repertoires of similar bands and that would have added to the diversity and so to the pleasure of our long series of Symphony Concerts. Oftenest, they have foregone their purpose, because of the embarrassments, artistic, financial and of mere routine, in the securing of assistance from one or another independent choral society.

Many an orchestra in Europe maintains a chorus of its own or helps to maintain one in close alliance with it that it may utilize the singers for music that is both orchestral and choral and that should stand, at intervals, on its programmes. The Symphony Orchestra has long needed such a choral ally, and it is an open secret that at least once in the past, it has made overtures to the Cecilia to that end. They were politely declined; but a single refusal seems no sufficient reason why they should not be renewed. Though only a few years have passed since the proposal was made, musical conditions in this town, and especially the conditions that attend choral concerts, have changed rapidly. Unless they have a peculiar and comparatively isolated public, like that of the Apollo Club or the Handel and Haydn Society, they must contend with the

opera, the Symphony Concerts, the ever-increasing swarms of wandering singers and virtuosi in a community that seems to grow more and more indifferent to choral music. Endowed as the Cecilia is, justly distinguished as it is among such bodies, long and honorable as has been its past, interesting as is its present, the public response to its concerts in the last two years has not been encouraging. It is losing its old following; it has not materially gained a new. Its concerts are beginning to come and go in the routine of the musical winter. If half the current reports be true, it is vexed with divided counsels in the ordering of its affairs and its future. It needs to regain its old vitality, prestige, and place in our musical life. Could it better do so than by becoming the allied choir of the Symphony Orchestra? The orchestra needs such a chorus; the Cecilia would share the prestige and the security of the band; and if it lost a little of its individuality, it would not be abating, in association with the first orchestra in America, one whit of its standards. A future would open before it. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CALLS OUT MANY OF THE FASHIONABLE SET

Many Men Are Also Seen in Audience at the Friday Rehearsal.

Journal Apr. 16/10
Mrs. John L. Gardner was the first society arrival at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday. She wore a grayish velvet gown and black turban. The fine weather called out the fashionable set and a number of men. Noted in the crush were Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, Mrs. Francis H. Peabody and daughter, Mrs. William Lindsey, Mrs. A. Forbes Conant, Mrs. Horace P. Jealous, Miss Helen B. MacNichol, Mrs. Francis Stanley, Mrs. Maragret L. Ray, Mrs. Elmer E. Clapp, Lucie Tucker Blake, Mrs. Robert Clark, Mrs. George Lee and daughter, Barbara Higginson, Amy Lowell, Rosamond Fay, Mrs. John L. Thorndike, Mrs. George Lewis, her sister, Mrs. George Silsbee, Mrs. William P. Fay, Mrs. J. B. Forsyth, Mrs. Theodore P. Gooding, Mrs. T. James Bowler, Mrs. E. Preble Motley, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, Leslie Knowles, Cornelia Wolcott, Mrs. E. Everett Holbrook, Mrs. Edward Brainerd Cowles, Rosamond Gibson, Mrs. George H. Stoddard and daughter Yvonne, Mildred Bond, Mrs. Arthur Astor Carey, Mrs. John D. Long, Martha Dana Shepard, Mrs. Nathan Matthews and Mr. and Mrs. Elson.

Liszt's Faust Symphony and Ducas's Suite Francaise at the Symphony Concerts—

Trans. Apr. 9, 1910
For the first time in eleven years Liszt's "Faust" Symphony will be given with its choral ending at the symphony concerts of next Friday and Saturday, and for its performance the orchestra will have the assistance of the Apollo Club of Boston and of Mr. James H. Rattigan, the tenor. The obstacles to the performance of this work are many, and not the least of them has been the arrangement for a male chorus to participate in a Friday afternoon rehearsal. The reluctance of the conductors to give the symphony except in the entirety which it deserves has prevented its performance in earlier seasons. This, then, with one other work completes the programme. The Suite Francaise in D major by Roger Ducasse will be performed next Friday for the first time in America. The Suite has been described as an artful combination of early form and modern manner. It is the craftsmanship of a man of thirty-five, a pupil of Fauré. Its parts are four, an overture, bourrée, air and minuet.

Mr. Fiedler has completed his programmes for the three pairs of Symphony Concerts that remain to finish the season, and they go as follows: For the concerts of this week Liszt's "Faust" symphony, with the choral finale sung by a choir of the Apollo Club and a new suite by a new Parisian composer, Roger-Ducasse; for the concerts of next week, Strauss's "Don Quixote," the overture, scherzo, nocturne and wedding march from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a novel piece for strings by a new composer, August Hahn; for the final concerts of the year on April 29 and 30, Beethoven's first symphony and his choral symphony, with a choir from the Cecilia and Mesrs. de Moss and Keyes and Messrs. von Norden and Weld for the quartet.

The night before, the orchestra had been as finely eloquent and the conductor more truly puissant—because he was more discriminating—in the performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. It is intrinsically romantic, delineative, large-fibred, warmly colored, passionate music; it abounds in contrasts; it courts the incisive phrase; it shuns subtleties of thought and of expression; and by all these tokens it asks and it stimulates Mr. Fiedler's best talents. In the "Faust" symphony, he was again the masterful, the revealing, the warmed and warming conductor of "Zarathustra," of "Heldenleben," of Berlioz. Answering to him, his men attained the twofold goal of orchestral playing. The music by Gretchen, for example, came from their hands in a very soft and glamorous tonal beauty; it ran with an exquisite euphony of sustained and gently colored phrase. As the men played it, they and the conductor spiritu-

alized it, till the idealized figure of Gretchen rose out of it to touch and to hold the imagination. And the men of the Apollo Club and Mr. Rattigan, their tenor, were as sensitive to the sublimated music of the final chorus. There was no thought in the hearer of the difficult intervals or the insistently high range of the mere notes; there was impression only of the mounting voice of the music, now shadowed, now ethereal.

This "chorus mysticus," as Liszt called it, is the climax of the symphony after all; the distilling of the ideal toward which all its romantic struggle and romantic passion ascends. In that struggle, through the long half hour of the first movement, the orchestra and the conductor were as graphic and eloquent. Here is a music-drama, more vivid, more engrossing, perhaps, than though it were set upon the stage, because it is the drama of Faust's struggles with himself, with his longings and his despairs, with the world around him and the world of his spirit. With Gretchen, Liszt summons an idealized figure; with Faust he opens a tortured mind; with Mephistopheles he turns the musical means with which he has accomplished both these things into the ironic mockery of them—a feat of technique, but yet more a feat of imagination to which the technique is but the accomplishing means. There is no need to see a Mephistopheles when Liszt can give him mind and voice; and all the changes of the stage are but mechanics beside the transition in tones out of this welter of evil into the ascent of the final chorus. We like to think such delineative and dramatizing music the particular flower of our time. In "Faust" Liszt wrote a masterpiece of it—and in the fifties.

H. T. P.

News of Music

Trans. Apr. 18, 1910
Mr. Keller, for many years the first double-bass player of the Symphony Orchestra, who has assisted often, too, in chamber concerts in which there was need of his instrument, will leave the orchestra of his own choice at the end of the present season. He goes to live in comparative retirement in Munich. Mr. Emanuel Fiedler of the first violins has also resigned and likewise to retire from active work. He was one of the recruits that Mr. Gericke brought to the orchestra when he partially reorganized it and for twenty-five years he has held his place.

ER NIGHT'S DREAM"

SYMPHONY HALL
Sunday Evening, April 17, 1910, at eight o'clock

CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
PENSION FUND
OF THE
Boston Symphony
Orchestra
MAX FIEDLER - - Conductor
SOLOIST
Madame Marcella Sembrich

PROGRAMME

| | | |
|----------------|---|--|
| RICHARD WAGNER | { | Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" |
| | | Prelude to "Lohengrin" |
| | | Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" |
| | | Prelude to "Parsifal" |
| | | Overture to "Tannhäuser" |

VERDI Aria, "Ernani involami," from "Ernani"

LOEFFLER "The Devil's Villanelle"

Organist, Mr. MARSHALL

SONGS WITH PIANO

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| a. BRAHMS | | "Wie Melodien zieht es mir" |
| b. SCHUMANN | | "Aufträge" |
| c. R. STRAUSS | | "Allerseelen" |
| d. JACQUES-DALCROZE | | "L'oiseau bleu" |
| e. LA FORGE | | "To a Messenger" |

Accompanist, Mr. FRANK LA FORGE

BALDWIN PIANO USED

SEMBRICH SINGS TO AID PENSION FUND

Ovation for Noted Artist at
Symphony's Benefit
Concert.

Journal — Apr. 18, 1910

Marcella Sembrich and Richard Wagner were the magnets that drew a big audience to Symphony Hall last night. The occasion was the second and last pension fund concert of the Symphony Orchestra. Financially and artistically it was one of the most successful concerts on record. Every seat was taken and there was a fringe of standees on the floor. The concert was due to end about ten o'clock, but the Sembrich devotees kept their favorite encoring and tripping back and forth until 10.30. It was an extraordinary demonstration of popular esteem, every whit deserved; for, despite little traces of waning physical power, Mme. Sembrich's artistry is still incomparably beautiful.

The concert began with a short Wagnerian festival. Four preludes from "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Parsifal"—the "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde" and the "Tannhaeuser" overture were in this division of the program. Mr. Fiedler was in one of his most enthusiastic moods, and the playing of the orchestra was stirring indeed. After the "Tannhaeuser" number the audience was not content to applaud Mr. Fiedler. The orchestra had to stand up. This was not the least of the well-merited tributes of the evening.

Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Devil's Villanelle," bizarre and dramatic, was the other orchestral selection. Mr. Fiedler, looking around while the applause was volleying down the hall, failed to see the distinguished young composer sitting back in row P. But Mr. Loeffler got his congratulations as he moved to the door after the concert, sharing the late honors with the charming cantatrice.

Mme. Sembrich sang first, with orchestra, an aria from Verdi's "Ernani," the "Ernani involami," and later, accompanied by Frank La Forge, she gave a group of songs with piano—"Wie Melodien zihet es mir," by Brahms; Schumann's "Auftraege," Richard Strauss' "Allerseelen," Jacques Dalcroze's "L'oiseau bleu" and the admired accompanist's own pretty love song, "To a Messenger." The effect of all this was fairly captivating. In fact, after the La Forge song very few left

the hall. It required three encores to lift the spell sufficiently to enable most of the enthusiasts to tear themselves away; and even then some were left applauding hopefully. They did not understand, apparently, that the singer had come all the way from the Middle West to keep the engagement and that she was then pale with fatigue.

The encores were Huntington Woodman's "An Open Secret," then Johann Strauss' "Primavera" waltz song, and last of all another song of spring by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

A SPIRITED CONCERT FOR THE PENSION FUND

Trans. — Apr. 18, 1910

With Wagner and Mme. Sembrich for
Rivals in It—A Sequence of His Preludes
and Her Airs and Songs—The Orchestra
and the Conductor "on Edge"—Their

Truly our musical ways here in Boston are not as the ways of other cities. In Germany, where audiences are much enduring and love cumbrous musical schemes, a programme that listed five of Wagner's preludes in succession, would seem anomalous and ill-ordered; Mr. Wood in London even in the years of his most zealous propaganda never dared such a sequence; New York from the days of Thomas to the days of Toscanini has never heard such a one. Yet here in Boston, Dr. Muck not only made such a list, but added to it the overtures to "Rienzi" and to "The Flying Dutchman" and twice played it triumphantly to overflowing audiences at concerts for the Pension Fund. Mr. Fiedler forebore the two earliest overtures last night, and ran an irregular course through the preludes to "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Tristan" and "Parsifal" to the overture to "Tannhaeuser." Again the occasion was a concert for the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra, and again Symphony Hall was filled to the last seat. Of course, Mme. Sembrich, the singer of the night helped to fill it; but the five preludes surely did their share. The audience listened to them with a rapt and responsive intentness that they never gain in their proper place in the opera house; and at the end of each, the applause was quick, long and hearty. Twice, when the group was done, Mr. Fiedler had to call his men to their feet; and the contrast was sharp between the response of the audience to these preludes and to Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, "The Devil's Round" that stood later on the programme. Mr. Loeffler's music is still caviare to the general; the average hearer only understands and feels it vaguely. The individual idiom, the sincere sophistication of it still baffles him. But Wagner such an audience—and it represented all sorts of musical and social conditions in this town—knows, enjoys, applauds with all its heart. And yet our over-Italian purveyors of opera say there is no public for German pieces in Boston. There is, and the most intelligent public musically that it contains.

The line of eminent singers and virtuosi, who have sung or played for the Pension Fund, often at no little inconvenience to themselves, lengthens—Mme. Melba and

Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Paderew, and Mr. Elman, and last night, Mme. Sembrich in her new freedom from operatic exactions. As she came upon the stage, she fairly glowed with the pleasure of generous purpose at last realized and with the happy excitement of the occasion. She sang the familiar show-piece from "Ernani" and to an accompaniment that showed that our orchestra is much less versed in old Italian than in German opera. She sang the air to a brilliancy that if it was not effortless, was still conquering. The audience covered her with applause; while a grateful orchestra, for once surveying the house complacently, almost buried her in its basket and bunch of roses. Mme. Sembrich skipped, as she has not skipped since the days in which she used to send her Rosina or her Marie tripping off the stage. She returned in as high spirits for her songs; two or three of them were the playful trifles that her artistry and her own sprightliness and insinuation of mood glorify; another was Strauss's setting of the passionate longing, the wistful recollection of "Allerseelen" and Mme. Sembrich's singing of it still searches the heart; another still was Brahms's "Wie Melodien," and Mme. Sembrich's middle tones are yet soft, sustained and lovely. The rest showed the effort the air from "Ernani" had cost her; but with her extra pieces—for the audience was insistent as ever—she warmed again, and the evening ended as gayly as it had begun. Now, a gay Sunday evening in a public place in Boston is a rarely pleasurable thing.

It is the way of the orchestra to be "on edge" at the concerts for the Pension Fund, and last night, besides, the audience was stimulatingly numerous. Mr. Fiedler is as sensitive as a fine barometer to the receptive atmosphere around him. Last night it was very receptive indeed; he clearly felt it the moment in which he began the prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; and he swept his men through it with the briskness of pace, the larger and the larger sonorities, the sinewy counterpoint, the glowing richness of tone that makes the music one of his show pieces. The other day Mr. Toscanini was all for the fineness of strand in the prelude, for its voice of romance, for its sheer abstract tonal beauty. Mr. Fiedler is all for its sinewy Teutonic strength and heartiness and energetic eloquence. The conductor and his men passed to the prelude to "Lohengrin," show-piece these many years for the precision, the luminosity, the songfulness of our strings; the wood-winds were as songful as they last night; and the shimmering path of the descending Grail was so the richer in tonal glow, albeit Mr. Fiedler, in his love for contrast, plunged it into a very tumultuous earth. But from end to end, the music was beautifully sustained, while in the prelude to "Parsifal" Mr. Fiedler fell away into his love for the impassioned phrase. Never was the cry of Amfortas more anguished and more nerve-

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racking; and never was the brass choir richer with the sonorous harmonies of the Knights; but the whole was episodic and so, perhaps, the more neurotic. Those who will have it that the writing of music ceased with Wagner, taunt Strauss with incessant play upon his hearers' nerves. They forget, therein, the prelude to "Parsifal" and its reiterated anguish.

The violoncellos, now a choir to match the first violins, had their turn in the fragment of "Parsifal"; they became as the dramatizing voice of the music; and a few minutes before they had been so no less as the voices of fate that begin the prelude to "Tristan." Out of their foreboding, Mr. Fiedler, in spite of his rhetorical pauses, wrenched the music of the lovers as with the ache of desire unsated and insatiable. His insistence upon the telling phrase, almost upon the little cry, accented the sensuousness of the music; and if the death-song was too thick of tone to be glamorous, the passion of it was heroic. Heroic, too, was Mr. Fiedler's close to the overture of Tannhäuser. The victory of the Pilgrim's chorus was magnificent in its sonorities; it was "Tannhäuser" made epic of the lusts of the flesh and the passions of the spirit—as some of us even after fifty years still like—no doubt childishly—to believe it. But how the conductor loves sheer bigness, sheer richness of tone for its own sake! Fortunate is he and his audiences in an orchestra that can also keep it mellow, colorful, euphonious.

Pension Fund Concert This Evening.

Why Fund Was Formed, What It Has Done for Symphony Men.

"Trovatore" at the Opera House—Current Gossip.

Globe — *Apr. 17, 1910*
The second and last concert for the benefit of the Boston symphony orchestra pension fund is to be given tonight, and the prospects are that Symphony hall will be filled, which is a matter of congratulation. The pension fund, which has been organized by the members of the orchestra and derives its chief support from the two concerts given each season, is not the least important factor in making the orchestra what it is, one of the best in the world.

The fund, which was started in the season of 1903-04, is derived from three sources, the special Sunday night concerts by the orchestra, quarterly dues

paid by the men and gifts from friends. Of the latter between three and four thousand dollars have been contributed. At the establishment of the fund it was arranged that by paying up the equivalent of 10 years' dues the members of the orchestra at that time could then become entitled to its benefits in the event of disability or other cause to prevent further active service. Eligibility at the present time consists in having served 10 years as a member of the orchestra with no delinquency in the payment of dues.

Pensions are paid only when a man is incapacitated for further service and is honorably retired. The amount of his pension is proportionate in size to the length of his term of active membership. A member having played for 25 years will naturally receive a larger pension when retired than one who has served but 10. There are 15 pensions now being paid from this fund.

The management of the orchestra endeavors to give contracts to the men of from 36 to 40 weeks, and to provide summer engagements in so far as is feasible. This makes possible the longest season of any orchestra in America. In addition to the 24 pairs of concerts played at home, there are the five trips south and one west.

There are "extra" engagements arranged for the men, as for the band of 50 or thereabouts, which, under Mr. Strube's direction, accompanies eminent singers or plays incidental music to dramas as at the Ben Greet performances of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." There are also "The Pops"—this year to last nine weeks—which furnish employment to 55.

Perhaps to some orchestral musicians, a chair in the Boston symphony orchestra is the pinnacle of worldly glory and emolument. The honor of membership is gratifying, but man cannot live upon honor alone. While salaries commensurate with the commercial value of such service, are paid, it is difficult for an orchestral player to save any great proportion of his earnings.

Furthermore, an objectionable feature in this career is its short duration. The average length of time in which a man is able to hold and retain his efficiency in this orchestra is from 20 to 25 years. This applies more particularly to the strings.

The tremendous demands of modern music upon the embouchure of the horn player today reduces the period of his practical usefulness to from 15 to 20 years, which is a generous limit.

With a rehearsal four mornings of the week and concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, the greater part of the musician's time is consumed by the orchestra and its requirements. There is no restriction placed upon the teaching which the members do privately, but the playing for balls is prohibited and outside playing in general must first gain consent of the management.

Perhaps the most pathetic feature of the life of a man who devotes his best years to aid in upbuilding and maintaining the prestige of such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra is the fact that when his term of usefulness is over he is fitter for little else. He may teach, but there is comparatively little demand for the teacher of the oboe, the bassoon, the horn and other brass, and the more

the pity that it be true.

To help solve the problem of caring for the men of the orchestra who have served through the prime of life and are retired, the pension fund has been established. No part of the orchestra's yearly calendar is so deserving of interest and patronage.

The program tonight is very attractive, all the more so since Mme Sembrich has generously volunteered her services at great personal inconvenience, for she comes to Boston especially from the west and returns to the west after the concert.

She will sing an aria and five songs with piano, bringing the program to an end with the latter. The aria will be the famous "Ernani Involami," from Verdi's "Ernani," one of the bravura pieces which she has made quite her own. In her songs she will have as accompanist Mr. F. La Forge, who is also giving his services.

The songs will be Brahms' "Wie Melodien zieht es mir," Schumann's "Auftrage," Strauss' "Allerseelen," Jacques-Dalcroze's "L'Oiseau Bleu" and F. La Forge's "To a Messenger."

Between the aria and the songs Mr. Fiedler has placed the "Devil's Villanelle," by Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, one of the most admired composers of this city and for many years a member of the orchestra. The first part of the program will be devoted entirely to Wagner. The selections are the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," prelude to "Lohengrin," prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," prelude to "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

FOR PENSION FUND.

Symphony Orchestra Gives Notable Concert.

Mme Sembrich Given an Ovation and Flowers in Profusion.

Globe — *Apr. 18, 1910*
An audience which filled Symphony hall to the last seat and the standing room along the outer aisles heard the last pension fund concert of the season last night and heartily applauded Mme Sembrich, Mr. Fiedler and the men.

Mme Sembrich was given an ovation, not the least sign of which was a huge basket of American beauty roses too large for her to carry, and a bouquet of the same flower which filled her arms.

Mr. Fiedler had arranged that his program close with a group of songs by Mme Sembrich as a concession to the inevitable demands for encores which would stay all further numbers. At its conclusion the audience re-

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mained seated, with no apparent thought of anything else than the clapping of hands. The members of the orchestra remained in their seats to a man, Mr. Fiedler in the center and leading in the applause.

It was an impressive sight. A spirit of good-fellowship and eager anticipation of pleasure had been manifest in the air throughout the evening. It had shown itself in the cordial appreciation both to band and conductor, but it came now to its fullest expression.

Mme Sembrich returned to the platform time after time, both with Mr. La Forge, her accompanist, and without him, until finally the audience had won three additional songs and appeared no less grateful than the singer was happy to grant them. They were "An Open Secret," by Huntington Woodman; the waltz "Primavera," by Johann Strauss, ever associated with Mme Sembrich, and finally "The Year's at the Spring," by Mrs. Beach.

Mme Sembrich had made a long journey from the west to give her services at this pension fund concert. The tribute paid her both by orchestra and audience will remain a memorable and beautiful one.

In this day of haste to declaim ideas and moods upon the lyric stage, and even in the recital of songs, to interpret them by the employment of means which include almost anything and everything but the knowledge of how to sing—in such a time, it is good to hear an artist who after the career which Mme Sembrich has enjoyed, can still produce a tone which has purity, can measure the curve of a phrase and keep the beauty of its contour, and can use these means of singing as well as an ardent temperament and a gracious personality to interpret a song.

The orchestra played with an unusual zest and brilliance, while Mr. Fiedler conducted with a marked display of emotional quality.

The five Wagnerian preludes, as given below, were a thoroughly enjoyable group. There were tempi which were reason for surprise at times, but the beauty of the tone quality of the orchestra has not recently been more apparent.

The program may be summarized as follows: The orchestra played the preludes to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," to "Lohengrin," to "Tristan and Isolde," with the Love Death from the same, and to "Parsifal" and the overture to "Tannhäuser," all by Richard Wagner. The orchestra also played "The Devil's Villanelle," by Mr. Loeffler.

Mme Sembrich sang these songs: Aria, "Ernani involami," from Ernani (with orchestra); "Wie Melodien zieht es mir," Brahms; "Auftrage," Schumann; "Allerseelen," Strauss; "L'Oiseau bleu," Jacques-Dalcroze, and the "To a Messenger," by Mme Sembrich's admirable accompanist, Frank La Forge.

OVATION TO SEMBRICH.

Audience at Symphony Orchestra Concert Enthusiastic in Applause.

Herald — *Apr. 18, 1910*
The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Symphony Hall last evening in aid of its pension fund. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mme. Sembrich, who had generously offered her ser-

The program was as follows: Wagner, Preludes to "The Mastersingers," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," overture to "Tannhaeuser"; Verdi, aria, "Ernani Involami," from "Ernani"; Loeffler, "The Devil's Villanelle" (organist, Mr. Marshall); songs with piano—Brahms, "Wie Melodien"; Schumann, "Auftraege"; Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Jaques-Dalcroze, "L'Oiseau Bleu"; La Forge, "To a Messenger." Mr. La Forge played the piano accompaniments.

The public, always generous in support of these concerts, had responded last evening in such numbers that the hall was crowded; for besides the interest in the orchestra and its pension fund, there was a general eagerness to hear Mme. Sembrich before she made her threatened final departure from our concert stage.

The program was so oddly arranged, beginning with the Wagner preludes and ending with the group of songs, that it gave the impression of two complete concerts of different natures. It was a happy circumstance, however, that Mme. Sembrich should have ended the concert by singing these songs—to which she added others—for her performance of them was wholly delightful and characteristic. Mr. La Forge played admirable accompaniments.

The occasion was not one that calls for critical comment, for it was a scene of enthusiasm that rose steadily to a climax. The greeting accorded the singer was full of grateful cordiality; a personal atmosphere was quickly established, and was intensified by the intimate nature of the group of songs and by the graceful informality of the singer. The scene at the end of the concert was an unusual one, for the final applause, usually perfunctory, was one of tumult and shouting.

Prudent suburban dwellers, in reckless oblivion of the last train, remained in their places and the singer was recalled again and again, and was prevailed upon to add several encore numbers. The orchestra joined its tribute to that of the audience, rising as Mme. Sembrich was recalled. The interchange of courtesy and good will may well have been gratifying to both singer and orchestra.

Dear Listener: At the Pension Fund Concert last Sunday there were many "standees" whose real love of music made them forget the weariness of standing through the two-hour performance. We hear of one young girl who said:

"What do you suppose I have done? I have taken off my boots; put my coat upon the floor for a rug, and am having a beautiful time. But how I am to get my boots on again I do not yet know." K.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

AUGUST HALM,

SYMPHONY in D minor for STRING ORCHESTRA

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Finale: Nicht Schnell

(First time in America.)

R. STRAUSS,

"DON QUIXOTE" (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale): Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, op. 35

(Violoncello, Mr. WARNKE. Viola, Mr. FERIR)

MENDELSSOHN,

Selections from the Music to Shakespeare's "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," op. 61

- I. Overture.
- II. Notturmo.
- III. Scherzo.
- IV. Wedding March.

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 vices for the occasion, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Wagner, Preludes to "The Mastersingers," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," overture to "Tannhaeuser"; Verdi, aria, "Ernani Involami," from "Ernani"; Loeffler, "The Devil's Villanelle" (organist, Mr. Marshall); songs with piano—Brahms, "Wie Melodien"; Schumann, "Auftraege"; Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Jaques-Dalcroze, "L'Oiseau Bleu"; La Forge, "To a Messenger." Mr. La Forge played the piano accompaniments.

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IV. Wedding March.

STRAUSS'S "DON QUIXOTE"

Trans. — Apr. 23, 1910

A RARE MASTERPIECE, RARELY PERFORMED

The Understanding and Imagination of Mr. Fiedler, Mr. Warnke and the Orchestra—The Humor, the Humanity, the Pity and the Fantasy of Strauss's Music—Its Form and Substance—The Objective and Subjective Sides—The Pictorial and the Spiritual Variations—The Beauty of the End

"Don Quixote" was applauded at the Symphony Concert yesterday as the rather mute public of Friday afternoons has not within memory applauded the music of Strauss. Almost always it listens intently to the tone-poems, but oftenest with a clear suggestion of bewilderment, as though it knew that it ought to understand, but was not quite sure that it did. Yesterday, seemingly, it escaped such uncertainties, and the mood of the listeners swayed quickly to the moods of the music—now to the rapt exaltation of the knight's discourse of his ideal; now to the tonal humors of his adventures; now to the pathos of his disillusion and the shadowed calm of his death. Mr. Fiedler's reading of the music was luminously clear. He never forgot that Strauss had willed to write a theme with introduction, variations, and finale. He hid not a strand in the closely woven web of the music; and let not one break or sag. He was luminous with the instrumental parts; every group of instruments, almost every instrument, seemed to have and to keep its individuality. Design, development, color and expression marched in unity, and as clearly as Mr. Fiedler had done with "Zarathustra" and "Heldenleben," he revealed and enforced the mingled technical and imaginative power in Strauss that fuses the purely musical treatment of form and melodic thoughts with their delineative, characterizing and emotional purpose. Not once did Mr. Fiedler's tendency to over-slow or over-fast pace trouble the course of the music; not once did he fall upon the over-emphasized phrase to the disjuncture of the whole; while through all the music, be it as fantastic as the knight's descent into madness, as grotesque as some of his combats, as gravely beautiful as that of the night vigil, ran the pulse of characterizing and communicating rhythm.

Mr. Fiedler did these things, partly because the piece so absorbed him that he forgot his own idiosyncrasies, and partly because he appreciated the true nature of the music as deeply, sympathetically and imaginatively as he has all of Strauss's tone-poems outside the "Domestica." For

"Don Quixote" is no congeries of tonal grotesquerie and tonal diablerie. It is fantastic, as the title says, and as aught that has its source in Cervantes's knight must be. It has its humors in the adventures of the sheep, the penitents, the ride through the air and the journey in the enchanted barque, and Strauss is almost the only humorist in tones that does more than clever technical and instrumental tricks. Yet the vein of the fantasy is gentle; the vein of the humors wistful, almost pitying. Above all else in "Don Quixote," Strauss would characterize the knight as a pathetic figure, the unknowing victim of the intensities of his own chimeras, the puppet—and to a kind of grave mirth in those that see and hear—of his own ideals, saddened by the outcome of them, yet in the end ennobled by all that he had dreamed and done and endured. It is as though Strauss had read long in Cervantes's romance and read with our modern sense, which is more of the pity that smiles wistfully than of the hard humor that chuckles loudly—of all that it records. He has laid aside the book and out of his musings upon it rises the pathetically sincere, the pathetically noble, the pathetically human figure of the knight. And Strauss, being composer, is minded so to characterize him in tones, so to picture his descent into madness, so to dream his dreams and record his adventures, and so to glorify him in his death. If behind, and here again is the modern spirit, we may feel the chimera that most men's ideals turn in middle age and the pathos of it, if thereby we may make "the better end" as the old theologians used to say, so much the better. The mood of "Don Quixote" is not the mood of vivid grotesquerie and ironic humor; it is the mood of gentle, reticent, imaginative musing. It is full of human wistfulness and human sympathy; but it has its reliefs and contrasts in human smiles. To this mood and these purposes Mr. Fiedler, with his keen insight and imagination into Strauss's thoughts and ends, kept the music and held his men at one with him.

Strauss begins in characterization—his own particular note and, perhaps, the note of music in general in our time—the characterization by the substance and the contours of a musical thought and then by the modification and the varied coloring of it to the particular circumstance. It is easy to object that the chivalric music of the introduction lacks large opulence, rich glow. But Strauss has willed to etch rather than to paint; he is busy with a sublimated fantasy of chivalric vision and not with a tonal panorama of the days of knighthood. Moreover, all Strauss's germinative ideas exist less for themselves than for the uses to which he would put them. He makes his chivalric music wax with ardor and finally glow with its intoxication of Don Quixote. The ideal that is the spring of the intoxication stirs in the music. The din of combat

for it comes in a kind of fantastic echo. (The musical material, the instrumental color, the delineative end are inextricably joined.) Then Strauss passes to a feat of imaginative technique that even the "Electra" of the years to come hardly excels—the collapse of all this chivalric music into a clouded delirium. Given the title of "Don Quixote," and the madness of the knight befalls. Words could not write it more vividly, more pathetically.

All this, in Strauss's strict adherence to a dried and academic form—unless and until new imagination touch it—foreshadows the knight. He emerges now in the characterizing voice of the violoncello, and Mr. Warnke was virtuoso in his skill with the relentless music and actor, almost poet, in his sense and revelation of its delineative and imaginative purpose. The knight does live in the characterizing theme, as he lives in such illustrations as those that Vierge made for the novel. It has his long gaunt contours, his dryness of middle-aged aspect; and it bears its suggestion of the high-hearted visionary of the pathos of him, and, a little, of the fate that awaits him. Like most of "Don Quixote," it is at once objective music in its substance and subjective music in its emotional appeal. Strauss is too much the skilful and the imaginative architect not to know the necessity of contrast. The characterizing theme of Sancho affords it; but the musical idea is not so well-imagined. It is homely, prosaic, a little dull—as it should be; but it is less revealing and individual of Sancho than it is of the necessity of a foil to the music of the knight. It is distinctly a theme to be manipulated, and it asks less than Don Quixote of the instrument and the player—the viola and Mr. Féir—who assume it. Strauss makes the characterization and its contrasts unmistakable, lingers a little over them, and he is ready for the adventures.

The adventures make the ten variations, as scrupulously developed from the preceding material as though Strauss was doing an academic exercise, but yet as unfailingly bent to his delineative and imaginative purpose. The adventures are of two sorts, so to say—of the bodies of the knight and the squire, and of their spirits. Into the first category fall the assaults upon the windmills and the sheep, the encounter with the penitents, the ride in the air and on the barque; the meeting with the monks whom Don Quixote would have evil magicians. Strauss's sense of his music as music, of its design and contrasts and color, shine in the choice of these episodes. A fantastic barcarolle, a queer chromatic gulping await him in the adventure of the boat. He can set all his orchestra a-whistling over the firm-placed double basses in the adventure of the air that is really earth. The penitents and the monks give him his "ecclesiastical harmonies"; the sheep can bleat in his brass and the windmills fall to his drum-beats. Musical

variety, musical ingenuity, and always musical characterization. Brief as are some of these variations, they become—granted the spurring title that Strauss surely intended the listener should have before him—as nearly narrative as music may be. They not only picture, they progress. Thus they are half-realistic—and curious; but their truer and finer hold upon the imagination lies in the atmosphere of fantasy with which Strauss clothes them. He intended them only in part as bare tonal humors, as bald tonal grotesquerie. He intended them quite as much as the wistful delusions of Don Quixote's brain. As he smiled at them, he knew, too, the pity of them. Like all the rest of the piece they are at once subjective and objective, humorous and human. They touch as much as they amuse. They have their glimmers of sympathetic and musing fantasy. So, as happily, Mr. Fiedler took them, keeping them clear of bald prose, softening freakish details, emphasizing the mood not the means, weaving and maintaining the glamor.

The other—the spiritual—variations are of a beauty and of an emotional power that Strauss has attained only in such moments as the recognition of Orestes in "Electra," in the rhapsody of "Salome," in the close of "Heldenleben" and in the night music of passion and creation in the "Domestic." Here in "Don Quixote," the beauty is lower-pitched and more reticent; the emotion more still and tense. The knight discourses of his ideals to the doubting Sancho longing for the flesh-pots of earth, and the music, and especially that of the singing violoncello, becomes exalted, noble, with the purest and the deepest emotion. It is music of ideals, of aspiration, of secret impulses and upbearing visions. It gives them body, power, emotion as only music can do. It is Strauss when he wills to turn poet. Akin, though less deeply charged with its own intensities, is the music of the vigil of the knight by his arms. It reveals him almost as a pictured figure; it opens his spirit; it sets him gaunt and brooding against the pale sky of fantasy. There is underlying pathos in the light variation of Dulcinea, of the country wench whom Don Quixote believes his lady foully enchanted. In it the prose and the poetry of the variations, the humor and the pathos join quick hands. They meet for an instant in the final variation of the combat with the Knight of the Moon; then, and for the rest of the piece, the poetry and the pathos come uppermost. Strauss is yet more graphic than he was in the vigil. Down the long, empty, road through the bleak air goes the knight, and his mind is as empty with its disillusion and his spirit as bleak with its defeats. The woe and the pity of disillusion are in this two-fold music. Yet it is a variation still; the just climax of them.

The imagination of the conductor and of the orchestra had answered to the imagination of Strauss in each of these spiritual

variations. Mr. Fiedler had seemed to divine them in all their aspects, found the just means to reveal his divination and kept to it. The tone of the orchestra had been now as the lighting of the picture and now as the voice of its emotion—of the idealism, the aspiration, the disillusion, the sorrow of the knight. The death of Don Quixote remained: technically the well-wrought finale out of all that had gone before; imaginatively and emotionally the crowning of the whole. They say that Massenet in his new opera of "Don Quixote" has the knight droop and die beside his horse, in his armor, alone and in a waste place, as one who stands in isolated vigil over his ideals. Massenet would thus have the end a kind of gaunt and visible apotheosis. Strauss prefers another and a subtler way. The listener hears the music with thought of a homely deathbed. Sancho and the country folk are surely standing by. The lean contours of the wasted knight ridge the sheets. These are Strauss's merely graphic externals; the rest, and the body and the soul of the music, is of the knight's departing spirit. The violoncello—and again Mr. Warnke fell not a whit short—becomes the voice once more of his visions. Wistfully it marshals the distant phantoms of his delusions; pathetically it recalls the ghosts of those chivalric dreams and fancied glories; but they are soothing now; at least he was faithful . . . and perhaps that faith has made him tranquil. Long before, as it seems, Strauss's sharp chords had snapped him into madness; now soft, clear harmonies bear him gently out of the world. If it mocked once, it pities now; and believes, or tries to believe, the finer things of the faith that made the delusions. No such music of death, except in the final scene of "Pelléas," has been written in our time. Nowhere else in all his music is Strauss so gentle as when he closes this book of pity. The orchestra, the conductor, the audience, came back to themselves. In the applause spoke the common thought of all that the music and the performance had been.

H. T. P.

HALM'S PROVES SINGULAR MUSIC

Herald Apr. 23/10
Symphony Orchestra Performs Composition at 23d Public Rehearsal for First Time in America.

STRAUSS' "DON QUIXOTE" GIVES AUDIENCE PLEASURE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, for strings, Halm
"Don Quixote".....Strauss
Overture, Notturmo, Scherzo and
Wedding March from music to
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Mendelssohn

August Halm is apparently unknown to compilers of music lexicons. Born in Wuertemberg, he was a theological student, music critic, and he became interested in new theories of pedagogy. He now lives in a little village, Wickersdorf, in Thuringia, where he teaches in a boys' school conducted on modern principles. He is said to be a singular person, who wishes to live away from the bustle and the strife of the city, contented with nature and his own thoughts, eager to teach the young idea how to shoot, not morose, but something of a hermit, a broadly educated man, one worth talking with; and he is demented with the mania of composing.

Mr. Fiedler states that Halm's gods are Bach, Bruckner and Wagner; that he has composed several remarkable works, among them a symphony and a concerto in the style of Bach for orchestra and piano.

This symphony was first performed at Stuttgart in 1907. The performance yesterday was the first in America.

The symphony is noteworthy chiefly for its extreme naivete. It would seem as though Halm had not even heard of modern harmonies, whole tone scales and anxiously sought out devices. He may in his Thuringian village indulge himself in pious orgies with Wagner and Bruckner, but there is nothing in this symphony to confirm the report that they lived and wrote.

The first movement is the most interesting of the three, but it suffers from too much development of the simple material. The development shows a certain contrapuntal facility and there are pages of an archaic flavor that is not displeasing. The second movement is exceedingly simple, childishly naive, and it must be confessed that it is uninteresting.

Not because it is simple. Nothing could be simpler melodically and harmonically than the Adagietto, for instance, in Bizet's first suite from the music to "L'Arlesienne," but how tender, how beautiful this music is! Halm's andante might have been written by some forgotten contemporary of Mozart. The third and last movement is a fugue without special distinction.

This is singular music for a man to write in the 20th century. It is the music of one belated. It is innocent music, and this is a sophisticated, neurotic age. A return to artistic simplicity would now be admired as, in the artificial life under Marie Antoinette, noble dames and free-living gallants prattled about returning to nature, were influenced by Jean Jacques and sported as shepherds and shepherdesses. But the simplicity of Halm has not the requisite vitality. Now and then the music has the serenity of Gluck, but the moments are few, and for the most part the hearer is aware of notes, only notes.

It was a great pleasure to hear "Don Quixote" again after a lapse of six years. Ernest Newman, one of the few men living who write with fine appreciation about music, is enraptured with "the wise and tender humanity" of Strauss' humor in this work. "Strauss' Sancho is very humorous, but your laughter at him is always softened with tears." How would the hearer distinguish Sancho, if he were not assured that Sancho is associated with a solo viola? And why should one weep over Sancho? As far as the world goes, he fared much better than his master. Here, if ever, is there need of a detailed program. It would be still better if the scenes on which Strauss comments musically were thrown on a screen while the music was played.

It is easy to identify the fight with the sheep. The wind machine is unmistakable. But these eccentricities do not make the composition great. The theme that is typical of Don Quixote and knightly gallantry in general has a noble, a superb sweep, and it is treated in a masterly manner. The theme of the "Ideal Woman" is one of matchless beauty. There are few finer and more sustained outbursts of music than the one in which "Don Quixote speaks nobly of the ideal." This and the wonderful music that portrays the disillusionment and death of Don Quixote put the composer by the side of the greatest

masters.

Yet it may be questioned whether, as a complete and rounded work of art, "Don Quixote," with all the appalling cleverness displayed, does not fall below "Death and Apotheosis," "Don Juan" and the incomparable "Till." It is true that there is nothing nobler in these works than the discourse on the ideal and the death music. To match them we must go to the music of recognition in "Electra." But what a master this man is! Verily a superman!

The performance was an engrossing one for the most part, and Mr. Warnke played the solo 'cello with marked skill and in a highly poetic spirit. He richly deserved the applause given him by his colleagues and the audience. The performance made a profound impression, and applause for the music and the performance was hearty and long continued.

And then with the music of Mendelssohn the audience entered another world, where it found amiability and grace, and the smooth expression of a minor poet.

The program of the last concert next week will include Beethoven's symphonies, Nos. 1 and 9.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Program of Contrast is
Given at Rehearsal.

Halm's Work for String Orchestra
Played for First Time.

The program for the 23d rehearsal at the Symphony yesterday afternoon was as follows: Symphony in D minor for string orchestra, by August Halm (first time in America); "Don Quixote," Fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character, op 35, by Richard Strauss; solo violoncello, Mr. Warnke; viola, Mr. Ferir, and the Overture, Scherzo, Nocturne and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's incidental music to Shakspeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

There was contrast in this program. Mr. Fiedler chose for the middle number "Don Quixote," league-striding in its humanism, boldly, trenchantly analytical and characterizing, broadly sympathetic as a commentary on the life of man, but inexorably self-asser-

tive and independent of precedent in structure.

Prefacing it and beginning the program was a work placidly amenable to musical tradition, law and order. Its opening allegro grew from two clear-cut themes stated frankly and with candor, and developed in quite the Handelian fashion. Its andante was a song-form of unadorned, unpretentious simplicity and quiet beauty. Its finale was a crisp and logical turgue upon a terse fugal subject, not unkindful of Bach's inventions.

This well-ordered, law-abiding music was the novelty, the "first-time-in-America" of the afternoon. It is, indeed, a new thing under the sun to find a modern who is not eager rather than reluctant to build out of broken rules "idiom," or a "style," or some other aspiring mode of speech.

Halm, whom Mr. Fiedler knows to be an unpretentious school teacher in Thuringia, "inclined to be a hermit, though not morose, an idealist, and something of a dreamer," has developed the two subjects of his first movement with a cheerful alacrity and skill, and with a fertile and nimble-witted invention. Reiterations of the initial themes in the disguise of new figuration, but always to be recognized, flow with graceful spontaneity through the working out passage. The coda is again reminiscent of the original idea.

The second movement is reposeful, melodious, lyric. For the true, the strings of the orchestra become the many voiced expression of a piece of four-part writing. In the very simplicity of this music there was the charm of quaintness and sincerity. It was cordially applauded.

James Humecker and Ernest Newman have written appreciatively of the human element in Strauss' "Don Quixote," in which they deem its greatness lies. The work employs the piquancy and point of humor to tell of the variable and capricious incentives which prompted Cervantes' volatile, hallucinatory, but unfalteringly chivalrous and valiant knight Don Quixote to his catalog of feats, and his worthy, more mundane, if less romantic esquire, Sancho Panza, to frequent remonstrance against them.

It would have been a pungent task to have satirized the ethereal follies of this visionary who could not reduce his chivalry to a practical proposition of every day, but Strauss has made the work an epic upon the imaginings of an aspiring soul which would break the bonds of materialism and in the hopeless struggle for freedom wear out body and spirit.

It is a tale as old as the world. Strauss has crystallized it with a larger sympathy, a deeper, broader understanding, into a more universal story of mankind than even Cervantes had done.

The sweep and power of the work makes possible technical feats which are an element conducive to rather than detracting from its chief purpose of psychological exposition. It is not an unrestricted tone poem in form, but a set of 10 variations upon a theme prefaced by introduction and concluding in a finale.

In the reproduction of the bleating sheep, Strauss has for the moment amused himself by setting muted brass to tricks of the veriest realism. It is to be heard and marveled at in such vein. It is a sign of sanity when now

and then a composer does not take himself too seriously.

There is, too, the "wind machine," which for the moment transports us to the theatre, but there is music besides which creates, illumines and enforces moods.

The final narrative of the 'cello, impersonating the Don, who thus recounts his defeat and his petition for death rather than life with dishonor, is all touched by a noble sympathy. The conclusion which precedes his death is deeply and touchingly pathetic. Despite intonation which often appeared insecure, Mr. Warnke sensed the spirit of the music in no slight degree, and was called upon to acknowledge applause.

Mr. Fiedler conducted a brilliant performance. The Mendelssohn music was entrancingly played and warmly applauded.

"DON QUIXOTE" IS SYMPHONY FEATURE

Strauss' Wonderful Tone
Story Evokes Much
Enthusiasm.

PLAYED FOR FIRST
TIME IN SIX YEARS

Halm's Symphony, New to America, Also Makes Profound Impression on Audience.

Richard Strauss' wonderful tone story, "Don Quixote"—which is said by one English critic to have inaugurated "the period of the novel in music"—is the leading feature of the week's Symphony program. Its performance yesterday afternoon evoked some of the warmest enthusiasm of the season.

Conductor Fiedler and Mr. Warnke, the 'cello soloist, were the first to respond to the applause; and finally the entire band stood up. It was altogether a dazzling display of combined virtuosity—a new revelation of the phenomenal power of the orchestra. Mr. Warnke, playing much of the music characteristic of the befuddled knight-errant, has never appeared to better advantage. Mr. Ferir, the violinist, who played some of the Sancho Panzo music with

Strauss' "Don Quixote" Given Masterly Reading

Post
BY OLIN DOWNES

The 23d public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme: Symphony for strings, August Halm (first time in America); tone poem, "Don Quixote," Richard Strauss; overture, Scherzo, Nocturne and Wedding March, from incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.

In his symphony for strings alone—the first work of such a description that we have heard—Halm aims at simple, sober beauty, and though his scoring is inclined to thickness, he often attains this. But, as might be expected, the symphony suffers on the one hand from lack of the color of the full orchestra, and on the other by lack of the tonal transparency of a good string quartet.

There are a number of good ideas in the work, ideas which are most likely to come when the composer stumbles upon them in the course of his journey—"findings," as the French put it—but the symphony is too long and monotonous in its character. Halm may well be praised for the continence of his harmonic style in these days of ear-splitting dissonance, and this was not a little, for the drab music served admirably to set off the flaming masterpiece of Strauss.

A Magnificent Picture

"Don Quixote" has been given once before in this city. It is perhaps the least popular and well-known of the great symphonic poems. It is also, perhaps, the most remarkable and individual of them all—a quintessence of the Strauss that has sprawled all over the musical horizon for the time being. The performance yesterday afternoon had much to do with the exceptional appreciation and enthusiasm of the audience. In 1904 Mr. Gericke gave a most musicianly, and

in many respects a highly poetical reading of the monumental work. But we believe that Mr. Fiedler made the music heard more nearly as it passed from the composer's brain. It was notable, too, that in contradistinction to too many recent concerts, the performance was remarkable for its clarity, its balance and its suggestion; its avoidance of the ultra-realism which has been read into this music. The bleating of the sheep, for instance, was by no means as prominent as on the former occasion—it was merely a small detail, one of many, in a magnificent picture.

And how differently we looked at things yesterday, after an interval of only six years! We even wasted breath then over the poor wind machine. The variation in which that instrument is employed—the flight through the air—is one of the most superb flights of phantasy in one of the most vivid and imaginative compositions in existence. Then recall the variation wherein the Don orates upon chivalry, and the crazy rapture introduced by the harp. The opening pages, it has been well said, are absolutely uncanny in their psychology—the knight going mad. There is another page—where Don Quixote in a passage of sweeping glory, silences his commonplace squire's objections to chivalry. This is so truly noble, so ardent in the cause of all that is most high, that it may well bring tears to the eyes of those who cherish the truth. The final passages are not less uplifting. They could come from only one man who created the apotheosis in "Tod und Verklärung."

This performance was one of the greatest that Mr. Fiedler has given in this city. Mr. Warnke gave an exceedingly eloquent interpretation of the very difficult cello part, and one would go far to find the equal of Mr. Ferir, the violist. But why was not the name of the tenor tuba, also, preserved to fame?

his accustomed skill and taste, modestly declined to come forward at the end. He preferred to sit back and applaud his fellow-soloist. This is the first time in six years that "Don Quixote" has been heard here, so to many it is like a new work.

The novelty of the program is August Halm's symphony for string orchestra, performed this week for the first time in America. It made yesterday a pleasing, if not profound, impression. It is melodious and dignified, with religious touches now and then; in all, a sweet

and simple composition, contrasting in a striking manner with the dashing realism of Strauss. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music completes one of the most interesting programs of the year.

Next week, at the final concert, Beethoven's first and ninth symphonies will be performed. The orchestra will have the assistance of the Cecelia Society and of the following soloists: Mrs. Hilssem de Moss, soprano; Mrs. Margaret Keyes, contralto; Berrick von Norden, tenor; Frederick Weld, bass.

GOOD PROGRAMME, WHOLLY ORCHESTRAL

Adv: Apr 23 '10

FIRST HEARING OF

HALM'S SYMPHONY

Strauss' "Don Quixote" and Selections From "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

August Halm. Symphony in D minor, for string orchestra.

Strauss. "Don Quixote."

Mendelssohn. Selections from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

An entirely orchestral programme, and a very good one. August Halm was a newcomer and his work received its first performance in America on this occasion. The work is short, which is in itself a great merit. Halm, in spite of being ignored by the musical biographical dictionaries, is of some importance in Austria and Germany. This symphony is of only three movements. We like the first movement much the best, for it is good, straightforward music, which possesses clear and attractive themes sanely expressed and developed. The chief theme is original and its figures are striking and well suited to development. The figures of it are much used throughout the movement. The subordinate subject has a quaint interrupting figure that makes it impressive. The whole movement is as orthodox as a Presbyterian hymn.

The Andante is less striking and seems conventional and unimpressive. The finale is a fugue with a strong subject. Mr. Halm does not allow the working-out to run away with him, but here also is brief and to the point, but we fear that audiences who care for these contrapuntal finales without sensational tone-color are hard to find in the 20th century. If not very thrilling, the symphony was at least good, comprehensible music, which is unfortunately becoming rare just at present, when people prefer to be mystified and only applaud what they cannot understand. The contrabasses deserve a word of especial praise for their work in the fugue.

Strauss's "Don Quixote" variations are interesting and wonderfully colored music, only in the introduction of a "wind-machine" does the composer betray his love for the unusual which has led him so far afield in his later works. "Variations" may

mean almost anything in modern music. Once upon a time it meant that a certain theme was to be embroidered in various ways, but its shape kept intact, but even Beethoven began to pull the house down and build over with the same material, calling the result—"Variations."

Last week we had some variations which represented a rather startling room-ful of Sir Edward Elgar's friends. Huber gave a Boecklin picture-gallery of so-called variations. But Strauss is bigger, bolder and better, in his serving up Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in variation-sauce. It was an odd thought to use the melancholy and brooding viola to picture Sancho Panza. One would have imagined that a contrabass would have given the burly esquire better, but the dialogues between the violoncello (Don Quixote) and the viola (Sancho) are very striking. We can at once compliment the two soloists. Mr. Warnke is an artist who would make his mark anywhere, even in this city where we have had some of the greatest violoncellists of the world. He gave dignity and expression to the character of the fantastic Don, while Mr. Ferir was not less successful with the viola responses.

Mr. Fiedler gave the work as good a reading as any that we have yet had in Boston, in spite of the fact that Strauss himself has led it. Technically Mr. Gericke's reading was a very great one, but here we had superadded the element of humor. Not that Strauss wishes humor entirely; he deals sympathetically with the figure of the old knight, and there are touches that show that the composer has a very keen intelligence as regards some of the subtlest points. He catches the meaning of Cervantes even in the subtlest points, and translates it into fitting music.

Note, for example, the contrapuntal distortion of the chief theme, showing Don Quixote's false reasoning even when starting with a correct premise. Observe the theme returning to a normal shape and to logical sequence as sanity returns to the poor knight. One could mention many points that show that Strauss has read his Cervantes with intelligence and sympathy.

But one may disagree with many points of ugliness and of extreme complexity in the composition. After all, Music was intended to give pleasure rather than problems. The introduction of Strauss' wind-machine, or Berlioz's platoon of musketry, or Paderewski's "tonitruone" into music we regard as mistaken attempts at realism. The wind-machine sounds like a demented piccolo. The duet of bassoons was exquisitely played. But the dialogues of violoncello and viola were memorable. The violoncello is made as prominent in this work as the viola in Berlioz's "Childe Harold"; its obbligato is practically a solo. Mr. Warnke certainly deserved the enthusiasm with which he was greeted at the end of the work. Mr. Ferir joined in this triumph. So, of course, did Mr. Fiedler, and

Finally the whole orchestra. The unbounded enthusiasm was quite unusual for a cold storage, hats on, matinee, such as the Friday rehearsals often are.

The second crop of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, is not as great as the first. As a youth he wrote the overture, which is a work of Genius. As a man (at the command of the King of Prussia) he wrote the other pieces, which are the work of a skillful musician who is thoroughly used to orchestral routine.

The overture towered over the other three selections, and is probably the best humorous overture in existence. The dancing fairies (violins), the braying Bottom (bassoon) the awkward actors of "Pyramus and Thisbe," were finely drawn in the performance. We always regret that one cannot have an ophicleide, as Mendelssohn wrote it, for the snoring of Bottom among the fairies; the bass tuba is but a poor substitute for the raucous tone of the obsolete instrument. The theme of the fairies (first theme) was taken a little too softly and too rapidly, but this was a fault that "leaned to Virtue's side."

The Scherzo is the best of the aftermath in this Shakespearian field. Mendelssohn was the best Scherzo composer of them all. Beethoven was often grotesque, Schumann, too earnest, in his Scherzos, but Mendelssohn caught the perfect humor and playfulness that fits to this movement. It was splendidly read and played and awakened much enthusiasm, as much even as the weightier "Don Quixote" had done. The Nocturne gave a good opportunity to the horn to display its capabilities. The tempo was a trifle quick for this movement, which is the most conventional of the set.

The Wedding March has led about as many into battle as the Marseillaise itself. Its blare of trumpets and glitter of festivity are too well known to require much mention, but the contrasts of its two trios and the showiness of its Coda were finely brought out and led the concert to a triumphant close. Again the speed was rather hurried, as if the conductor said to the entering party—as other conductors often do—"Step lively, please!"

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND ITS PITCH

Trans. Apr. 22, 1910
A Novel Suggestion About the Resonance and Brilliance of Its Tone—Mr. and Mrs. Gaines in a Song Recital—The Memories and the Confessions of Walter Damrosch—Josef Hoffmann's Return to Boston—Strauss and His Own Music—Other Notes of the Day

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not have played more than two bars of a composition before one recognizes that here is

an unusual tone quality, one of particular brilliance and resonance. This cannot be accounted for on the general ground of the supremacy of the Boston orchestra, the length of time the men have played together, the quality of discipline in the past, the quality of the instruments and the like. The quality of precision, which makes itself felt only through the progress of the performance of a work, would not account for the sensation produced by the first few tones given by the Boston orchestra at a concert. It is possible that the average of the quality of the instruments themselves may be slightly higher than in New York, at least in the case of stringed instruments, which, in the long process of special selection and concentration may have been brought, as a collection, to an exceptionally high point. But it is not to be supposed that Boston is in possession of a higher quality in the average of wind instruments than is New York.

Now it appears that the pitch of the Boston orchestra is higher than that of any other orchestra in America by an interval approximating a quarter tone. This would readily account for a difference in the whole orchestral tone that would be instantly noticeable. While the difference in pitch might not be so greatly felt in the case of a single stringed instrument, when this difference is multiplied some thirty to fifty times, and when to the tonal gain is added the increased tonal intensity of a similar number of wind instruments, the difference must be such as would readily account for the remarkable phenomenon of brilliance and sonority noticed in the Boston orchestra. If this circumstance accounts in large measure, as it would seem to, for the tonal advantage of the Boston orchestra, why should New Yorkers be denied a similar advantage in the tone of their own orchestras? [Musical America.]

Trans. Hear the Other Side *Apr. 20, 1910*

For amusement and also for instruction—as to a certain sort of mind—here follows, spelling and all, a letter that purports to have been written last Saturday night, immediately after the Symphony Concert at which Strauss's "Don Quixote" was played. If it was so written, the post office was very tardy with the letter, since it was not delivered until Tuesday morning. The screed runs: "I have heard tonight Don Quixote by Strauss. The Boston Symphony played it. I am home safe again and have just waked my three boys—2-5-8 years old—have given them a glass of jam near by the piano and have set them all three on the piano bench to play to their heart's content. They have always been forbidden to play the piano as their fingers might soil the keys—and they made discords, but now all three are pounding away in different keys the loud pedal is strapped down to the floor and we are all as happy as can be. God bless Strauss for this happy home-

coming

"They shall play all night I hope to be nearer normal by morning. Of all the accursed sounds I ever heard this Don Quixote was the worst the description says it was intended for a joke—possibly for Strauss "A lamb's ba-a-a is scratched into space by tortured players and instruments. Later every instrument rattles as if every joint were loose (I have notified the blacksmith near by that I think many of the instruments needed tightening up and he goes to see the players tomorrow—he should have a busy week—possibly longer). Then the wind blew and beautifully too, as I have heard it many times across the hill-top—the one sane part of the whole performance

"The audience as usual willing to be led seemed rapped up thru the performance—I saw only one honest man there, he sat on the aisle inveigled there by his wife who wore a dog collar—when the convulsion was worst he laughed.

"The audience were delighted and applauded loudly at the end—the sound of the applause was pleasant to the ear and all joined happily in it. A MUSIC LOVER

THE CONCERTS OF SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Trans. Apr. 25, 1910
Mendelssohn and His Wind Choir—Simplicity and Dulness—The Spring Concert of the People's Choral Union—Mr. Foote's Reflections—Strauss and Mahler at the Symphony Concerts—Operatic News—The Novel Pieces and the Revivals for Next Season at the Metropolitan

Depreciate Mendelssohn as we may—and in the reaction of our generation from the over-praise of our fathers we probably underestimate him—the best and the most characteristic of his music still brings its pleasure to the particular and the general ear. Average hearers, as they did at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday when Mr. Fiedler revived the Overture, the Scherzo, the Night-Piece, and the Wedding March from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," find easy and plentiful pleasure in its suave melody, its clear rhythms, its fluency and transparency, its air of elegant fancy and assured grace. They and the connoisseurs may take equal delight in its aptness to the play it would illustrate, diversify and clothe; in its suggestion alike of Shakespeare's fairy, romantic and "rude mechanical" folk; in its glamor of gossamer fancy, of romping humor, or of young poetic mood. "Incidental music" that so completely gains its end and yet has such right to be for its own lovely sake, is as rare now as it was in the forties when

Mendelssohn wrote it. More to themselves, the connoisseurs have pleasure in the adroit felicity of his instrumental coloring in this music and in his curiously "modern feeling" for the wind choir. We like to fancy the possibilities of the wind instruments as rather a discovery of our own time; and for them our particular generation of composers seems often a little to neglect the strings. From Brahms with his "dusky" horns through Strauss and d'Indy with their endless exactions of song, of background and of color from flutes and oboes, horns and bassoons and all the rest, our composers have developed the expressive range of the wind choir. But as Beethoven before them knew the voice of his bassoons, for example, so Mendelssohn in much of this music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," knows, feels and utilizes the loveliness of tone that dwells intrinsically in flute and clarinet and oboe and horn. All of them from the overture down to the smallest fragment of "Incidental music" are the revealing voices of his fairies and their moonlit woodlands and of the romance and the fantasy of the play. The Nocturne, especially with such a first horn as Mr. Wendler, becomes almost a piece for the wind choir; while the Scherzo, with similar reliance upon the flutes, is like to it. And this feeling, as we say nowadays for the wind instruments, is only a part of Mendelssohn's felicity throughout this music, in the use of his chosen orchestra. At every turn imagination and precision are at one; while elegance never stifles fancy. The very narrowness of his resources, as orchestral resources now are, only makes his suppleness and variety within them the clearer. If his colors are relatively few, the blendings and the shadings are exquisite.

"Sancta simplicitas" sang the recluse. "Silly simplicity" retorted the worldling, and it is easy to believe that the worldling would have the better of it with August Halm's symphony for string orchestra that Mr. Fiedler projected out of nowhere upon the audiences of Friday and Saturday. Halm is rather a recluse, affirmed the programme book, for once groping; he lives and teaches in self-imposed isolation in a German school; his music seldom gains performance or publication; he courts a return to simplicity in life, in the arts, in all things. So far as the little symphony goes, he is prone, like most apostles of his creed, to mistake himself and his quest—to be merely tepid, naive, a little dull, a little silly, where he intended only to be persuasively simple. It is a very little symphony, barely twenty or twenty-five minutes long, written for strings only and running in three movements—a beginning, a slow intervening song and a fugued finale. The melodic ideas are indeed simple to tameness; while the development and the manipulation of them, in spite of occasional touches of fancy and ingenuity, run much too often to innocent in-

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simplicity. It is good to hear a composer relying once more upon the manifold voices that the string choir can yield; but Halm is very far from Bach in the fertility with which he contrasts or blends their tones or brightens or shadows their endless tints. Oftenest his instrumental coloring is pallid prettiness. His is "sweet music," and it is a pity that the little company of women in lavender mitts that once tried to give concerts of such music in London did not know Halm. No doubt our generation is overmuch wedded to the acrid, the bitter, the pulssant and the sophisticated in music; but we still have ears that are thrilled by the noble simplicities of Gluck and fascinated by the beautiful simplicities of Mozart. Rightly, in life and the arts, we refuse to be beguiled by the marshmallow, because therein lie only prettiness and sweetness. Simplicity may be honest and may be affectation, but it must not be silly and it must not be dull. Even Matthew Arnold recoiled at some of Wordsworth's "simplicity," with an "unutterable sense of lamentation and mourning and woe." The audiences of Friday and Saturday politely endured Mr. Halm's. H. T. P.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

GRAND FUGUE for STRING ORCHESTRA, op. 133
(First time)

FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Night-Ride and Sunrise,"
op. 55
(First time.)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE and "LOVE DEATH" from "Tristan
and Isolde"

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PRELUDE and "LOVE DEATH" from "Tristan
and Isolde"

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

TOCCATA and FUGUE in D minor, for ORGAN.

HANDEL,

CONCERTO for TWO WIND CHOIRS and STRING ORCHESTRA.

RHEINBERGER,

CONCERTO in F major, for ORGAN, THREE HORNS and STRING ORCHESTRA.
(First time.)

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM from "The Redemption."
(First time.)

Soloist:

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1909-10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(Last of the Season)

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 1, op. 21

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante cantabile con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 9, with Final Chorus
on Schiller's Ode to Joy, op. 125

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
- II. Molto vivace: Presto.
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
- IV. Presto. Allegro assai. Presto.
Baritone Recitative.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai.
Tenor solo and chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia
Chorus: Allegro assai.
Chorus: Andante maestoso. Adagio, ma non troppo, ma
divoto. Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto: Prestissimo.

Soloists:

Mrs. MARY HISSEM DE MORSE, Soprano

Miss MARGARET KEYES, Contralto

Mr. BERRICK VON NORDEN, Tenor

Mr. FREDERICK WELD, Bass

The CHORUS of the CECILIA SOCIETY

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SYMPHONY SEASON ENDS WITH BEETHOVEN

Advs. Apr 30 '10

HIS FIRST AND HIS LAST

SYMPHONIES PRESENTED

Warm Appreciation of Mr. Fiedler

Shown by the Audience All the
Afternoon.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. First Symphony.
Beethoven. Ninth Symphony.

These constitute, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, the Albany and the Omaha of symphonic composition. It does not matter if Elgar, Paderewski and others have made symphonies that last as long as Beethoven's ninth, they may equal it in length but never in breadth. It was a good idea to put Beethoven's first in juxtaposition with his last, showing the growth of symphonic form in a nutshell. The first shows a giant in embryo, while the ninth reveals him in all his strength.

It is interesting, in the first symphony, to note how coming events threw their shadows before. The very first notes are like a gauntlet thrown down to the critics. A symphony in C that begins with a cadence in the key of F! That was a hard nut to crack in the first year of the nineteenth century, when the new symphonic dispensation began.

Then the Minuet has a freedom that Haydn never dreamed of when he admitted this elegant dance as a regular symphonic movement. It was not until two years later, in the second symphony, that Beethoven threw the Minuet out of the symphonic ark and replaced it with the Scherzo, but this Minuet of the first symphony is a Minuet only in name; it is more of a Scherzo than the Scherzo of the second symphony.

Only in the genial but conventional Finale is the spirit of the old symphony carried out. The Finale, although a sonata-allegro in shape, is a Rondo in spirit, and even leans to that form by the final reappearance of the chief theme in the Coda. The tentative scales with which it begins are also very different from the Beethoven of later times and were actually cut out by some of the early conductors as being too trivial. But it is only in the finale that Beethoven becomes a copy of his teacher—Haydn.

The symphony is an easy affair technically for our orchestra, and was played with a straightforward style that had its especial attraction and charm. Only we

found the introduction to the first and also that of the last movement a trifle too slow. The kettle-drum had enough to do both in the first and last symphonies. In the first symphony its important passages were innovations in 1800, at the first performance.

The Ninth Symphony brought out a good chorus, which was furnished by the Cecilia Society and a fine quartette of soloists, consisting of Mrs. Hissam de Moss, soprano; Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; Mr. Berrick von Norden, tenor, and Mr. Frederick Weld, bass. The impression of the unsingability of the final movement remained, in spite of the excellence of the vocal forces. Beethoven treated his voices as if they had been oboes, flutes or clarinettes, forgetting that a human voice does not, like an instrument, remain the same after the strain of a high passage, or a set of difficult phrases.

Mr. Fiedler loves his Beethoven and there was evidence of this in the care with which the details of the work were given. The Coda of the opening Allegro, with its great wave of tone, crescendo and diminuendo, was grandly caught up, the deep strings being especially majestic.

The Scherzo with its ever present Dactyl in development was given with hearty power. It is rather grotesque than playful. The kettle-drum here gave its unusual octave figure with appropriate vigor. A slightly slower pace would not have harmed this movement.

The beautiful slow movement, with its two themes in contrasted variation, is to us the most poetic movement, and when one thinks of this tender composition as the work of a man totally deaf one is lost in wonder. The horn had some moments of difficulty in this, but Beethoven was frequently merciless to this instrument.

The finale opens with the greatest dialogue that ever was given in music. The puny dialogues of the "William Tell" overture, or the "Symphonie Fantastique," shrivel up before this dialogue of the suffering world with its Redeemer. And what a bridge to the voices is made by the wonderful phrases of the contrabasses! These heavy instruments were played with a delicacy that deserves cordial recognition.

It may be borne in mind also that the transference of figures from preceding movements into the Finale, which is a frequent device nowadays, was first introduced in this symphony. But the theme itself, which Beethoven chose for his variations here, is after all but a street-song—a "Gassenhauer"—and bears a close relationship to "Yankee Doodle." It is scarcely the melody one would have chosen to celebrate the millennium with.

But the frantic joy which permeates it at the last is your true Beethoven. He was singing of the era of universal brotherhood, and nothing in the world moved him more than such a topic.

To work up this climax as Beethoven thought it is wellnigh impossible, yet, on this occasion the impossible was accomplished. The very trying skips were accomplished without apparent effort, and even the high phrases of the sopranos of

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the chorus were accomplished with the minimum of screaming.

The quartette was in the main very well balanced. The cadenza work was taken rather slower than we have heard it, but this at least made it the more clear and free from blur. But it is an ungrateful work for all the vocalists concerned. We may remember that it is now sung about a semi-tone above the pitch in which Beethoven wrote it, but even if it were lowered a semitone we would still think Beethoven a vocal barbarian.

His idea of Joy is always a combination of Frenzy and Fourth of July, as witness the delirious end of "Fidelio," and of the "Egmont" overture, and of this symphony. His musical happiness was generally at the highest pressure. But to find these technical flaws is not to condemn the work. It is, was, and will ever remain the grandest of symphonies, and this performance of it may rank with the greatest. Mr. Fiedler was cordially greeted at the beginning of the concert, but yet more so after he had completed his herculean task.

MUSIC NOTE.

Alwyn Schroeder, the eminent violoncellist, has rejoined the Boston symphony orchestra as first cellist beginning with the next season.

"THE CHORAL SYMPHONY"

Trans. Apr. 30, 1910
BEETHOVEN IN A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

Mr. Fiedler, the Symphony Orchestra, the Cecilia and the Quartet Carry the Symphony to Thrilling Eloquence—The Justness of an Ultra-Modern Treatment of It—The Notable Qualities and Achievements of All Concerned—The Record of the Final Concert of Friday Afternoons

The quality of the performances of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, at the final Symphony Concert of the afternoon series, yesterday, measurably dispelled the lurking doubts of the wisdom of the repetition of such a piece within a year. Until Mr. Fiedler revived it last spring, it had not been performed in Boston for five years, or at regular Symphony Concerts for nine. In the earlier years of the orchestra, in Mr. Henschel's and Mr. Gericke's eighties, performances were relatively frequent; then the symphony gradually became an occasional and exceptional piece; and the three purely orchestral movements were oftenest played apart from the choral finale. Berlin and other German capitals, it is true, hear the Choral Symphony annually, and sometimes twice and thrice in Holy Week, while New York of late, in the rivalry of its orchestras, has listened to plentiful performances. Oftenest, however,

in America, and in Boston in particular, performances of the symphony—chorus, solo quartet and all—have been kept exceptional occasions and made "events" in their kind. Thus, the Choral Symphony has never become, like Beethoven's other eight, and especially the third and the fifth, an incident to orchestral routine. It has remained, as it is, a thing apart and exalted.

On the other hand, if the Ninth Symphony has never become conventionalized, no more has it become as familiar as it should be. However numerous the repetitions of the third, the fifth or the seventh symphonies, there are still new details in them for each of us eagerly to discover, side by side with the old and the anticipated of familiar thrill. Most of us, unless we have added private study to the hearing of public performances of the Choral Symphony, have never become thus intimate with it. Perhaps, indeed, its very magnitude of conception and execution repels such intimacy. To a few details in the larger sense every audience stirs—to the puissant drumbeats of the first movement; to the rhythmical changes of the scherzo; to the comings and goings of the songs of the slow movement; to the passionate and almost scornful recapitulations of the beginning of the finale; to a transition here, to a group of instrumental voices there. Oftenest, however, the whole impression remains general and a little confused, as of superhuman power of imagination and creation in endless variation. Only musical Titans—or very voracious Germans—could ever become used to the Choral Symphony.

Perhaps, then, Mr. Fiedler was wise in the venturing of another repetition so soon, and perhaps, and reasonably, he may have wished to bring to fulfilment the remarkable promise of the performance of last spring. Then, the ending of the concerts for the year with the Choral Symphony was a belated and rather hasty decision. There was little time to choose an efficient quartet, and none too much for the rehearsal of the chorus of the Cecilia. Yet when the days of actual performance came, it disclosed the power, the sweep, the might and the magnitude of the music, as Boston within recollection had not heard it. The qualities that distinguish Mr. Fiedler in puissant and passionate music of our own time, he could bring with like ample and kindling result to the Choral Symphony, since it is more truly modern music in the characteristic sense of the word than all that Brahms, for example, wrote in an intervening half century. Beethoven far outstripped the musical understanding, appreciations, emotions and criteria of his time with this Ninth Symphony. The audiences of the twenties, the thirties, and for a full half century beyond, indeed heard it with an overwhelming sense of its power and passion and majesty. Yet they had naught with which to compare and to assimilate it except the great mass and the final quartets of Beethoven himself. It is our high fortune to live musically in a time when the whole race, almost, of

contemporary composers would go forward in the directions, by the means and to the ends that Beethoven sought in the Choral Symphony, and, more than most of them, gained. Not for nothing, when our audiences now hear the Choral Symphony, have they sat for recent years under d'Indy and Strauss and their following. Not for nothing have conductors like Mr. Fiedler "toll'd terribly" with such music. Both have learned that the Ninth Symphony, though it was written in the distant twenties, is akin to it; that it asks a like mood in the hearer and that by like means and methods, conductor and band may summon its eloquence.

This year, the performance of the Choral Symphony was predestined from the beginning of the season. The solo quartet—Mmes. de Moss and Keyes and Messrs. van Norden and Weld—was picked early and careful; there was ample time to rehearse the Cecilia in music from which the first impression of appalling and implacable difficulty had a little waned; the orchestra knew better Mr. Fiedler's desires and ways with the symphony; and he himself, encouraged by the appreciation of last year felt his hand the freer and the firmer. Moreover, though no man could foresee, as mood and circumstance willed yesterday afternoon, conductor and chorus, orchestra and solo singers were all on edge. The result was the most eloquent and sustained, the most understanding and puissant, the most absorbing and thrilling performance of the Ninth Symphony that Boston, or indeed any other American city—not to forget Mr. Mahler's and Mr. Weingartner's with the New York Philharmonic—has heard in years. Mr. Fiedler held the symphony to a sustained power that matched the unflagging force of his "Heldenleben" or his "Zarathustra." He conceived it as a whole with the same largeness and magnificence of proportion and cumulative design with which, a fortnight ago, he imagined Liszt's "Faust" symphony. He filled it with a like exaltation of voice and spirit to that which he poured into d'Indy's symphony last autumn. The magnitude of his eloquence never coarsened the music; the passionate utterance that he would gain never became shrill. Clarity and intensity, melodic line and incisive accent went in hand.

In the heat of the moment, the symphony and the performance seemed to burn away the shortcomings that oftenest beset Mr. Fiedler. If his pace in the two impassioned orchestral songs of the adagio were slower than that which some conductors elect, it did not drag or cloud. He carried the choral finale to its heights of frenetic ecstasy; but he remembered that it is a noble as well as a frenetic song; and undue speed did not turn its exaltation into turmoil or lay upon singers and orchestra tasks beyond efficient human power. His and Beethoven's delirium so to say, was puissant even in its wildest vocal furies. Nowhere, unless it be in the drumbeats of the first movement, did Mr. Fiedler over-emphasize details, and it is the fashion of

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the hour with conductors to have the drums in the Ninth Symphony so smitten. Thus, the panorama of impassioned sound that is the first movement, unrolled its sequence in thrillingly eloquent and varied progress; the scherzo ran to rhythms that were as the sound of the many feet of Beethoven's visions; while the two songs of the slow movement were surcharged with a diverse but equally deep and luminous beauty. The transition into the finale had almost apocalyptic voice; the finale itself brought the emotions and the excitements of music-drama.

At every turn the orchestra was at one with the conductor and as eager with all its resources of technic, tone and spirit as was he. The tone of the instruments, and especially of the wind choir, in the slow movement, was of entrancing beauty; the rhythmic elasticity of the scherzo matched its eloquence of tone made passion eloquent

in the first; and in the finale the orchestra enhanced everyone of Mr. Fiedler's gradations and progressions toward the cumulative puissance of the climax. The choir of the Cecilia, secure now in the music (or as secure as mortals may be) and stirring perhaps to the new animation of prospective fortunes, caught and heated in their turn, the fire of the performance. They sang their music as though its intervals were not relentless, and its range unsparing. Precision went side by side with energy. The volume of their tone has never seemed more resonant or the texture of it finer. The women's voices attained the transparent richness, the soaring passion of Beethoven's music; the men's gave it body and opulence, and a kind of stern, if elated nobility. For once a chorus had conquered the difficulties of the music in time to impart its passion; could heed shadings of emotion and imagination as well as intricacies of interval and tessitura. It was a new, a prophetic Cecilia. The solo singers, fired, too, by the pervading mood, were sufficient to their unsparing tasks. Mme. de Moss's tones have the soaring transparency, the clear carrying quality that is essential to the soprano's music against the choral and the orchestral mass; Mr. Weld, the bass, had eloquent breadth of style and clarity of musical speech; Mr. van Norden and Miss Keyes filled their parts. But throughout the finale came little thought of individual elements in the performance of it. Mr. Fiedler had wrought them all, wrought himself, wrought the audience into the sublime frenzy of Beethoven exulting for a world, almost for a universe.

The rest is record. After such a performance of the Choral Symphony, the first symphony of Beethoven, with which the concert began, seemed but dimly remembered prettiness. And with the emotions of that performance still stirring he would be prig and pedant indeed who contrasted to his own glory of scholarship—and stupidity—the pleasantly youthful and the epical-

ly mature Beethoven. It was the final concert of the afternoon series, and thus there was more than the usual applause for Mr. Fiedler when he first took his place. Though the concert was lengthy, still more insistent applause at the end held him long in it and twice recalled him. At the last call he came leading Mr. Hess with him, and then the lingering audience showed that it knew, too, that the justly admired concert master had played to it for the last time. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY'S LAST PUBLIC REHEARSAL

Preparatory to Close of Season
Beethoven's First and Ninth
Symphonies Are Performed;
Cecilia Society Chorus Assists

NEW SOLOIST IS HEARD
FOR THE FIRST TIME

Herald Apr. 30, 1910
By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. This was the last public rehearsal of the 29th season. The program consisted of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies. The orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia Society and these solo singers: Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Berrick von Norden and Frederick Weld.

The Ninth Symphony is in itself enough for any concert, but it is the custom to preface the performance of it by some classic work. An overture by Beethoven is not out of place, and the addition of Mozart's exquisite quintet from "Cosi fan Tuttle" has been welcomed in past years. Mr. Fiedler no doubt thought it would be interesting to put Beethoven's first symphony with its suggestions of Haydn in the first two movements, and its suggestion in the finale of the Mozart of the "Nozze di Figaro" in juxtaposition with the colossal Ninth.

The performance of the two sym-

phonies was unusually good. The first was played with delicacy and without the desire to give it undue importance. Some time ago a symphony supposed to be of Beethoven's Bonn period was found and a performance of it in Germany persuaded many that the symphony really was composed by Beethoven.

As is well known, the performance of the Ninth presents peculiar difficulties. If only the first three movements are performed, there is a sense of incompleteness. The recklessness with which Beethoven wrote for the human voice makes an ideal performance of the finale almost impossible. Some conductors have not hesitated to transpose the finale a whole tone lower. Theodore Thomas advocated this transposition. The effect, however, is said to be far less brilliant and impressive.

The Cecilia chorus sang yesterday with marked precision in attack, accuracy and purity of intonation. There was no faltering in the sustained measures, which tax any chorus, however carefully selected it may be, and the members of the Cecilia were able to sing these measures with varied expression at the command of the conductor. On the whole, it was the finest choral performance of this finale that has been heard here for many years.

The solo singers have a thankless as well as a trying task. They acquitted themselves creditably. Mrs. Hissem De Moss was already known here as an accomplished soprano with a high, pure voice of most agreeable quality. Mr. Von Norden has sung here before. Miss Keyes, a newcomer, has a rich voice of liberal compass, and although yesterday she had little opportunity to show her art, she succeeded in awakening a desire to hear her again. The same may be said of Mr. Weld, who declaimed the opening recitative with dignity.

The performance of the whole symphony was one of unusual merit. And what a superhuman work this symphony is! It is too great for frequent hearing. It should be reserved for a ceremonial occasion. (How "The Messiah" has suffered from constant and indifferent repetitions!)

The Ninth symphony is not for a stupendous orchestra with unaccustomed instruments and imitations of natural phenomena; it is a work abounding in stupendous ideas. There is the absence of personality; there is never a suspicion of mere cleverness, amazing ingenuity. It is not so much

the expression of a man as of humanity. In this work Beethoven the seer is revealed, and there is the thought of the composer who, when dying, shook his clenched fist at the thunder storm that raged above him.

A few words about the season may not be impertinent. Mr. Fiedler was as a rule fortunate in program-making. Only one new symphony was produced, the little one by Halm, and it was not worthy of a place on the program. Of the other pieces heard here for the first time, Sibelius' "Saga," Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" and Strube's "Comedy" overture made the most marked impression.

The Symphony audience became acquainted with the names of Bantock, Delius and Ducasse, and one of Berlioz's earliest overtures, "Rob Roy," was heard here for the first time.

Miss Farrar and Miss Koenen sang for the first time at these concerts. The other soloists heard at these concerts for the first time were Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, and Messrs. Noack and Longy of the orchestra. Mr. Rachmaninoff commanded respect and admiration as a conductor.

The choice of compositions was catholic. Beethoven and Strauss were each represented eight times. Wagner and Brahms followed each with seven works. Tchaikowsky came next with six. American composers were represented by Chadwick, Converse, Loeffler and Strube, for the latter two surely would not resent being called Americans. Four compositions by Sibelius, the Finn, were played.

FINAL REHEARSAL.

Globe Apr. 30, 1910
Fiedler's Men Bring Their
Season to Close.

First and Ninth Symphonies of
Beethoven Are Played.

Under Mr Henschel's regime it was customary to close the orchestral season of concerts with Beethoven's ninth (choral) symphony. Yesterday afternoon, at the 24th and last rehearsal of the present year, Mr Fiedler returned to the former custom. Preceding the last of the master's symphonies he

placed the first. The afternoon thus became an exposition in the development of the symphony.

The choral portions of the ninth were sung yesterday by the Cecilia society. The quartet of solo singers was as follows: Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss soprano, Miss Margaret Keyes contralto, Berrick von Norden tenor and Frederick Weld bass.

Beethoven wrote his first symphony when he was 30 years old. He wrote the ninth 23 years later. In the first are evidences of originality and to a purpose. Beethoven communed more with nature and with his own spirit than with men. His writing was largely autobiographical.

Compare the introductions of the two works. In that of the first, he is at once daring for his time. The symphony is in C (major). He begins with a dominant chord of the seventh in F and immediately resolves it. He has a deceptive cadence in the second measure and another modulation in the third.

Once over this short opening adagio—an observance of the old tradition which Haydn rarely broke—the allegro follows with its clearly defined, well contrasted themes, the first brisk, nervous and impetuous, the second of graceful, plaintive character and appropriately found in the woodwind.

The three parts of the movement are now of the clearest possible structure. The terse, summarizing coda is pointedly reminiscent of the first theme. The movement is a lucid example of sonata form.

The first movement of the ninth appears too charged with unrest, turbulence and even rebellion to submit to the boundaries, relationship or laws of form. Phrases and figures follow with a seemingly chaotic independence of each other. Themes and melodic passages flow one into the other untrammelled by the demands of a customary form, but glowing with the vitalizing power of a masterful individuality.

The opportunity yesterday for a study of the two works in contrast made it the easier to note how intolerant of the restraint or dictate of precedent the older Beethoven had grown, how more imperiously independent in his ways and means of speech, and necessarily, because of the bonds of his deafness, how more inwardly impelled to expression by the broadening vision and deepening experience of his own life.

Whether or not he intensified or detracted from the sublimity of the latter symphony by adding voices to his orchestra and by causing them to give vocal and verbal utterance to Schiller's "Ode to Joy," may be debatable. Certain it is that neither the writing for chorus nor for quartet is vocal in any ordinary acceptance of the term.

The exacting height of the soprano part, both for solo and chorus, were no impediment yesterday. The chorus sang throughout with spirit, intelligence and a splendid body of tone.

The quartet executed the 10 exacting bars of adagio before the final allegro with precision and clarity of instruments and the less conspicuous passages with commendable surety.

The performance by Mr Fiedler and the orchestra was beyond reproach. The perfection of ensemble was realized.

SYMPHONY SEASON DRAWS TO A CLOSE

All-Beethoven Program Is
Enjoyed by Large
Audience.

CECILIA SOCIETY AIDS ORCHESTRA

Extra Applause Is Given Con-
ductor Fiedler for His Skil-
ful Leadership.

Journal — *Apr. 30, 1910*
An all-Beethoven program, the first and last of the immortal nine symphonies, is closing the Symphony season. Yesterday afternoon's concert was attended by one of the largest audiences of the season. There was extra applause for Conductor Fiedler before and after the concert. On the whole, through his breadth of view and his skilful, enthusiastic leadership, he has made this twenty-ninth season interesting to all sorts and conditions of music-lovers.

The reading of the first Beethoven symphony, which had not been performed since Dr. Muck's regime, was greatly enjoyed. All the beauties of the work were revealed sparkling clear in the sunshine of one of Beethoven's happiest moods. The greater Beethoven, however, loomed forth in the ninth symphony.

In the performance of this majestic composition the orchestra had the assistance of the Cecilia Society and of the following soloists: Soprano, Mrs. Mary Hlsem de Moss; contralto, Miss Margaret Keyes; tenor, Berrick von Norden; bass, Frederick Weld. The singers did remarkably well with music that, a century ago, must have seemed as far-fetched as anything Strauss has written seems today.

The thirteenth Symphony season will open Friday afternoon, Oct. 7, with Mr. Fiedler beginning the first half of his new two-year engagement.

DINNER TO WILLY HESS *Trans. Apr. 30, 1910* Distinguished Musical People Bid Him Godspeed on His Return to Berlin

Professor Eugene Gruenberg of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a dinner at the Copley Square Hotel, last evening, complimentary to Professor Willy Hess, who leaves for Europe next Tuesday. The guests consisted mostly of personal friends of Professor Hess, and among them were Max Fiedler, George W. Chadwick, Carlo Buonamici, Max Zach, Alwin Schroeder, J. Wallace Goodrich, Henry L. Mason, Henry M. Dunham, S. Addison Winternitz, Felix Porter, Carl Pierce, Emil Mahr, Carl Stasny, Dr. William C. Chenery, Charles Feabody, Wilfred A. French and Louis C. Elson.

Mr. Gruenberg acted as toastmaster. Mr. Elson spoke in his usual witty vein, and humorous remarks were made by Mr. Fiedler, Mr. Winternitz, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Peabody, each speaker alluding in terms of affection and eulogy to the character and ability of Mr. Hess, who leaves Boston to make Berlin his permanent abode, having been appointed successor to the late Professor Joachim. All expressed the hope that some day, in the not distant future, Professor Hess might return and become a citizen of Boston.

Mr. Hess's Final Appearances

At the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra today and tomorrow, Mr. Hess will sit for the last times in his place as the concert-master of the band, and yesterday at Cambridge, he appeared with it for the last time—at least for some years to come—as a virtuoso in his own right. He will give no "farewell concert" of his own, though personal friends and an admiring public have urged him to it; and he will depart next week to his work and his new life in Berlin. For a time, since the cares of the Hoch-Schule and the concerts of the Hallr Quartet are exacting, Mr. Hess is likely to have no opportunity to revisit America. Succession to Joachim's work, in and out of the school, is indeed exacting. With the years, however, Mr. Hess will earn his right to brief absences and in one or more of these he intends to revisit America as a virtuoso of the violin. Thus, and wisely and modestly, he has been shy of formal leave-takings.

Yet the sense of impending departure was clearly upon the violinist and his audience last night in Sanders Theatre. It was filled, as it always is for the concerts of the orchestra, to its last place, and Mr. Hess's particular circle in Boston had eagerly sought what seats the subscribers left untaken. The audience warmly applauded him as he came to the stage to perform Mendelssohn's concerto; the clapping waxed with each pause in the piece; and at the close he was thrice and ardently recalled, while his colleagues of the string choir and of the whole orchestra were as

eager with their plaudits as were the mere listeners. As the "soloist" of the evening, Mr. Hess had been absent from his usual place through the first part of the concert; he resumed it for Strauss's "Domestica" which filled the second part, and again hearty applause welcomed him. Finally, in the ante-room, after the concert was done, his more intimate acquaintance in Cambridge had their leave-takings.

As ungracious fate will sometimes have it on such occasions, Mr. Hess has played Mendelssohn's concerto more equably than he did last night—and notably when he revived the piece at a concert for the Pension Fund last autumn. He was plainly nervous yesterday; he paid the penalty in a tendency to play a little sharp; and he was not wholly within himself throughout the first movement. He commanded his usual elasticity and elegance of technical resource and accomplishment, but he had not quite his usual sureness. His tone had its familiar brilliancy, suppleness and felicity of shading, but not quite, again, its usual suavity and rich transparency. He summoned the fine and intimate emotion of Mendelssohn's music, as so much ordered, beautiful and a little rhapsodic sound, but he summoned it with effort. With the Andante and the long and gentle curve of its song, Mr. Hess was altogether himself again, and he played it with a beauty of sustained and flowing tone, with a fineness of melodic line, a delicacy of incidental ornament, a justness of feeling for Mendelssohn's gentle lyric voice, and an elegance and unobtrusive perfection of style that once more made him seem the virtuoso who if he had chosen, could have gone up and down the world side by side with some of his more renowned brethren. And in the finale, he regained altogether his characteristic brilliance and vitality. The music is rhapsody—the elation of brilliant play with sound for its own sake—and Mr. Hess made it yet more rhapsodical, while effort never once seamed brilliance or clouded style. The Hess who played these two movements of the concerto was indeed the Hess who is worthily to succeed to Joachim's work, because he, too, is an affectionate master of the secrets of the violin and of the style that caresses or compels them to speech. He is the worthier, for these days, because he adds to this mastery and this style the sensitiveness of imagination and the warmth of feeling that are their spiritually animating force. *Apr. 29/10* H. T. P.

The Symphony Concerts of next year—the thirtieth in the life of the orchestra—will begin for the afternoon series on Friday, Oct. 7, and for the evening series on Saturday, Oct. 8. With the six weekly intervals for the journeys to New York and to the Middle West, they will end on Friday, April 28, and Saturday, April 29, 1911.

When Willy Hess settles in Berlin to take up the late Carl Hallr's work at the Royal High School of Music he will also be assigned the first chair in the Hallr Quartet. Carl Flesch has filled the vacancy temporarily, but individual concert work appeals to him more than chamber music. The youngest of the teachers who will be Hess's associates on the violin faculty of the Hochschule is Karl Klingler. To him as a favorite—perhaps the favorite—pupil Joachim bequeathed the violin he had used during the latter years of his career, and now before he has left his twenties the title of professor, an honor coveted by all German teachers, has been officially conferred upon him. Meanwhile, rumor hints darkly that Henri Marteau has not found his position as head of the violin department a bed of roses and intends to resign at the end of the current year. [Musical America. *Trans. Apr. 29, 1910*]

Trans. News of Music Apr. 25/10

In the two years during which Mr. Fiedler has been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, he has put on his programmes all of Strauss's tone-poems, except the seldom played "Macbeth." In the season of 1908-1909 he undertook "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration," "Heldenleben" and "Zarathustra," and in the season that is just ending he added "Til Eulenspiegel," the "Symphonie Domestica" and, last week, "Don Quixote." He announced "Macbeth" as well, but circumstances have compelled him to defer performance of it until next winter, when he will, doubtless, repeat "Don Quixote" and other of the tone-poems. Little else indeed remains for him and for the orchestra in the music of Strauss. No part of "Electra," seemingly, can be shifted effectually from the theatre to the concert-room; the dance in "Salome" goes none too well without the visible action; and the "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot," played by Mr. Fiedler at his first concert here, is the merest fragment. Last winter, he clipped the "Sorrento" episode from Strauss's early symphony, "In Italy," and in time, probably, he will revive the whole piece.

While alike under Mr. Gericke, Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler, Strauss's music has had its just place in the Symphony Concerts, Mahler's has been curiously neglected there. Mr. Mahler has now written seven symphonies, any and all of which by their intrinsic interest as well as by the composer's place in the world, deserve such performance. Yet only one of them has ever been heard here—the fifth played with notable success at two pairs of concerts in the final year of Mr. Gericke's conductorship. It is true that some of Mr. Mahler's symphonies ask a chorus and solo voices as well as an orchestra; but not all or the least interesting of them demand these exceptional forces. It is one of the duties—as well as the glories—of the Sym-

phony Orchestra to keep its public informed as to the music of our time. Yet except Mr. Gerloke and on a single occasion, its conductors have uniformly overlooked Mr. Mahler's symphonies. And this very spring Paris, and even Rome, are hearing "festival performances" of the second—the most eloquent and the hugest of them all.

THE INCIDENTS OF THE FINAL SYMPHONY CONCERT

May 2, 1910
Mr. Hess's Leave-Taking for Exceptional Episodes—The Audience and Mr. Fiedler—A Word About His Work for the Year, and the Share of the Men in It—

The Symphony Concerts ended for the year on Saturday night with the usual incidents of such occasions and with one or two, arising from the departure of Mr. Hess, that were exceptional. Behind the scenes, Mr. Higginson, following his annual custom, spoke a few words of friendly thanks and praise to the men of the band in the "orchestra room" before the concert began; while the men themselves with Mr. Kuntz, one of the few present players in the orchestra who has served in it from the very beginning in 1881, as their spokesman, handed Mr. Hess a watch for souvenir of his work with them and their liking for him. His pleasure at the gift and the emotion of three days of nearly continuous experience of farewell ceremonies almost denied him words for reply. Then the scene shifted to the hall, and when the men had taken their seats, Mr. Hess came last of them toward his place. While he was still standing, the audience began to applaud him very heartily; then the orchestra and the chorus of the Cecilia rose from their places and added their plaudits. It was good for a virtuoso like Mr. Hess to be so honored by the public that has known and admired his work for four years; but perhaps it was better still, especially on the human side, to receive such warm and clear token of admiration and liking from professional associates, prone to note each other's infirmities. Again, as on Friday, at the end of the concert, Mr. Fiedler led Mr. Hess to the front of the stage, and so, as his approving and loyal chief, completed and sealed this circle of honors to the departing concert-master. None, in all the years of the orchestra, has excelled him in that post as an equally steady and inspiring leader, and, when he has turned "soloist" incidentally or in his concerto of the year, none has matched him as a virtuoso of the violin.

As usual, the conductor's stand was twined with greenery and plumed with a bouquet, and when Mr. Fiedler first came to it, the audience, which filled the hall, the orchestra, and the chorus of the Cecilia, which is likely to know him still better next year, all applauded him very warmly. There

was more clapping at the end of Beethoven's first symphony; while at the pauses in the Choral Symphony, and at the end, the applause was reiterated proof of the warm liking and admiration of the audience. As usual, Mr. Fiedler turned open-handed toward the orchestra as one who would pour the plaudits, in his turn, upon his men; but the audience, insisting, made it clear that it was the conductor as well as the players that it would honor. And, as was noted in this place on Saturday, many of his most admirable and stirring qualities had played in his performance of the Choral Symphony and made it unique in the musical experiences of this town in recent years. Time and again in the long course of the season—fifty concerts in Boston and sixty or seventy more in other cities—they had played to equal illumination, power, and answering appreciation and emotion in d'Indy's symphony for example, in Strauss's "Zarathustra," "Don Juan," "Til," and "Don Quixote," in Liszt's "Faust," in Bruckner's symphony, and Elgar's and Tschalkowsky's, in Debussy's "Paris," in the symphonies in which Schumann sings the spring and his bridal, in Sibellus's pieces and in Reger's.

In ultra-modern music, especially of the Germans, the Russians, and the Scandinavians, in romantic music, whatever its time or sort (unless it be too theatrically of the opera house) in music generally that invites large and intense treatment and expression, Mr. Fiedler remains, as he began here, a conductor of understanding and imagination, of puissance and personality. The very shortcomings that assail him with the severer classics and with music that less exalts expressive fervor, only serve him the better in this modern, romantic, highly-colored music that he feels so deeply and cherishes so warmly. Again, for a second year, the range, the diversity, the intelligent and the interesting ordering of his programmes have praised him and have been a continuing satisfaction to his audiences. He has been just in the holding of the balance between the old and the new, the familiar and the rare, and hardly one of the novel pieces or the revivals of the years has not deserved its place in the concerts either for its intrinsic interest or its significance of the musical current of its time. With a conductor of such methods and aims, and so engrossed and intense with his work as is Mr. Fiedler, moments were bound to come when the rare finesse and euphony of the orchestra, as he received it, seemed a little to decline. On the other hand, there have been many more occasions when he has carried the band to a thrilling eloquence of brilliant, sonorous, puissant and sweeping tone and to heights and depths of large and searching beauty. As the Symphony Orchestra is, the men as well as the conductor make it. They, equally with him, are the guardians of its cherished and distinctive euphony and finesse, its delicacy and beauty of tone. Equally with him, they make its power, its brilliance, its magnificent and conquering

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 H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

Thirtieth Season, 1910-1911.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 8, 1910.

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Boston

Symphony Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 8, 1910.

At the end of the Symphony Concert on Friday afternoon, after the chorus of the Cecilia had finished its work in the Ninth Symphony, it voted upon the question of coöperation with the Symphony Orchestra next season. The result of the test was altogether and even enthusiastically favorable to the project in principle, leaving the details for the officers of the Cecilia and the management of the orchestra to adjust. There has been of late an increasing disposition among the singers to leave the choir. Now, with its new fortunes, the mood sets in the other direction.

Mr. Ludwig, the short and bearded elder of the instruments of percussion in the Symphony Orchestra—and a familiar figure these many seasons to its audiences—is leaving the band this spring, since with advancing years the work has become too exacting for his physical strength. His spirit and his loyalty are as quick as ever, but the modern composers are making the way of the instruments of percussion steadily harder. Mr. Dworak, the tuba-player, of the orchestra under Mr. Gericke who passed to the "battery" under Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler, has also resigned.

PRESENT TO PROF. HESS.

Symphony Orchestra Members Give Him Handsome Gold Watch.

The last of the season's concerts of the Symphony orchestra, which was given in Symphony Hall last evening, was marked by a pretty compliment paid to Prof. Willy Hess, the retiring concert-master of the orchestra.

After Mr. Higginson had made his usual address to the members of the orchestra, which he always does just before the men go on the stage for the last concert, Daniel Kuntz, who is one of the two members of the orchestra who have been members of it continuously since it was organized in 1881, came forward and with a few appropriate remarks presented to Prof. Hess in the name of the members of the orchestra a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. It was a complete surprise to Prof. Hess, who was deeply affected by this mark of the genuine affection and admiration in which he is held by his colleagues of the orchestra.

Prof. Hess leaves Boston early this week and goes directly to Berlin, where he assumes at once his duties in the Royal Academy of Music. His successor here is Anton Witek, at present concert-master of the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin.

CAREER OF ANTON WITEK, NEW SYMPHONY LEADER

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Mr. Anton Witek, who will succeed Mr. Willy Hess as concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Witek was born at Saaz, Bohemia, Jan. 7, 1872, and he studied under Bennewitz, at Prague. In 1894 he was appointed concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin. It is said of him as a violinist that he plays as a serious, solid, thoroughly grounded musician, and not as a virtuoso; that he is an excellent interpreter of the classic masters, and has a wide acquaintance with the modern repertory. He has travelled with success as a soloist in Scandinavia.

Many will mourn the decision of Mr. Hess to leave Boston, for he is an unsurpassable concert master, a violinist of many fine qualities, enthusiastic and indefatigable in his work, a genial, high-minded, honorable man. No one is more appreciative of worthy colleagues; no one is more generously disposed toward men of humbler attainments.

The inducements offered Mr. Hess to go to Berlin are many and flattering, and he is undoubtedly wise in accepting the offers. And Mr. Hess has the gypsy's love for wandering. Born at Mannheim in 1859, he played in Boston in 1869. He left America for Holland. He has lived in Heidelberg, Berlin, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Rotterdam, Manchester, Cologne, London. The good wishes of the public will go with him to Berlin.

A rumor has been spread that Mr. Andre Maquarre, the admirable first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will leave Boston at the end of this season to accept a position with the Philharmonic Society of New York. The truth of this report is authoritatively denied. This is welcome news, for Mr. Maquarre's place could not be easily filled.

It has also been rumored that Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the violoncellist, will return to the orchestra, and this rumor is not denied.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Musical Novelties of Symphony Year.

George *Apr. 24, 1910*
As last year, Beethoven's choral symphony, the 9th, will this week bring the season of the Symphony orchestra to a close. Mr. Fiedler will have the assistance of the chorus of the Cecilia society with the following soloists: Mme Hissem de Moss soprano, Miss Margaret Keyes contralto, Berick von Norden tenor and Frederick Weld bass. Beethoven's first symphony will precede.

In the series of 23 pairs of concerts, concluding with those of Friday afternoon and last night, two works were performed for the first time on any program, five were heard for the first time in America, and six for the first time in Boston. Both of the two which received a "first performance" were by Mr. Strube of the orchestra, and were played from manuscript. They were the "Concerto in E minor for cello and orchestra," played Oct 29 and 30, with Heinrich Warnke of the orchestra as soloist, and the comedy overture, "Tuck," played at the 19th rehearsal and concert, March 18 and 19.

Musical Novelties in America.

Those catalogued as "first performance in America" were as follows: "Symphonic Prolog to a Tragedy," op. 108, by Max Reger, played at the second rehearsal and concert, Oct 15 and 16; "The Pierrot of the Minute," a comedy overture to a dramatic phantasy of Ernest Dowson, by Granville Bantock, played Oct 22 and 23; "Paris: a Night Piece (the song of a great city)," by Frederick Delius, played Nov 26 and 27; "Suite Française," in D major, by Roger Ducasse, played April 15 and 16, and August Halm's symphony in D minor for string orchestra, played at the Friday afternoon rehearsal and Saturday night concert of the past week.

Lastly, the works falling under the title of "first performance in Boston" are as follows: "Rondo Infinito," op. 42, by Christian Sinding, played Nov 19 and 20; "The Island of the Dead," symphonic poem by Sergei Rachmaninoff to the picture by A. Bocklin, played at the ninth rehearsal and concert, Dec 17 and 18, and conducted by the composer (Mr. Rachmaninoff's debut in Boston as a conductor); second concerto for pianoforte with orchestra, op. 18, by Sergei Rachmaninoff, played on the same occasions with the composer

as pianist; overture to "Rob Roy," Hector Berlioz, played Jan 21 and 22; "A Saga," tone poem for orchestra, op. 9, by Jean Sibelius, played March 4 and 5, and a double number: elegie and musette from suite "King Christian II," and "Valse Triste," by the same composer, played April 1 and 2.

Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" Performed.

Thus, in 24 pairs of concerts, there have been 13 "novelties" unheard before in this city. Mr. Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" in D major was played Feb 11 and 12 for the first time at these concerts, although performed previously at a concert of his compositions in Jordan hall Nov 21, 1904. The average then for new pieces on Mr. Fiedler's programs during the past year is a fraction more than one for every alternating pair of concerts.

Estimate of the relative importance of the new works reverts to the basis of individual taste and preference. It is but a matter of taste then to say that Reger's "Symphonic Prolog to a Tragedy" seemed to be a colossal musical fabric in which intricacy and complexity of fiber did not become turgid prolixity, but a sound as of many voices seething in a contrapuntal vortex for the expression of grim, appalling or toweringly tragic thoughts and moods.

Delius' "Night Piece, Paris," was an engaging piece of tonal photography which permitted to each hearer an individual program of quite as great latitude in scope or intensity as his experience could warrant of make plausible. It was highly imaginative, interpretative music.

He was quite as original and self-assertive in his own idiom as Reger had been in his. Both had combined orchestral tones and colors to project ideas—Reger obsessed by the dread and grim terror of the tragedian who will defy precedent to express them, Delius fired by the picturesque fancies of a cunning and nimble imagination.

Of larger musical value than either was Rachmaninoff's singularly engrossing tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead." Memory will remain vivid of the suppression, the intensifying suspense and the true inwardness which characterized the composer's expression of the vastness, solitude and eternal silence suggested by Bocklin's painting, and realized in tones by Mr. Rachmaninoff's illuminating reading of the work.

FIEDLER AND HESS SAIL SOON

Trans. *Apr. 23, 1910*
Conductor and Concert Master of Boston Symphony Orchestra to Spend Summer in Germany

Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his wife, will leave Boston on Monday, May 2, for New York and the following day will sail for Germany. They go direct to Hamburg, where they will remain, except for a summer holiday tour. Willy Hess, concert master of the orchestra, and his three daughters are to sail for Germany from New York on May 4, and will go to Berlin, where he will enter at once upon his new musical duties.

DIRECTOR FIEDLER GUEST OF HONOR

Herald Apr. 5, 1910
**Papyrus Club Gives Regular
Spring Musical Dinner, Which
Is Also Attended by Boston's
Other Two Leaders.**

Max Fiedler, director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was the guest of honor of the regular spring musical dinner of the Papyrus Club, held last evening at Young's Hotel. Among the other guests were: Eben D. Jordan and Wallace Goodrich, leader of the New England Conservatory of Music orchestra.

These three men make a trio of peculiar significance in that they represent Boston's three principal musical institutions, the Boston Symphony orchestra, which first gained for Boston its reputation as a musical centre; the Conservatory of Music, widely known as one of the best institutions of its kind; and the Boston Opera, the success of which will mean so much, not only to Boston, but to opera-lovers over the whole of the United States, who realize that by such institutions only can be fostered a national opera of our own.

The evening's entertainment, presided over by Sidney Williams, toastmaster, consisted of speeches from the guests, and songs, both serious and comic, by the members singly, and in a double quartet under the leadership of Dr. John D. Hawes, 2d.

THE POPS.

The season of Pop concerts in Symphony Hall will begin tomorrow evening, (Monday, May 2) with the usual orchestra of 55 Symphony players and with Gustav Strube as conductor. With the exception of one year, 1890, when the Pops were omitted owing to the failure of the management to secure a license, these concerts have been a unique feature of the spring in Boston since 1885. In that year, at the end of the regular

Symphony season, a series of popular concerts modelled after the Bilse concerts of Berlin, was given in the old Music Hall three times a week, first on Wednesday and Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, and then on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with the late Adolph Neuendorff as conductor. These first popular concerts did not introduce the features of tables with smoking and refreshments, but they were so successful that at the end of June it was decided to take out the seats of the old Music Hall, put in tables and greenery and have what were then known as "Promenade" concerts. These promenade concerts were successful from the beginning and ran through from the end of June to the latter part of September. The next year there were no popular concerts in the sense of those given the year before by Mr. Neuendorff, but the promenade concerts began in May and continued throughout the whole summer under the conductorship of John Mullaly, who is still one of the valued first violins of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

It is a rather curious fact that Boston has been the only city able to support such concerts for anything like such a term of years.

During the season of 1910 the conductorship will be divided between Gustav Strube, who has been conductor off and on for over 10 years and continuously conductor for parts of the season during the last six years, and Andre Maquarre, who made his debut as conductor last season with such satisfaction to the Pop audiences. Mr. Strube will conduct until June 1, and then will be succeeded by Mr. Maquarre, who will be conductor until Saturday night, July 2, when the season comes to an end. At the opening of the season the concert master will be Jacques Hoffmann, and he will be followed by Willy Krafft.

There will also be the usual "special" nights. The first will be next Thursday, May 5, when Tufts will celebrate. Tufts songs will be sung by the glee club.

On Wednesday, May 11, will come the first Amherst night, details of which will be announced later. In June there will be the regular Tech, Dartmouth and Harvard nights, and there will probably be some other special nights.

The program for the opening night is as follows:

March, "The Comet".....Strube
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
Waltz, "Du und Du".....Strauss
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
"Meditation," from "Thais".....Massenet
(Solo violin, J. Hoffmann.)
HumoresqueDvorak
Selection, "Samson and Delila".....
Saint-Saens
Ballet music from "La Gioconda".....
Ponchielli
Selection, "The Midnight Sons".....Hubbell
Waltz from "The Chocolate Soldier".....
Strauss
March, "Kaiser Friedrich".....Friedemann

MARCH 23, 1910.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA ENDS ENGAGEMENT

Concert Meister Willy Hess
Plays Concerto on
Times Violin.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, played to an overflowing house yesterday afternoon at the New National Theater, the concert closing the orchestra's season in Washington.

Willy Hess, concertmeister of the organization, who came forward as soloist, played Max Bruch's third concerto for violin and orchestra with that purity of tone, breadth of treatment, feeling and poise which characterize the work of a thorough artist in the full maturity of his power.

Throughout a varied program the orchestra acquitted itself with that degree of excellence one expects in the work of America's oldest orchestral body. The symphony number, Schumann's entrancing work, B-flat major No. 1, was given with superb effect, its melodious tripping measures having as a striking contrast the characteristically dramatic overture to the opera "Benvenuto Cellini" (Hector Berlioz), which closed the program.

We may close our review with a contribution to Musical History. The Hat War is over! The hall management has been routed—horse, foot and dragoons. The ladies have won the victory and are doubly attractive in consequence. They fought unitedly behind the "White Plume of Navarre," and mere man will continue to sit behind that plume at concerts, and dodge, and squirm, and ineffectually try to see the conductor.

It is definitely settled that Mr. Schroeder, the violoncellist, will rejoin the Symphony Orchestra next autumn, sharing the first desk of the 'celli with Mr. Warnke who is very kindly disposed to the elder virtuoso. Thus, after five years of rather trying vicissitudes in string quartets in America and in Germany, Mr. Schroeder will return to the place that for many years before he had adorned. *Trans. Apr. 25, 1910*

WILLY HESS TO LEAVE.

Geob. Milw. 29, 1910
Released to Accept Position in Berlin—Anton Witek Will Probably Come Here.

Prof Willey Hess has resigned as concert master of the Boston symphony orchestra, to take effect April 30. Although his contract with the Symphony orchestra had one year to run, the management has consented to release him as he has just been appointed to the head of the violin department of the Konigliche Hochschule of Berlin, to succeed the late Carl Halir.

Negotiations are in progress with Anton Witek, concert master of the Berlin philharmonic orchestra, and one of the most notable violinists in Germany, and it is probable that he will succeed to the post vacated by Mr Hess.

GIFT TO PROF HESS.

Members of the Symphony Orchestra
Present Him a Watch Suitably
Inscribed. *Geob. May 1, 1910*

The last of the season's concerts of the Symphony orchestra, which was given in Symphony hall last evening, was marked by an exceedingly pretty compliment to Prof Willy Hess, the retiring concert master of the orchestra.

After Mr Higginson had made the address to the members of the orchestra, which he always does just before the members go on the stage for the last concert, Mr Daniel Kuntz, one of the two members of the orchestra who have been with it continuously since it was organized in 1881, came forward and, with a few remarks, presented to Prof Hess, in the name of the members of the orchestra, a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed.

The whole affair was a complete surprise to Prof Hess, who was deeply affected by this mark of the genuine affection and admiration in which he is held by his colleagues of the orchestra.

Prof Hess leaves Boston the early part of this week, sailing from New York on the President Grant on Wednesday, May 4. He goes directly to Berlin, where he assumes at once his duties in the Royal academy of music in that city. As already announced, his successor is Anton Witek, at present concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin.

The migrations of the harps in the Symphony Orchestra seem finished, and now after various experiments with new placings of them, Mr. Fiedler has definitely set them on the edge of the stage alongside of the first violins. It is hard to say whether the change appreciably increases the vividness of their tone in or against the instrumental mass, but it does give Mr. Fiedler what he desired, an unbroken semi-circle of the string choir; the first violins; then the violoncellos, the leaders of which have been brought down to the former place of the harps; next the violas; and finally the second violins. Hardly within memory has there been even so slight a change in the seating of the players. *Trans. M. L. 21/10*

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Symphony Orchestra returns this morning from its fourth Southern trip, having given its regular monthly concerts in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn, and winding up its season in Hartford last evening. This trip, which, like all the others the orchestra has made this year, was very successful from all points of view, was notable in two respects. In Baltimore last Tuesday night it gave Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Baltimore Oratorio Society; and on Wednesday evening the orchestra gave its regular concert in Philadelphia. It was expected, on account of the strike, that the concert would suffer, but the audience was rather larger than usual. The program for next Friday and Saturday includes Wagner's "A Faust" overture, Schumann's "Spring" symphony, Sibelius' tone-poem "En Saga" (first time here), "On the Shore of Sorrento" from Richard Strauss' "From Italy," and Tschaikowsky's "1812." *Harold M. L. 1/10*

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The sale of seats for the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, April 17, will open at the box office at Symphony Hall next Friday morning, April 8. Mme. Sembrich will sing "Involami" from Verdi's "Ernani" and a large group of songs. Mr. Fiedler has planned the program as follows: The first part will consist wholly of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. The second part will begin with Mme. Sembrich's aria, then will come an orchestral number and the concert will be brought to an end by the songs.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The announcement that the Apollo Club will co-operate with the Symphony orchestra in the performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony at the concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, is attracting unusual interest. The demand for seats is large, and as the number for sale for Saturday evening is very limited, there is no doubt that Symphony Hall will be filled to its capacity. It is 11 years now since the "Faust" Symphony was last given with the choral finale. The opportunity to hear the Apollo Club in conjunction with the Symphony orchestra does not come often. James H. Rattigan of the club will sing the tenor solo.

BOSTON, APRIL 3, 1910 — SOCIETY, WOMEN SYMPHONY'S NEW CONCERT MASTER



Anton Witek.

MARCH 16, 1910.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH,
SOLOIST THIS WEEK
IN SYMPHONY CONCERT



SEMBRICH TO SING
IN BOSTON FRIDAY

Makes Last Appearance of
Year on the Symphony
Program Soon.

Journal
The appearance of Mme. Sembrich
at the Symphony concerts here on Fri-
day afternoon and Saturday evening of
this week will be the last she will

make in Boston this year, and it is
not at all certain that she will come
to America next year.

Arrangements have partly been made
for her to return to America for a few
concerts in the East next winter, but
she has not yet decided whether she
will do this. It seems that she has
made a large number of engagements
to appear in opera and concert in Ger-
many, Russia and eastern Europe,
where she is as great a favorite as
she is in this country, and if she fills
these engagements it will be impossible
for her to come to America.

This makes her appearance with the
Boston Symphony Orchestra all the
more interesting. She is down for two
arias, the "Deh vien!" from Mozart's
"Marriage of Figaro" and "Lo, the
Heaven-descended Prophet," from
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bring the program to an end with four
songs to pianoforte accompaniment.

On the appearance of "The Boston Sym-
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SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON

JULY 5 and 6, 1910

FOR THE

National Education Association

A CONCERT BY FIFTY-FIVE MEMBERS OF
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GUSTAV STRUBE *Conductor*
CHARLES ANTHONY *Pianist*

WEBER Overture, "Der Freischutz"

The opera was first performed in 1821.
The overture begins adagio, C major, 4-4. After eight measures of
introduction there is a part-song for four horns. This section of the
overture is not connected in any way with subsequent stage action.
After the quartet an ominous motive appears, and there is the thought
of Max and his temptation. The main body of the overture is molto
vivace, C minor, 2-2. The sinister music rises to a climax, which is
repeated during the casting of the seventh bullet in the Wolf's Glen.
In the next episode, E-flat major, themes associated with Max (clari-
net) and Agathe (first violins and clarinet) appear. The climax of
the first section reappears, now in major, and there is use of Agathe's
theme. There is repetition of the demoniac music that introduces the
allegro, and a sinister mood dominates the modulation to the coda,
C major, fortissimo, which is the apotheosis of Agathe.

MOZART Symphony in G minor

One of the three Mozart works in symphonic form which have main-
tained their place in modern concert programs; and it is interesting to
note that these three were written in 1788, three years before Mozart's
death.
The first movement begins immediately with the exposition of the
first theme; the melody is sung by the first and second violins in octaves
over a simple accompaniment in the other strings. The subsidiary
theme is of an energetic character. The second theme is in B-flat
major and of a plaintive nature. The free fantasia begins with the

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MARCH 16, 1910.

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The first movement begins immediately with the exposition of the
first theme; the melody is sung by the first and second violins in octaves
over a simple accompaniment in the other strings. The subsidiary
theme is of an energetic character. The second theme is in B-flat
major and of a plaintive nature. The free fantasia begins with the

first theme, now in the remote key of F-sharp minor, and this theme now has various appearances. The development is long and elaborate. Especially noteworthy is the combination of the beginning of the first motive with the second half of the subsidiary theme, which is now played legato by the wood-wind; also the preparation for the repetition with the surprising entrance of the first theme; also the treatment of the first theme in imitation at the end.

The second movement is an Andante, E-flat major, 6-8, and it is also in the sonata form. The chief theme is hardly a continuous melodic song. It begins in the violas with a rhythmic figure, which is imitated by the second violins, then by the first. The true melody lies somewhat hidden in the basses, and in the repetition of the first eight measures is sung elegiacally by the first violins. The second theme is in B-flat major, and it consists chiefly of passage-work, in which "the little fluttering figure" of the accompaniment of the concluding period of the first theme assumes thematic importance. The free fantasia is short.

Of the third movement, the Menuetto is stern and contrapuntal; the trio is light and simple.

The Finale, Allegro assai, begins in an earnest, almost passionate mood, which is maintained to the entrance of a cantabile second theme in B-flat major, sung first by the strings, then by the wood-wind. In the repetition of this theme there is a characteristic and melancholy variation in the first violins. The free fantasia is an elaborate development of the first theme in imitative counterpoint.

INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES

TSCHAIKOWSKY . . . First Movement of Concerto in B-flat minor, Op. 23

The very first performance of this concerto in public was at Boston in Music Hall, October 25, 1875, when Hans von Bülow was the pianist.

The first movement begins with a long introduction, Andante non troppo e molto maestoso, which is based and developed on its own peculiar theme. After a short prelude in B-flat minor by full orchestra, there is modulation to D-flat major. The stately theme is sung by first violins and 'cellos in octaves; wood-wind and horns furnish a background, and full chords are swept by the pianist. The pianoforte repeats and varies the theme, which leads to a cadenza; and after a series of imitations between pianoforte and orchestra, the great theme is proclaimed by all the violins, violas, and 'cellos in double octaves. There is a short coda. Harmonies in the brass lead to the key of B-flat minor, and the main body of the first movement, Allegro con spirito, 4-4. The chief theme is in nervous rhythm, given out by the pianoforte. The rhythmic movement in the course of the dialogue between solo instrument and orchestra is hurried into sixteenths. Then follows an episode with the second theme, an expressive melody announced by wood-wind and horns. A subsidiary and sensuous theme in A-flat major

is whispered by the muted strings. The second theme is developed and led to a mighty conclusion in C minor. The sensuous theme reappears, is developed at length, and there is a return to the chief theme. In the free fantasia the second theme is worked out at length to a powerful climax. The pianoforte attacks a formidable cadenza on figures from this theme. The sensuous, caressing melody reappears near the end, and swells to fortissimo.

MENDELSSOHN . . . Nocturne and Scherzo from Music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Op. 61

NOCTURNE. This is an entr'acte between Acts III. and IV. Andante tranquillo, E major, 3-4. It is a commentary on the sleep of the two pairs of lovers in the wood.

SCHERZO. The scherzo (entr'acte between Acts I. and II.) is an Allegro vivace in G minor, 3-8. "Presumably Mendelssohn intended it as a purely musical reflection of the scene in Quince's house—the first meeting to discuss the play to be given by the workmen at the wedding—with which the first act ends. Indeed there is a passing allusion to Nick Bottom's bray in it. But the general character of the music is light and fairy-like, with nothing of the grotesque about it."

GRIEG . . . "Death of Aase" from "Peer Gynt" Suite

A well-known commentator says: "Besides depicting the passing away of the woman Aase, the music seems also to have a symbolic suggestion: the dying of nature in the autumn, far up in the North, the disappearance of the sun for months, leaving this globe in a ruddy darkness."

WAGNER . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

The opera was first performed in Dresden in 1845.

There is a slow introduction, Andante maestoso, E major, 3-4, in which the Pilgrims' Chorus, "Beglückt darf nun dich, o Heimath, ich schauen," from the third act, is heard, at first played piano by lower wood-wind instruments and horns with the melody in the trombones against a persistent figure in the violins, then sinking to a pianissimo (clarinets and bassoons).

The main body of the overture, Allegro, E major, 4-4, begins even before the completion of the pilgrims' song with an ascending first theme (violas), "the typical motive of the Venus Mountain." The first period of the movement is taken up wholly with bacchanalian music; and the motive that answers the ascending typical figure, the motive for violins, flutes, oboes, then oboes and clarinets, is known as the theme of the bacchanal, "the drunkenness of the Venus Mountain." This period is followed by a subsidiary theme in the same

key, a passionate figure in the violins against ascending chromatic passages in the 'cellos. The second theme, B major, is Tannhäuser's song to Venus, "Dir töne Lob!" The bacchanal music returns, wilder than before. A pianissimo episode follows, in which the clarinet sings the appeal of Venus to Tannhäuser, "Geliebter, komm, sieh' dort die Grotte," the typical phrase of the goddess. This episode takes the place of the free fantasia. The third part begins with the passionate subsidiary theme, which leads as before to the second theme, Tannhäuser's song, which is now in E major. Again the bacchanalian music, still more frenetic. There is stormy development; the violin figure which accompanied the pilgrims' chant returns, and the coda begins, in which this chant is repeated. The violin figure grows swifter and swifter as the fortissimo chant is thundered out by trombones and trumpets to full harmony in the rest of the orchestra.

**Symphony Orchestra
Program Pleases Many
Convention Delegates**

Trans. — July 7, 1910

Symphony Hall was filled again last evening with members of the N. E. A. eager to hear Boston's Symphony orchestra in the program arranged for their entertainment by the music committee of the local entertainment board of which Leo R. Lewis of Medford is chairman. The numbers rendered were the same as during the previous evening.

A nominal admission charge was made for these concerts, but large as was the attendance, there will be a considerable sum to be paid in addition by public spirited citizens to meet the expenses. It is understood that the finance committee, of which President Bernard J. Rothwell of the Chamber of Commerce is chairman, has the necessary funds already in hand.

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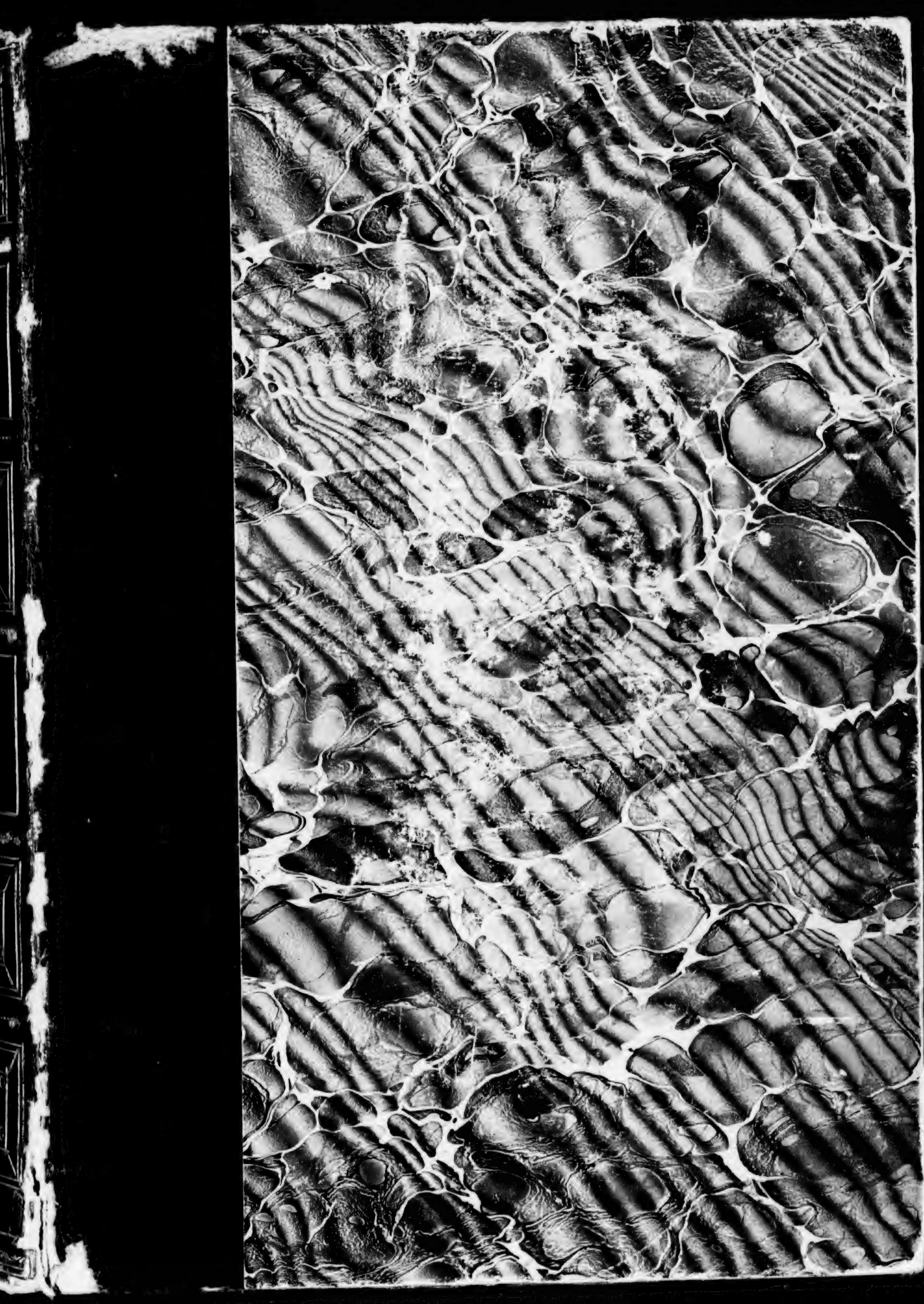
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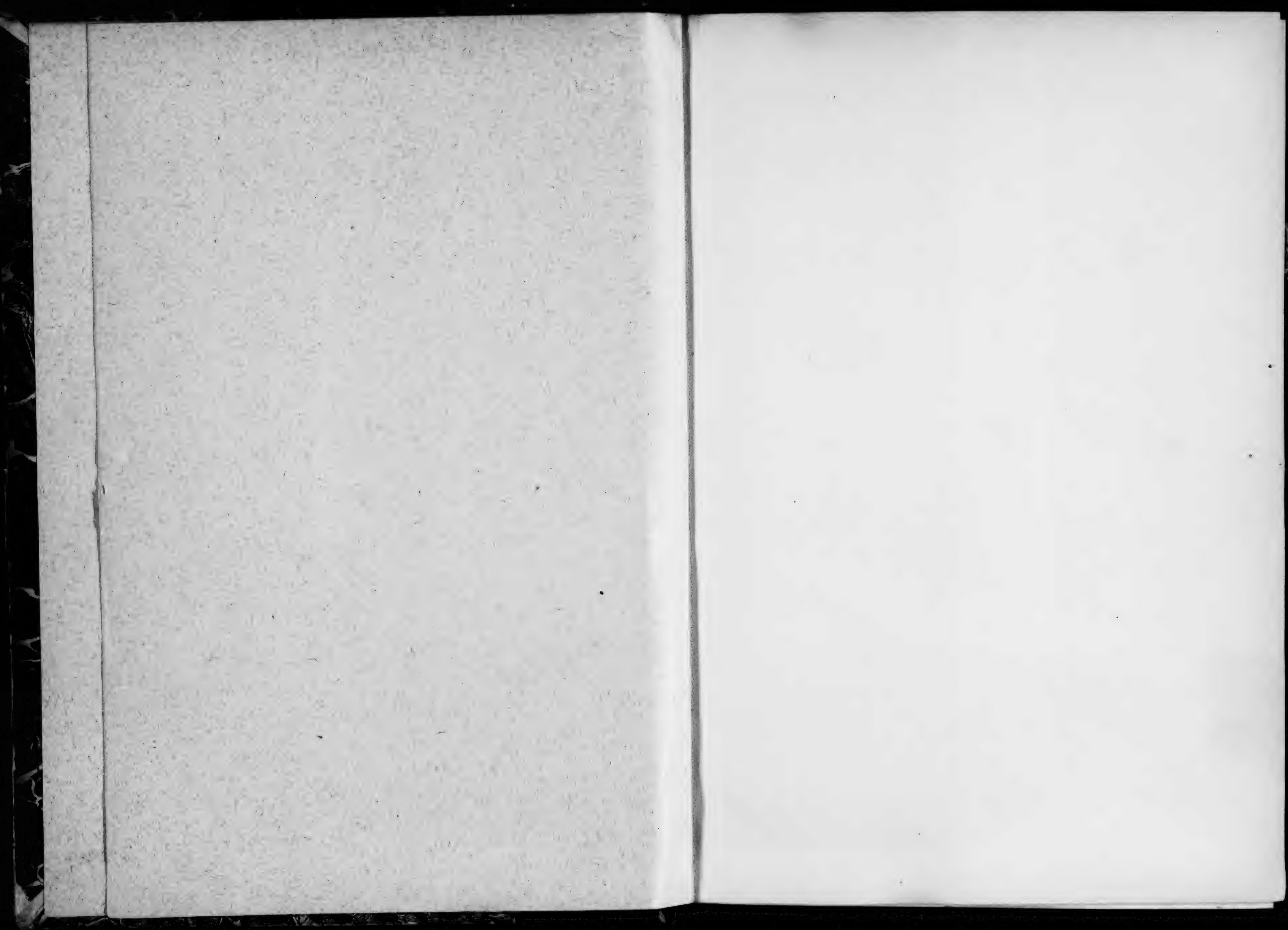
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MR. PHILIP HALE: WIZARD

A storehouse of stupendous facts
And microscopic lore;
He starts the day on genial tracks
With endless repertoire—
Some squib, a jest or bright attacks,
That penetrate the core.

Affairs minute, of magnitude—
Encyclopaedic things;
Like Teufelsdröckh in happy mood,
The best to us he brings.
He knows the cultured and the crude,
From dodoes' eggs to kings.

If we're perplexed, we seek him out,
And "put it up to him."
If we're distressed or have a doubt,
Or haunted with a whim,
He makes us smile when we might pout—
He keeps our minds in trim!

The World Wags well when nudged by
Hale—

The day is well begun
That opens with some witty tale—
His wisdom and his fun;
Long may his jollity prevail
In narrative and pun.

JUSTIN HENRY SHAW.
Portsmouth, N. H.

TO THE PRINCE OF CRITICS

[From a contributor who asks that it be
"tucked in somewhere" unbeknown to
its subject, a request which has been
granted.—Ed.]

There is one critic in this spinning Hub
Whom, in lieu of a finer term, we dub
Infallible.

So sage, so just, we to his judgments
bend.

If Philip says "'tis bad," 'tis bad, and
there's an end.

If "clever," clever 'tis, and that is all.
Ah, Philip, never from Olympus fall!

I never spent my honest dollar yet,
Without his sanction, but I knew regret.
It's marvellous.

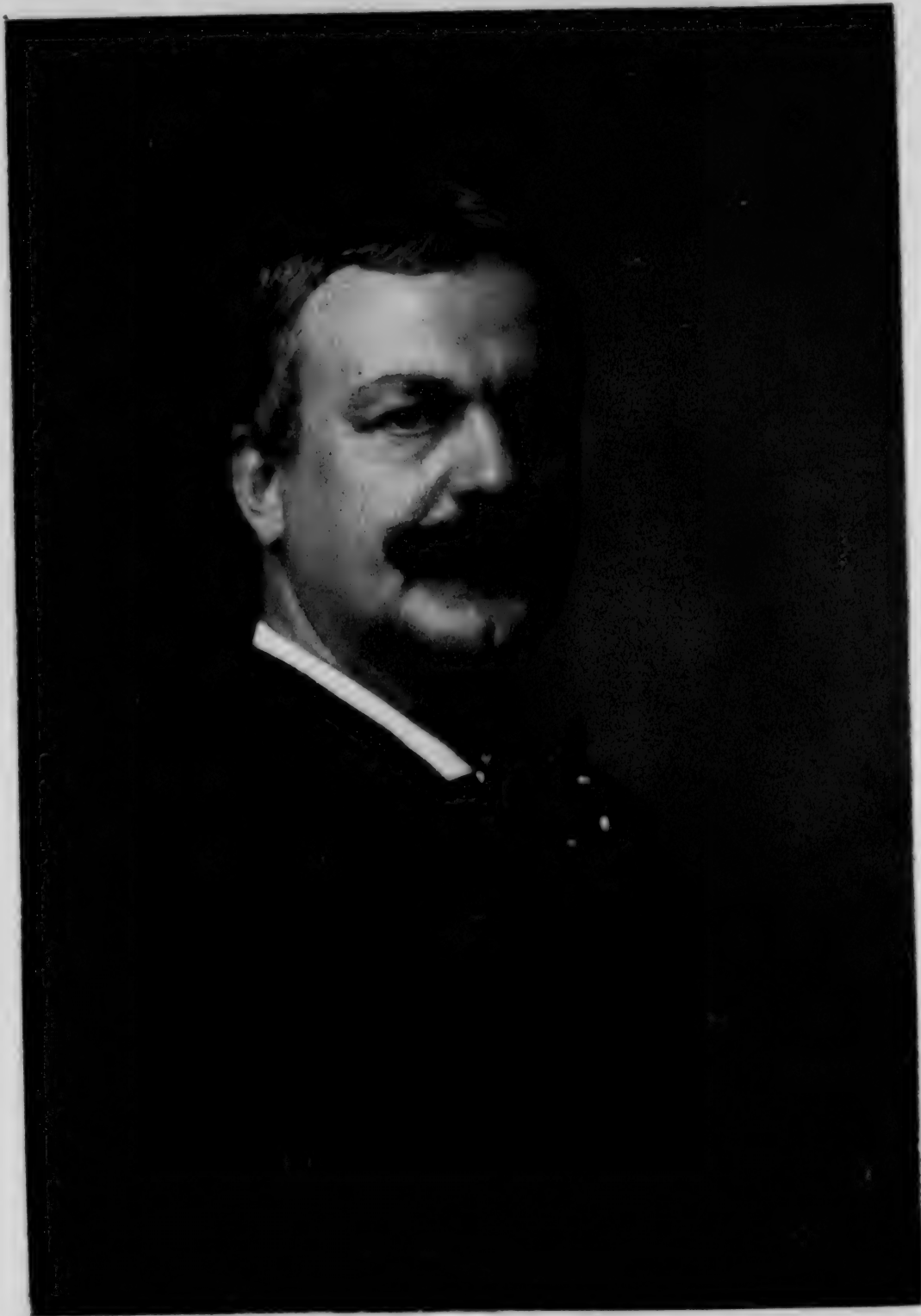
The drama, music, literature and art!
How can the cells of our brain keep
them all apart?

How can one man so many things re-
view,
And never blunder? (for some critics
do).

Hail, Philip! Hail! but not farewell.
May decades pass before old Time shall
tell

The last bead of your life with us.
And when, at last, it slips along the
endless chain

Beyond our view,
May we be ready then, as now, to follow
"After you."



Philip Hale

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

1910-1911

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. J. 1910-1911



Philip Hale

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



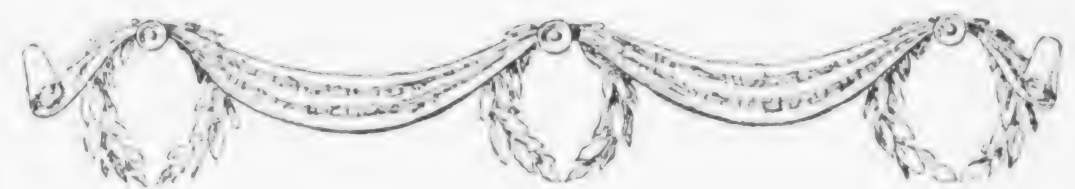
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^{x2}
Allen A Brown
September 14, 1911

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| 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MAX FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR

CONCERTS:
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
THIRTIETH SEASON 1910-1911

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
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| 14 | 13 | 12 | 11 | Feb. 11 | Feb. 18 | Mar. 4 | Mar. 11 | Mar. 18 | Apr. 1 | Apr. 8 | Apr. 15 | Apr. 22 | Apr. 29 |

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5
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Allen A. Brown

ADDRESS P.O. Box

1802 - Boston, Mass.

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

TIGHT BINDING

Index

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| Composer | Title of Work | Concert | Date of Performance |
|------------|---|-----------------|---------------------|
| Bach J. S. | Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 G major for 3 Vns, 3 Violas + 3 Cellos | III | Oct. 22, 1910 |
| Bethoven | Symphony No. 2 op 36 in D major | III | Oct. 22, 1910 |
| | " " 5 op 67 in C minor | XIX | Nov 18, 1911 |
| | " " 7 " 92 - A major | IX | Dec 17, 1910 |
| | Concerto Piano + Orch No 3 in C minor | XVI | Feb 18, 1911 |
| | Ferruccio Busoni | | |
| | " No 4 in G major op 58 | Pension Concert | Apr 9, 1911 |
| | Josef Hofmann | | |
| | " Violin + Orch op 61 | IV | Oct 29, 1910 |
| | Overture to "Coriolanus" op 62 | XXIV | Apr 29, 1911 |
| | " to Egmont" op 84 | V | Nov 5, 1910 |
| | " " " " | Pension Concert | Apr 9, 1911 |
| | " Leonora No 3, op 92 | XBI | " 8 " " |
| | Scene + Aria "Ah! Perfido" op 65 | | |
| | Mme Corinne Rides-Kelsey | XXIII | Apr 22, 1911 |
| Berlioz H. | Symphony No 3, "Harold in Italy" op 16 | XXVI | Nov 4, 1911 |
| | Viola Solo by Mr Feris | | |
| | Overture "The Roman Carnival" op 9 | VI | Nov 19, 1910 |
| Boito | "L'Atta Notte" from "Mefistofele" | XXI | Apr 8, 1911 |
| | Mrs Carolina White | | |
| Brahms J. | Symphony No 1, C minor op 68 | XXVII | Nov 11, 1911 |
| | " " 3 F major " 90 | IV | Oct 29, 1910 |
| | Concerto for Violin + Orch. op 77 | | |
| | Mr Felice Berber | VII | Nov 26, 1910 |
| | Academic Festival Ovr: op 80 | X | Dec 24 " |
| Busoni F. | Suite for Orch. "Turandot" | XVI | Feb 18, 1911 |
| Catalani | Wally's Air "Ebben? Ne andro lontano" | XXI | Apr 8, 1911 |

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Allen A. Brown

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| Bach J. S. | Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 G major for 3 Vns, 3 Violas + 3 Cellos | III | Oct. 22, 1910 |
| Bethoven | Symphony No. 2 op 36 in D major | III | Oct. 22, 1910 |
| | " " 5 op 67 in C minor | XIX | Mar 18, 1911 |
| | " " 7 " 92 - A major | IX | Dec 17, 1910 |
| | Concerto Piano + Orch No 3 in C minor | XVI | Feb 18, 1911 |
| | Ferruccio Busoni | | |
| | " No 4 in G major op 58 | Pennine Concert | Apr 9, 1911 |
| | Josef Hofmann | | |
| | " Violin + Orch op 61 | IV | Oct 29, 1910 |
| | Overture to "Coriolanus" op 62 | XXIV | Apr 29, 1911 |
| | " to Egmont" op 84 | V | Nov 5, 1910 |
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| | " Leonora No 3, op 72 | XXI | " 8 " " |
| | Scene + Aria "Ah! Perfido" op 65 | | |
| | Mme Corinne Rides-Kelsey | XXIII | Apr 22, 1911 |
| Berlioz H. | Symphony No 3, "Harold in Italy" op 16 | XXII | Mar 4, 1911 |
| | Viola Solo by Mr Feris | | |
| | Overture "The Roman Carnival" op 9 | VI | Nov 19, 1910 |
| Brito | "L'Atta Notte" from "Mefistofele" | XXI | Apr 8, 1911 |
| | Mrs Carolina White | | |
| Brahms J. | Symphony No 1, C minor op 68 | XXVII | Mar 11, 1911 |
| | " " 3 F major " 90 | IV | Oct 29, 1910 |
| | Concerto for Violin + Orch. op 77 | | |
| | Mr Felice Berber | VII | Nov 26, 1910 |
| | Academic Festival Ovr: op 80 | X | Dec 24 " |
| Busoni F. | Suite for Orch. "Turandot" | XVI | Feb 18, 1911 |
| Catalani | Wally's Air "Ebben? Ne andro lontana" | XXI | Apr 8, 1911 |

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| | | | |
|--------------|--|--------------------|--|
| Chadwick | Suite Symphonique for Orch in mss. | XXII | Apr 15. 1911 |
| Chopin | Concerto No 2 in F min: Piano solo } Carlo Buonamici | VI | Nov. 19. 1910 |
| Curry | 'Atala' Symp. Poem: mss. Conducted by Composer | XXIII | Apr 22. 1911 |
| Debussy | 'Iberia' Images for orch. No. 2 'Rondes de Pontons' " " 3 Rec. & Aria of Lia from L'Enfant Prodigue Mad. Jeanne Jomelli | XXIII VII XI | Apr 22. 1911 Dec 17. 1910 Dec 31. 1910 |
| Delius | 'Brigg Fair' An Eng. Rhapsody } for orchestra | VIII | Dec 3. 1910 |
| Dvorak | Symphony No 5 in E min. op 95 'From the new world' | X | Dec 4. 1910 |
| Elgar | 'Where Cereals lie' } Songs 'Sabbath Morning at Sea' } from Madame Kirkby. Lunn | XVII | Mar 4. 1911 |
| Enesco | 'Suite' for Orchestra op 9 | XX | Apr 1. 1911 |
| Fauré G. | Suite from 'Pelléas et Mélisande' } op 80 | XIX | Mar 18. 1911 |
| Franch | Symp. Poem. 'Le Chasseur Mandé' | XII | Jan 21. 1911 |
| Gernsheim J. | Love Poem: To a Drama op 82 | XIV | Jan 28. 1911 |
| Gilbert | Comedy Overture 'On Negro air' | XXII | Apr 15. 1911 |
| Gluck | Aria 'Divinités du Styx' Madame Kirkby. Lunn | XVII | Mar 4. 11 |
| Goldmark C. | Concerto in A min: Violin solo op 28 Francis Marmillan | II | Oct 15. 1910 |

| | | | |
|-------------|---|--------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Goldmark | Ouv. to 'Sakuntala' op 13 | XXIX | Mar 18. 1911 |
| Hadley H. | 'The Culpit Jay' Rhapsody for Orch } Conducted by Composer op 62 | VI | Nov 19. '10 |
| Handel | Overture in D major | XV | Feb 11. 1911 |
| Haydn | Symphony in E b major | XV | Feb 11. 1911 |
| Humperdinck | Prelude to 'Hamlet & Gretel' 'Tangier' from 'Moorish Rhapsody' | X XII | Dec 24. 1910 Jan 7. 1911 |
| Isouard | Air: 'Ah! from mi quelle peine' Geraldine Farrar | V | Nov 5. 1910 |
| Lalo | Concerto for Violin & Orch. op 20 Sylvain Noack | X | Dec 24. 1910 |
| | Symphonie Espagnole V ^{te} fork. 21 Mr Mischa Elman | XII | Jan 7. 1911 |
| Liedoff | 'Baba-Yaga' for orchestra op 56 | XII | Jan 7. 1911 |
| Liszt F. | Symph. Poem 'Les Préludes' | Pension concert | Mar 12. 1911 |
| Mandel R. | Overture to a 'Gascon Comedy' | XVII | Mar 4. 1911 |
| Mendelssohn | Ouv. 'Calm Sea & Prosperous Voyage' op 27 | XXIII | Apr 22. 1911 |
| Monsigny | 'Chaconne & Rigadon' from 'Aline Reine de Golconde' | V | Nov 5. 1910 |
| Mozart | Symphonie 'Jupiter' (K 551) Adagio & Fugue for Strings (K 546) 'Misero! C'è sogno & air' Miss Geraldine Farrar | XI VII V | Dec 31. " Nov 26. " Nov 5. 1910 |
| | Rec. & Aria: 'Dove Sono' from Figaro Madame Malba | VIII | Dec 3. 1910 |
| Nicolas | Ouv: 'Merry Wives of Windsor' | Pension concert | Mar 12. 1911 |
| Ponchielli | Aria 'Cielo e Mare' Sig. Constantino | Pension concert | Mar 12. 1911 |

TIGHT BINDING

| | | | |
|----------------|---|-------------------------|---|
| Puccini | Aria "The Girl of the Golden West" Signor Constantino | Pension Concert | Mch 12, 1911 |
| Rachmaninoff | Symphony No 2 op 27 in E min. 'Island of the Dead' Sym Poem. op 29 | II V XXII | Oct 15. 1910 Nov 5. " Apr 15. 1911 |
| Reger, Max | Var. + Fugue on a Theme by J. Hillis | XIV | Jan 18. 1911 |
| Rubinstein A. | Concerto in D min. No 4. Piano Orch. Josef Hofmann | IX | Dec 17. 1910 |
| Saint-Saens C. | Sym. Poem No 1. Le Rouet d'orchestre " " " 3. Danse Macabre. 40 " | XIII XIII | Jan 21. 1911 " " " |
| | Concerto Violoncello & Orch. op 33 Heinrich Wernke | XIV | Jan 28. 1911 |
| | 'Pallas Athene' Hymn Sop. + Orch. 'Mad. Jeanne Jonelli' | XI | Dec 31. 1910 |
| Scharounka R. | Concerto Piano + Orch in F min. No 4. Laver Scharounka | XV | Feb 11. 1911 |
| Schubert F. | Symphony in C maj. No. 7 Andante from unfinished Symphony | XIII IV | Jan 21. 1911 Oct 29. 1910 |
| Schumann R. | Symphony No. 3 in E b " " 4. D min. op 120 Overture to 'Genoveva' op 81 " to 'Manfred' " 115 Concerto for Cello + orch in G min. op 129 Hilvin Schroeder | I XXX I " " | Oct 8. 1910 Apr 1. 1911 Oct 8. 1910 " 8. " " 8. " |
| Scriabine | Symph. Poem. Le Poeme de l'extase | III | Oct 22. 1910 |
| Spambati | 'Le Deum Landamus' op 28 For Orchestra and organ | XXI | Apr 8. 1911 |

| | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|
| Sibelius | Symphony No 2 in D maj. 'Finlandia' Sym. Poem for orch 'The Swan of Tuonela' op 29 Sym. Poem | XII III XVII | Jan 7. 1911 Oct 22. 1910 Mch 4. 1911 |
| Simonigaglia | Orv. 'Le Baruffe Chiozotte' op 32 | XVIII | Mch 11. 1911 |
| Strauss, Joh. | 'Waltz' The Beautiful Danube Male Chorus, Cecilia + Orch | Pension Concert | Mch 12. 1911 |
| Strauss, Rich. | 'Don Quixote' op 35 Cello, Wernke - Violoncello 'A Hero's Life' Tone Poem op 40 'Macbeth' " " op 23 'Tod und Verklärung' " op 24 | XVI XI XIX | July 18. 1911 Dec 31. 1910 Mch 18. 1911 |
| Strube | Comedy Overture 'Puck' | IV | Oct 29. 1910 |
| Thomas, Amb. | 'Ophelia's Mad Scene' from Hamlet 'Madame Melba' | VIII | Dec 3 1910 |
| TschaiKowsky | Symphony No 5 op 64 " " 6 'Pathetic' op 74 'Manfred' Symphony op 58 Orv Fantasia 'Romeo + Juliet' 'Suite' The Nutcracker " No 3 in G maj. op 55 Concerto for Violin & orch op 35 Miss Katherine Parlow | VIII XXIV XXI XVIII Pension Concert VI XX | Dec 3. 1910 Apr 29. 1911 Apr 8 " Mch 11 " Nov. 19. 1910 Apr 1. 1911 |
| Wagner R. | Orv. The Flying Dutchman " " " " 'Parsifal' " 'Tannhauser' " " Prelude to 'Lohengrin' " " 'The Mastersingers' " " 'Parsifal' " 'Bacchanale' from Tannhauser 'Good Friday Spell' from Parsifal | IX Pension Concert " XIV Pension Concert XVI XXIV XXII Pension Concert XXIV | Dec 17. 1910 Apr 9. 1911 " 9. " Jan 28. " Mch 12. " Feb 18. " Apr 29 " " 15 " Apr 9. " " 29. " |

Wagner

'Funeral Music' from 'Dusk of the Gods' XXIV
 'Ride of the Valkyries' from 'Die Walküre' Pension
 "A Siegfried Idyll" XVII
 "Waldweben" from 'Siegfried' Pension

Apr 29. 1911
 Apr 9. "
 May 11 "
 Apr 9 "

Weber, M. v.

Overture to 'Euryanthe' XVII
 " " 'Der Freischütz' VIII
 " " 'Oberon' II
 Rec. & Aria 'Leise, Leise' from 'Freischütz' XXIII
 Mime Corinne Rideo-Kelsey

Mar 4. 1911
 Dec 3. 1910
 Oct 15. "
 Apr 22. 1911

Soloists Pianists

Busoni, F.
 Buonamici, Carlo
 Hofmann, Josef
 " "
 Tcharwenka, Kauer

Feb 18. 1911
 Nov 19. 1910
 Apr 9. 1911
 Dec 17. 1910
 Feb 11. 1910

Violoncello

Schroeder, Alvin
 Warnke, Heinrich

Oct 8. 1910
 Jan 28. 1911

Violinists

Berbow, Felix
 Elman, Mischa
 Macmillan, Francis
 Noack, Sylvain
 Parlow, Miss Katherine

Nov 26. 1910
 Jan 7. 1911
 Oct 15. 1910
 Dec 14. "
 April 1. 1911

Vocalists

Constantino, Signor
 Farrar, Geraldine
 Jamelli, Miss Jeanne
 Kirkby-Lunn, Madame
 Melba, Madame
 Rideo-Kelsey, Madame Corinne
 White, Miss Caroline

Mar 22. 1911
 Nov 5. 1910
 Dec 31. "
 Mar 16. 1911
 Dec 3. 1910
 Apr 22. 1911
 Apr 8. "

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. 443-10
A New Concert Master, Changes in the Personnel of the Band, and a Membership Larger Than in Any Year Past—The Thirtieth Season to Begin Oct. 7—Further Announcements Awaiting Mr. Fiedler's Communications—A Seasonable Note Concerning "Orchestra Hunger"

Within the next fortnight a complete announcement of the plans for the thirtieth season of the Symphony concerts will be offered. Although the details of the season are practically settled, a few matters await a final message from Mr. Fiedler, who is now in Hamburg. The series will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 7, the customary rehearsal, followed by the concert on Saturday evening, Oct. 8.

Mr. Wittek, the new concert master, who has been during the summer with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at Scheviningen, Holland, will return to America, sailing from Bremen Sept. 13, to arrive in Boston with an ample margin of time for undertaking his new duties. As he has been engaged for a term of years, he comes prepared to make Boston his place of residence during that incumbency. Mr. Fiedler sails from Bremen on the 20th of this month.

For the first time since its organization, the personnel of the Symphony Orchestra will, next winter, exceed one hundred men. Hitherto the highest number of active members has been ninety-nine. This season it will be 101. The two additional members are a new first trombone player, who will relieve Mr. Hampe of a part of his work, and a fifth bassoon player, a "utility" man—understudy, as the stage would say—to prevent the embarrassments consequent on the illness of a regular player. Otherwise, and virtually, the orchestra remains the same as last year. The violas will have a new member, a new player has been added to the second violins, to the double basses a new leader, and Mr. Goldstein has been transferred from the second violin to the first, to make good the vacancy left by Mr. Emmanuel Fiedler's retirement. It should be appended that, according to announcement last spring, Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the veteran violoncello virtuoso, resumes his place in the band beside Mr. Warnke at the first desk.

The season is still too young for the announcement of soloists. Signor Busoni is to be among the number for the Southern tour and probably Mischa Elman will be heard here. The list will be no less notable than in former years. It is likewise early to forecast the finan-

cial prospects of the season, but New York furnishes an unintentional testimonial by a subscription list for the two series of concerts there practically sold out before the first of June. The auction sales of the Boston series will declare the prospects for the season locally.

More than ever as autumn approaches and the Symphony concerts, we who live in Boston and know their privileges come to recognize them as one of the fruits of the season, rolled round in earth's diurnal course. They have come, at length, to be as welcome as the changes of the weather, and as indispensable. Who, that is used to them, has not felt, in September and mentioned to someone else who has felt the same pang, what is denoted as "orchestra hunger"?

The Symphony Orchestra.

For the first time since it was organized the Boston Symphony orchestra this year will have a personnel of over 100 men. Mr. Fiedler has engaged in Germany a new first trombone to relieve Mr. Hampe of some of his work. Mr. Hampe, who has been the first trombone of the orchestra for many years, has been troubled for the last two or three seasons with rheumatism, and it is, therefore, necessary to have a musician to alternate with him. Along the same lines Mr. Fiedler has engaged a new bassoon player, in case of illness of any of the four bassoon players of the orchestra.

Mr. Wittek, the new concert master, has just left Scheviningen, Holland, where he has been with the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, and sails from Bremen for this country Sept. 13, arriving here the 20th.

A number of works with choruses will be given during the regular Symphony season, notably Liszt's "Dante" symphony and Delius' "Appalachia." These have been made possible by the alliance last spring between the Boston Symphony orchestra and the Cecilia Society. As in the two past seasons, Mr. Fiedler will give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the 24th concert.

The Symphony concerts begin early in October, the first public rehearsal being on the 7th and the first concert on the 8th. This will bring the last concerts in the end of April. The auction sales of seats come early, the dates being Monday, Sept. 26; Tuesday, Sept. 27; Thursday, Sept. 29, and Friday, Sept. 30.

Last season was in every respect the most successful the orchestra has ever had, and this season, the 30th, promises to be even more so. A total of 117 concerts has been arranged.

The members of the orchestra are beginning to drift back to town. Last night Mr. Strube's season at Bar Harbor came to an end, and the 22 men

with him get back to Boston tomorrow. The orchestra will come together for the Worcester festival in the last week of September.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

TICKET SALES

Auction Sale of \$18 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at SYMPHONY HALL

Tomorrow (Monday), Beginning at 10 O'Clock

Auction Sale of \$10.00 Seats for Rehearsals, Tuesday, September 27, at 10 A. M.
Auction Sale of \$18.00 Seats for Concerts, Thursday, September 29, at 10 A. M.
Auction Sale of \$10.00 Seats for Concerts, Friday, September 30, at 10 A. M.

ASSISTING ARTISTS

MESDAMES
EMMY DESTINN
GERALDINE FARRAR
JEANNE JOMELLI
KIRKBY-LUNN
and
NELLIE MELBA
(only appearance in Boston)

Messrs
FERRUCCIO BUSONI
CARLO BUONAMICI

MESSRS
MISCHA ELMAN
CHARLES GILBERT
JOSEF HOFMANN
FRANCIS MACMILLEN
SYLVAIN NOACK
ALWYN SCHROEDER
HEINRICH WARNKE
and
ANTON WITEK
(first appearance in Boston)

Co-operation Next Season of Cecilia and Symphony

Part

Aug 8, 1910

There is much interest in the plans for co-operation now practically decided upon between the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra for next season. As the matter stands, this society will give three concerts, in conjunction with the Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Max Fiedler conducting. It is proposed to produce on these occasions one modern work and two classics—probably Bach's B minor mass for one, and, for another, Pierne's "Children's Crusade." Another work under consideration is Mahler's colossal second symphony, which requires an immense chorus, and which, heard for the first time in this country in New York two seasons past, has recently made a sensation at the Chatelet in Paris, when the composer conducted. It is possible that, in addition to these events, the Cecilia Society will give a concert of "a cappella" music in Jordan Hall.

It is high time that such a relation were established. It has been some seasons since the Cecilia Society has shown any considerable financial surplus at the end of the winter. Its policy in regard to the works chosen for performance has been from the beginning, very commendable. Such was the enterprise of the late Mr. Lang, the founder of the society, and of Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Lang's successor, that there are very few important choral works, by composers past or present, unknown to the patrons of the Cecilia concerts. Yet such works, stimulating as acquaintance with them is likely to be, as a rule, interest only the better informed of the musical community. In his day, Mr. Lang organized an influential following which supported the concerts of the society through many seasons, but of late years this following has been gradually falling off. It is for the good of all that one of the greatest choruses and the finest orchestra in the country, should join forces and clientele. The Cecilia Society need not lose its individuality, nor will the orchestra be laid under hindering obligations. There will be no further obstacles to the performance of pretentious choral works which demand an orchestra of unusual proportions and virtuosity, and it will be no longer necessary for the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra to quench laudable ambition to give the great orchestral works which require supplementary voices. Then, too, as Mr. Goodrich's labors at the Boston Opera House will inevitably take up most of his time and energy, there would be the question of a new conductor for the Cecilia Society, and for many reasons the choice of such a conductor would be a difficult

question to solve. It is now intended that Mr. Fiedler direct as many choral rehearsals as possible, in addition to the rehearsals of the orchestra, and that Mr. Malcolm Lang accomplish the remainder of the necessary preparation for the performances in which his father, in other days, took such a deep and abiding interest.

By virtue of this arrangement, we will certainly hear Fritz Delius' "Appalachia" next season, which was promised for this season but proved impossible to give under existing conditions. "Appalachia" is a set of variations, for orchestra and chorus, upon an old slave song of the Mississippi valley. Liszt's Dante symphony, last heard here under Mr. Gerlicke in 1903, will be given in its entirety. In the "Paradiso" section there is particular anticipation of Strauss' "Macbeth" and Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony, after Byron's poem.

Part

SYMPHONY PERSONNEL Aug 8, 1910

The physicians tell us that in the gradual process of physical change, a human being acquires a body of entirely different material, once every seven years. From the beginning, the members of the Symphony Orchestra have attained their positions after the most rigid examination and selection from the best orchestras of Europe, and, for exceptions, there are now in the orchestra a few unusually talented musicians born or resident in this country. The men, in the majority of cases, have retained their posts unexpectedly, until age or urgent calls to other quarters necessitated a change. The successive concertmasters have departed to different important posts, as Mr. Hess is now leaving for the leadership of the Joachim quartet and the direction of the violin department of the Hochschule in Berlin. In 1903, the Kniesel quartet resigned in a body, that the members might devote all of their time to the rehearsing and performing of chamber music. At the same time, Charles M. Loeffler, the composer who occupied the first desk with Mr. Kniesel, resigned to give his time to composition. These have been some of the most important departures. Now Mr. Schroeder returns to the first 'cello desk, after adventurous years in this country and Europe, and Mr. Anton Witek, of the Berlin Philharmonic, succeeds Mr. Hess next season.

There are still, in the orchestra, two members who belong to the original band organized in the fall of 1881, and who have been members continuously since then. These are Daniel Kuntz, of the first violins, and Julius Akeroyd, of the

seconds. Mr. Fox, the 4th flutist, was a member of the original orchestra, but he has not been in the organization continuously since that time. Three players have been members of the orchestra for 28 consecutive years, two for 27 and seven for 25 years. The average term of service, as now constituted, is something over 16 years. This long service is not the least factor in the wonderful ensemble of the orchestra.

Besides the changes at the first desks of the violins and the cellos, are these: Emmanuel Fiedler first violin, who came here in the fall of 1858 and has resigned to return to Austria to live; Karl Kellar, the principal double bass, who has been a member of the orchestra for 15 years, and who retires to his home in Munich; Carl Ludwig, the tympanist, brought here 20 years ago by Nikisch, and for the last two or three seasons a performer in the percussion department; Arthur Kautzenbach, cellist, and for two years one of the conductors of the Pop concerts, who returns to Berlin; Joseph Dworak, for 10 years a member of the orchestra, during seven of which he played the bass tuba.

FRAU WITEK ENTERTAINED.

Globe Sept. 30/10
Is Guest of Professional Women's Club and Addresses Members in German and English.

The Professional women's club of Boston opened the season with a luncheon yesterday at hotel Lenox. Frau Anton Witek, the distinguished pianist, wife of the new concert master of the Symphony orchestra, was a guest. Frau Witek spoke first in German and then graciously in English, expressing her pleasure and thanks to the club.

The event was presided over by Miss Marlon Howard Brazier, president of the club. Among those who spoke informally were Rev Florence Kollock Crocker, Mrs Estabrook of London, one of the founders of the Lyceum club, Mrs E. L. Boyd of Atlanta, Ga, Countess De Pierrefeu (Elsa Tudor), Mrs R. L. Jones of Chestnut hill, president of the Chromatic club, Mrs Mary G. Reed who spoke of her visit to Norway the past summer and Miss Marie W. Laughton who spent the summer in Europe.

Others present were Mrs Roger N. Burnham, Mrs Electa M. Sherman, Miss Carrie L. Holley, Miss Mary E. A. McAleer, Miss Ella A. Dairbanks, Mrs Margaret L. Ray, Mrs Augusta J. King, Mrs Sophia M. Bruce, Miss Caro F. Colburn, Dr Eliza B. Cahill, Mrs Carolyn K. Hunt, Mrs Alvin R. Bailey, Miss Lucina Jewell, Miss Nellie Dean, Miss Mabel Golden, Mrs Grace Gilbert, Miss Isabel Loughlin, Mrs Flora G. Potter, Dr N. Louise Lawrence, Dr Elizabeth A. Riley, Dr G. E. Rockford, Dr Ella R. Wylie, Mrs Frances H. White, Mrs Gertrude W. Crowley, Mrs Isabel Stimpson, Mrs Carolyn Odell, Mrs Helen O. Phillips and Miss Catherine Crockett.

Record THE SYMPHONY. Oct. 1, 1910

The first concerts of the Symphony orchestra will be held on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 7 and 8 respectively. As usual the hall is completely sold out for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, except the second balcony, which is held for "rush" seats at 25c. each. For Saturday night there will be a limited number of seats on sale at the box office, although the greater part of these will be disposed of as season tickets in the course of the next week or 10 days.

For his first concert Mr. Fiedler, who arrived in New York today, has made out a programme in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann, following the many celebrations of this event in Germany during the past summer. The soloist will be Mr. Alwin Schroeder, who will this year again be a member of the orchestra.

COMMEMORATIVE programmes, such as Mr. Fiedler has arranged for the pair of Symphony Concerts in honor of the centenary of Schumann's birth, ought to contain at least one of his compositions that is usually overlooked or that is merely a curiosity. Perhaps the concerto for violoncello that stands on the list and that the virtuosi have seldom played in recent years, meets this requirement. A correspondent, however, mindful of the admirable horns of the orchestra goes further and suggests the inclusion of Schumann's Concert-Piece for four horns. It is hardly known to the public of con-

Auction Sale of Symphony Seats Begins Tomorrow.

The order in which seats will be sold at the Symphony orchestra auction sale, beginning tomorrow morning at 10, is as follows:

Monday the \$18 seats for rehearsals, Tuesday morning the \$10 seats for rehearsals, Thursday morning the \$18 seats for concerts and Friday morning the \$10 seats for concerts.

As in past seasons every seat in the house will be on sale for the Saturday evening concerts. Seats to the gallery will again be sold at 25 cents for the Friday afternoon rehearsals.

The first pair of concerts, Oct 7 and 8, will be in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Schumann's birth (June 8, 1810), which has been observed the past summer through Europe.

The soloist will be Mr Schroeder, who returns to the orchestra after an absence of eight years. He will play Schumann's concerto for 'cello and orchestra, op. 129.

The soloists at the remaining concerts in Boston prior to the southern trip in November will be as follows: Oct 14-15, Francis MacMillan (first appearance at these concerts); Oct 21-22, Charles Gilbert; Oct 28-29, no soloist; Nov 4-5, Geraldine Farrar. *Globe Sept. 25/10*

The Symphony Concerts

A Free Fantasie for Prelude to the New Season

Trans. Sept. 24/10

IN the days when two opera houses flourished in New York, and proffered two hundred performances between the middle of November and the middle of April, the reviewers in their newspapers used now and then to picture rapturously what they professed to believe was the tranquilly beatified state of music and its public in Boston. They "tolled terribly," vibrating between the two opera houses, pattering in and out of concert-rooms, writing here and writing there and sandwiching the preparation of a "Sunday article" between the sandwiches that were more materially fortifying them for the task. They lived in a perpetual gabble of singers and about singers. Husbands button-holed them; press agents trailed their steps; their chancest of chance acquaintances began with "Now, what, really, do you think of Mme. Melbrich's singing or of Mr. Rosewski's piano-playing?"—the one question, if the "really" is emphasized enough, that is the last tweak to the tired reviewer's nerves, when he has been trying in the breathless haste of midnight composition to say "really" what he might think of these sensitive geniuses. Then the reviewer turned his aching eyes toward Boston; they filled with happy tears; and lifting his voice he sang a song of praise: "There dwell ye, O Bostonians, in the calm of twenty-four pairs of weekly Symphony Concerts, instead of two performances of opera daily and twice two on Saturdays. There, O fortunate dwellers between the three hills! listen to one of the very best orchestras in the world and not to singers whose feud with the pitch may not be soothed and whose acting is as the excitements of a wooden Indian in an earthquake. There, O blessed folk that the Charles girds with its silver stream! the voice of the singer's husband babbleth not and the call of the press agent is not as the sound of a muted trumpet. And your talk, O wise men of the East! is not of Miss Gartinn's back, nor yet of Mme. Desden's amourettes but of masterpieces of absolute music and of the pure masters who wrought them—of the use of the wood-winds by Brahms and of the thematic manipulation of César Franck. O thrice and four times happy!"—and then it was time to go to the next concert. And these were the days before Boston had opera, too.

Perhaps this hymning picture was a little overdrawn and highly colored, as it is the way of rhapsodists, especially at a distance to overdraw and to overcolor. If singers of the Metropolitan and the Manhattan indeed had husbands, members of the Symphony Orchestra have been known to have

wives, and the two species can be equally trying. If the whistling breezes of gossip used almost to make draughts through the corridors of the Metropolitan in the entr'actes, like winds have rustled in the intermissions through the lobbies of Symphony Hall. Some of us may hold Olympian converse of the swing of Sibelius or the delving of Delius, but more of us have been heard to discourse, and with much keener animation, of the height of Miss Farrar's hat or of the ebb and flow of Mr. Paderewski's tie. If there be anecdotes, true and apocryphal, of tenors, so are there as well of conductors. The programmes often bid us listen to masterpieces; but some of us have known our thoughts to wander to the score that afternoon in the Stadium or the closing quotation of United Shoe Machinery Co.; Boston is not New York, as Bostonians say with serenity, and New York is not Boston, as New Yorkers say with heat, but the audiences that "sit under" virtuoso conductors in the one and under eminent primi donne in the other have their common and human traits. Besides, we had an opera all our own last winter and at least a mild scarlatina of operatic gossip ran, as those malicious New Yorkers say pokingly, through our best circles.

And yet our musical estate as it then was and as it is now (with additions) had its enviable aspects. If we did gossip, we "sat under" the best orchestra in the United States, one of the two or three best orchestras in the world, and one that from the beginning of Dr. Muck's time has learned to heat finesse with fire. The New Yorkers knew that it was so, because they had also to hear its rivals—the Philharmonic, Mr. Damrosch's and the bands of the opera houses. Some Chicagoans also knew because they had heard their own orchestra and our own, and had made the involuntary comparison. The singers and the virtuosi who came from twenty different European bands to sing or to play with it said so, and said it aloud. In the summer haunts of musicians in Europe the watching wayfarer may find those who would hide their occupation in America in winter. The "Symphony men," being well paid and amply leisured, are to be found there in numbers for their holidays, and never yet was one of them who was not proud of his job, even as the young actors in Paris are proud when they put "de la Comédie-Française" unobtrusively in a corner of their visiting cards. The returned players may rail at this or that custom, narrowness or rigidity—the Bostonian Sunday, for example, is not gladdening to the Continental heart—but they never speak ill of the Symphony Orchestra.

Only the public, and the public that hears the band almost weekly for seven months of the year, fails, as it sometimes seems, to understand what a superlative

body it is. It can hardly do so because year in and year out—until the orchestra of the opera house came—it hears no other. Of old the managers of orchestras in New York, or Chicago, or Pittsburg, searching the heavens for a sign of profit, arose and said "to Boston we will go, for a city that supports twenty-four pairs of Symphony Concerts a year, as no other concerts in America are supported, must indeed love the whirr of the violins, the wooing and the wailing of the wood-winds and the welter of the brass." And they went and returned empty-handed. For they discovered that it is the way of Bostonians to hear no orchestra but their own, because they are sated or merely indifferent or in their hearts disdainful. Therefore orchestras from other cities no longer give occasional concerts in Boston or give them only to glamour the glory and be the instrument of some great conductor. Thus we hear no orchestra but the Symphony Orchestra from October to April, and inevitably we begin to take its virtues and its achievements for granted. Instead of comparing with pride, we accept with complaisance. The late Mr. Grau used to believe it wise to omit a season at the Metropolitan occasionally. "It makes the public hungry," he used to say in his quiet voice; "they miss their opera."

So in some less arbitrary and jolting fashion the management of the Symphony Orchestra might teach its public to appreciate the orchestra more openly and keenly. It might even bring other bands here and distribute tickets for their concerts among the audiences of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. They might or might not bear with edification. They certainly would with surprise. Best of all, the management might take the orchestra on a spring tour for the instructing of European ears and to the substantial increase of its prestige from Boston to Buda-Pesth. Now it is a recorded fact in Europe that a Boston Orchestra does exist and is highly distinguished, just as it is a recorded fact that Boston rests upon a certain intersecting point of latitude N. and longitude W. But just as the Boston of parallels and meridians is not exactly the real Boston, no more is the numbered and classified orchestra the real orchestra. The European musical capitals might profitably hear it. Then some of their musician-folk would not doubt in their hearts, like old Dr. Richter, whether there is really such a thing, or be solicitous to know, as was a certain French composer whether it could assemble as many as four horns. (For some years it had been manned with eight!) Besides, for the first time the American correspondents on the continent, would be compelled to read the reviews in French and German papers. Then they might discover that now and then they contained "news items" worth the cabling.

We do hear masterpieces a-plenty at the Symphony Concerts, and usually they are played in masterly fashion. Perhaps, then, we are wise with the wisdom of habituated children of the light to let them speak for themselves rather than hold our own discourse upon them. We hear "novelties" a-plenty, too, at the Symphony Concerts, and without them and the diverse opinions that they kindle we should be the losers indeed in insight into human receptivities and human prejudices. After all, when musical conversation will play obstinately about the classics, most of us have to sink into commonplaces or ascend into paradoxes. But when "novelties" and very novel "novelties," so to say, are an issue, what may not any and all of us say—or write? Then come the golden moments in which one man's opinion is as good as another's, if only he can make it tell through the surrounding mass. If Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra did not give some of us opportunities three or four times each winter to rave or rail about Debussy's music, the "altruistic" might properly invoke against him the statute prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments. If we heard not the mighty dins of Strauss, how many little dins of disputatious dinner tables would be stilled. The discords of d'Indy are to some sand-papered ears even as is raw "moonshine" whiskey to palates have wanted to the smoothness of "old-vatted" Scotch. Yet without the bite of the discords where would be the consequent bite of the comment? What would the musical winter be without those "who know what they like because they like it," and the other company of extremists that believes that all the music that is new is also good? Many a musical dinner table would miss its graybeard who is quite sure that music ended in the thirties, and its youngster who knows that it didn't even begin before the nineties. Only Mr. Fiedler's programmes can give them text and occasion.

Moreover, it is through these same programmes that the art of programme-making is carried highest in the corner of the club or over the tea-cups by amateurs with likings rather than by a hard-working conductor, trying to assort twenty pieces into five appropriate groups in the quiet of his study. And if we had not the "assisting artists" by day and by night our knowledge of the millinery of *prima donna*—a most tortuous and disputatious matter—and of the relations of light to the countenances of pale-faced pianists—a topic for only the most expert of connoisseurs—would dwindle and our skill in intricate, if not illumining, debate wane. And where, where would some of the musical pedants and casuists and archaeologists hide their diminished heads, if the crowded pages of the programme-book did not enable them weekly (after Friday afternoon) to "inform" all and sundry? No, the "ministrations" of the Symphony Concerts, as

Mr. Krehbil might call them, are not all æsthetic and its "lovely proclamations," to steal another of his phrases, are not all of tone. Without them, human nature, here in Boston, would lose some of its engagingly irritating aspects and conversation some of its savor. "I learned the

first names of all the Bostonians" said a "stranger lady" who had spent a winter here—it was not "dear" and truthful "Maria"—"and the last names of all the French composers." And so to the auctions. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY SEAT AUCTION SALE TOMORROW AT 10

Journal Sept. 25/10

This week will be a busy one at Symphony Hall, for on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday the annual auction sales of seats will take place. Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold and on Tuesday at the same hour the \$10 seats will be put on sale. Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the sale of the \$18 seats for the concerts will begin and Friday morning at the same hour the \$10 seats will be sold. For the rehearsals every seat in the house will be sold except those in the second balcony, which are sold at 25 cents each on the afternoon of the rehearsals. For the concerts every seat in the house will be sold.

Mr. Ellis, the manager, has received from Mr. Fiedler the programs of the first five concerts. The first concert will be a memorial to Schumann. The soloist will be Alwin Schroeder, whose appearance will be all the more interesting in that it marks his return to the orchestra after an absence of eight years. Francis MacMillen, the American violinist, will be the soloist at the second concert, making his first appearance with the Symphony orchestra. Charles Glibert, the French baritone, will be the soloist at the third concert. The fourth concert will have no soloist. At the fifth Geraldine Farrar will make her only appearance with the orchestra in Boston this year.

The second and third concerts will bring two important novelties, both of them Russian. At the second concert Rachmaninoff will be represented by his Symphony in E minor, which will be heard here for the first time, and at the third concert Scriabine's symphony, "Le Poeme de l'extase," will have its first performance in Boston.

The programs are as follow:

OCT. 7-8.
Overture, "Manfred," op. 115.....Schumann
Symphony in E flat major, No. 3, op. 97
(Rhenish).....Schumann
Concerto for violoncello with orchestra,
op. 129.....Schumann
Overture, "Genoveva," op. 81.....Schumann
Soloist, Alwin Schroeder.
OCT. 14-15.
Symphony in E minor, op. 27 (first
time).....Rachmaninoff

Violin concerto in A minor, op. 28...Goldmark
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Soloist, Francis MacMillen.
OCT. 21-22.

Symphony in D major, No. 2, op. 36, Beethoven
Aria.
"Le Poeme de l'extase" (first time)...Scriabine
Songs.
"Finlandia," op. 26, No. 7.....Sibelius
Soloist, Charles Glibert.
OCT. 28-29.

Symphony in C minor, No. 1, op. 68...Brahms
Symphony in E minor, No. 5, op. 64.....Tschalkowsky
NOV. 4-5.

Symphony in F minor, op. 12.....Strauss
Air from Jeannot et Colin, an opera
comique (1814).....Isouard
Adagio and Fugue for String Orchestra

(first time).....Mozart
Aria, "Misero: O Sogno, O Son Des-
to?".....Mozart
Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Soloist, Geraldine Farrar.

THE MUSICAL CALENDAR

The Auction Sales of Tickets for the Symphony Concerts Next Week — The Detailed Programmes of the Festival at Worcester—Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" for the First Time in America

MONDAY, Sept. 26:
At Symphony Hall, the auction sale of the \$18 seats for the afternoon concerts of the Symphony Orchestra.

Tuesday, Sept. 27:
At Symphony Hall the auction sale of the \$10 seats for the afternoon concerts of the Symphony Orchestra.

Wednesday, Sept. 28:
At Worcester, in the Mechanics Hall, the first concert of the annual musical festival: Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," with Arthur Mees conducting; Nina Dimitrieff, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon and Frederick Weld for solo singers, the chorus of the festival association and a large part of the Symphony Orchestra.

Thursday, Sept. 29:
At Symphony Hall, the auction sale of the \$18 seats for the evening concerts of the

Symphony Orchestra.

At Worcester, in the Mechanics Hall, the second and third concerts of the annual musical festival. In the afternoon a large part of the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Strube and with Mme. Powell for a violinist, and Miss Hinkle for a singer, in the following programme:

Beethoven: Funeral March from "Eroica" Symphony. (In memory of Carl Zerrahn.)
 Franck: Symphony in D minor.
 Puccini: Aria, "Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore," from "Tosca."

Miss Hinkle.
 Strube: Overture, "Puck."
 Saint-Saëns: Concerto in B minor.
 Mme. Powell.
 Massenet: Ballet Music from "Le Cid."

In the evening, with Mr. Mees conducting, Bantock's setting for chorus, orchestra and solo voices of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the most notable choral piece by an English composer since Elgar's "The Kingdom," will be performed for the first time in America. The solo singers are Miss Keyes and Messrs. von Norden and Weld.

Friday, Sept. 30:

At Symphony Hall, the auction sale of the \$10 seats for the evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra.

At Worcester, in the Mechanics Hall, the concluding concerts of the annual musical festival. In the afternoon, a large part of the Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Strube, and with Mme. Méré for a pianist, and Mr. von Norden for a singer, in the following programme:

Dvorák: Overture, "Carneval."
 Liszt: Concerto in A-Major.
 Mme. Méré
 Leoncavallo: Aria, "O mio Piccolo" from "Zaza."

Mr. von Norden
 Elgar: "Enigma" Variations.

In the evening the usual miscellaneous concert, with the following programme:

Mendelssohn: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream."
 Mozart: Aria, "Non più andrai" from "Figaro."
 Mr. Witherspoon
 Debussy: Little Suite.
 Tschalkowsky: Aria, "Es geht auf Mitternacht" from "Pique Dame."

Miss Dimitrieff
 Sibelius: Elegie-Musette.
 Debussy: Aria, "Ces airs joyeux" from "The Prodigal Son."

Mr. Hamlin
 Coleridge-Taylor: "Rhapsodie Bamboula."
 Thomas: Aria, from "Le Caid."

Mr. Witherspoon
 Rimsky-Korsakoff: Caprice Espagnol.
 Verdi: Aria, "O Patria mia" from "Aida."

Miss Dimitrieff
 Strauss: Helmlische Aufforderung. — Morgen. — Caecilie.

Mr. Hamlin
 Gounod: Motet, "Gallia."
 Chorus, Orchestra and Organ

Friday afternoon, Oct. 7, in Symphony Hall, the first concert of the afternoon series by the Symphony Orchestra, with a programme to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schumann, viz: his overtures to "Manfred" and to "Genoveva," his Rhenish Symphony, and his concerto for violoncello, with Mr.

Schroeder, newly returned to the orchestra, to play the solo part.

Saturday evening, Oct. 8, in Symphony Hall, the first concert of the evening series by the Symphony Orchestra with the programme just noted.

AUCTION SALE AT SYMPHONY

Post Sept. 26/10
 Seats for Rehearsals to Be
 Sold This Morning

The auction sales for the coming season of Symphony concerts begins this morning at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock. Today the \$18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals will be sold. As is generally understood, the premium bid for the seats is added to the \$18 and the seats bid in must be claimed immediately and paid for in cash or by check.

The sale today is of the seats on the floor back to KK, or in other words, back to the first row covered by the balcony; the seats on the sides of the first balcony and the first four rows in the centre. It will take probably until 2:30, allowing a half-hour for luncheon, to dispose of the seats on the floor, and those desiring to bid for balcony seats should be in the hall not later than that hour. Tomorrow the remaining seats in the first balcony, on which the upset price is \$10, will be sold, with the sale beginning at 10 o'clock, and it will last about an hour and a half.

Thursday the \$18 seats for the concerts will be sold, these being the same seats as the \$18 upset price seats for the rehearsals, the sale beginning at 10 o'clock, and on Friday the remainder of the seats will be sold for the Saturday evening concerts, including the whole of the second balcony, the upset price of these being \$10.

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Herald Sept. 26, 1910

Mrs. Anton Witek, wife of the new concert master of the Boston symphony orchestra, is a pianist of distinction. Her sonata recitals with her husband were a prominent feature of the musical life of Berlin for many years.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$73

Auction Sale for Symphony Rehearsals

Lively Demand for the Coveted
Positions

Maximum Figure Less Than Last
Year's

General Average Was Above That of
1909

Keen interest and spirited bidding from the first marked the opening sale of seats reserved for the series of twenty-four public rehearsals on Friday afternoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The number of prospective buyers present when the sale opened at Symphony Hall, this morning, was far larger than in many previous years and as usual women far outnumbered men in the throng present.

The highest premium obtained by the auctioneer, Walter Jackson, was \$73, which was paid for seats 18 and 19 in Row N, and the same price also was paid in Row R for seats 17 and 18. These seats were purchased by one of the ticket brokers who, as usual, including Messrs. Herrick, Burke Wadsworth, Pratt, Heard and others occupied the front row from which to make their bids. Next highest for premium was \$72, paid for seats 15, 16 and 17 in Row N and Row L. \$71 was paid for a single seat, No. 27, and \$70 was paid for three seats—Nos. 18, 19 and 20 in Row G, comparatively early in the sale, and immediately following a sale at \$35 for the adjoining seats. Last year the highest premium paid at the opening sale also was \$93 for seats in the first balcony.

When the early sale of \$70 was made people sat up to take notice, as the saying goes, and thereafter opening first bids for places ran higher than previously.

The seats on sale today were the \$18 ones for the rehearsals, while the lower-priced seats for the rehearsals, of the face value of \$10, will go on sale tomorrow morning. All premiums paid at each day's sale are added, of course, to the face value of the seats, hence those which brought a premium of \$73 today really stand the buyer at a cost of \$91 per seat, or almost \$4 for each performance, it will be seen.

When the sale began, the very first premium bid was a dollar for seat No. 1 in row A, and this sold for \$18 premium, the buyer taking only one, in the option allowed to take four seats on any single bid. This aroused interest so that for seat No. 2 the

opening bid was \$10, with a sale at \$17, and other sales in this front row ranged from \$17, as the lowest, to \$25.50 as the highest. Last year the record showed minimum and maximum premiums of \$8 and \$20 in row A.

The second row likewise showed generally higher prices than those of a year ago, with prices running from \$17.50 to \$31, a better range than last year, while in the third row the premiums were from \$18.50 to \$32. The prices then kept for awhile around \$30, up and down, and reached \$39 in Row E and \$50 in Row F, with meanwhile sales much lower than those figures. Row G, which had a sale at \$70, opened at \$25.50, the lowest in the row, and at the last the prices fell off till the end seats sold at \$33.

Sales as high as \$50 were recorded in Row H, where the general run of premiums was such that no sale was made under \$30.50. The next row ranged from \$33 to \$60 and back to \$31. Bids by this time all started at \$30 or even higher, so that there was not waste of time in getting figures up to that price. Occasionally, however, some timid woman would take a chance on securing a bargain—possibly because this is Monday—and would venture a bid far lower than the range had been running and of course when someone immediately raised her bid by several hundred per cent, there would be a quiet smile on the part of many.

The rows of seats about midway in the hall seemed to be most in favor, judging from the eagerness of the bidders to secure these. From \$35 to \$60 proved the usual range of prices. Sometimes two ticket brokers would bid against each other, with the result that the successful one had to pay pretty well for securing the coveted seats. These brokers all are commissioned by regular patrons to buy seats and many of these music lovers, who have been to the Symphony Concerts season after season, are determined, if possible, to have again favorite seats if money can obtain these. Hence the friendly rivalry and high premiums, in some instances. Again, private buyers show equal determination and bid earnestly against the brokers, with success in some cases, yet at high cost to themselves.

Considered as a whole, the premiums appeared to range far higher than those of last year and showed that there is no falling off in interest in these concerts, even with a long opera season and other musical attractions ahead, patronized largely by the same people who attend the Symphonies. Custom has shown that no one really expects to get any "bargain" at the sales for the Friday rehearsals, if the premiums be compared with those for the Saturday evening concerts, which always show an average of more reasonable figures.

The \$18 seats include all those on the floor as far back as, and including, Row JJ, also seats in the first balcony, right and left sides, and in the rear through Row D. Back of that row, in the centre of the

balcony, the face price of seats is \$10, and it is for floor seats beginning with Row KK and extending through Row SS. The seats in the second balcony still remain "rush seats," as they have become known, for the Friday rehearsals, with admission gained by payment of 25 cents. The seats are available on the old plan of first come first to secure the best places.

The \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts go on sale on Thursday, and on Friday the \$10 seats, including all seats in the second balcony, will be sold.

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The \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts go on sale on Thursday, and on Friday the \$10 seats, including all seats in the second balcony, will be sold.

SYMPHONY SEATS IN DEMAND

Opening Sale of Seats for Saturday-Evening Concerts Shows Higher Prices Paid Than a Year Ago

At Symphony Hall the concluding sale by auction of seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place today and as this final sale offers opportunity to buy good places at most reasonable prices, there was, as always, eagerness to secure them. The seats on sale were of the \$10 class, including rear seats on the floor and the rear rows of the centre section of the first balcony, also the 505 seats making up the entire second balcony, the places which for Friday rehearsals are sold for twenty-five cents each, unreserved, and termed "rush" seats. The final sale brought premiums equalling or averaging higher than those of a year ago.

Yesterday the \$18 seats for the regular series of twenty-four Saturday evening concerts were sold and the attendance was about as it was at the sale on Monday for the same seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals. The highest premium paid yesterday was \$52. The bidding at the opening lacked the spirited eagerness shown at the Monday sale, but the sale had not been long in progress before it took on more lively interest. Custom has shown that premiums paid for the Saturday concerts are never so high as those which the rehearsal seats bring. Summed up, it may be said that while the early

part of the sale was marked by prices lower than those obtained a year ago, this condition was only brief and soon the premiums equalled and surpassed those of last season, so that the average of prices proved higher than a year ago.

The first sale, in Row A, was at \$2, as against \$18 for the same seats for the rehearsals, and \$14.50 was the highest price paid in this front row, whereas at Monday's sale the maximum premium in Row A was \$25.50. In Row B there were sales at \$2, as there were in following rows, and in B the highest price paid was \$11, as against \$31 at the rehearsal sale on Monday. Not until Row I was reached did the premium strike \$20, and in K there was a sale at \$40, whereas at the earlier sale as high as \$50 premium was obtained in rows front of that.

The highest sale at \$52 premium was for seats in the middle part of Row M, in which rehearsal tickets brought up to \$68. It was in the row back of this, N, that the record price of \$73 was reached last Monday, as it was again in Row R.

After the sale in Row M at \$52, excellent seats could be purchased in succeeding rows at moderate premiums, with \$31 in Row P as among the highest prices. The purchasers were for the most part music lovers who prefer the Saturday evening concerts to the Friday afternoon rehearsals and who attend the sales to buy individually, rather than to commission the ticket brokers to look after their needs. The brokers, however, were on hand, as usual, and secured many good tickets at about the same premiums that the more private buyers paid.

Thursday's sale included seats on the floor from the front row to as far back as Row KK and also the sides of the first balcony and rear of that part of the hall, through Row D.

PREMIUMS MUCH HIGHER.

Range From \$10.50 to \$32 for \$10 Seats for Friday Afternoon Symphony Rehearsals.

An increase of from \$4 to \$6 over last year's premiums was the rule at the sale of tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra, which was continued at Symphony hall yesterday.

The \$10 seats were sold yesterday, following the \$18 seat sale of Monday. In all 412 seats were disposed of, located on the floor at the rear of the hall and back of the center of the first balcony. The premiums varied from \$10.50 to \$32, the highest, and in general ranged considerably higher than last year. The buying was brisk.

Tomorrow the sale of the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will begin, to be followed Friday by the sale of the \$10 seats.

SYMPHONY SALE PREMIUMS \$73

That Amount Highest Bid on
Four Seats for the Annual
Orchestra Rehearsals.

CENTRE SECTION POPULAR

Good Prices Paid for Tickets
in Middle Aisle and Other
Favored Points.

Herald Sept. 27/10
Four floor seats brought \$75 each in excess of the regular price of \$18 at the annual auction sale for Boston Symphony Orchestra rehearsals at Symphony Hall, yesterday. These were the largest premiums paid for season tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. Seats in the front and second row of the first balcony averaged from \$30 to \$40 in the choice sections. The floor seats, which reaped bonus money at the rate of \$73, were Nos. 18 and 19 in row N, and Nos. 17 and 18 in row R.

The bidding was brisk, but was participated in chiefly by brokers and speculators. Many patrons are too busy or do not care to inconvenience themselves by attending the sales. The management says many opportunities for good bargains are lost in this way. Owing to the fact that most of the bids were made by brokers, it will be impossible to tell the identity of the real purchasers for two or three days.

The seats at the left of the hall brought higher prices than those at the right owing to the fact that at piano recitals the auditors like to watch the hands of the players. So-called "bachelor" or single seats went at remarkably low figures in certain instances, when compared with the high prices brought by blocks of seats adjoining. All purchases were limited to not more than four seats. The popular sales were of two and three seats.

Yesterday's sale began at 10 o'clock and lasted all day. There was an intermission between 1:30 and 2 and a change of auctioneers at that time. Today, at 10 o'clock, the \$10 seats for rehearsals will be put on sale. Thursday morning the sale of the \$18 seats for concerts will begin and on Friday morning the sale of \$10 concert seats will conclude the sales.

The usual preference was shown yes-

terday for seats in the centre of the hall. The first two rows in the balcony were eagerly sought after. The \$18 seats run from the stage to row JJ, and the \$10 seats from row KK to row SS. All seats for rehearsals will be sold except those in the second balcony which are reserved for the 25-cent patrons of the matinee rehearsals. For the concerts every seat in the house will be sold at auction.

SYMPHONY TICKETS SOARING

Average Increase of \$5
at First Day's
Auction

Post Sept. 27/10
The auction sale of the \$18 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held yesterday in Symphony Hall. With the exception of one season under Dr. Muck, this auction was the most spirited of any for a similar occasion in the history of the Symphony Orchestra.

TICKET AGENTS OUT IN FORCE

The ticket agents were out in force, prominent among them being Messrs Her- ick, Burke, Wadsworth, Pratt, and Heard, but there were also more private bidders present than last season and the bidding was strong. There was no sensational skyrocketing of particular seats, but for a general estimate it is probable that results of the sale will show an average increase of \$5 over the same sale last season.

Certainly this was the case on the floor. The highest prices obtained were \$73 for two seats in row N (18 and 19), and two seats in R (17 and 18). Two groups of seats, three each, were disposed of in rows N and L for \$72. Seventy dollars was paid for three seats, Nos. 18, 19 and 20 in G. From this row on the bids were quite uniform and unusually high.

As usual, there were groups of seats which had been designated by parties

whose names are kept carefully secret, and for these seats the agents had their orders to bid without limit, so that the seats were secured. At times the competition grew warm, but it never reached the climax of \$98, paid for two seats on the right hand of the first balcony last season.

At the beginning it became evident that prices were on the increase. The first seat in row A fetched \$18 premium, while the average of this row was over \$20, the prices ranging from \$17 to \$25. This was an increase of more than \$5 over last season's sale. The first seat in row B went at \$20 and the highest priced seat in this row cost \$33.50. Row C commenced at \$21 and rose to \$39.50. Row E began at \$27 and went to \$50 for No. 19. Row I commenced at \$33. From row K to X the average was from \$35 to \$60.

In the balconies the prices were about as last season, while particular seats did not run so high. The first four seats in row A were sold for \$21. The next four went for \$36. The seats on the left side of the balcony sold higher than those on the right, probably on account of the fact that many prefer the seats from which they may watch best the movements of the soloist, more especially the pianist, whose hands can always be seen from this side. Seats 5 and 6 on this row were bought for \$43 and the neighboring group for \$49. Seats 25 and 26 brought \$56.

This morning at 10 o'clock, will commence the sale of the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals. On Thursday the \$18 seats for the Saturday night concerts will be disposed of, and on Friday the \$16 seats for the same occasion.

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE'S LAST DAY

Herald Sept. 30/10
Regular Concert \$10 Seats Will
Be Put up for Bids at 10
O'Clock This Morning.

\$52 PREMIUM YESTERDAY

Tickets for the Rehearsals in
More Exclusive Demand
Than for Concerts.

This is the fourth and last day in the auction of season seats for Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts. The sale yesterday, which lasted throughout the day, was devoted to the \$18 seats for the series of regular Saturday evening concerts, to begin Oct. 8.

At the closing sale, which will begin at 10 A. M. today, the \$10 seats for the regular concerts will be auctioned off to the highest bidders. These seats comprise the last 8½ rows on the floor, from KK to SS, inclusive; rows E to I in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony.

The \$18 seats for Friday afternoon rehearsals were sold Monday, the \$10 seats for rehearsals on Tuesday, and the second balcony was reserved, as is customary at rehearsals, for the 25-cent patrons.

The highest premium paid yesterday was \$52, in addition to the regular price of \$18 for a single or so-called "bachelor" seat, numbered 18 on the left of the centre aisle in row M. This made the total cost of the seat \$70.

The highest premium paid for rehearsal seats was \$73, which made the cost of each of the four chairs bought at that figure \$91, or \$21 more than the biggest bonus money paid by the lone bidder yesterday.

The second highest premium paid yesterday was \$29 each for seats 18, 19 and 20 in row K. The \$10 balcony seats brought \$40 premiums in a few instances, and not lower than \$4.

Apparently music lovers are not superstitious. Seats numbered 13 and 23 were bid for just as briskly as any others.

The premiums yesterday averaged one-fourth lower than those which marked the rehearsal sale. The Friday afternoon rehearsals are attended chiefly by society patrons, children and music students. As a result they are regarded as somewhat more exclusive than the regular Saturday evening concerts; hence yesterday's bargain sales.

The two seats next to the single \$52 seat brought only \$21.50 each, and two seats adjoining them went for \$16. The difference in the premiums paid for rehearsal seats and the regular concert seats is illustrated by the sale in row N. Monday seats 15, 16 and 17 went for \$72, and seats 18 and 19 brought the top price of the sale, \$73. Yesterday the bids for these seats opened at \$10. Seats numbered 15, 16, 17 and 18 went for \$20.50, a drop of \$52.50, and seat 19 brought only \$18.50.

When Auctioneer Jackson opened the sale shortly after 10 o'clock, the bids were started rather low. The highest premiums paid for seats in row A were \$15 and the lowest \$4.

In row J some of the seats sold for as low a premium as \$4.50. The most obtained for any seats in this row yesterday in addition to the regular price of \$18, was \$17.50, compared with \$50 paid at the rehearsal sale. In row K, where some of the seats sold on Monday for \$60 premiums, the most obtained yesterday were premiums of \$29 each for seats 18, 19 and 20.

Row W, which is the end of the cross-aisle, sold at from \$4 to \$9 premiums, which was considered very low for this, the body of the house.

MORE THAN \$30,000 IN SYMPHONY SALE

More than \$30,000 worth of seats for the Saturday night Symphony concerts were sold at auction yesterday at Symphony Hall. The upset price of these tickets was \$18, and the highest premium above this which was reached was \$52 and the lowest premium the auctioneer got was \$4.50. This morning the \$10 tickets for the same series of concerts will be sold at auction.

PREMIUM RECORD \$52.

Best Price Brought at Yesterday's Auction of Saturday Night Symphony Seats Was \$70.

The record price of a seat for the Saturday evening Symphony concerts at yesterday's auction sale was \$70, of which \$52 constituted the premium. The purchaser paid a premium of \$46 on the adjoining seat, bought afterward. The seats were in row M.

The seats in the front rows opened at prices lower than usual in recent years, but the best premiums in front rows were about the same as usual. The premiums obtained yesterday will average about the same as those of last year.

SYMPHONY SALE FOR DAY BRINGS \$15,000

More than \$15,000 was taken in at the continuance of the sale of seats for the Symphony concert season yesterday between 10 A. M. and 1 P. M. Altogether nearly 500 tickets were disposed of, at an average of \$16. There were upward of 300 bidders, most of them women, and the competition was lively. The highest price paid for a seat was \$23, the lowest \$12.

PREMIUMS ONLY \$1.50.

Purchasers Get Seats in Last Row on Floor for Saturday Symphony Concerts for \$11.50.

Season tickets for the Saturday evening concerts by the Symphony orchestra were sold for \$11.50 in row SS, the last on the floor, yesterday, and purchasers at that figure who paid a premium of only \$1.50 will enjoy the concerts at a rate of less than 50 cents each. It was the last day of the auction and the \$10 Saturday night seats were sold. They included the last 8½ rows on the floor, the last 4½ in the first balcony and the whole second balcony.

The largest premium in the \$10 sale was \$22.50 each for three seats in the first row of the second balcony. First

row seats on the right side of the second balcony brought as high as \$22.50, \$18 and \$15, while on the left side, though the seats were equally good, the average was \$10. While there were fluctuations and bargains, the sales of the \$10 seats were somewhat better on the average than last year.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT FRIDAY

Program to Commemorate
100th Anniversary of
Schumann.

SOLOIST WILL BE
ALWIN SCHROEDER

Russell Promises Many Novelties
for Season at Boston Opera
House.

The first concerts of the Symphony Orchestra will be held on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. As usual the hall is completely sold out for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, except the second balcony, which is held for "rush" seats. For Saturday night there will be a limited number of seats on sale at the box office.

For his first concert Mr. Fiedler, who arrived in New York yesterday, has made out a program in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann. The soloist will be Alwin Schroeder, who will this year again be a member of the orchestra. The program comprises the "Manfred" overture, the "Rhenish" symphony, the concerto for cello and the "Genoveva" overture.

SYMPHONY TICKET

Evening, lower centre balcony, second row, \$25. Address F.C.F., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

A single seat in EE, \$50. Address J.K.P., Boston Transcript. (A):

7, OCTOBER 3, 1910

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE RETURN OF DR. MUCK TO BOSTON

A Definite Statement from Berlin That He Will Become the Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Again in the Autumn of 1912—The Berline Views of Mr. Witek's Departure and Mr. Hess's Return—The Virtuosi and Their "Personalities"—Singers of the Boston Opera in France—Mr. Fiedler at Work Again—St. Louis and "Salome"—Mr. Damrosch's New Orchestral Pieces

ALTHOUGH very little has been said here in public of the return of Dr. Muck to Boston, it is now definitely understood in Berlin, on the authority of the conductor himself, that in the autumn of 1912, two years hence, he will become again the director of the Symphony Orchestra and for a long term. When Dr. Muck left Boston in the spring of 1908, it was an open secret that he would gladly have continued as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, did not his contract with the Royal Opera enforce his return to Berlin. It was almost as well known that the management of the orchestra would have retained him as willingly and that it was prepared to reengage him as soon as he was free from prior obligations in Germany. It has since been stated that Dr. Muck's contract with the Royal Opera would end in the spring of 1912, and circumstances have lately conspired to disclose the use that he will make of his new freedom. In a word, he will return to Boston and become the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, for what despatches from Berlin call "a prolonged period."

Last June, it will be recalled, Mr. Weingartner offered his resignation as the director of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, the most distinguished post in its kind in the German-speaking world. It was offered promptly to Dr. Muck. Almost as speedily he declined it, saying that he had made engagements which required his return to America for some years. The terms of his reply were printed in the German and the French newspapers and repeated freely last summer in Germany by his friends. Bostonians who encountered him in their travels received a like, though more vague, assurance from his own lips, while it was common knowledge, so to say, in the "musical circles" that the festivals at Munich and Salzburg gathered that Dr. Muck, in the autumn of 1912, would become the con-

ductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra again. Yesterday, to clinch the whole matter, the New York Times printed the following despatch from its correspondent in Berlin, who found his authority, doubtless, in similar statements in the Berline newspapers: "Dr. Karl Muck, the celebrated conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera, who directed the Boston Symphony Orchestra several years ago, has decided to accept another engagement for a period of several years with the Boston organization. Dr. Muck's contracts in Berlin will keep him occupied here until 1912. After that he expects to make his home in Boston for a prolonged period." By these tokens, then, the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra is determined for several years to come. Mr. Fiedler will complete his present term, which runs through the spring of 1912. In the following autumn Dr. Muck will resume the place that no man has filled as did he. H. T. P.

Boston, Berlin and Concert-Masters

BERLIN and Boston have made a fair exchange of concert-masters. Willy Hess, who has settled in Berlin, is now, it appears, to take the chair in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, for many years occupied by Anton Witek, who has gone to Boston to take his place with the Boston Symphony. But there is a bitter feeling among the Berliners towards Witek; there usually is outspoken resentment when they see long-established favorites suddenly swallow the bait of higher remuneration, and, it may be, higher honors, in this "Dollarland" so heartily loathed and despised by the stay-at-homes. And they have been trying to decide in the affirmative the question, "Is Witek kontraktbrüchig?" which, being translated, means guilty of contract-breaking, the most undesirable stigma that could befall an artist in Germany or Austria.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that Mr. Witek's Berlin contract does not expire till next year. The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, inclined to feel resentful, thus discusses the matter: "For reasons of principle arising out of the peculiar constitution of this organization, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra could not agree to a premature dissolution of this contract, which does not expire before next year. There is, therefore, a breach of contract here evident, which, it is true, the peculiar circumstances make comprehensible to a certain extent. As, however, the Boston Orchestra, on its part, admits no contract-breaking members of other orchestras into its ranks, it remains to be seen how Mr. Witek will fare over there. At the same time it is to be supposed that Witek did not take his 'flight' across the ocean as a blind leap. It may, then, be assumed that for this 'special' case an exception to the rule has been made in Boston."

Die Signale has no patience with the question and dismisses it in a few lines: "Musical Berlin has known for months that

on and Berlin were going to exchange concert-masters Witek and Hess. Moreover, Witek made no secret whatever of the Boston engagement, and when he was married in June it must have been clear to the most incredulous that he was in earnest about going to America. And now in September he has to submit to being declared "kontraktbrüchig" by a Berlin newspaper! It is astounding what sources of misinformation the news of the art world becomes in many daily papers. [Berlin correspondence of Musical America.]

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Concerts of Friday Afternoon, Oct. 7,
and Saturday Evening, Oct. 8.

Herald Oct. 2, 1910
The first concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 7 and 8, respectively. As usual, the hall is completely sold out for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, except the second balcony, which is held for "rush" seats at 25 cents each. For Saturday night there will be a limited number of seats on sale at the box office, although the greater part of these will be disposed of as season tickets in the course of the next week or 10 days.

For his first concert, Mr. Fiedler, who arrived in New York yesterday, has made out a program in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann, following the many celebrations of this event in Germany during the past summer. The soloist will be Alwin Schroeder, again a member of the orchestra. The program includes the "Manfred" overture, the "Rhenish" symphony, the concerto for violoncello and the "Genoveva" overture.

CONCERTS IN CAMBRIDGE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra announces the usual eight concerts in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, Thursday evenings, Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 15, Jan. 19, Feb. 9, March 2, March 30 and April 27.

At the first concert Charles Gilbert, the distinguished French baritone, will sing. The soloist at the second will be Miss Bessie Belle Collier, violinist; at the third, Josef Hofmann, pianist; at the fourth, Anton Witek, the new concert master of the orchestra; at the fifth, Edmond Clement, the French tenor, who made a marked impression in New York last winter; at the sixth, Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, contralto; at the seventh, Miss Cornelle Overstreet, pianist, and at the eighth and last, Alwin Schroeder, cellist.

Subscribers of last season may secure the same seats by application to George H. Kent, University Book Store, Harvard square, on or before Wednesday, Oct. 12. All unclaimed seats will be offered for sale at the same place on Saturday morning, Oct. 15. A limited number of seats has been reserved for college officers and invited guests.

THE CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS

Trans. Oct. 1, 1910
The Annual Series by the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theatre—A Notable Bettering of the Quality of the "Soloists"

It is to the just credit of the management of the Symphony Orchestra and one of the foundations of its high reputation in Europe and in America that it does not take advantage of the support and the goodwill of the public of its concerts. The better that public supports the orchestra the more it tries to give in return. Thus for years past every seat in Sanders Theatre has been sold for the series of concerts that the band undertakes each year in Cambridge. There is the usual prospect that every seat will be sold this season. Yet of its own motion the management of the orchestra has bettered the quality of the singers and the virtuosi who will assist in the concerts. Two of the singers, Mr. Glibert, the baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, and notable anywhere for his interpretative intelligence, finesse and pliancy, and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, the eminent contralto of Covent Garden, will sing at the Cambridge concerts, as well as at the "regular" concerts in Boston. Edmond Clément, the first tenor of the Opéra-Comique, who excels most of his brethren in charm of light voice and delicacy of skill, will sing at the Cambridge concerts, and not at the Boston. Common to both series are Josef Hofmann, reappearing for the first times hereabouts since he gained his new maturity as a pianist; Mr. Witek, the first violinist of the orchestra, and Mr. Schroeder, now one of its violoncellists again. All these are singers or virtuosi of a rank new to the Cambridge concerts, except in the instance last winter of Mischa Elman. At one of the remaining concerts Miss Bessie Bell Collier will be the assisting violinist, and at the other Miss Claire Overstreet, who is a protégée of Colonel Watterston "of Kentucky," will be the pianist. As heretofore, the series will comprise eight concerts on the evenings of Thursdays, Oct. 20, Nov. 17, Dec. 15, Jan. 19, Feb. 9, March 2 and 30 and April 27. Again, as in the past, subscribers may renew their subscriptions at Kent's bookshop in Harvard square on or before Wednesday, Oct. 12. Thereafter new subscriptions will be received.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Single seat in EE; desirable; cheap. Address C.M.G., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) 19

TWO CHOICE SEATS for the FRIDAY AFTERNOON SYMPHONY CONCERTS are for sale at a moderate price. Address D.W.C., Boston Transcript. 3t(A) 18

TWO CHOICE SEATS for the FRIDAY AFTERNOON SYMPHONY CONCERTS are for sale at a moderate price. Address D.W.C., Boston Transcript. 3t(A) 18

A HISTORIC ORCHESTRA

Sum. Sept. 26, 1910
NEW RECORD OF BOSTON'S PLAYERS.

Many Changes in the Direction and Personnel in the Twenty-five Years Now Approaching Completion—Promises for This Year—Leaders and Singers.

It will be twenty-five years ago this coming winter that the musical dovescotes of New York were set all in a flutter by the news that a strange orchestra from Boston contemplated a visit to this city with the idea of showing what Boston could do in the way of music making outside of the Handel and Haydn and occasional peace jubilees. Not that New York even a quarter of a century ago was in dire need of orchestral music. The Philharmonic, even then venerable, was very much alive under the leadership of a fairly well known man named Theodore Thomas.

The much more youthful Symphony Society was offering music under the leadership of the youthful Walter Damrosch. Frank Van der Stucken, not finding an orchestra ready at hand, had organized one of his own, particularly to pull conservative New York out of the rut of the classics; while Anton Seidl, a comparative newcomer, gave occasional concerts with the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House and was rapidly building up that idolizing following which made him a unique figure in New York musical life.

Consequently the audience which filled Steinway Hall on February 14, 1887, hardly realized even after the concert that a new and most potent factor had been injected into New York's music. To the general public the Boston Symphony Orchestra was less than a name. The musical public—that is that part of it which pays to go to concerts—knew vaguely that a wealthy banker of Boston, who must be eccentric, had organized an orchestra a few years before because, forsooth, he did not like the way the then existing orchestras of Boston played.

That other part of the musical public which does not pay to go to concerts whenever by hook or crook free tickets may be got rested satisfied with the knowledge that another market for soloists had been opened up; while a few, a very few, knew that serious work had been accomplished and that it had become the determination of Henry L. Higginson

to leave nothing undone to make his orchestra as good as any other in the world. But it is doubtful that even Mr. Higginson and those most closely associated with him had any idea the enormous influence on music in America the Boston orchestra was destined to exert.

When it gave this first concert in New York it numbered seventy-five musicians. Wilhelm Gericke was in his third year as conductor. The orchestra had been organized five years before and had started with sixty-five musicians, recruited entirely in Boston, with Georg Henschel as its conductor. The first three years were sufficient to convince Mr. Higginson that no matter what the annual deficit might be—and nobody but Mr. Higginson knows what that orchestra has cost him—the support given to it in Boston more than warranted him in putting it on the soundest artistic base.

Therefore in the fall of 1881 he brought from Vienna as conductor Wilhelm Gericke, one of the conductors of the Imperial Opera and then in the prime of his manhood. He, with his unyielding discipline, his tireless patience and his steadfast adherence to the highest ideals of his art, in one year transformed the orchestra into a force to be reckoned with, and when in his second year he brought from Vienna a number of young men to strengthen the string choir it may be said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was fairly launched on its extraordinary career.

The first concert in Steinway Hall caused a bit of a stir. If the audience was composed largely of Bostonians, former Bostonians and their friends, all the critics were there. The programme was not startling. It began with the "Oberon" overture and ended with the C minor symphony, while between these two came Handel's "Largo," played by the violins standing facing the audience, and the Beethoven concerto played by Franz Kneisel, the concert master. Heads were shaken a bit dubiously over the fashion in which the "Largo" was played, but the critics admitted that to have the violinists all stand enabled the audience to realize to the full the wondrous beauty of their tone.

That was the feature above all else that impressed New York, the exquisite color of the string choir. About the wood winds and the brass they were not so certain, and when some enthusiastic Bostonians wrote to their home papers that the critics of New York said that the Boston Orchestra was better than any the metropolis possessed some rather fiery answers were made. New York refused to surrender at once, and while admitting the glory of the strings, pointed with pride to the wood winds of the Metro-

politan Opera House and the brass of Thomas.

It was really a remarkable set of men who made the first violins of the orchestra twenty-five years ago. At the first desk sat Franz Kneisel, the concert master, a mere lad in years, but already possessor of the delicate art which has made him so mighty in the field of chamber music. His colleague at the first desk was Charles Martin Loeffler, a remarkable violinist, who when Kneisel left the orchestra to devote his time to chamber music left also that he might pursue in peace his abstruse problems on dissonances à la Français.

At the second desk sat Timothée Adamowski, who was as talented a violinist as he was good to look at—which is saying a great deal, as many a fluttering heart of the time can testify—and Louis Svecenski, the viola of the Kneisel Quartet since its organization. Emil Mollenhauer, now for many years the conductor of the ancient Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, was another; and Emanuel Fiedler, the first second violin of the Kneisel Quartet, who has just retired from the orchestra after a quarter of a century's service; and Arnold Moldauer, whose untimely death a few years ago was such a shock to his friends. Among the violas sat Max Zach, now the conductor of the St. Louis orchestra, and at the head of the cellos was Fritz Giese, whose playing can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

Two more concerts were given that season, and despite the epithet "Fräulein Gericke und seine Damenkapelle," flung at it by some irreverent critic, the orchestra secured such a foothold here that to-day New York feels as if it almost had a proprietary interest in it. The next year four concerts were given and then a move was made to Chickering Hall, which proving to be too small during the Nikisch régime was abandoned for the more spacious Carnegie Hall. This in turn gave way to the Metropolitan Opera House for four years, and then in the season of 1898-99 the concerts—increased from five to ten a season—were again given in Carnegie Hall.

The twenty-five years have seen many changes in the orchestra, although there are still fourteen men on the roll who played at the first New York concert. The orchestra has grown from seventy-five men to an even hundred, and those wood-wind and brass choirs which caused such a ripple a quarter of a century ago have been improved until they are among the greatest glories of the orchestra. The third season here brought Arthur Nikisch as conductor, a veritable genius, whose loss to America in a way has never been repaired. He was conductor for four years; then came Emil Paur for five, to be followed for eight years by Gericke. When Gericke retired in the spring of 1906 the orchestra for two years had its fortunes directed by Karl, who, if rumor be true, is to return to it when his contract with the Royal Opera in Berlin has expired in the spring of 1912, and finally came the present conductor, Max Fiedler

of Hamburg.

As one looks back over the list of musicians that have helped to make the Boston Symphony Orchestra what it is some interesting names appear. Among the violins besides those already named have been Willy Hess, Carl Wendling, Karl Ondricek, Richard Czerwonky and now the new concert master Anton Witek. Among the cellists have been besides Giese, Anton Hekking, Alwin Schroeder, Rudolph Krasselt, Leo Schulz, Giuseppe Campanari and Heinrich Warneke. Emil Féris, now the principal viola; Max Zach, Louis Svecenski and Ottocar Novacek have given distinction to the violas, while in the wood winds besides such men as Longy, Grisez, Maquarre and Sadony, who are now members, have been the lamented Pourtau, one of the greatest clarinets in the world, who with Jacquet, the first flute, and Weiss, the second oboe, was a victim of the Bourgogne disaster in 1898, and Charles Molé, the flutist. And it was the Boston Orchestra that brought Xavier Reiter, the hornist, to America.

When the orchestra has finished the thirtieth season, next April, it will have given 2,946 symphony concerts, of which 187 will have been given here in New York, and in those concerts it will have had on its programme just short of 900 titles of music performed. This is a record of which any orchestra in the world might be proud, and when the character of performance is taken into consideration it is doubtful that it can be equalled.

The prospectus for the orchestra's twenty-fifth season in New York, which is just out, calls for the usual five evening and five matinée concerts, the former on Thursday evenings, November 10, December 8, January 12, February 23 and March 23, at 8:15 o'clock, and the latter on Saturday afternoons, November 12, December 10, January 14, February 25 and March 25, at 2:30 o'clock. The time for renewal of subscriptions by last year's subscribers ended last evening, and the remaining seats will be placed on sale for the season at the box office, Carnegie Hall, to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. There is but a limited number of these.

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Among the modern works that Mr. Fiedler will probably give in New York are Richard Strauss's "Macbeth" and

ANTON WITEK, NEW SYMPHONY CONCERT MASTER, AND WIFE

Joined July 27, 1910



MUSICIANS REGARD
WITEK HIGHLY

New Concert Master Gained Enviably Reputation as Berlin Leader.

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FOR SALE—SYMPHONY CONCERT

1 season ticket, first bal., front row; well forward; choice. Address P.O.A., Boston Transcript 4(A): Ja 24

politan Opera House and the brass of Thomas.

It was really a remarkable set of men who made the first violins of the orchestra twenty-five years ago. At the first desk sat Franz Kneisel, the concert master, a mere lad in years, but already possessor of the delicate art which has made him so mighty in the field of chamber music. His colleague at the first desk was Charles Martin Loeffler, a remarkable violinist, who when Kneisel left the orchestra to devote his time to chamber music left also that he might pursue in peace his abstruse problems on dissonances à la Français.

At the second desk sat Timothée Adamowski, who was as talented a violinist as he was good to look at—which is saying a great deal, as many a fluttering heart of the time can testify—and Louis Svecenski, the viola of the Kneisel Quartet since its organization. Emil Mollenhauer, now for many years the conductor of the ancient Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, was another; and Emanuel Fiedler, the first second violin of the Kneisel Quartet, who has just retired from the orchestra after a quarter of a century's service; and Arnold Moldauer, whose untimely death a few years ago was such a shock to his friends. Among the violas sat Max Zach, now the conductor of the St. Louis orchestra, and at the head of the cellos was Fritz Giese, whose playing can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

Two more concerts were given that season, and despite the epithet "Fräulein Gericke und seine Damenkapelle," flung at it by some irreverent critic, the orchestra secured such a foothold here that to-day New York feels as if it almost had a proprietary interest in it. The next year four concerts were given and then a move was made to Chickering Hall, which proving to be too small during the Nikisch régime was abandoned for the more spacious Carnegie Hall. This in turn gave way to the Metropolitan Opera House for four years, and then in the season of 1898-99 the concerts—increased from five to ten a season—were again given in Carnegie Hall.

The twenty-five years have seen many changes in the orchestra, although there are still fourteen men on the roll who played at the first New York concert. The orchestra has grown from seventy-five men to an even hundred, and those wood-wind and brass choirs which caused such a ripple a quarter of a century ago have been improved until they are among the greatest glories of the orchestra. The third season here brought Arthur Nikisch as conductor, a veritable genius, whose loss to America in a way has never been repaired. He was conductor for four years; then came Emil Paur for five, to be followed for eight years by Gericke. When Gericke retired in the spring of 1906 the orchestra for two years had its fortunes directed by Karl, who, if rumor be true, is to return to it when his contract with the Royal Opera in Berlin has expired in the spring of 1912, and finally came the present conductor, Max Fiedler

of Hamburg.

As one looks back over the list of musicians that have helped to make the Boston Symphony Orchestra what it is some interesting names appear. Among the violins besides those already named have been Willy Hess, Carl Wendling, Karl Ondricek, Richard Ozerwonky and now the new concert master Anton Witek. Among the cellists have been besides Giese, Anton Hekking, Alwin Schroeder, Rudolph Krasselt, Leo Schulz, Giuseppe Campanari and Heinrich Warnke. Emil Férr, now the principal viola; Max Zach, Louis Svecenski and Ottocar Novacek have given distinction to the violas, while in the wood winds besides such men as Lengy, Grisez, Maquarre and Sadony, who are now members, have been the lamented Pourtau, one of the greatest clarinets in the world, who with Jacquet, the first flute, and Weiss, the second oboe, was a victim of the Bourgogne disaster in 1898, and Charles Molé, the flutist. And it was the Boston Orchestra that brought Xavier Reiter, the hornist, to America.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

THE MUSIC PICKED FOR THE NEW
 Year 1910-1911

The Wide Range and Due Proportion of Mr. Fiedler's List—The Chosen Classics, Elder and Younger—Liszt's "Dante" Symphony and Other Interesting Revivals—Mahler, Debussy, Strauss and Rachmaninoff to Provide the Larger New Pieces—The Conductor's Proteges—The Plentiful Brood of the Unknown and the Struggling—The Promise of the Whole List

MR. Fiedler, unlike some of his predecessors in the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra, makes well in advance his plans for each new year and, as the outcome proved last winter, adheres surprisingly to them under the varied exigencies of seven months of crowding work. Already he has sent to Boston the list of pieces from which he will shape his programmes for the new season, and it is as complete and diversified as that of last autumn. Conductors come and go; a new generation of listeners now sits in many of the places in Symphony Hall; the musical times change and we change with them; but the policy—and almost the tradition—of the concerts in the range of the music to be played seems now established beyond peradventure. The older classics must have their due place, and Mr. Fiedler announces a suite and two concertos from Bach; Beethoven's second, third, fifth, seventh and ninth symphonies and the overtures, "Leonore" (No. 3), to "Egmont," and to "Coriolan"; two concertos out of Handel; a symphony by Haydn; two symphonies—one, the "Jupiter"—of Mozart; Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and his overture to "The Fair Melusina"; Schubert's symphony in C-major; Schumann's in E-flat and in D-minor, with the Overture, Scherzo and Finale to "Manfred"; and finally, the three perennial overtures of Weber. There are overlooked and neglected, as well as hackneyed and overplayed, pieces by these elder composers, and an ambitious conductor is bound each year to make his discoveries among them. Mr. Fiedler's are the Fugue for string orchestra of Beethoven's last years and an Adagio and Fugue of Mozart.

The Younger Classics

After the elder classics, by the range and the precedent of the programmes, come the younger, and from them Mr. Fiedler has picked Berlioz's symphony of "Harold," his overtures, "Carneval" and to "King Lear";

the familiar fragments from his "Damnation of Faust" and the "Love-Scene" and the "Queen Mab" scherzo from his music for "Romeo and Juliet"; Brahms' first and third symphonies, one of his Serenades and his "Academic" overture; Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre" and Omphale's "Wheel"; Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" and "Pathetic" symphonies, his overture to "Romeo and Juliet," and his Suite for strings; and, finally from Wagner, the Venusberg music in "Tannhäuser," the apotheosis of Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung," the Good Friday Spell in "Parsifal," the Siegfried Idyll and the Kaisermarsch. Among the modern classics a dutiful conductor, under the obligation of the concerts, must also make his discoveries, revivals and innovations, and Mr. Fiedler's choice has fallen upon Liszt's "Dante" symphony, seldom heard anywhere and unheard here for twenty years; Franck's romantic tone-poem "The Wild Huntsman," Rimsky Korsakoff's richly Oriental "Antar"—the music of an Arab hero—Tchaikowsky's "symphonic ballad" of "The Voyvode" and his second Suite, hitherto known here only in fragments. To the Kaisermarsch, moreover, Mr. Fiedler purposes to add the choral close.

The Established Moderns

Next comes the turn of the established composers of our immediate time and they will afford Mr. Fiedler what promise to be his most notable new pieces: Mahler's monumental second symphony for orchestra, chorus and solo voices; two of Debussy's "Images" for orchestra—"Ibéria" and "Rondes de Printemps"—Rachmaninoff's symphony in E-minor that the Russian was eager to conduct here last year, and "Macbeth," the only one of Strauss's tone-poems still unheard at the Symphony Concerts. For familiar pieces out of this same group, d'Indy has yielded the glowing "Istar" variations; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," "A Hero's Life" and "Don Quixote," that Mr. Fiedler has already brought to eloquent performance, and the early symphony that now has almost an "historical" interest in the evolution of the composer. From Reger, the conductor has chosen the puissant variations and fugue and the lighter Serenade, last played in Dr. Muck's time: from Debussy the Nocturnes and the Little Suite; from Loeffler, the grimly vivid tone-poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," from MacDowell, the Indian Suite—both too long unheard in our concerts—and from Sgambati, the Italian who would fain write German-wise, an orchestral Te Deum and the symphony in D-major. A suite and a set of dances by Glazounoff, Reznicek's overture to "Donna Diana" and a fragment of Humperdinck's "Moorish" suite are likewise of this group.

The Proteges

It is the privilege of every conductor to have his chosen composers, of present or past generation, whose music he is eager to make known to his hearers or to bring

to fuller and more appreciative understanding. Mr. Fiedler, like Dr. Muck before him, would establish Bruckner in a just esteem, and thus we shall hear his "Romantic" symphony. Mr. Fiedler began his propagation of the curiously knit and warmly imaginative music of Delius with the "Paris" that he led under adverse circumstance last winter. Now, he proposes to go forward with Delius's variations on a Negro folk song, "Appalachia," the rhapsodies "Brigg Fair" and "In a Summer Garden" and a fantasia of glorified dance tunes. The conductor is as eagerly energetic with the grim and melancholy music of Sibelius, and he plans a repetition of the stern second symphony and of "Finlandia" and first performances here of "Karelia," the incidental music to Strindberg's fairy play of "Swan-White," and the tone-poem of "The Swan of Tuonela." The English Bantock is another of these particular admirations and from him come three "dramatic" dances.

The Struggling and the Unknown

For a final category from which a conductor of the Symphony Concerts should make his choice, remains the music of unknown, little known, or youthful and promising composers of the hour. A conductor—and his hearers—should be generous with them. Chaff they often yield, but the grain of individuality and imagination is sometimes in them. Mr. Fiedler's choice of their work is at least wide-ranging; Arensky's variations for string orchestra; Busoni's suite "Turandot"—for the pianist is composer, too; Bossi's "Intermezzi" in the mood of Goldoni's comedies that Dr. Muck tried and that symphony concert in Germany repeat; two rhapsodies by Enesco, the Roumanian composer who lives and works in Paris; Hadley's rhapsody "after" Drake's poem, "The Culpit Fay" for the share of the younger American composers; an overture, and a concerto for orchestra, piano, and organ by Halm, whose music Mr. Fiedler brought out of obscurity last spring; Liadoff's orchestral sketch "Baba Jaga" for a nec Russian piece; Mandl's "Overture to a Gascon Comedy"; two scherzi from the huge orchestral and choral piece, "Gloria" of the Belgian composer, Nicodé; a Suite by Noreni, whose pictorial variations went the rounds of orchestral concerts three years ago; a Finnish suite by Palmgren; the curious "Ecstatic Poem" of the Parisianized Russian, Scriabine; and a Serenade, that pleased Chicago last year, by Leo Weiner.

Suggestions and Reflections

So much for enumeration of a long list that even now, with performance weeks and months away, suggests its points of comment. For the most part, Mr. Fiedler's choice of elder classics is duly discreet; but, if Beethoven's Choral Symphony is to be kept an occasional piece, to be performed with more or less pomp and circumstance, it is a mistake to repeat it for a third consecutive year. Symphony or-

chestras in Germany do so repeat it. Here in Boston, it has been kept out of the repertory for quasi-festival performance. The Choral Symphony is epic; and epics, in music or in verse, lose a little of their might when they become things of custom. Nor need Mr. Fiedler fear that his public will forget the eloquent power of his reading. The conductor loves the highly-colored and impassioned "romances." His temperament meets theirs half way; and hence perhaps the promised abundance of Berlioz, and the biennial repetition of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and of Weber's three overtures. On the other hand, the excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas are relatively few, because already Mr. Fiedler has once and twice run nearly the full course of them. To these romantic ardors and to the potentially imagined performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony last spring, we probably owe the "Dante" symphony that should be the most striking revival of the new year.

Oftenest Mr. Fiedler's choice of newer or wholly novel music speaks warmly for itself. A discriminating and deserving part of the public of the concerts will gladly hear again the variations of d'Indy and Reger and Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, and make acquaintance with Rachmaninoff's symphony. No conductor that the orchestra has known clothes Strauss's music with such graphic power as does Mr. Fiedler. The new "Images" of Debussy, first performed in Paris last spring, were sure to have their place this winter at the Symphony Concerts. Be they of a waxing or a waning Debussy—they so debate them in Paris—the unique position of the composer and the curiosity over all he writes demanded speedy performance of them. For Delius's music, the listener must learn almost a new idiom, and Mr. Fiedler would evidently have the teaching thorough. Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, MacDowell's suite and Mr. Hadley's rhapsody are only just share in the programmes for American composers. Doubtless some of Mr. Fiedler's youngsters and his "unknowns," as the sporting phrase goes, will disappoint; but they who would keep music a living art crave information of them, and nobody but a musical Pecksniff cares for perpetual commerce with masterpieces. One contemporary masterpiece, happily, stands above all else that is new. Mr. Fiedler's list—Mahler's splendidly imagined and majestically sustained symphony. He has come back at last to our programmes, and by every sign of the music in itself and of performance elsewhere, to conquer.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY TICKETS
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PASTE OVER

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERTS

Oct. 5, 1910

Rehearsals Are Now In Progress for the Season's Opening.

The Symphony orchestra met for its first rehearsal Monday morning and now is plunged into the midst of the work of the season. Some of the new members of the orchestra who are coming from abroad have not yet arrived owing to the difficulty in securing passage, but they will be drifting in within the next week or so.

Mr Witek, the new concert master, assumed his place for the first time and Mr Max Kunze, for many years a member of the orchestra, has become leader of the double basses in place of Mr Carl Keller.

Tonight the orchestra gives the first concert of the season in Northampton at Smith college, where a new auditorium is to be opened and a new organ tested, the concert being generally in honor of the inauguration of the new president of that institution.

The program for the first concerts here on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening is devoted entirely to Schumann in celebration of the 100th anniversary of his birth, the works being "Genoveva" and "Manfred" overtures; the seldom-heard concerto for violoncello, and the "Rhenish" symphony.

Mr Alwin Schroeder, who is again a member of the orchestra, will be the soloist. There is a limited number of seats for the Saturday evening concert which go on sale at the box office, Symphony hall, this morning.

BOSTON WOMEN TO GREET MME. WITEK AT LUNCHEON TODAY

Wife of Concert Master of Symphony Orchestra to Be Guest.

Journal Sept. 29/10
The luncheon given today at the Lenox will serve to introduce Mme Anton Witek, the distinguished pianist and wife of the new concert master of the Symphony Orchestra. About 100 will attend and will hear some interesting "vacation notes" from those present who have been abroad. A few to attend are the Rev. Florence K. Crooker, Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham, who sails Saturday for Rome, Mrs. Sophia Markee Bruce, Mrs. Annie Andros Hanley, Mrs. F. S. Risteen, Mrs. Carolyn King Hunt, Miss Clara Barteaux, Mrs. Margaret L.

Ray, Mrs. Addison Thayer, Miss Ella Fairbanks, Mrs. F. H. White, Mrs. J. B. Stimpson, Mrs. E. R. Lord, Mrs. Carolyn B. Odell, Mrs. Helen Ormsbee Phillips, Mrs. and Miss Halley, Miss Mabel Golden, Miss Alice Chapman, Ella R. Wylie, N. Louise Lawrence, Mrs. Mary E. Chapin, Gertrude Walker-Crowley, Miss K. Crockett, Miss Lucina Jewell, Mrs. Flora Grant Potter, Mrs. A. P. Buntin, Miriam O'Leary Collins and many others equally well known.

EAGER FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Journal Sept. 27, 1910

Concluding Sale of Tickets for Friday Public Rehearsals Marked by Average of High Premiums

Continuation today at Symphony Hall of the sale begun Monday of seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was marked by fully as lively interest as that which was shown on the opening day and there was the same eagerness to secure good places. The sale was not an all-day affair, like Monday's, because the number of seats was comparatively limited and all were disposed of in two hours' time. The seats sold today were those of the \$10 class for the public rehearsals, and of these there are exactly 412 seats. These include 254 on the floor, beginning with Row KK and extending through Row SS on the floor (the \$18 seats on the floor end with Row JJ) and 158 seats in the rear rows of the first balcony, centre, from Row E to Row I, both inclusive.

Bidding was brisk on the part of the large number of people attending the sale and prices showed on the whole a higher average of premiums than was the case at last year's sale of the same seats. The maximum premium paid, above the face value of \$10 for seats, was \$32, as against \$26.50, which was the record high price last year. The lowest premium at which seats were sold was \$10.50, which makes the cost of the ticket \$20.50 for the buyer for twenty-four rehearsals, or just a fraction of a cent less than 85 cents for each rehearsal.

SYMPHONY CONCERT SEAT SALE TODAY

Journal Sept. 29/10

The sale of \$18 Symphony seats will begin at Symphony Hall today at 10 o'clock. The management reports that the sale of seats for the rehearsals was very satisfactory. The prices brought by the concert seats are always very much lower than those brought by rehearsal seats.

Tomorrow, at the same hour, the remaining seats in the hall, on which the upset price is \$10, will be sold.

Women Wait in Rain for Symphony Rehearsal



PHOTO BY POST PHOTOGRAPHER TAKEN YESTERDAY AT 11 A. M., SHOWING THE CROWD OF WOMEN WAITING IN THE RAIN FOR ADMISSION TO THE FIRST WEEKLY REHEARSAL OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Past Oct. 5, '10
The one time of all times when the music lovers of Boston show that their love is genuine is the occasion when the rains descend upon the opening public

rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The opening rehearsal took place yesterday afternoon. At 8 o'clock in the morning a young woman appeared on

the steps of Symphony Hall with a camp stool under one arm, and a copy of a magazine and an umbrella under the other arm. She arranged her camp stool, opened her magazine, adjusted her skirts, and sat down to wait.

By 9 o'clock there were 20 women on the steps. By 10 o'clock 50 more had arrived. At 11 o'clock there were nearly 200 grouped upon the steps, chattering amiably with each other while the cascades of water trickled from their shining black umbrellas.

When the doors finally opened, nearly 400 women, all of whom had waited in the rain from one to five hours to be sure of hearing good music from good seats at reasonable prices, crowded in out of the wet.

In the crowd there were not more than five men.

Those who pack the steps of Symphony Hall on the Fridays when the orchestra rehearses don't care whether the sun shines or the rains fall. They come to hear the music, and the weather never enters their thoughts.

Yesterday's programme was Schumann from beginning to end—a typical initial rehearsal. There were no soloists.

WELCOME TO WITEK

Fiedler Without Moustache Warmly Greeted by Symphony Audience—Cellist Schroeder Resumes Old Position

BY OLIN DOWNES

The musical season of 1910-11 commenced yesterday afternoon with the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. The rainy weather in no wise interfered with the attendance, either on the floor or in the "rush" seats above, and when Mr. Fiedler appeared, minus the moustache of other days, he was welcomed with prolonged applause. The appearance of Anton Witek, the new concert-meister, and Alwin Schroeder, soloist of the occasion, who will now occupy the first cello desk with Mr. Warnke after an absence of seven years from the orchestra, lent additional interest to this concert.

Nor did the weather interfere with the bucket hats, and similar devices. Was it fact or delusion—a "hebble" skirt disappearing in the scurry when the last bell rang and the doors swung to?

According to German custom, Mr. Fiedler had arranged his first programme in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann, June 8, 1810. A bust of that composer, hung with a wreath in the midst

of greenery, occupied the centre of the stage, just before the conductor's stand. The programme consisted of the "Manfred" overture, the E-flat symphony, the cello concerto, and the "Genoveva" overture.

Mr. Witek entered, according to custom, after the other members of the orchestra, and before Mr. Fiedler. He acknowledged a greeting from all parts of the hall.

Spirited Performance

There was, indeed, exceptional spirit in the playing of the opening overture and the symphony. The music was new again, and of engrossing interest. Given, even, a performance of less merit, the "Manfred" overture is likely to hold the hearer. For the stage, as we know, Schumann seldom if ever displayed aptitude, but when he approaches such a figure as the Manfred of Byron, and though this figure, as Hazlitt observed with perfect justice, is merely a bedraped Byron, he becomes strikingly dramatic as he depicts traits, psychology, in consonance with his own character. And how many artists have been inspired by this famous poem, over-drawn as it is, and an expression from a period past! There is greater music than Schumann's on the same theme. Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" symphony will be heard later in the season.

When Mr. Schroeder came upon the stage he was given an enthusiastic welcome. Since his first appearance as soloist with the orchestra he has lost none of his skill. It was well to hear again the concerto, which will now probably be shelved for some seasons to come. It is not surprising that the piece is not often heard, that it is unpopular with cellists. The virtuoso is not adequately recompensed, in performance, for the difficulties which he overcomes, but a cellist as well as an audience may well stride through certain passages neither particularly important in themselves or idiomatic for the instrument, for the sake of the slow section of the concerto, a lyric of the most exquisite and appealing simplicity.

Mr. Schroeder's performance was masterly in every detail, and he was warmly applauded for his playing of not for his concerto. At the concert of next week Rachmaninoff's second symphony, an important work, will be played for the first time in Boston, and Francis MacMillen, violinist, will be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT SEASON TICKETS FOR SALE—2 best seats for Saturday evenings, balance of season; parties leaving city. Address R.J.J., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): n 29

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY CONCERT One season ticket; choice location. Address P. O. Box 1819 Boston. 2t(A): n 29

THE CONCERTS OF THE YEAR

Trans. — Oct. 1, 1910
THE PRESENT RESULTS OF NEW CONDITIONS

A Second Generation at the Symphony Concerts—The Particular Share of Boston Last Year in the Reaction from Occasional Concerts and Recitals the Country Over—The Frightened Singers and the Alarmed Virtuosi—Their Doubts, Fears and Absences for the New Season—A Scanty List as Yet—The Local Prospects—Our Concerts and the Physiology of the Audiences

THE auctions of the tickets for the Symphony Concerts have come, gone and prospered. Conductors pass and repass; their programme-making is praised or blamed; the choice of "assisting artists" better gratifies certain curiosities and likings one year and certain others the next; new pleasures, musical and aesthetic, or very much the reverse, and new obligations multiply in this town. And yet the Symphony Concerts hold their public and the interest of that public. Attendance either on Friday afternoon or on Saturday evening has not declined into a formal and withered rite, though Boston has been known to have such; either audience still comes, because it likes to come. "Thirtieth season," tickets and programmes will say this year, by which token of time a new generation must be succeeding to that which knew the struggling beginnings of the orchestra under Mr. Henschel and its real establishment when Mr. Gericke first re-organized and then treated it—perhaps a little too much in his own image. (Only the other day, the Sun was recalling the time when a wit among the reviewers spoke of it as "Traillien Gericke und seine Damenkapelle"—and the mere thought of a fiery Muck or an emphatic Fiedler lay buried in the abyss of the future). Visitors from other cities coming for the first time to a Symphony Concert, especially on a Saturday night, have said in their haste, that the audience seemed curiously middle-aged. Yet there must be a younger and succeeding generation in the hall somewhere. The close observer can detect it oftenest on Saturday evenings in the cheaper seats, but on Friday afternoons it is visible and audible from parquet to second balcony. Even if it has discovered that it can buy its tickets for "about so much" each year and so escape some of the extravagant contests about which its fathers and mothers still gossip, it pays that "so much" willingly and regularly. Of course, the Symphony Concerts

are an institution fixed in our firmament, but unlike many another institution the world over, they happen to be alive.

With the end of the auctions, following annual custom come the announcements of the concerts of the singers, the pianists, the violinists and the string quartets of the winter. Another column contains them; they run beyond Christmas and even into the New Year, and though there is reason to expect additions to them, they will remain an obviously diminished list even beside the list, already lessening, of last autumn. Then fear of the concentration of interest upon the new opera house stayed the concert-givers and their managers. This year, the contributing causes are more, and more diverse. The "musical business" as the managerial dialect calls it, has been overdone in America for several seasons. Managers, singers and virtuosi have been willing to take their chances and usually have won some reward for their venture. More and more singers, violinists and pianists of all ranks and of none were pressed upon the symphony orchestras and the choral societies. The opera houses even began to count their percentages from the concert engagements of their singers as a distinct part of their revenues. Concerts and congestions of concerts multiplied in large cities and in small. The wandering singers and virtuosi made longer and longer jumps—and nights and days in sleeping cars do not benefit voices, hands or temperaments—and crowded fuller and fuller their date-books. If revenue increased, expenses increased in higher proportion and the managers gossiped vaguely of the need of organizing the "musical business" in this country even as the "theatrical business" had been organized.

The reaction, the break, even, was bound to come. It came last season; it came violently, as the brokers say, and the consequences for the present are proportionately extreme. With a few shining and perennial exceptions, the singers, the pianists and the violinists could find no audiences unless orchestras and choral societies provided assured publics for them. Smaller cities coldly disdained the "positively first, last and only opportunity to hear"—and also to look upon—Herr Hammerclavier and Mme. C-in-alt, and larger, where both Herr and Madame once had numerous audiences, had seemingly forgotten them. The opera houses drew in their horns and few cheques hung upon the points of them. The managers studied their ledgers, but kept their contents resolutely to themselves. In a word, every one, be he concert-giver or concert-manager, was scared. The pianists and the violinists fled back to Europe and forgot their jealousies long enough to warn each other not to go to America, the ignorant, neglectful, purse-

proud but stingy America. They are a timid folk in adversity, these singers and virtuosi, even as in prosperity they are haughty. The rivers of Pharpar, which is Germany, and of Abana, which is England, though they do not wash out much gold, seemed preferable next winter to all the richer rivers of the ungrateful Israel over-sea. Violinists, pianists, and concert singers suddenly became a home-keeping folk. The wary managers had less need than they expected to curtail their lists. The timid birds had already taken alarm. Only the comforting pipings of established orchestras could lure them. They meditated not upon the imaginary publics of radiant futures, but upon the tangible publics of actual pasts. The wicked opera houses, as some said, had not labored in vain.

So the list, for us here in Boston, as scrutiny of it will show, is thin and short. Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Schumann-Heink will come for song recitals because they have assured audiences here. Mischa Elman, new-comer as he is beside them, is in like fortune; the name of Busoni still conjures, and Mr. Hofmann may reasonably wish to test his mettle as a pianist upon a public that in the past has been unjustly cold to him. The secondary singers and virtuosi will come and go, as their wont is, but in sparing numbers. The resident barely stir. The Kneisel Quartet has decreased its concerts here from five to four; the Flonzaley Quartet has not increased its established three. The choral concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society will remain as institutional as ever; those of the Cecilia ought to gain new vitality and new audiences from its alliance with the Symphony Orchestra. Otherwise, there is little stirring of new blood and not much in the old. Concerts fared badly in Boston last season. Whether the giver was noted or obscure, whether he performed interesting music well or hackneyed music badly, whether his prices were high or low, his following numerous or scanty, his "dates" favorable or unfavorable—there are occult signs and significances in these things—he found no audiences awaiting him. 'Twas said in flat contradiction of the ordinary course of human nature, that even complimentary tickets had lost their lure. Some of the chagrined blamed the public interest in the new opera house and its doings. Some averred that the Symphony Orchestra was a grievous monopoly that "drank up the people's money" for concert-going in Boston. Others discovered "hard times"; musical and financial. Old stagers, even if their recollection ran no more than five years back, observed oracularly that it was a way of Boston either to gorge off concerts or to fast before them. The wisor gave explanation up and pocketed—or, more truly, did not pocket—the results of their disappointment.

How the concerts and the recitals of the coming winter will fare, the most accomplished and confident seer might prudently

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Sept. 26.

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hesitate to say. Since last season was a season of abstention, and the season before at least one of abstemiousness, "the swing of the pendulum," as the vague speech of the miscraes goes, may bring back an eager and a paying public to the occasional and the grouped concerts. They say that in New York the younger folk, well-to-do but not rich, with a liking for the pleasures of the drama and of music, compromise often on the opera or prefer the concert-room, to the theatre. In Boston, on the other hand, their preference in recent years, has surely not lain toward concerts. Yet by this time we ought to be tolerably accustomed to the opera house and its joys; while with the lengthening stay of most of the interesting plays and players at the theatres, attendance at them does not become imperative when an attractive concert beckons. The diminished number of concerts by resident singers and players, to which obligation or friendship draws many an auditor, ought to divert some of this public, and some of the money it has so spent to the concerts of the international visitors. At the least unless the number of the opening announcements is unexpectedly swelled, there will be none at all of the "crowded" weeks of the past. At last seemingly, the concert-givers and the concert managers have discovered that even if the public has the best will in the world toward them, it must measure its concert-going not only by its interest but by its time and money.

To dissect an audience here while Herr Hammerclavier is playing Chopin's Study for the Black Keys for the twentieth time that it has been played in the reviewer's hearing in three months, or while Mme. C-in-alt is doing likewise by Schumann's "Du bist die Ruh" is to fall prey to curious reflections about our concert-going. Men certainly go to the Symphony Concerts. They are a perceptible element in the feminized audiences of Friday afternoons, and they are numerous on Saturday nights, when indeed the company is often surprisingly masculine. They flock to the opera house, too, and not altogether for a relaxing evening of social pleasures varied by music. Yet how few they are at concerts even though the singer be as illustrious as Mme. Sembrich or the violinist as eminent as Mr. Kreisler. Of course, reply the oracles, they can't leave their offices in the afternoons. Give the same concerts in the evening and they would come. But tests have shown rather plainly that they do not and they will not. The ladies of Suburbia are much more dependable for eminent prima donne, even if violinists and pianists appeal less to them. You may know at a glance over the house which singer is fashionable and which virtuoso is not. You may be as sure whether Herr Hammerclavier has or has not interested those that perforce heard him at the Symphony Concerts, and whether Mme. C-in-alt

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has the good will of the youth of the music schools. And where is this youth at our concerts? Prices are often "especially" made for it; programmes have been reshaped to gratify its presumed likings. It could certainly profit by the hearing of eminent singers and pianists, even though it was assiduously and not always silently, correcting its faults. Yet individuals among these youths have been known often to decline tickets to promising concerts, proffered without money and without price, and sometimes with a dinner to boot and outside a boarding house. Yet they are by no means so faithful to concerts as are some of the socially elect youth who toil not and never will toil at wage-earning by music. Can the cynics be right when they say that too many of these "students" prefer to pursue their study of music at the musical comedies and of diction with the entertainers of vaudeville?

H. T. P.

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50
Mme. Melba.

Emmy Destinn.



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51
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

OVERTURE to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish,"
op. 97

- I. Lebhaft.
- II. Scherzo: Sehr mässig.
- III. Nicht schnell,
- IV. Feierlich.
- V. Lebhaft.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Born at Zwickau,
June 8, 1810.

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO with Orchestral
accompaniment, A minor, op. 129.

- I. Nicht schnell.
- II. Langsam.
- III. Sehr lebhaft.

OVERTURE to "Genoveva," op. 81.

Soloist:

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Mme. Melba.

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Trans. Oct 8. 10 **COMMEMORATED**

The First Symphony Concert Devoted Wholly to His Music

A Necessarily Belated Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth — The Four Pieces, Familiar and Unfamiliar, That Mr. Fiedler Chose from the Music of Schumann's Last Years — The Concerto for Violoncello for a Curiosity — The Rhenish Symphony for Schumann, the Symphonist — The "Manfred" and the "Genoveva" Overtures for the Romantic Schumann — A Desultory Word About His Songs and Piano Pieces — The Incidents of the Concert — Mr. Schroeder's Return

FOR once the first Symphony Concert of a new year brought its variations from routine. As many eyes traversed the familiar hall, the familiar orchestra and the familiar audience, yet with the pleasant sense of newness that return, each autumn, brings, they saw between the conductor's platform and the edge of the stage, a bust set in a little square of greenery. If, at a distance, it seemed to resemble the head of the young Augustus, it represented really the head of Robert Schumann. Perhaps the sculptor was not as sympathetic and penetrating as he should be, perhaps he lacked executive skill to work his cold material to his purpose; but, somehow, the bust seemed too austere—to lack the rhapsodic hair, the visionary eyes, the sentimental lips with which the prints of the forties and the fifties mark Schumann for the romanticist he was. The sculptor had represented the Schumann who could study diligently, even a little pedantically, not the Schumann who dreamed the dreams of romance and heard the fugitive voices of visions. The bust, however, sufficed as "signal," as the French say, the purpose of the concert. Schumann was born on June 8, 1810. On June 8, 1910, befell the centenary of his birth. Now only in London, the world over, are orchestral concerts customary in June, and elsewhere the conductors had either to celebrate the anniversary in the spring or defer their commemoration until the fall. Mr. Fiedler chose the autumn and the first concerts of a new season; made his programme wholly of Schumann's music; and picked the particular pieces wholly from the work

of Schumann's last years; the overture to Byron's "Manfred" (1849); the Rhenish Symphony (1850); the concerto for violoncello (1850); and the overture to his opera "Genoveva" (1847). The two overtures were familiar by many repetitions; the Rhenish Symphony has been played less often at the Symphony Concerts; the concerto has not been heard here for fourteen years.

Before Schumann, however, came the processional ceremonies proper to the beginning of a new series of the concerts. One by one or in rambling groups, the men of the orchestra took their places. There were few new faces among them; but one—that of the new leader of the double-basses—is curiously like Mr. Puccini's. Then, quite by himself, came Mr. Schroeder, to resume after seven years of absence and vicissitude, his old place among the violoncellos—yet not quite the old since Mr. Warnke now divides with him the first desk of that choir. A public that for nearly twenty years has kept its admiration for him, applauded him warmly as he took his seat and renewed its plaudits still more warmly before and after his playing of the solo part in the concerto. Next, and quite by himself too, came Mr. Witek, the new concert-master, substantial of presence, quiet of manner, scholarly of face, and, though he is still in his thirties, with curling hair touched with gray. Polite applause suggested the good will and the expectancy of the public of the concerts toward him. So far as the afternoon disclosed him—and he was hampered by a chance hurt to one of his hands—he seemed an able and efficient concert-master, without the individuality of tone or the communicating fire of Mr. Hess at his best. Last

came Mr. Fiedler himself, unchanged in presence from last spring, unless he is a shade the slimmer, and not a whit less eager and energetic of spirit. The audience received him heartily; recalled him at the end of the symphony; and throughout the concert was plentiful in applause. Schumann's music, even two continuous hours of it, gave the company pleasure. It had cause for pleasure, too, in the performance.

Not that the conductor's ways or the men's response to them have materially changed. Mr. Fiedler still loves the massive, full-throated orchestral tone; courts the incisive contrast, be it of pace, volume or instrumental color; cultivates large or minute insistence; is emphatic in all things; each according to its kind, and a little unwilling, in his zeal as an interpreter, to let the music flow for long unmoulded by the conductor's hand. Fortunately, Schumann's orchestral pieces require such moulding, and yesterday, as in the past with them, Mr. Fiedler was often skilful in lightening tonal thickness, clarifying dark places, lessening the monotonous impression of Schumann's frequent repetitions and occasional emptiness, and gaining some of the desired intensities almost in spite of the composer's clumsy or scanty use of his means. Schumann's music, moreover, is romantic, and by so much accords with some of Mr. Fiedler's fervors, antitheses and emphases. The conductor and his strings were alike happy in the romantic shiver—the very breath of sombre mediæval romance—that stirs in the beginning of the overture to "Genoveva." He and the whole orchestra were as imaginative in the shadowed and oppressed close of the overture to "Manfred." The first and insistent melody of the opening allegro of the Rhenish Symphony came and went in intense gusts. The close of the scherzo had exactly its idealizing quality for all the hearty gemuthlichkeit that had gone before. The swift transitions from the voices of external pomp to those of inner emotional response, were vivid in the so-called music of the cathedral. In all the symphony, indeed, except in the Andantino, where he was heavy and inflexible, Mr. Fiedler so adjusted his pace and moulded his phrases that Schumann's melodies brought their indubitable suggestion of the richly colored and intense musical expression of our own particular time. Wagner has deigned to imitate their accent; they have their tokens of an ardent instrumental coloring that, had Schumann only been articulate with his orchestra, would have matched our own. The concerto, outside the song of the slow movement and a few incidental passages, like the grave beginning and the return of the mood of melancholy for an instant toward the close, is but tedious "passage-work" and dry music-making that seemed the dryer yesterday, because Mr. Schroeder's tone somehow lacked vital-

ity, elasticity, body. It warmed, as the concerto warms, only in the fugitive but luminous beauty, as of some vision caught in brightness, of the slow song. As for the orchestra, the strings have produced a finer, steadier, more resilient tone; but the wood winds and the horns were good to hear; the trumpets struck fire in the symphony and the trombones of "the cathedral" were richly mellow. As the beginnings of the orchestra go, a beginning that was not nervously overdone.

Presumably the purpose of a commemorative programme is to set in array as many as possible of the qualities of the composer whose centenary it celebrates—the qualities that have kept his music living to a third generation and the defects, as well, that it has withstood. When, however, a symphony concert so seeks to commemorate Schumann, examples of some of his most characteristic and most nearly perfect work, must go by the board. His songs, almost always songs of intimacy, of secret and fugitive sentiment, the inmost speech of the Schumann, who was born lover, as well as born poet and born composer, can have no fit place there. His piano pieces—the concerto aside—that with the songs filled the first decade of his productive life, are equally inadmissible. Yet in them are qualities that the orchestral pieces seldom or never attain. No musical form was ever quite so natural a medium of expression to the striving Schumann as every musical form was to the facile and almost instinctive Mendelssohn. Schumann, in his youth, was so far from musical composition that he actually collaborated in the making of a Latin lexicon, and he long believed that verse and words, and not music and tones, were his natural voice. He tolled terribly over Bach, over Beethoven, even over Mendelssohn before he ventured to write in the larger forms. Yet he never mastered them on their architectural side, or fully grasped their processes of development.

Of all the musical forms that Schumann tried—and he overlooked very few—that of his shorter and more fantastic piano pieces was easiest to him and most characteristic of him. His imagination was exquisitely sensitive. It was like a plate across which incessant visions chased, intimate, colorful, evasive, now of picture, now of whim, now of sentiment, now of pure fantasy. They were fugitive, almost furtive, visions of intensely subjective and sensitive moods. Very seldom did they spring from glorified realities. The whole body of his pianoforte music—the concerto again aside—might have been called "Carneval," as plausibly as he so named one piece of it—a kaleidoscopic carnival of these fleeting, variegated, highly personal visions. They were of poet's fancy and dream, and Schu-

mann turned poet when he translated them into tones. To do so cost him no obvious labor; vision and expression are exquisitely fused; he achieved instinctively a lyric perfection.

Intimate songs and still more intimate pianoforte pieces—pieces that are all the translation of the fugitive subjective mood that Germans call *stimmung*—may not make the programmes of a pair of Symphony Concerts. No more at the beginning of a season may choral fragments of the alternately majestic and ethereal music of the "Scenes from Faust." "Manfred," with Schumann's music, fills a whole evening, and half of it is Byron's—and the reader's. There was, then, no choice outside the orchestral pieces, and among them Mr. Fiedler chose well. One could reasonably be a curiosity, and the concerto for violoncello was such. One could reasonably show the dry and the laboring Schumann, and the concerto, outside the slow movement and the incidental passages already noted, served this end to no unbearable length. Schumann had his vein of pedantry; the French reproach him with it in his harshness toward Berlioz; and the Wagnerians are sure of it when they recall his judgment of "Tannhäuser." He could be virtuously scholastic—and dull—even in some of the pianoforte pieces. He is all three in the wearisome stretches of the concerto—pedantic in his deference to the violoncello; scholastic in his orthodoxy of form and a kind of petty precision; and dull because he was tolling unimaginatively and unsympathetically. But Schumann was also the writer of pure song, be it for voice or for instruments—of song of clear and sustained melodic beauty, delicate, intimate, surcharged with sentiment, crystalline without hardness, melancholy oftener than passionate, the voice oftenest of tenderly or dolorously ecstatic mood. The slow section of the concerto for violoncello is such a song, and naught else preserves the piece even as a curiosity. And this song is more characteristic of the composer and of more immediately comprehensible qualities than the Andantino of the Rhenish Symphony.

First impulse hesitated for the instant upon Mr. Fiedler's choice. Recollection glowed over the elated warmth, the rushing ardor, the youthful glamour of the symphony of the spring or lingered quietly over the gentler and the more intimate beauty of the symphony that was the child of Schumann's first happy wedded years. Yet, in the actual hearing, the selection of the Rhenish Symphony justified itself. The ardent, exhilarated, glowing, almost shouting, Schumann wrote the beginnings of the music of the Rhine, no less than the beginnings of the music of the spring. Through the first movement the richness, the passion, the breadth and the fire of his own melody possess him. He will not have done with it; he slurs form that he may return to it; he will not let it out of earshot for his

joy of it; he would hear it always somewhere in his orchestra. Schumann loved his river; the beauty, the sweep, the power of it stirred him; and the mood and the stimulus stir again through the first movements of the Rhenish Symphony. It gushes like his river, with feeling and with melody. True, nothing in the Rhenish Symphony quite attains the poignant and the intimate beauty of parts of Schumann's hymeneal song, but moments in the Andantino approach it, and still more the moments in the "cathedral scene"—to borrow again a convenient designation—in which the composer seems to turn from the voices of the solemn ceremony to hear the gentler and the secret voices that the emotions of the hour are stirring in his own heart. Schumann could not long write objectively. When he does, he is prone to be rhetorical, as he is in this cathedral scene, even with his gravely Wagnerian brass. He must be subjective, and when he passes to the mood and the emotions within him, his music regains its more sensitive, characteristic and lyric beauty.

A symphony by Schumann, to be representative, must have his sudden lapses into melancholy, when he has been most jocund. Jocund he certainly is in the scherzo of this Rhenish Symphony; at the pace at which Mr. Fiedler took it, he is as gay as in some of the piano pieces; the rhythm is infectious; it sets to toe-tapping; his Rhenish folk and—what is much more important—his own spirit, make merry. Then at the end, as swiftly as a little cloud slips by the sun in its own golden track, the scherzo ends in a few measures of idealizing melancholy. The representative symphony should have, too, its passage where Schumann repeats and repeats, doubles and redoubles, lets development and distribution go hang, in exuberance of intense mood, that in turn intensifies the melodies that are its expression. You shall hear, you shall feel, he seems to be saying. Of such is the rushing finale of the Rhenish Symphony and of such often is the first movement.

The music, moreover, is the mirror of Schumann, the symphonist in the narrower side of the word—with his characteristic excellences and his characteristic limitations. He was no master of instrumental coloring in the modern sense. Sometimes he was clumsy; sometimes inarticulate. He seems to be always thickening his tonal mass as though by doubling and tripling it, he could gain glowing power of tone. Yet in all this procedure, unskilful as it is and heavy sometimes as are its results, is plain anticipation of our modern feeling for the richest of tonal splendor, and on occasion, in the first movement and the "cathedral scene," clear attainment of it. Schumann's instrumental strokes are few; and he may have little sense of the variously expressive qualities of the strings; but he feels the plaintive or the soothing voice of the woodwinds, searches out the loveliness of the

horns and turns confidently to the mellow richness of the brass. His melodies, too, anticipate and achieve some of the characteristics that our time applauds. Out of his intensity of emotional life—Schumann might not have been poet and composer had he not loved passionately and died in the fear of madness—comes the intensity of melodic expression that is of our time and our emotions, too. He imagines his melodies largely; he clothes them richly. Sometimes, seemingly, he cannot develop them; for the developing, the form-spinning, the constructive imagination was not in Schumann. He gropes; he writes "imitative" passages wherein different groups of instruments carry and slightly vary his melody; or he repeats outright and unashamed. He does so sometimes by sheer intensity of preoccupation. His melody possesses him, mind and spirit; he can hear nothing else; write nothing else. Reiteration, each time, if possible, with new emphasis, shall make it to his hearers what it is to him. And he reiterates or else gropes for breath in the pauses between these strenuous blows.

The romantic Schumann, the Schumann who would sit for hours absorbed in his Byron, who drank in the fantastic tales of Hoffmann, who devoured Jean-Paul Richter, who could forget his intimate visions before the crowding phantasmagoria of streaming and sombre romance, wrought the overtures to "Manfred" and to "Genoveva." The shiver of the strings near the beginning of this prelude to Schumann's tedious, forgotten opera, still thrills the listening and the expectant imagination, as a sentence of Hoffmann or an image from Jean-Paul thrilled his. The trumpets of high romance blow through the overture. It laments with romantic intensity, it exults in romantic triumph. The stress, whatever the emotion, never abates. The passion and the expression of it seem in the good modern fashion to condition the form. There is no need to boggle over development. Schumann's Pegasus of romance pushes it away with his eager hoofs.

The overture to "Manfred" turns the other side of Schumann's romanticism. It is all high intensities still, as romanticism must be; but it is anguished music as though some ultra-modern had written it; and the strings are as resentful of its exactions after fifty years, as though it had newly come from Reger or Strauss. Romantic tumult alternates with romantic despair, even though Schumann must take refuge now and then in his emphasizing repetitions. He spares not his strokes of romantic surprise, like the three trumpets, and they come off. He turns his basses as black and ominous as night; makes the voice of his horns as solemn as Fate's. The music chafes and rebels with Manfred, walls and wears itself away. Astarte has a characterizing motive. Schumann

is writing delineative music—delineative of romantic vision born of romantic tale—but as graphic and imaginative as though he had finished it the day before yesterday, in the full tide of the "modern movement." His hundred years have gone lightly over his head. H. T. P.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA BEST IN WORLD

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—Max Friedlander, director of music at the Berlin University, sailed today on the steamship Deutschland. He will go as exchange professor to Harvard, where he will lecture on the history of music.

Professor Friedlander speaks highly of the progress which America is making in instrumental and chamber music, but he thinks the musical sense of Americans on the whole will not improve until they give up their admiration for ragtime. He considers the Boston Symphony Orchestra the finest in the world, and this opinion, he says, is shared by Dr. Muck and Richard Strauss.

SYMPHONY HAS FIRST REHEARSAL

Thirtieth Season Opens Auspiciously with Robert Schumann's Works.

IN HONOR OF HIS BIRTH

Alwin Schroeder, 'Cellist, the Soloist in an Excellent Program.

Handled Oct 8, 10

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the 30th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, was the soloist. The program was made up of these compositions by Schumann: Overture to Byron's "Manfred"; symphony in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish"; concerto for violoncello; overture to "Genoveva."

"Let us now praise famous men and

our fathers that begat us * * * such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing."

This concert was in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Schumann, who was born on June 8, 1810. It is meet that the births of great composers should be celebrated with pomp and ceremony, even when the composers were so thoughtless as to be born in months out of the musical season. And yet Schumann is one of the few composers to whom this public tribute seems incongruous; for his most characteristic music, the music that is individual, that sets him apart from others, was written for intimate friends rather than the great public; and the exquisite genius of Schumann is not revealed as a rule in his more ambitious and orchestral compositions.

It has been urged against him that his symphonies were thought for the pianoforte and then orchestrated crudely, as by an amateur. This, however, is not the fatal objection. He had his own orchestral speech. Good, bad or indifferent, it was his own. He could not have otherwise expressed himself through the orchestral instruments. His speech is to be accepted or rejected, as the hearer is impressed chiefly by ideas or by the manner of expression.

A more serious objection is this: The genius of Schumann was purely lyrical, although occasionally there is the impressive expression of a wild or melancholy mood; as in the chords of unearthly beauty soon after the beginning of the overture to "Manfred." Whether the music be symphonic, chamber, a pianoforte piece or a song, the beauty, the expressive force lies in the lyric passages. When Schumann endeavored to build a musical monument, to quote Vincent d'Indy's phrase, he failed; for he had not architectonic imagination or skill.

His themes in symphonies, charming as they often are, give one the impression of fragments, of music heard in sleep chasings. Never a master of contrapuntal technique, he repeated these phrases over and over again instead of broadly developing them, and his filling in is generally amateurish and perfunctory. There is one marked exception, the heavenly theme in the adagio of the second symphony, and this movement is marred by the impertinent entrance of schoolboy counterpoint in the middle section.

The best of Schumann's music is an expression of states and conditions of soul. This music is never spectacular; it is never objective. Take, for instance, his music to Goethe's "Faust." The episodes that attracted the attention of Berlioz, Liszt, Gounod, were not to Schumann a source of inspiration. It was the mysticism in the poem that led him to musical interpretation. His music, whether for voice or instruments, is, first of all, "innig," and this German word is not easily translated into English. Heartfelt, deep, ardent, fervent, intimate; no one of these words conveys exactly the idea contained in "innig." There is the intimacy of personal and shy confession.

Schumann in his life was a reticent man. He dreamed dreams. He was lost in thought when others, in the beerhouse or at his home, were chattering about art. He put into his music what he would with difficulty have said aloud to his Clara. As a critic, he was bold in praise and blame. As a composer, he was not often assertive as one on a platform. He told, his

dreams, he wove his romantic fables, for a few sympathetic souls. It is true that in his days of wooing he was orchestrally jubilant, as in the first movement of the symphony in B flat; but in this movement the anticipation aroused by the first measures is not realized. The thoughts soared above the control of the thinker; there was not the mastery over them that allows no waste material, that gives golden expression without alloy.

At his best this composer was an improvisator, and the only one to be compared with him in this respect is Chopin, who had the finer taste and the more artistic grasp. The genius of Schumann is revealed in songs and pianoforte pieces; in the lyric passages found here and there in the symphonies, especially in the symphony in D minor and in the sustained song of the movement in the second symphony to which I have alluded. In his own field, Schumann is lonely; incomparable. No composer has whispered such secrets of subtle and ravishing beauty to a receptive listener. The hearer of Schumann's music must in turn be imaginative and a dreamer. He must often anticipate the composer's thought. This music is not for a garish concert hall; it shrinks from boisterous applause.

The large audience was in holiday mood. Mr. Schroeder, who is again a member of the orchestra; the new concert master, Mr. Witek, and Mr. Fiedler were applauded heartily in turn as they took their place. The performance of the several compositions was also warmly applauded, and without discrimination. It is the custom to dwell upon the music played at the first concert of the season rather than upon the performance. Let us respect the tradition. Yet it may be said that the romantic charm of Schumann's music was too often missed in the performance yesterday, especially in the lovely third movement of the symphony.

Mr. Schroeder was more successful in the second movement of the concerto than in the florid passages. His cantabile was distinguished by purity and richness of tone; his bravura was dry and labored. But the concerto, as a whole, is a thankless task, and in reverence to Schumann it might well have been omitted.

The program next week will include Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor (first time here); Goldmark's concerto for violin (Mr. Macmillan, violinist); overture to "Oberon."

**PLAY IN HONOR
OF SCHUMANN**
G.H.C. — G.H.C. 8.1910
Opening Symphony
Rehearsal.

Witek Makes His Debut as

Concert Master.

Alwin Schroeder Is the Solo 'Cellist.

The musical season of 1910-11 was launched at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon by the first Boston symphony rehearsal of the year. It is the 30th season of concerts by the orchestra in this city, the third for Mr Fiedler as its conductor.

This concert was in celebration of the centenary of Schumann's birth, which fell on the 3d of June. To this end the program was composed entirely of the works of Schumann as follows: The "Manfred" overture, the E flat major symphony (Rhenish), the concerto for violoncello and orchestra (Alwin Schroeder, soloist) and the "Genoveva" overture.

The audience arrived and bestowed itself in quite the habitual fashion. There was to be seen the eager exchange of greetings between friend and friend or the expression of pleasure upon each discovery of propinquity of seats.

There was lively conjecture as to the new concert master. His advent was no mere incident, for in our orchestra the principal of the strings is not merely the chief henchman of the conductor, but his office is invested with a marked distinction of its own. This is in no small way attributable to the dignity of bearing which characterized Mr Hess.

It was therefore a significant moment when, after all the members of the orchestra were seated, Mr Witek appeared, stood with unobtrusive, yet commanding authority for a few moments, receiving the welcoming applause which greeted him, and then took the chair which henceforth becomes his.

Mr Witek received but one of the welcomes yesterday. After eight years of wandering a prodigal, Alwin Schroeder was received again at his former post—the first chair of the 'cellos. Although he was to play the concerto after the intermission, he took his place in the ensemble for the "Manfred" and the symphony, which came before, and as he did so was warmly applauded.

Then it was Mr Fiedler's turn as he came on. The clapping of hands was instant at his appearance, was cordial and prolonged.

Had it been possible to choose a program sufficiently varied and cumulative in quickening interest, the first concert might have arrived at no inconsiderable brilliance, notwithstanding the heavy atmosphere and dispiriting drizzle without.

There was a more worthy end yesterday, however, than merely a brilliant concert. The bust of Schumann, garlanded in a frame of green, just below the conductor's desk, was the guiding motif for the spirit of the afternoon.

Beside reassembling orchestra and audience, the occasion was to remind of a maker of a new epoch in music,

who added a new volume to the literature of the orchestra, it is true, but who is known with more distinction for his enrichment of the literature of song, of the piano, of chamber music and, by no means least, of the literature of musical journalism and criticism.

A recital by voice, piano or string quartet with a more intimate audience room and a program of music setting forth the exquisite workmanship in small and interior design, in which Schumann delighted, would be perhaps even more fit as an environment for such a memorial. For it is through certain of his songs, through his works for piano, the great string quintet, and to lesser degree, the quartet, and through the words preserved from his pen, that the reforming spirit, the light, the sympathy, the emotional appeal of the romantic Schumann may best be known.

It was not a mere commonplace, but a fateful utterance when at 20 he wrote his mother that his life had been "a battle between poetry and prose." He wrote that "nature is the great widespread handkerchief of God, embroidered with his eternal name, and serviceable to man for wiping away all his tears of sorrow"; and yet to oblige his mother and "the honorable Herr Rudel," his guardian, he tried to prepare himself for the sober exactions of a legal career.

Had the years spent at Leipzig and later at Heidelberg, where he took more cognizance of the companionship of Thibaut the musician than of the lectures of Thibaut the lawyer—had they been spent in acquainting himself with counterpoint and the technique of the orchestra, he might have written for that instrument with as unerring a sense as for the piano.

The spirit of the man, his sensing of the musical signs of the times and his message to posterity did not find their full expression in the orchestra.

Weber had first caught the spark of emotional fervor in the new romanticism which would uplift the mood and the idea, in distinction from the classicism which had magnified form. This ideal came to self consciousness in Schumann, although he scarcely realized it perhaps. At any rate his inspiration derived its origin from a poetic conception of beauty, which gave his music plasticity of mold and a freshness, radiance, fervor and color.

This ideal it was that led him to enter and reform the precarious field of musical journalism, which, in the middle of the last century, by its tendency to flatter praise on the one hand, or to prejudiced detraction on the other, mirrored the superficial musical thought in Germany.

With his little coterie of "Davidsbundler" as associate editors he made his Neue Zeitschrift für Musik a far reaching tongue of advocacy and defence of what he deemed worthy in this new light of romanticism and of frank denial to that which upheld a mere radical principle of form.

This is not the time or place to attempt any searching analysis of Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred" or of the "Rhenish" symphony. The day for that is past. Schumann's volatile and imaginative temperament was enkindled by the fiery vigor and sensuous beauty of Byron's verse. He made his musical setting of "Manfred" worthy in fancy and ardor—worthy of Byron's work, about which Goethe said,

"This singular intellectual poet has taken my 'Faustus' to himself and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hyperchondriacal humor."

In the symphony the cathedral scene (fourth movement) seems somewhat more austere than suggestive of august and stately ceremonial; but how keenly restive the first movement, of what conviviality the scherzo, of what suave and gracious elegance the third, Nicht schnell, and how vivacious the last of the movements.

It has been said that the five movements characterize Schumann and four friends, all of the Davidsbund—the first himself, the second Dr Julius Knorr, the third Mendelssohn, the religious Dr Hauptmann, and the last David, the violinist.

The concerto grows tedious at times in its development of phrases by sequence and in its more declamatory passages. It is most truly expressive in the long and curving melodic lines of the romanza. Here it is indeed the acme of lyric beauty.

It was good to hear Mr Schroeder with such a background of tone for an accompaniment. He played with commendable surety of technic in the florid portions, but it was in the cantabile passages of the slow movement that the breadth and nobility of both his tone and style were apparent.

Next week, Mr McMillen, the American violinist, will play for the first time at these concerts. Rachmaninoff's E minor symphony will be played for the first time in Boston.

NEW FACES GREETED AT THE SYMPHONY

Journal Oct 8 '10
Concert Master Witek Receives Cordial Reception on First Appearance.

Max Fiedler was enthusiastically welcomed back by Symphony patrons yesterday afternoon at the opening concert of the thirtieth season. Coming here two seasons ago comparatively unknown, he has surely established himself as one of the most popular conductors the world's finest orchestra has ever had. This, by the way, marked the beginning of the second half of his stay here.

Another cordial welcome was extended to the new concert master, Anton Witek, from the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, who has exchanged places with Professor Willy Hess. This is the most notable change the orchestra has seen since last season. Mr. Witek, who enjoys the reputation of

being an excellent virtuoso as well as concert master, is a Bohemian by birth. He studied chiefly with Bennewitz at the Prague Conservatory. He was with the Berlin orchestra for sixteen years, taking the important position of first violin there at the age of 22.

Mr. Witek's youthfulness is rather in his movements than in his appearance. His manner is spirited and authoritative. He appears to be one of the heaviest men in the orchestra; a man of middle height and ample girth, with large head and the typical German artist's big shock of hair, and with glasses to lend a touch of scholarliness.

His appearance yesterday was somewhat unexpected, owing to a little accident that overtook him Thursday, when an impetuous automobile came swooping down on Mrs. Witek, involving a rescue and a wrench; and his seat was, in fact, occupied by Second Concert Master Sylvain Noack until just before the bell rang.

Afternoon of Welcomes.

Indeed, it was an afternoon of welcomes. Alwin Schroeder, once again a member of the orchestra after an absence of seven years, except for two single appearances, received a greeting that brought smiles to his face. This was as he sat down to share the first cello desk with Heinrich Warnke. Later in the afternoon, when he enjoyed the distinction of performing as the first soloist of the season, in the Schumann concerto played here years ago by Fritz Gliese and by Leo Schultz, he won the biggest applause of the occasion.

There are several new faces on the platform this season. C. Fabrizio takes a place among the first violins, C. Van Wynbergen among the violas, A. Jaeger among the basses, A. Mosbach furnishes an additional contra-bassoon, and J. Neuman is the new tympanist. Altogether the orchestra now numbers ninety-nine, including Conductor Fiedler, and when the new trombone comes later in the season there will be an even hundred for the first time on record—a big jump from the original sixty-five organized in 1881.

The attendance yesterday was large, but the hall was not filled. The weather may account for it; also the none too magnetic all-Schumann program, in commemoration of the centennial of the romantic Robert. The "Manfred" and "Genoveva" overtures, the concerto previously mentioned and the third, or "Rhenish," symphony were the offerings. The audience especially enjoyed the second and fifth movements of the symphony, which were indeed melodious little masterpieces, most gracefully played. The same program will be repeated tonight.

Next Week's Program.

Next week's soloist will be Francis MacMillan, the young American violinist, who will play the Goldmark concerto in A minor. Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor will appear as the first novelty of the season. The other number will be Weber's delightful "Oberon" overture.

SYMPHONY CONCERT SEASON IS BEGUN

FIRST PROGRAMME A

SCHUMANN MEMORIAL

Alwyn Schroeder Welcomed Back to Orchestra Ranks—New Concert-Meister Appears.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Schumann—Manfred Overture.
Schumann—"Rhenish" Symphony.
Schumann—Concerto for Violoncello.
Soloist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder.
Schumann—Genoveva Overture.

It was a noble beginning of the symphonic season. Not but the careful observer might have detected a point of roughness here or there such as is inseparable from the first concert after the summer vacation, but there was a glow of enthusiasm among the men and a degree of warmth in the conductor. The occasion was the celebration (a trifle belated) of the 100th anniversary of Schumann's birth. We are glad to count Mr. Fiedler among the most devout of Schumannites and it was quite evident that his heart was in his task.

How much of Music is sifted by a century! A hundred years ago they thought Hummel quite the equal of Beethoven, a little later they believed Kalkbrenner preferable to Chopin; a little later still and they much preferred Mendelssohn to Schumann.

A degree of sadness must always mingle with a Schumann celebration. A pensive seriousness speaks in his tones and constantly reminds one of the scourings of Fate which followed the composer so constantly. The Byronic Manfred was to him a congenial type and his presentation of the unhappy hero, in the overture, is one of the finest things that Schumann ever achieved. The yearning tenderness of Astarte was also a most sympathetic character for Schumann's dual nature, and was certain to become a masterpiece in his hands.

Schumann called his resolute and masculine self, "Florestan," and his sympathetic and more feminine side "Eusebius," and carried this duality through much of his literary work and his music. In no single work can one find this "two-in-one" better displayed than in the "Manfred" overture. The contrasts were vividly brought out by the orchestra and none of the poetry of the work went unrecognized.

The struggle which is omnipresent was finely portrayed, and the startling blare of the defiant three trumpets was thoroughly effective, while the death of Manfred was dramatically outlined. Schumann is not generally credited with good orchestration; yet the use of the trumpets in this work, and the trombones in the fourth movement of the symphony are masterly. In his first symphony, in the transition from the Larghetto to the Scherzo there is a similarly noble use of the trombones. The overture was evidently appreciated by the large audience.

The third symphony was one of the gleams of sunshine in Schumann's life. He had settled in Dusseldorf and entered with some zest into the happy Rhineland life. The symphony is largely idealized folk-music. This is in fine contrast with the movement marked "Feierlich," which pictures a lofty religious ceremony in Cologne cathedral wherein all possible dignity and majesty is displayed. After the ceremony (in the Finale) the happy hubbub of the chattering crowd as they pour into the streets of Cologne is a most genial companion piece. But even here there is never the jovial fun-making of a Mendelssohn or the grotesque humor of a Beethoven. But the playful second and fifth movements of this symphony are to our mind far more poetic than a "Midsummer-night's Dream Overture" or the "Jolly gathering of the Peasantry" of the Pastoral Symphony. It is noticeable in the Scherzo here that Schumann goes to the opposite extreme of form from his usual shape. In many Scherzos he used a double Trio, while here he uses none at all, but develops figures continuously, in a single movement.

We were glad that the two movements referred to were not taken too bolsterously. With Schumann even a joy was a serious thing. The delicate beauty of the third movement was very effectively portrayed. But the majestic power of the first movement and the geniality of the Finale, seemed to us, on the whole, the most striking parts of the work. The symphony is too rarely given. We have had half-a-dozen performances of the Schumann B-flat symphony to one of this E-flat symphony, yet we find the latter fully as powerful as the former.

The final orchestral number, the "Genoveva" overture, is certainly the best part of that opera, but it is not so powerful as the "Manfred" which began the programme. Its beautiful second theme is decidedly Schumannesque, but its chief theme is less striking. The fact remains that Schumann was not a dramatic composer for the large forms and, although "Genoveva" holds a standard place among the overtures of the concert-room, we do not long for it as we do for many other of the master's works.

It was a keen delight to welcome Alwyn Schroeder back to the orchestral ranks. His violoncello-playing is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. He was greeted with warmth when he took his place in the orchestra, before the first number; with still more fervor when he came forward

begin his solo-work; and with long-continued enthusiasm when he had completed his task. And it was a task of abnegation, for this violoncello concerto does not rank with Schumann's other large works. It is far behind the piano concerto in musical value. Composed about the same time as the Rhenish symphony, it seems but a step-sister of that work.

The first movement was brimful of technical display which left us cold, in spite of Mr. Schroeder's admirable playing. There was some effective C-string work in this movement, but too much of floritura.

The second movement was quite another story. It was a true Schumann romanza, which Mr. Schroeder played with all possible fervor. In the finale, although there was again much technical work, this display seemed more interwoven with the orchestral thoughts and did not seem an extraneous exhibition as it sometimes did in the first movement. If four recalls at the end meant a popular success then it was won, but we suspect that this enthusiasm was rather a personal tribute to Mr. Schroeder than indicative of affection for the composition.

Mr. Schroeder was, however, not the only hero of the concert. When the new concert-meister—Mr. Witek,—appeared, he was the recipient of much applause, and Mr. Fiedler was welcomed back with open arms, or at least with open hands, which were vehemently used in applauding him upon his entrance. A bust of Schumann, upon the platform, impressed the meaning of the concert upon every auditor. It is rather a severe test of any composer to give 10 of his movements in succession, but in this concert Schumann bore the test bravely.

THE FIRST EVENING SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Incidents of Saturday Night and the Shortcomings of the Orchestra—Mahler and Kreisler in Vignette—Criticising the Critics—The New Drummer at Symphony Hall—Mme. Sembrich's Novel Programme—The Haendel and Haydn Society Chooses Its Pieces—Mr. Caruso in Germany and Grove—Mr. Strube's Music Published at Last—Mr. Stock's Enigma of Conductors' Conferences

EVIDENTLY the processional entrance, around the corner on the left, as the audience looks at the stage in Symphony Hall, along the edge of the platform and then inward to the designated seat, is becoming a formula with the leaders of the choirs of the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hess set the precedent last year, Mr. Schroeder repeated it Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, and Mr. Witek fell as naturally into it as

though it were the way of orchestras the world over. Of course Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Witek were applauded; and there might have been applause for Mr. Longy or Mr. Kloeppel for the opposite reason. The one leads the oboes, the other the trumpets, and each, is a virtuoso of the first rank, but they still somehow found their seats without a pilgrimage around the edge of the platform. Mr. Fiedler, who has his right to such distinction from the rest, was heartily applauded when he came to his place and whenever there was pause in the progress of the concert. He found, too, the usual greenery and autumn flowers upon his stand, and at the end of the evening, he had the satisfaction of the valuable Dr. Friedländer's praises. No; the learned professor had hardly believed what he had heard of the orchestra from Strauss, from Paderewski, from Dr. Muck in Berlin. Now he had heard the band with his own ears. With much vehement gesture, he averred that it was unsurpassable, especially in its "klang."

Certainly to its accustomed public the orchestra did not surpass itself in "klang" or in any other of its attributes on Saturday night. It is doubtful even that it played as well as it did on Friday afternoon. Then, and again on Saturday evening, the wood-winds, the horns and the brass far excelled in quality of tone, in euphony and in precision their brethren of the strings. Mr. Witek indeed gave new proof of his ability as a concert-master. His bowing, for example, was beautifully flexible to the music of the instant and his tone began to have individual character. He could not, however, save the strings from the roughness, the lack of euphony, the blurred and blurring tone that seemed to beset them. It was big enough as so much mass, and it was certainly resonant but it had scarcely any other of its usual distinctions. The men have still to play themselves into form or they are losing their keensense of it, and especially of euphony, perhaps from too much driving to bigness. They—and indeed the conductor and the whole orchestra spread out the tonal tumults of the "Manfred" overture as so much excited and strenuous blur. And they were not good to hear in the Andantino of the Rhenish Symphony. It is long-breathed song, not short-breathed phrases.

H. T. P.

The one time of all times when the music lovers of Boston show that their love is genuine is the occasion when the rains descend upon the opening public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The opening rehearsal took place yesterday afternoon. At 8 o'clock in the morning a young woman appeared on the steps of Symphony Hall with a camp stool under one arm, and a copy of a

magazine and an umbrella under the other arm. She arranged her camp stool, opened her magazine, adjusted her skirts, and sat down to wait.

By 9 o'clock there were 20 women on the steps. By 10 o'clock 50 more had arrived. At 11 o'clock there were nearly 200 grouped upon the steps, chattering amiably with each other while the cascades of water trickled from their shining black umbrellas.

When the doors finally opened, nearly 400 women, all of whom had waited in the rain from one to five hours to be sure of hearing good music from good seats at reasonable prices, crowded in out of the wet.

In the crowd there were not more than five men.

Those who pack the steps of Symphony Hall on the Fridays when the orchestra rehearses don't care whether the sun shines or the rains fall. They come to hear the music, and the weather never enters their thoughts.

Yesterday's programme was Schumann from beginning to end—a typical initial rehearsal. There were no soloists.

WELCOME TO WITEK

Fiedler Without Moustache Warmly Greeted by Symphony Audience—Cellist Schroeder Resumes Old Position

BY OLIN DOWNES

The musical season of 1910-11 commenced yesterday afternoon with the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. The rainy weather in no wise interfered with the attendance, either on the floor or in the "rush" seats above, and when Mr. Fiedler appeared, minus the moustache of other days, he was welcomed with prolonged applause. The appearances of Anton Witek, the new concert-meister, and Alwin Schroeder, soloist of the occasion, who will now occupy the first 'cello desk with Mr. Warnke after an absence of seven years from the orchestra, lent additional interest to this concert.

Nor did the weather interfere with the bucket hats, and similar devices. Was it fact or delusion—a "hobble" skirt disappearing in the scurry when the last bell rang and the doors swung to?

According to German custom, Mr. Fiedler had arranged his first programme in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Schumann, June 8, 1810. A bust of that composer, hung with a wreath in the midst of greenery, occupied the centre of the stage, just before the conductor's stand. The programme consisted of the "Manfred" overture, the E-flat symphony, the 'cello concerto, and the "Genoveva" over-

ture. Mr. Witek entered, according to custom, after the other members of the orchestra, and before Mr. Fiedler. He acknowledged a greeting from all parts of the hall.

Spirited Performance

There was, indeed, exceptional spirit in the playing of the opening overture and the symphony. The music was new again, and of engrossing interest. Given, even, a performance of less merit, the "Manfred" overture is likely to hold the hearer. For the stage, as we know, Schumann seldom if ever displayed aptitude, but when he approaches such a figure as the Manfred of Byron, and though this figure, as Hazlitt observed with perfect justice, is merely a be-draped Byron, he becomes strikingly dramatic as he depicts traits, psychology, in consonance with his own character. And how many artists have been inspired by this famous poem, over-drawn as it is, and an expression from a period past! There is greater music than Schumann's on the same theme. Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" symphony will be heard later in the season.

When Mr. Schroeder came upon the stage he was given an enthusiastic welcome. Since his first appearance as soloist with the orchestra he has lost none of his skill. It was well to hear again the concerto, which will now probably be shelved for some seasons to come. It is not surprising that the piece is not often heard, that it is unpopular with 'cellists. The virtuoso is not adequately recompensed, in performance, for the difficulties which he overcomes, but a 'cellist as well as an audience may well stride through certain passages neither particularly important in themselves or idiomatic for the instrument, for the sake of the slow section of the concerto, a lyric of the most exquisite and appealing simplicity.

Mr. Schroeder's performance was masterly in every detail, and he was warmly applauded for his playing of not Mr. his concerto. At the concerts of next week Rachmaninoff's second symphony, an important work, will be played for the first time in Boston, and Francis MacMillen, violinist, will be the soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Sunday — Pat O'G. Season Successfully Inaugurated, and Fiedler, Witek and Schroeder Given Warm Greeting

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the first symphony concert of the season, last night at Symphony Hall, there was even a greater measure of warmth and enthusiasm perceptible in the greetings extended Mr. Fiedler, Mr. Witek and Mr. Schroeder as they entered, and in the evident enjoyment of

the music, than at the public rehearsal on Friday afternoon. For a hearing of orchestral music by a man who dreamed, though he was only occasionally fortunate in obtaining enchanting orchestral effects, the E flat symphony was an admirable choice, and the Manfred overture a fitting prelude.

The symphony is perhaps the least appreciated of the four beautiful works which are here and there really symphonic, but oftener the most intimate personal documents. And it is one of Schumann's most complete expressions. He has forgotten, temporarily at least, his awe of formal righteousness, and the precepts of Felix Mendelssohn. He pours out his heart as freely in the simple song of the third movement as in the impressive cathedral scene, where his artistic impressionability enables him to portray, with gorgeous color, the memory of a religious ceremony under towering arches.

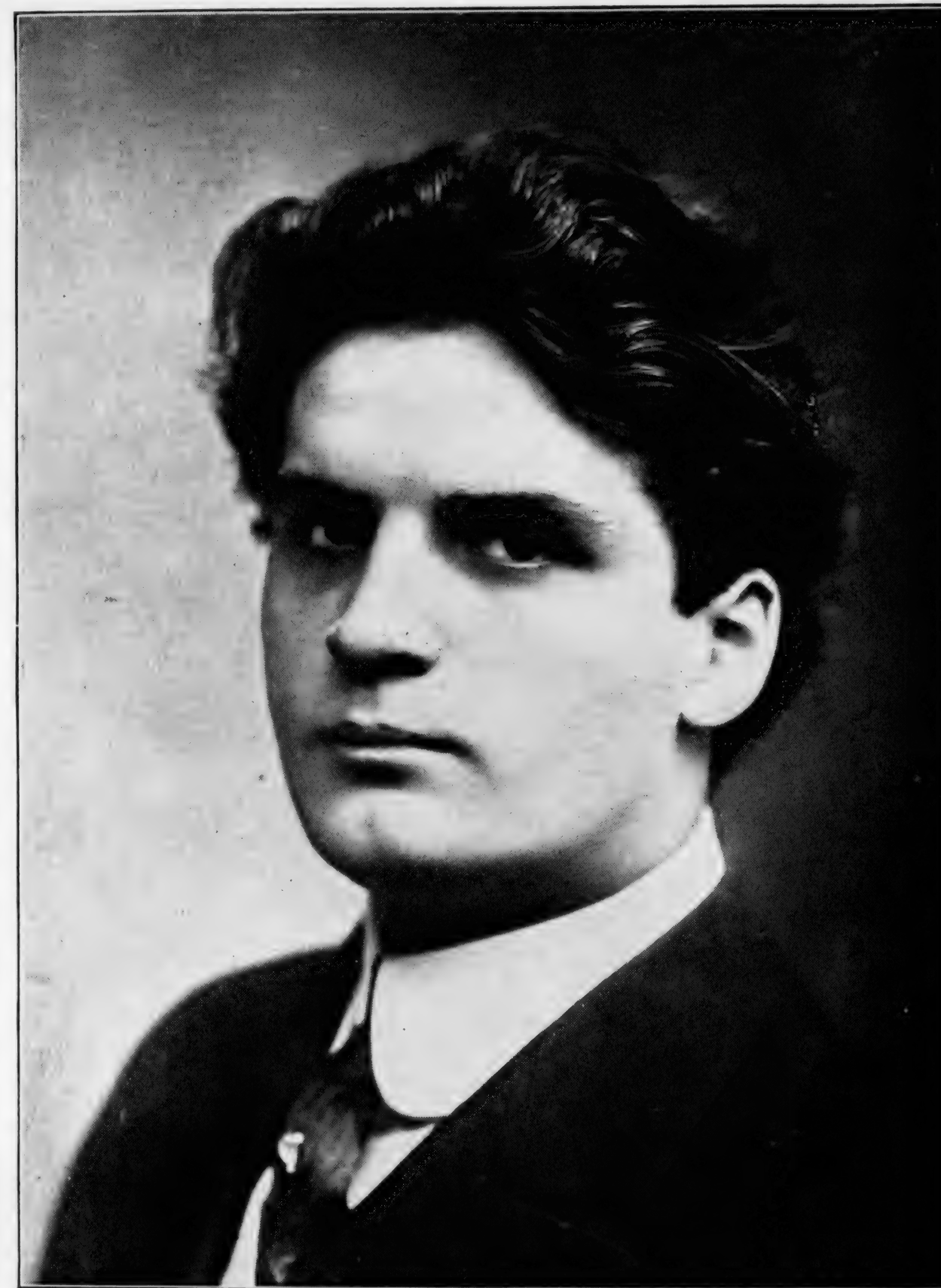
It has often been remarked the persistency with which the composer clings to the rapturous theme which immediately leaps out, at the very beginning, from the strings—a theme that served Brahms well when he planned the first movement of his F-major symphony, and which is, indeed, as the very glow of the sunsets on the Rhine. Foolish, indeed, the man who would easily let go of such an idea! These measures were played with splendid spirit. The following movement was not less delightful, or less genial in its humor, or less of the spirit of the German folk, than pages of similar import in "Die Meistersinger." Its performance, too, was a triumph for Mr. Fiedler. There were rhythmic nuances, very characteristic of Schumann and this particular piece, and the appearance of the counter-theme has not been so genuinely humorous in this city for many a day. Tschalkowsky, whose mental and emotional horizon was considerably broader than Schumann's, meets the demands of Byron's dramatic poem "Manfred" far more completely, with more poignancy and dramatic force than the German composer. But we need not quarrel with the latter because

the orchestra, will be the soloist. A limited number of seats for the Saturday night performance will be put on sale today.

After the reaction of Friday afternoon, the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening was sure to go better. Mr. Fiedler was content to take Tschalkowsky's Suite at a less obscuring and much more impressive pace, and he was generally more light of hand; while Mr. Buonamici had his nervousness in tighter control and so improved his performance of Chopin's concerto. The honors of the evening, however, rested with Mr. Hadley and his rhapsody of "The Culpit Fay," as they did on Friday afternoon. He conducted in it with like command of his men and ability to gain his smallest ends; while the music seemed as imaginative and suggestive play with instrumental colorings as it had at a first hearing. Sometimes, however, tempted no doubt by the sonorities of which the orchestra is capable, he sought a body of tone that made his fays and sprites and foam-drops and star-dust far too material things. Altogether the experiment with a composer-conductor of "local interest" succeeded; while that of a "soloist" of like appeal did not. Of course the Symphony Orchestra has its obligations to the city that maintains it. There are also obligations to the standards that have made it what it is. *Trans. Nov. 21/10*

SYMPHONY TO PLAY AT SMITH COLLEGE

Journal — *Oct. 5/10*
Tonight the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives the first concert of the season at Smith College, Northampton, in honor of the inauguration of the new president of that institution. The program for the first concerts here on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening is devoted entirely to Schumann, in celebration of the great German's centennial, the works being the "Geno-veva" and "Manfred" overtures, the seldom-heard concerto for violoncello, and the "Rhenish" symphony. Alwin Schroeder, who is again a member of



MR. FRANCIS

MACMILLEN

VIOLINIST

ANTON WITEK, WHO BECOMES
CONCERT MASTER OF SYMPHONY



HAS SUCCEEDED
PROF. WILLY HESS

Anton Witek, Symphony's
New Concert Master, on
Way Here.

Journal — Sept. 16/10

Anton Witek, who has succeeded Professor Willy Hess as concert master of the Symphony Orchestra, is expected in Boston in a few days. It is his first visit to this country. Mr. Witek is a Bohemian by birth. He studied under Bennewitz at Prague and in 1894, at the age of 22, was appointed concert master of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin, a position which he has held ever

since. He has been described as a "serious, solid, thoroughly grounded musician," and not as a virtuoso; yet he has been successful season after season in his tours through northern Europe as a concert soloist.

Mme. Witek is also a well known musician.

The Symphony Orchestra, it is announced, will be larger than ever this season, owing to additions to the woodwind. For the first time the players will number more than 100.

The auction sale of seats for the coming season opens Monday, Sept. 26.

Manager C. A. Ellis has issued the annual booklet, which shows the engagements of the orchestra for the season of 1910-1911. There are one hundred and twelve concerts booked, to which will be added two pension fund concerts and three concerts with the Cecilia Society, making a grand total of one hundred and seventeen concerts, which is the largest number ever given by the orchestra in a season and probably is the largest number of regular symphony concerts ever given by any orchestra in the world with the space of seven months. The first concert of the season is in Northampton on Oct. 5. This has happened but once before—in the second year of the orchestra—when the first out of town concert of the season, in fact the first out of town concert by the orchestra, was given in Newport.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, AT 8, P M.

Programme.

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2, op. 27

I. Largo.—Allegro moderato

II. Allegro molto

III. Adagio

IV. Allegro vivace

(First time in Boston)

GOLDMARK,

CONCERTO in A minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA

op. 28

I. Allegro moderato

II. Air: Andante

III. Moderato; Allegretto

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Oberon"

Soloist:

Mr. FRANCIS MACMILLEN

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 - IV. Allegro vivace
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CONCERTO in A minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA
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- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Air: Andante
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OVERTURE to the Opera "Oberon"

Soloist:

Mr. FRANCIS MACMILLEN

RACHMANINOFF,
FAMOUS RUSSIAN
COMPOSER, HERE



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The first symphonic novelty of the season has been placed on Mr. Fiedler's second program for Friday afternoon, Oct. 14, and Saturday evening, Oct. 15. This will be Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony in E minor, op. 27. When the composer was engaged for his appearance in Boston a year ago he expressed an earnest wish that this symphony should be put on the program instead of his "Toteninsel," but it was found that with the symphony and his concerto and the other works that Mr. Fiedler proposed doing the program would be too long; therefore

the honor of the first performance of this work fell to the Philadelphia orchestra, which played it at its home concerts on Nov. 26 and 27 of last year. The symphony was later played in New York, and in both places it made as profound an impression as his "Toteninsel" did in Boston.

The soloist will be Francis MacMillan, the American violinist, who appears for the first time with the Boston Symphony orchestra. He is well known in Boston through his appearance here a few years ago in recital. He will play the concerto in A minor by Goldmark, which was last played at a Symphony concert in April, 1906, by Jacques Hoffmann of the orchestra. The other number will be the familiar "Oberon" overture by Weber.

SYMPHONY DEALING WITH RHYTHMIC EFFECTS

Oct 15. 10
RACHMANINOFF WORK

COMMENDABLY CLEAR

Francis Macmillen, Soloist, Impresses Favorably, Showing Improved Technique.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Rachmaninoff. Symphony in E minor.
Goldmark. Violin Concerto in A minor.
Soloist, Francis Macmillen.
Weber. "Oberon" overture.

It was pleasant to find Rachmaninoff receding from the modern formlessness and creating a symphony that, while strongly emotional, did not utterly leave the time-honored sonata-form. Rachmaninoff is treading along the Tchaikowsky path instead of following the ultra-Russians. In St. Petersburg they held Tchaikowsky not Russian enough, they regarded him as too cosmopolitan. Such an accusation is never a reproach. Beethoven was cosmopolitan in music, and did not succeed with local color, or folk-song effects. Goethe declined to make his poetry merely German and never wrote a national hymn. Local color and national music has its charm, but it may be pushed too far, and the best music appeals to different nations with almost equal effect.

The Rachmaninoff symphony is modern enough in its scoring and demands a very large orchestra. It is a symphony which deals rather with moods and rhythmic effects than with clear-cut melodies. It has the usual modern transference of figures and themes from movement to movement, the finale especially bringing forth reminiscences of the preceding movements. It is big with Fate even from the very first, when there are "lamentations heard 't the air," and everything from big shudders to tiny shivers passes in review. Kettle-drum crashes and crescendoes burst forth most frequently, and these were excellently played.

The movement which might be called the scherzo, although not at all playful, had some poetic idealization of dance rhythms, and subsequently a bitter and aggressive fugue, such as Browning describes in "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." The strongly rhythmic effects were not unattractive and the performance of this, and of the entire work, was commendably clear, but one could not find the surety of a Brahms, a Bruckner or a Tchaikowsky in the turgid measures.

The adagio seemed to us the noblest

movement of the work. It is given to but few men to develop an adagio to a true climax, but Rachmaninoff has here displayed nobility of thought from beginning to end. At times it suggested a Russian "Waldesweben" (there are wolves in the woods in Russia) and the mighty sweeps and grand crescendoes were given in a manner truly magnificent.

In the finale Rachmaninoff takes to pianissimo mysteries as a duck takes to water. The composer, however, seems sure of what he is aiming at in this part, and he makes his reminiscences drawn from the earlier parts of the symphony, speak with telling power. It is rather a long symphony for a work at such high pressure, but it is greater than some of the long symphonic works that recent seasons have inflicted us with, even if the power of the greatest moderns is not attained. It is a work that will be heard again and one that will probably hold its place in the modern repertoire. It was warmly applauded after each movement and recalls took place at its end. We believe that it may grow in power on a second hearing.

Francis Macmillen must have spent a certain part of his life in being photographed. There is no prominent artist who bubbles up so constantly in the musical press in various interesting poses. He is seen upon mountain peaks and in caverns, upon arid plains and amid tropical verdure; he is pictured walking, rowing, hunting, fishing and even engaged in musical occupation. He must, however, have done some practising in the intervals of posing, for his technique and his expression have advanced.

We do not greatly admire Goldmark's violin concerto. The beginning is as heroic as if a bardic theme were to be sung, but the mountain only brings forth a mouse. It promises war and ends with confectionery. There was over-much embellishment in the first movement, floridura which displayed the soloist much better than the composer. Mr. Macmillen mastered the great difficulties here with commendable steadiness, although one could have borne with more breadth. The slow movement he gave with romantic beauty, and in this kind of sensuous melody Goldmark is on his native heath and appears at his best. Mr. Macmillen worked up to a fine technical climax in the finale. The cadenza was rather long, but its double-stopping and its G-string work was broad and full, and after the cadenza (an unusual place for display in a concerto) there came a very effective ending in which the soloist also bore part.

We begin to think the whole violin cadenza business a rather empty school, but it always serves to excite the public, and Mr. Macmillen was recalled again and again with what (for a Friday matinee) may be called popular frenzy.

Weber's "Oberon" overture is as theatrical and as full of vivid contrasts as any work in the repertoire. If it smells a trifle of the footlights, that is no very great defect. The horn-calls that picture Sir Huon summoning the fairies to his aid, were not

very boldly sounded. They punctuate the introduction and the themes in a manner which is distinctly Weberish, for that composer loved the natural horn above all other instruments.

Next to the horn he enjoyed the clarinette, and this is evidenced in the beautiful subordinate theme of this overture, which is given to this instrument. Weber and Mendelssohn might almost be called discoverers in the domain of clarinette colors, for they used that instrument in a manner that Beethoven, the orchestral innovator, had never dreamed of. The crash at the end of the introduction was given with all that emphasis which Mr. Fiedler is master of. No explosion of Richard Strauss could have been greater.

The dainty little march of the fairies, in the introduction, the muted violin passages in the same part, the grandeur of the development, the triumph of the coda, all these were finely read, and the overture was the most flawless part of the excellent concert.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Irish. — Oct 15, '10

A NEW SYMPHONY AND A NEW VIOLINIST

The Unusual Length of the Concert and the Liking of the Audience for It—The Orchestra in Form Again—Mr. Fiedler and the Overture to "Oberon"—Why Not Let Weber Speak for Himself?—Goldmark's Concerto Serves Mr. Macmillen Well—The Watercolor Elegance, the Light Brilliance and the Charm of Both Music and Performance—Rachmaninoff's Symphony Proves Remarkable, Rewarding and Baffling

Mr. Fiedler surpassed himself and all his predecessors in the length of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. It continued for two hours and ten minutes, a longer time than even Mr. d'Indy found needful, when he visited Boston in 1905, for his exhibition of specimens of the newer French music. The intermission aside, two pieces divided these two hours, with the exception of the ten or a dozen minutes that they allowed to the overture to "Oberon." One of the two was Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor, played for the first time in Boston, and it continued for an hour and five minutes. The other was Goldmark's concerto for violin, with Mr. Macmillen to play the solo part, and it filled forty-five minutes more. The audience took these lengths complaisantly, and departures before the final number have been more numerous in shorter concerts. Mr. Fiedler

has taught the public to share his liking for "brilliant overtures" as endings to his programmes, and if the overture be as familiar and warmly liked as that to "Oberon," it stays gladly. Long as the symphony was, the music and the performance seemed to hold the interest of the audience unflaggingly. Applause was hearty at each pause and heartier still at the close. Of the second generation of the Russian composers, Mr. Rachmaninoff's name evidently conjures in Boston. Through the concerto, which has much less intrinsic warrant for its length than the symphony, the audience had the interest of Mr. Macmillen's agreeable presence and the light brilliancy of his playing. Again its applause was hearty.

Throughout the concert, moreover, the listeners had the pleasure of the orchestra in form again. Mr. Rachmaninoff's instrumentation is rich and pungent, and the band attained to a like richness and significance of tone. Goldmark's is gracefully commonplace, and the orchestra played its part in the concerto lightly, elegantly. The strings were clear-toned and euphonious again, and it was possible often in the symphony to note the warmth, the body, and the animation of the voice of Mr. Witek's violin. Mr. Fiedler happens to admire Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony warmly. He conducted in it then, as he conducts in all pieces that so appeal to him with entire absorption in its musical substance and its emotional spirit, and with no thought of reflective and calculated effect. The result, again as usual, when Mr. Fiedler is so minded, was a very revealing and a very glowing performance. Mr. Fiedler and his men with him sustained the long-breathed power of the music and in its more vivid moments struck appropriate fire. Of course the overture to "Oberon" was "interpreted" to the hilt. It always is nowadays; but Mr. Fiedler was fortunate in a band that could hold the introduction down to soft and remote murmur, and then race flamingly away on the "main body," as the analysts say, of the overture.

It is easy to wonder whether Weber's vivid and outspoken music really needs all the "treatment" that it is the fashion of the hour to give it. Probably it was played very straightforwardly at that first performance of "Oberon" in London when the audience would not be satisfied until it had heard the overture a second time. True, Weber's own direction in the score, "with the utmost possible softness," is warrant for all the effort of the conductors to make the introduction like the echo of Oberon's horn, faint and far, like the lightest footfall of marching elves, like the voices of "faerie" and of romance heard in shadowy and fading dream. Weber's design is clear enough. He had the true romanticist's passion for ardent contrast. He would begin

with these echoing and phantom sounds—the gossamer, as it were, of romance, and then fling against them, in "the body" of the overture, its rush, its glow, its eloquence of passion, its splendor of picture. Between the two stands the dividing chord upon which conductors love to spend their "interpretation." It pleased Mr. Fiedler yesterday to reduce it to a kind of orchestral gasp, as though romance and Weber were distinctly out of breath. Is it not the better way to make it full, sustained, crashing? Is not this the intent of the musical and the emotional design? Weber was the outspoken romanticist in opera—own brother to Hugo and his romantic crew in the drama, to Delacroix and his fellow painters. His romantic feeling was not shadowed like Schumann's in music, like Jean Paul's in letters. It was flamboyant. He intended that dividing chord to ring like a sonorous line of Hugo—"Montes d'Aragon, Galice, Estramadoure," for example—and to flame like Delacroix's or Diaz's reds. It does neither when it becomes, as it did yesterday, a mere nervous gasp. Mr. Weingartner was saying the other day that conductors ought to forsake their "interpretations" of Mozart and go back to the plain intent of his music. They might do likewise by Weber's three overtures. They have managed somehow to keep themselves alive these hundred years.

As a rule, the virtuoso of the violin or the piano is not comely to see. Too often his years of distinction come when middle age with a penurious and laborious youth behind, has set its seams upon him. Mr. Macmillen is young; he happened to be playing yesterday on his twenty-fifth birthday—and with his slim frame, his thin, alert face; his unaffected hair and his gentle manners, he is pleasant to see. He is not obtrusive, as one who takes thought of his "personality"; he is quietly ingratiating. The charm of youth, touching to some of us who have put it far behind, is in him. And Mr. Macmillen is wise with a promising wisdom. As his mind, temperaments and executive talents now go, it is easy to surmise that he would seem rather diminutive in the "great" and severe concertos—in Beethoven's or in Brahms's, for example. Perhaps, in the long run, they will not be for his specific cast of spirit and capacity. His particular individual trait is a light quickness of comprehension, feeling and execution that at its best rises to as light a brilliance. Goldmark's concerto is at one with these qualities; if we are not mistaken, César Thomson, whose pupil he was, schooled him in it, and in the days when Mr. Thomson was a wandering virtuoso he shone in the piece. It has no largeness of design or execution; musically it is commonplace veiled in pleasant grace and elegance. The emotion of it is not rhapsodic—only pleasant sentiment a little accented by Goldmark's vein of romantic musing in the slow movement and a little heightened by his watercolor brilliance in

the bright rhythms of the finale. Throughout, it displays the voice and the feats of the violin, not in dry academic but in agreeably florid fashion. Like others of his Semitic race, Goldmark can be showily elegant.

Thus the concerto met Mr. Macmillen more than half way, and he was good to hear in it. His tone, for example, lacks depth and body, but it had precisely the fluent grace and the light brilliance that the music asks. It was a prettily sensitive tone to the rippling flow of the concerto; it caught all the little graces of Goldmark's figures. It was fine and sweet, like Goldmark's sentiment; it had his watercolor brightness. Once and again, Mr. Macmillen mistook this sentiment for feeling, even for passion, and tried to express it. Then his tone grew tight and a little wry. Or it lost its clearness, its refinement, its light brilliance, blurred and confused itself. Plainly it is too delicate to bear pressure of execution or of overmuch feeling. This delicacy, however, this refined but not effeminate sweetness exactly accorded with the lacework passages, the florid arabesque that Goldmark has woven for his violinist. They are not the rhapsodic bravura that some concertos seem to create out of themselves in a kind of ecstasy for the responsive instrument. They are intricate, graceful, elegant, amiable and agreeable tonal filigree. So Mr. Macmillen spun them, with the air of easy and polished accomplishment that masked their difficulty and pointed their pretty elegance. The concerto is written watercolors. It seeks insistently to charm. Mr. Macmillen seldom "laid on," as though he were painting a tonal fresco in oils, and then all to the detriment of his tone and style. He did charm.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony is of such magnitude—of such just magnitude in spite of its sixty-five minutes—that it may not easily be grasped at a single hearing or briefly dismissed at the end of a review. Mr. Rachmaninoff works with a high and sincere purpose to high and large accomplishment toward a grave and exalted ideal. He is no lazy and ecstatic rhapsodist, no bold or self-conscious innovator. He has set himself an unusual task in a musical time that is all for new and daring departures, for self-expression—and sometimes self-display—come what may. He clings to the established forms; he is orthodox in his concertos; orthodox in his symphonies; orthodox, as form in tone-poems goes, in "The Isle of the Dead" that so stirred his hearers last year. Yet he is not orthodox from pedantry, dullness, inertia or mere respect for old and established things because they are traditional. He believes in these forms; he finds that he can make them expressive of his musical ideas, of his moods, passions, imaginings, and without any subservience of mind or spirit or dream to mere aca-

demie precedent and dogma. He sees, too, how he can enrich these forms, and the ideas and the emotions that he makes to shape them, with all the diversified amplitude and the multifarious shadings and suggestions of modern instrumentation. He believes, as well, that in a symphony so written he can speak with quite as emotionally imparting and stirring a voice as all the freedom of tone-poem or rhapsody would allow him. Mr. Rachmaninoff, moreover, is little tempted by the possibilities of music to suggest descriptively, to delineate pictorially. He would keep it concerned with itself as so much ordered, beautiful, puissant or expressive sound. He would have it so express the distilled and abstract essence of moods and emotions. He has his passionate voice, but it is of an ideal and idealizing passion. He has turned all this faith into practice in this second symphony. It is remarkable and rewarding as modern symphonies go. It is clear and eloquent on its formal side, eloquent and baffling in its expression of mood and feeling. A second hearing may clarify it, and on Monday more than a final paragraph shall try to appreciate it.

H. T. P.

NEW ORCHESTRAL WORK IS HEARD

Herald — Oct. 15, 1910
First Performance Given in Boston of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony.

IMPORTANT WORK, BUT LONG

Francis Macmillen, Violinist,
Plays Goldmark's
Concerto.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted, and Francis Macmillen, violinist, played for the first time at these concerts. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 2.....Rachmaninoff
Concerto for violin.....Goldmark
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber

Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony is about two years old. The first performance in the United States was at Philadelphia in November of last year, when the composer conducted. The performance yesterday was the first in Boston.

The symphony is a long one. The performance lasts a few minutes over an hour. There are some who believe that extreme length in the case of an orchestral composition is a grave fault. This depends largely on what the composer has to say and how he says it. There are short pieces that are jejune and tiresome.

Mr. Rachmaninoff has a good deal to say, and as a rule he says it well. The first two movements are the best in thought and in expression. The introduction to the opening allegro not only contains a motive that may be called the leading thought of the symphony; it also arouses anticipation, excites curiosity, and is not merely as a preliminary flourish, like that of the virtuoso testing an instrument before he plays. The allegro is thematically rich. The song themes are of long breath, and they are beautiful in themselves without reference to accompaniment or orchestral dress. The first theme is singularly beautiful with its touch of melancholy that is northern rather than sensuously southern. The contrasting motives are interesting and effective. Here is absolute music that is full of suggestion; that moves many, each in a different way according to his individuality; here is music that is above and beyond a fixed program to be musically illustrated; it is music that leads each hearer to dream his own dream, to find encouragement or consolation, and takes him away from the everyday world.

The second movement is fresh, original, without being deliberately capricious, without taint of bizarre affectation. The horn theme with the continuation by the violins is inspiring and irresistible, and the more tuneful section has a peculiar charm. The combination of dance and fugal passages that follows is in strong contrast, and the desire to show contrapuntal dexterity does not interfere with the purely musical flow and rush. In other words the composer is not disclosed as saying: "I have written to please the public; now I will show the pedantic what I can do." The scherzo is well-rounded and homogeneous.

The Adagio is the least successful of the movements. The themes though pleasing have not marked distinction. Sentiment is dangerously near sentimentality. The music is as spun-out sugar. The composer is so in love with his themes that he cannot bear to let them go. And in this movement the length is detrimental.

The finale with its jubilant first theme, its march-like episode, its lyrical motive and its sonorous apotheosis with the combination of themes that have been heard in preceding movements is well contrived to arouse applause, but it does not rise to the high level of the first movement and the scherzo.

The workmanship displayed is masterly. The first movement reveals Mr. Rachmaninoff as a symphonic composer of indisputable power. The arrangement of thoughts

is logical; the expression is lucid; the ornamentation is tasteful and in keeping with the general architecture. Here as in the Scherzo and in the finale, the composer thinks clearly and writes not as one experimenting but surely and with a master's confidence. The instrumentation is sonorous and well-contrasted. It is never muddled; it is never thin; it is never too evidently fantastical. The composer is often happy in his contrasts and blends of timbres. His fine sense of color is shown in his alternations of tonal effects, in the exquisite detail in transitional passage, where there is continuity of orchestral thought though there are shifting nuances.

All in all, this symphony is an important work. Mr. Fiedler conducted con amore and with refreshing elasticity. The orchestra was euphonious and brilliant. The audience applauded with a spirit unusual at a public rehearsal when a long and serious composition is performed for the first time.

Mr. Macmillen was also warmly welcomed. He has indisputable talent. His tone in lyric passages is full and of fine quality; it is emotional, and his technic is fluent in florid passages. His faults are those of youth and they may be easily overcome. Playing melodic phrases, he too often slurs and sobs in order to emphasize expression. Playing brilliant passage work, his tone is sometimes dry and colorless. In his endeavor to play "with great expression" he sometimes forces tone until it is coarse and raw. As I have said, he is young and he is leading the life of a virtuoso. He has time before him in which to gain serenity and poise.

The program of the concerts next week will include Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings; Beethoven's symphony No. 2; Scriabin's symphonic poem, "The Poem of Ecstasy," and "Finlandia," by Sibellus. The sudden and lamented death of Charles Gilibert necessitated a change in the program that had been announced.

2d Symphony Rehearsal

By OLIN DOWNES.

There was exceptional enthusiasm yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, when Rachmaninoff's second symphony was played for the first time in Boston at the second public rehearsal of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Following that performance, Francis Macmillen, violinist, played the Goldmark concerto, and Weber's "Oberon" overture brought the concert to an end.

Those who were deeply impressed last season by the symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," may have wondered on reading advance notices, that the author of a haunting rhapsody should have deliberately encumbered himself with symphonic harness. But the symphony heard yesterday is a superb work. Great formal principles are adhered to with exemplary strictness, but it is without thought of formality, of pedantic worship of tradition. Yesterday, indeed, it was as if the composer, the man himself, with his steady eyes, his serious, sensitive face, were speaking.

The second symphony is an extraordinary personal document. It has strong

physiognomy, its dramatic energy and romantic sweep compel. The potency of the musical ideas and their treatment is greatly augmented by the dark brilliancy of the instrumentation. Who will forget the wild vigor of the second movement, with its suggestion of barbaric marches and hurrys in the night, or the headlong rush of emotion in many other pages? The symphony owes its life partly to its tremendous rhythmic energy, and many passages display Rachmaninoff's extreme admiration and love of the music of Tchaikowsky. The work is big. The big grip, the big idea and the stronger the feeling the better ordered its expression. It is a master of himself as well as his material, who pens this symphony. The performance was one of the utmost effectiveness, and Mr. Fiedler was exceedingly fortunate in his reading of the new work. No wonder that there were recalls. Mr. Macmillen played a boresome concerto creditably. There will be occasion tomorrow to discuss his performance in detail. He was twice recalled.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe — Oct. 15/10
Rachmaninoff's Work Given
For First Time Here.

McMillen's Initial Appearance in
These Programs in a Concerto.

At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon Rachmaninoff's symphony No. 2 in E minor was played for the first time in Boston. Francis Macmillen, the American violinist, appeared at these concerts for the first time. His number was Goldmark's concerto, op. 23. Weber's "Oberon" overture filled out the program.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony was played at Carnegie hall, New York, Thursday evening, Jan. 14, 1909, by the Russian symphony orchestra, Modest Altschuler conductor, for the first time in America. It was also played by the Philadelphia orchestra Nov. 25 and 27 of the same year.

The new symphony is vital, deeply impressive and at times tremendously puissant. It is big, not with the thoughts, the ideas or the learning of men, but with the spell of the infinite. Within the hour of its duration, moments are to be found which betray artifice, labor and even tedium, but they are, indeed, brief.

Through it flows a wondrous and enkindling vitality which does not always express itself in mere vigor, in enlivening clangor, in sensuous appeal or by any merely extrinsic means.

In this work the composer has let his fancy lead him upon excursions into lighter conceits. In the insistent beat of the tripping rhythm in the opening

bars of the second movement and in the leaping melody to which they lead, he is airily nonchalant. Later in the same movement the sudden entrance of the soft chant of the stately brass bears a playful mockery. But this is not transparent or trivial lightness.

An undercurrent of mystery endures. Rachmaninoff is ever the introspectionist. It is said he would be bizarre in this substituted second movement for the scherzo. He is so, not by drawing a garish procession of bumpkins, but by keeping repressed more the spirit of abandon than he permits himself to reveal.

His style of conducting was the symbol of the idiom—if so stenciled a word is fit of his writing. He charged the orchestra with a species of unobtrusive dynamics and it sang, accented, interpreted; but more was withheld, or better still, more was suggested, to the auditor than was openly given.

Mr. Rachmaninoff, it is true, has not fashioned themes of only Russian pattern, whatever that may be, and labeled them accordingly. When the work was produced in New York he was gently rebuked for this by some. He can curve a melodic line with deftness, suavity and grace and clothe it with a color and warmth which again and again suggest Puccini—why should he limit his musical geography to the bleak steppes of his native country?

In the Goldmark concerto Mr. Macmillen exhibited a well-poised tone of pure and sympathetic quality in the cantilena passages. He played the technical portions with accuracy, fleetness and spirit.

SYMPHONY

HIGH HONORS FOR YOUNG VIOLINIST ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Formal — *Oct. 10, 1910*
Francis Macmillen Gives
Much Pleasure to Audi-
ence as Soloist.

Francis Macmillen, the violinist from Marietta on the Ohio, yesterday celebrated his 25th birthday by appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He thus received as a sort of birthday present the highest honor of his professional career, an honor which he shares with such memorable artists as Ysaye, Kreisler and his own teacher, Cesar Thomson. Both teacher and pupil, by the way, chose to offer here the Goldmark concerto

in A minor. The concerto is not often given here. It is reported that Mr. Macmillen not long ago played it for the venerable composer himself, who is now living in Vienna, and that Goldmark spoke of the young American's interpretation as original and attractive."

Yesterday the performance was moderately impressive. Mr. Macmillen succeeded in bringing out the romantic qualities of the work. But he did not play without evident strain, as if somehow he felt that he could give still more freedom to style and sentiment.

However, something must be allowed for the almost inevitable nervousness attending these performances. It at least may be said that this youngest of the American violinists who have achieved fame abroad has rare talent and that yesterday he gave a great deal of pleasure to one of the most critical audiences in the world.

This was not Mr. Macmillen's first appearance here. He gave recitals in this city three years ago, when The Journal reviewer said that he was in the bud. He is not in full bloom yet.

The novelty on the program—the first novelty of the new feature of the season—was Rachmaninoff's second symphony, which was played in Philadelphia last year during the composer's visit to this country.

The symphony is regarded by Rachmaninoff as one of his best works. It takes rank with "The Island of the Dead." It is suggestive at times both of "La Boheme" and of "Tristan und Isolde." Running through it are solo passages which yesterday were played with an artistry that, on the whole, furnished the greatest pleasure of the occasion. Moreover, the symphony was most sympathetically read by Mr. Fiedler. When it was over the audience waxed enthusiastic.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

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SYMPHONY CONCERTS

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Mr. Macmillen's "Off" Night at the Symphony Concerts—Virtuosi and Their Coats—Another Public Concert by the Apollo Club, with Mr. Amato to Assist It—Gossip About Mr. Mahler's Successor

Trans. — *Oct. 17, 1910*
Mr. Macmillen acquitted himself far less well at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening than he did at that of Friday afternoon. He was obviously nervous and, being so, he tried as obviously to do too much. Neither his tone nor his style bears well such over-pressure. Under it his tone lost roundness, lost clearness, and became either scraping and wiry or blurred and pasty. Similarly forced, what had seemed charm in his style on Friday afternoon came on Saturday night perilously near affectation. Every violinist has his "off" days when nothing that he attempts will go well and when he seems to himself his own worst enemy. It is a pity that one of these should have overtaken Mr. Macmillen on Saturday. He did not do himself justice.

Frock coats are evidently "going out" in afternoon concerts as they are, the tailors say, elsewhere. Once they were the only appropriate garb for virtuosi and for "men singers" when they were appearing in the afternoon in orchestral concerts or in recitals of their own. Hereabouts, Mr. Bisham for the singers and Mr. Kreisler for the virtuosi began the change when they wore morning coats at their recitals last year. When, however, Mr. Kreisler played with the Symphony Orchestra in the afternoon, he returned to the frock coat of rule and custom. Last Friday, Mr. Macmillen, being younger and so perhaps more daring, flatly disdained them. A morning coat covered him and a morning coat of the newest English fashion.

Again, this autumn, the Apollo Club will open its first concert to the public in general, as well as to the subscribers to its whole series and summon an eminent singer to assist its chorus. The choice has fallen upon Mr. Amato, the baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose rich voice and largeness and warmth of style have commended him whenever he has appeared here. In New York, last winter, he proved himself an accomplished concert singer as well. The concert will take place in Symphony Hall as a more or less festal occasion during the second week in November.

Since it is definitely understood that Mr. Mahler will retire next spring from the conductorship of the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York, gossip is already busy with possible successors. Mr. Stock told a reporter in Chicago that he had heard that Mr. Wengartner would be called to the job. Others in New York have it

that Mr. Safonoff will be summoned again.

Mr. Spanuth, the editor of the musical journal, Die Signale, was of those who heard Strauss himself play on the piano-forte fragments of his new operatic comedy, "The Knight of the Roses," in Munich last month. The music disappointed him and he writes frankly of it: "It can easily be imagined with what attention the French and German guests listened. But the longer they listened the longer their ears became. Was that really our Strauss? Is the sensation of the new opera to consist in this, that it is no opera at all, but an operetta? Does he, wearied for a while with the perverse and horrible, wish now to enter into competition with Lehar and Fall? People were astonished as they listened to this waltz entirely without distinction. Some thought that from these two scenes no conclusion as to the whole could be reached. But this is only evasion, for it cannot be supposed that single scenes differ so entirely from the rest. We shall have to wait in patience till the first performance in January. It may be that Strauss disclosed these fragments of a score otherwise kept so strictly secret because he wished to give the many critics present a suggestion of what they might expect from 'The Knight of the Roses.' In this way the surprise on the evening of the first performance would be less intense and not so likely to partake of the nature of a disappointment."

Orchestras often labor under recurring deficits but few are so frank about them as is the Philadelphia Orchestra in the programme book for its first pair of concerts. A page in large type appeals with more earnestness than dignity for an ampler financial support of the orchestra. "Do you realize," it cries to the public, "that a deficit is inevitable, simply because the prices that the Association must charge to the public, which are the customary prices for such entertainments, are of necessity far below the actual cost of the benefits it confers upon them? and that this is likewise true of every other like institution conducted for the public welfare? Do you appreciate the fact that the amount received from you and your fellow patrons is only about fifty-seven per cent of what it actually costs to maintain the organization and give the concerts which you enjoy so much, and that somebody has to make up the difference of forty-three per cent. Will you not, therefore, show your appreciation and your civic pride by joining the patriotic society called 'The Philadelphia Orchestra Association,' and help along its noble public enterprise by subscribing twenty-five dollars, or more, toward 'making up the difference'?"

Delivered—After all, the rumor turns out to be unfounded that Maud Allen has decided to dance Strauss's "Heldenleben" this season. [The Musical Courier.]

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BACH,

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3 in G major for
three VIOLINS, three VIOLAS, three VIOLONCELLOS
and BASS

I. (Alla Breve)

II. Allegro

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2, op. 36

I. Adagio molto: Allegro con brio

II. Larghetto

III. Scherzo: Allegro; Trio

VI. Allegro molto

SCRIABIN,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Le poème de l'extase" op. 54
(First time in Boston.)

SIBELIUS,

"Finlandia," SYMPHONIC POEM for ORCHESTRA,
op. 26, No. 7

Third Symphony Rehearsal

Post By Olin Downes 64 27 1910

This was the programme of the third symphony rehearsal this season, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 3, for three violins, three violas, three cellos and bass; Bach; 21 symphony, Beethoven; symphonic poem, "The Poem of Ecstasy," Scriabine (first time in Boston); "Finlandia," symphonic poem for orchestra Sibelius.

String music by Bach is likely to be interesting. The 3d "Brandenburg" concerto is not an exception. It is cheerful, vigorous music. The counterpoint is not pedantic, but good two-fisted stuff. But what shall be done when music written in 1721, for three violins, as many violas and cellos and bass, is performed in a bigger place than Bach dreamed of when he wrote his delightful measures, with the number of instruments in the proportion of 16 to 3, and a poor little tinkling harpsichord thrown in? If such music is to be heard in a big modern concert hall, the instruments should at least be fewer than they were yesterday, and the quality of tone more transparent than is probably possible with some 58 full-grown stringed instruments. The performance had appropriate vigor, if not the utmost finish, but the music was swollen to the ear.

The wondrous beauty and order of the introduction of Beethoven's early symphony—and is there a more perfect introduction to any work of the type?—the delightfully transparent instrumentation and the fine logic of the movements which followed, certainly formed sufficient contrast to the piece of Scriabine which followed. If we do not mistake, a Boston Symphony audience heard Scriabine for the first time on this occasion. Plainly, the majority present were puzzled whether to laugh or sneer. At the end, a certain small band of immediate converts at the back of the hall made known their appreciation of the music and Mr. Fiedler's splendid efforts by continuing to applaud until the conductor returned to his stand to bow his acknowledgments.

This may be said of Scriabine's monstrous composition—that it displays evidence of distinctive ideas and tendencies which are real in qualities of the personality of the composer. Ostentatious, striving and extravagant as is this piece, it is the voice of a man who may have in him something worth saying. It is evident that Scriabine is a true rhapsodist, not a self-styled one. It is his nature to disregard form. We need not quarrel with him on that point, but we have indeed the right to take exception to pages which certainly have unhappy effect at a first hearing. There are some striking places in "The Poem of Ecstasy," but the ideas are not, as a rule, well handled for any length of time. A man may be a rhapsodist, yet retain continuity of thought in his com-

positions. He must do this. There is little coherency in this symbolic poem, and the musical phrases which give what backbone there is to the piece are not always happily chosen. The phrase immediately given to the flute, that drooling, calflike phrase, hints more of the longing of the drawing-room pianist than of the strivings of a noble soul.

The composer has evidently been much influenced, and at times to his injury, by the Frenchmen at Paris. Scriabine's intentions, as we have said, are his own, but his ideas, when he does not forget them himself, are often dissipated by outside influences. It is a pity that the harp of Israfel is not tuned his way, for he undoubtedly has a certain individuality. Perhaps it may be, in years to come.

If there were to be bonfires on Beacon Hill tonight, we would listen with profit and rejoicing to the militant strains of Sibelius' "Finlandia." As the expression of a patriot, they are stirring.

Herr Neumann, The Drummer

News of Music

THERE is a new player of the kettle-drums in the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Neumann, with an individuality, a style and a picturesqueness, even, that are all his own. A small, slight, swarthy, bearded figure, he sits gnome-like above his big, pot-like instruments, oblivious to all else but the conductor's beat and the engraved pages before him. The motions of his predecessors have been mere beatings, light or heavy, of their drums. Mr. Neumann's make arabesques, now intricate and wheeling of curve, now direct and peremptory of descending line. The arabesque suits the nature of the beat that the music exacts. It has individuality and style; it is the fruit of a conscious and unabashed artistry that cares not whether the audience sees and smiles so long as it gains its end. The end on Saturday night was a vitality, vibrancy and variety of tone that has not always come from the kettle-drums of the orchestra. Mr. Neumann is good to hear; interesting, a little amusing, to see. He is new to America. He has escaped our fear of "being different." May he escape it long.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

BACH, BEETHOVEN, SCRIBINE AND SIBELIUS

The Two Groups of Mr. Fiedler's Programme, Each with Its Own Contrasts—Beethoven, the Conductor and the Audience—Bach Turned "Kolossal"—Scriabine and His Phantasmagoria—His Very Unusual Music—The Tonic of Sibelius—"Finlandia" After a "Poem of Ecstasy"

For the Symphony Concert of yesterday—the concert at which the lamented Glibert was to sing—Mr. Fiedler made one of his characteristic programmes that are the despair of the apostles of "unification" and the delight of those who would have their music spiced with contrasts. Yet it fell becomingly enough into the two divisions that the intermission separated—one for Bach's third "Brandenburg" concerto for strings and for Beethoven's second symphony and the other for Scriabine's rhapsodic "Poem of Ecstasy" and Sibelius's severer and trenchant "Finlandia." Each group moreover had its own internal contrast. The first set the lusty pattern-weaving of Bach—for his music is no more than that in the concerto—against the pattern-weaving of the young Beethoven, but patterns of ampler design and more colorful strands, touched besides with a distinctly personal emotion. The second set the transcendental, the fantastic, the slightly "decadent" imaginings of the Russian Scriabine side by side with the austerer, more reticent and more masculine emotions of the Finn, Sibelius. To make an Irish paradox, the unity of the programme lay in its contrasts.

The audience liked the chosen pieces and the performance of them well; their applause testified to their pleasure; and in the course of the symphony it was a discriminating applause. As the present fashion is with Beethoven's slow movements, Mr. Fiedler took the Larghetto at a languishing pace. It almost sighed itself from phrase to phrase; at moments it nearly dropped apart; and the frank brightness of Beethoven's song faded into long-drawn sentimentality. The movement was tedious through no intrinsic blemish of the music; the conductor and his men had overinterpreted it, and it was good to believe that the audience showed its understanding, when it made its applause at the end much less hearty than at the close of either the Allegro or of the Scherzo. They indeed went with delightful clearness, animation, elasticity, and brightness of feeling and coloring in the interplay of the instrumental voices. The music sounded of the young Beethoven, in a youth that was

gathering its strength of feeling and its power of utterance, but that was still young enough to love the thrill of lusty contrast—recall the diversities in tone and substance of the Scherzo—for their own sake. And again, especially in the Finale, Mr. Fiedler followed the newest fashion with Beethoven. The composer, so to say, invented the drum in symphonies. Let it sound, then, say the virtuoso conductors. Mr. Mottl is fain to hear these tympani above all else; Mr. Mahler bids them lay on and spare not. Mr. Fiedler is beginning to be like-minded, and the new drummer has more resonance and vitality of tone than his predecessors. What can they, what will they, not do when they come to the promised repetition of the Choral Symphony with its already thundrous drumbeats?

Mozart aside, most of us think of the eighteenth century composers, like Händel and Bach, as large, rugged, a little pompous, a little frowning men, with weight of body to match weight of mind. We expect their music to be as robust, portly and striding as they. A portrait of Händel without the full-bottomed wig falling upon a proportionate breadth and bulk of shoulder would be nearly unbelievable, and it is a decidedly overwhelming chin and vigorous nose that frown out of some of the old engravings of Bach. At bottom, however, half our mental picture of the bigness, the burliness, the touch of full-bodied pomposity in the men springs out of the performances of their music that we hear. The unfailingly exact programme book cited the Brandenburg Concerto as written for three violins, three violas and three violoncellos, with a figured bass for harpsichord, and there was the harpsichord, by way of innovation on the stage, with Mr. Marshall to figure it. The concerto was so written, but it was played yesterday by the corresponding choirs of the orchestra which multiplied it many fold.

The familiar result was a volume of tone of which Bach could never have dreamed; the transformation of an intimate piece written for a Margrave's salon into a ceremonial orchestral exercise, and the silencing for most ears of the harpsichord to the faintest tinkle. The music strode; its patterns all turned sinewy; its play with itself was robustious sport; the whole effect was of large orchestral eloquence, and not of fine tonal tracery. It sounded like big music written by a big man in a big way. And yet to Bach's time the concerto must have seemed no more than a supple, finely imagined, agreeably diversified salon piece. Some of us have no mind to rush to the other extreme with Mr. Dolmetsch and insist that all music written before 1800 and some written afterward, was really only an elegant, quaint and super-refined tinkle. Almost as little are we minded to Bach raised to the full power of such a string choir as played him yesterday. Even in the great spaces of Symphony Hall,

there may be some middle way. As it is Bach and Handel at the hands of ultra-modern orchestras the world over are becoming too "Kolossal" to be quite believable.

Some of the younger artists in Germany like to make huge, strange, fantastic, rhapsodic pictures, and some of them can make them with a technical skill that is large and adroit. Their imagination runs riot in them in a world of the deepest abysses or the highest of heavens, a world that transforms rocks, plains and sea into a phantasmagoria of themselves. Strange beings of as fantastic visions people this world. They bear the outward, if sometimes the distorted, semblance of men; and in their faces and their poses are written rhapsodic emotions. They dream in ecstasies of contemplation; they whirl in ecstasies of activity; they cry out with the pain of their pangs and yet caress them in pleasure of their pain. They scale these heavens; they sink to the depths of these abysses; they fondle strange beasts, feel the lure of strange women. A detail in these pictures bites the fancy with its sting; a large effect, almost of grotesquerie, in them makes the imagination swim in its bewilderment. Over the whole is the light now of dark or of lurid mystery, the atmosphere of monstrous dream and monstrous rhapsody soaring its way in its delirium through its own excesses. Fond and curious youngsters, eager for such visions and thinking they, too, can put them on canvas or to paper, have been known to try the drugs that they believe may bring them. The results are not exactly such. It is a cast of mind and of temperament and not mandragora or poppy that can surely bring them.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," heard yesterday for the first time in Boston and the first of his larger pieces to come to our programmes, is the musical analogue, on a larger and a vaguer scale of these pictures. He himself has written a rhapsody in free verse to accompany and illuminate his rhapsody in tones, and the wonder is that he did not also make pictures for it. Scriabin is a wandering Russian, who has journeyed as far West as New York and dwelt for longer or shorter time in many different cities. He has abnormally the Slav sensitiveness of mind, the Slav capacity for imagining pictures that teem with impassioned phantasmagoria. His temperament needs no drug; it is its own incentive to monstrously fantastic dream and monstrously rhapsodic emotions. His imagination does not beat its soaring wings in a void; it peoples every corner of it with the life now of emotions, now of spiritual phantoms, and again of the beastly monstrosities of things. There it mounts the air in high ecstasy or sinks into deepest despair. Its excitement is now of the ether and now of the wind. It loves its pains for

the pang of them.

And Scriabin, for canvas, for line and color, known the forms and the resources of ultra-modern music. He can riot among his phantasmagoria of emotion and of vision, and yet hold the music of them firmly together. His musical ideas, to some that hear them will be as the exciting drug; his handling and his coloring of them like the fantastic and the consuming sensations that it breeds. He can make a harmony—or a dissonance—prick with his imagined pangs; a progression gnaw or crawl like one of his fantastic beasts. He had no need to write his verse for vague programme to his music. Such monstrous dreams have no programme but their own outspreading phantasmagoria. They create themselves out of themselves, even as Scriabin's music seems to make itself, rise to its ecstasies, sink to its obscenities—almost shriek with its tumult, quiver and murmur with its mysteries. Our music takes as many paths as many composers of many casts of mind open for it. Once our fathers believed Berlioz a master of such music of phantasmagoria when they followed him in rides to Hell or looked with him over the edges of Pandemonium, and liked or disliked him for it. He is prose—almost the prose of a catalogue—beside this poem of Scriabin. Of all our diverse brood of composers none has written such music of phantasmagoria. It is not to be liked or disliked. The listener responds to such imagination or simply sits bewildered, irritated by it.

Sibelius brought the audience back to the good world of men. Music may not be very tangible, but the very first measures of "Finlandia" sounded with what Professor James used to call the comforting touch of reality. The world of Sibelius's music, which is Finland, and a grave temperament may be a little stern and grim. Music may speak severely but trenchantly there; sing with a melancholy heart; strive as of battle with scant hope; and rise briefly to only a gray elation. "Finlandia," more because of its warm national feeling than in spite of it, is sad and stern. But it spoke with the voices of men made music. No phantasmagoria crawled and whirled, wailed or were elate in it. H. T. P.

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY

The death of Glibert compelled changes in the first Cambridge Symphony program to be played in Sanders Theater. In his place as soloist will appear in Cambridge for the first time with the Symphony Orchestra Edith Thompson, the Boston pianist. The revised program is as follows: Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Caesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano-forte and orchestra, Sibelius' "En Saga" and Weber's "Oberon" overture.

News of Music Sept. 21/10

TO scrutinize the announcements of the Symphony Orchestra for the new season is to notice with some amusement a change in the designation of the men that compose it. The band used to consist of ninety-eight "performers"; now it contains one hundred "musicians." Thus are the virtuosi of the orchestra freed by official title from the term that oftener designates the entertainers of a vaudeville theatre or the acrobats and the equestrians of a circus. They deserved such liberation and though they are hardly purists or connoisseurs in the language of announcements, the new nomenclature will please them. But what, what is to become of the ancient and honorable "wheeze" in descriptions of audiences at local concerts: "Many musicians and a few members of the Symphony Orchestra were present."

Mr. Witek, the new concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, who arrived in Boston yesterday to begin his work, purposes to form a Trio, as he did in Berlin, to perform pieces for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. He himself will be the violinist, his wife the pianist; and Mr. Malkin of the orchestra, the violoncellist. Since the Adamowski Trio ceased to give concerts here, there has been no such "concert party," as the English say, in Boston, while the dissolution of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet, because of the departure of Mr. Hess, has left room for a new venture like Mr. Witek's.

"POEM OF ECSTASY" GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

Scriabin's Work on Varied
Program Presented to
Music Lovers.

Still the musical Russians come. Yesterday the most prominent feature of the Symphony program was a symphonic poem by a young Muscovite named Alexander Nicholaevitch Scriabin. Last week the honor went to his fellow-countryman, Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff, who, by the way, will achieve the extra honor of having his second symphony repeated by request at the fifth Symphony concert. Rachmaninoff visited this city last season. Scriabin, who is only 38, one year older than Rachmaninoff, visited New York

three years ago to hear the Russian Symphony Society perform his first symphony. Cincinnati heard his "Reverie," for orchestra, ten years ago. But yesterday was the first time Scriabin's name found a place on a Symphony program.

The Moscow musician calls this latest of his orchestral works "The Poem of Ecstasy." The ecstasy is expressed as cacophonically as the most ardent devotee of the new music thought could desire. Fortunately the words of the poem—for Scriabin is poet as well as musician—are published in the program book. They will help the earnest student to pick his way through the musical maze. There are people who enjoy these discordant diversions immensely, just as others revel in the "Tannhaeuser" overture, which they insist upon hearing at least once a year, and in such smooth and comprehensive, though probably old-fashioned, works as Bach's Brandenburg concerto for strings and Beethoven's second symphony, which last two were also on yesterday's program.

There was no lack of applause for Scriabin, but there was more applause for Beethoven.

Sibelius' "Finland," another symphonic poem, first heard here two years ago, completed the program, which indeed had enough variety to please many tastes.

TO PLAY WITH SYMPHONY AT 6 DAYS' NOTICE

Miss Edith Thompson of Boston will be soloist at the Boston Symphony concert, in Saunder's Theatre, Thursday evening.

This announcement was made just six days before the concert and only half an hour after Miss Thompson was informed that she had been selected to play with the Symphony.

Only the world's most renowned artists are privileged to play with the Symphony Orchestra as soloists, and it would have been years before she received this honor had not chance come to her assistance.

Glibert, the famous French baritone, was announced as the soloist at the first Harvard concert of the Symphony Orchestra, but Glibert died suddenly last Wednesday. The great baritone was also to have sung at the Symphony Hall concerts of the orchestra this week. On

PIANIST WHO GETS SYMPHONY PLACE AT SHORT NOTICE



MISS EDITH THOMPSON

Thursday, Director Fielder and Manager Ellis decided to have no soloist for the Boston concert, but it was necessary to secure somebody for the Cambridge concert, as the Saunde's Theatre audiences are fond of soloists.

An appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra is worth very much in the way of prestige to any performer, and it brings abundance of engagements. But no performer would dare to appear with this orchestra without long and careful preparation, and it looked as though it would be difficult to secure an artist. At this juncture Mr. Ellis thought of Miss Thompson, who has given many recitals here, and is pianist of the Smalley Trio, an artist who has won praise wherever she appeared. He called her up. Would she be willing to appear with the Symphony Orchestra?

As soon as she caught her breath she said she would. Then she asked: "When?" "In six days."

"That's short notice, but I'll be ready," said the pianist. Since then she has been practicing Caesar Franck's Symphonic Variations for the pianoforte and orchestra. This is a

composition that has broken the heart of more than one ambitious pianist, but when achieved it most effective and beautiful.

When the plucky young pianist appeared at her first rehearsal with the orchestra, the gallant musicians applauded, and they applauded more when she had concluded. The Harvard students and their friends will undoubtedly emulate their example, especially if they know the circumstances under which Miss Thompson is playing.

She is a pupil of Helen Hopekirk and is only twenty-three years of age. Her selection as soloist has delighted the Boston musical colony.

Scriabine For the First time at the Symphonies.

The sudden death of Mr Charles Gilbert, the French baritone, who was to have been soloist with the Symphony orchestra, this week, has compelled Mr Fielder to make a radical change in his program. There will be no soloist. The first number will be Bach's third Brandenburg concerto for string orchestra. Then will come Beethoven's second symphony.

The third number will be a novelty, the symphonic poem, "Le Poeme de l'Extase," by Alexander Scriabine, who is the leader of the neo-Russian school. Scriabine, none of whose works have been presented at the Symphony concert, is at the opposite pole from Rachmaninoff, for while the latter leans strongly to classical forms, Scriabine is a rhapsodist in the modern sense of the word, both in method and matter.

The work is a musical setting to a Russian poem which has to do with the ecstasy of a freed soul. Scriabine demands the full paraphernalia of a modern orchestra including even the celesta and organ. The final number will be Sibelius' "Finlandia."

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME *advs.* AN ADMIXTURE *(ad 22/10)* IT IS HALF MODERN AND HALF CLASSICAL

Fine Treat Afforded in the Master-
ful Playing of Bach's Branden-
burg Concerto.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Bach. Brandenburg Concerto, for Strings.
Beethoven. Second Symphony.
Scriabin. Symphonic Poem. "Le Poeme de l'Extase."
Sibelius. "Finlandia."

There was to have been a soloist, and a splendid one, but Death is no respecter even of symphony programmes, and M. Gilbert's voice has been hushed forever. The drawing power of soloists at these concerts is, however, disproportionately great. In a couple of weeks Geraldine Farrar will sing at these concerts and there will probably be a "rush-line" extending into Gainesborough st. of persons waiting to buy admission to the balcony. Yesterday there were three or four masterpieces, played by the best orchestra in the world, and there was no perceptible "rush-line." Evidently with the general public it is still "vox et preterea nihil!"

But to the real music-lover it was a glorious treat to hear the clear, calm counterpoint of Bach given by our string orchestra. It was interesting to abnegate for a while the glow of modern tone-color and to listen to music for the sake of its contents rather than for its instrumentation. How our strings played this work need not be told, for there is not the equal of this organization in any part of the world.

Yet we longed for it under its original conditions, in a small hall, with a much smaller number of viols. It was pleasant to note the line on the programme—"The Harpsichord is from Chickering & Sons"—for it spoke of a new departure in the concert room. Through the abilities of Arnold Dolmetsch the firm of Chickering give the modern concert-goer an opportunity to hear some of the old effects of tone.

On this occasion, however, the Bach balance could not be attained, for our string orchestra is far too heavy to allow the harpsichord to give a really perceptible tone-coloring to the picture. Nevertheless this was an unavoidable defect, and the Bach concerto was to us the most entirely delightful feature of a concert that presented some remarkable extremes. The present writer once asked Mr.

Gerleke which of Beethoven's symphonies he loved the best. "The one I have heard last!" was the bright reply. There is much truth in this. We had fallen into the habit of thinking the second symphony one of the weak sisters of the nine, but heard yesterday we found many a point of deep interest, many a touch of remarkable beauty. The Scherzo (pioneer of all symphonic scherzos) has faded a trifle, yet even here the quaint contrast made by the old-fashioned Trio was very effective, and the oboes and bassoons played excellently here.

It has become customary to call the slow movement the gem of this symphony, but Beethoven made much broader slow movements, and we of the twentieth century demand more "Weltschmerz" and intensity in our emotional movements. But here too, the development appeals to the musician even while the suave melody catches the layman.

The first and last movements are as fresh and inspired as ever. If only some of the moderns could evolve such effective figures and such logical figure treatment! The opening Allegro of the symphony was taken somewhat slower than we have been accustomed to hear it, but we did not find this a defect. The repeat of the exposition was not made, for your latter day conductor is impatient of much repetition. The horns did some excellent work in the Larghetto and the Finale was the most effectively played movement of the four.

And now the concert made up for its conservative tone-coloring by jumping into the seething modern orchestral cauldron. Addison once spoke of "the pale, unripened beauties of the North"! but had evidently never heard the roarings of the instruments in a Finlandic "tondichtung" or a Russian ecstasy.

We are moved by the music of Sibelius, for very much the same reason that we become excited over the music of Smetana. Both were thoroughly in earnest, both were entirely in love with their native land and wanted to translate it to the world in tones. Sibelius has caught the very essence of the melodic sweetness of Finland, and one could readily mistake the themes of "Finlandia" for folk-songs, although they are entirely the work of the composer.

Of course one gets from Music something in proportion to what one brings to it, and the auditor should try to think with, not against, the composer. If one thought of the little nation scourged by the elements, of the isolation of much of the life there, and of the recent super-addition of political oppression, one would be greatly swayed by the darker touches of the poem, would thrill with that tender second theme of Hope, and would cordially wish that the note of triumph of the close might become a true prophecy. One could understand why Russia prohibited the public performance of this particular work, for one can write a Declaration of Independence in tones as well as in words.

The most modern orchestral touches are in the short composition, although the orchestra called for is not a very large one judged by the most recent standards.

But the growlings of the deep brasses at the beginning call up memories of Tschai-kowsky (strange how these North winds do blow!) and not only cymbal clashes and triangle tinklings are there, but even a thrill upon the bass drum.

"Finlandia" was finely interpreted and was one of the enjoyable points of the most varied programme.

The ultra-moderns all resemble each other. When one of these extreme gentlemen comes at you with a "Poem of Ecstasy" you may be sure of one thing, he is going to use every known instrument, and he is going either to whisper vagueness at you a la Debussy, or roar it at you a la Strauss. Scriabin did both. De Stendhal says that the radical works of one generation become the classical works of the next, in which we pity the next generation. Some of this ecstasy was extremely bitter, while some of it reminded of the ecstasy of the too convivial gentleman who thought that the air was filled with green monkeys with crimson eyes and sparkling tails, a kind of ecstasy that is sold in Russia at two roubles a bottle.

Let the auditor remember that Beethoven also has pictured ecstasy, in the final duet of "Fidelio," or the end of the ninth symphony, for example, and mentally compare his enraptured frenzy with the hurricanes and earthquakes of ecstasy here exploded and he will understand the profound distaste of the present reviewer for the "Poeme de l'Extase." It is almost entirely impressionistic. At frequent intervals the composer shudders himself into tonal epilepsy. The trumpeter plays until his lips are bloody, and his theme is of a most agonized kind of ecstasy.

Yet with all this said we must recognize a certain mastery of the orchestral forces, possibly even a certain unity according to the poem which the composer wrote to elucidate his musical work. But it is all, all, all on a wrong path. It is pushing Music out of its true orbit, and all the tone-coloring, and all the intensity, do not succeed in giving forth a work which is strikingly new or deeply impressive. The beautiful new path which Wagner opened is leading into a dangerous monotony which is striving to disguise itself in tonal decorations.

But all tribute must be paid to Mr. Fiedler and his men for the manner in which this herculean task was executed. It was one of the great triumphs of our orchestra and its leader, and we were glad to see the audience recognize this fact by some enthusiasm.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Mr. Gilbert's sudden death has necessitated a change in the Symphony programme this week. Therefore, Mr. Fiedler will commence the concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening with Bach's 3d Brandenburg concerto for strings. Beethoven's second symphony will follow. There will be no soloists. The third piece on the programme will be a novelty, Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase." This work was played by the

Russian" school. His tendencies, however, are directly opposed to those of Rachmaninoff, for while the latter clings closely to classic forms, as seen in the symphony heard last night, Scriabin is a modern rhapsodist in method and manner. The "Poeme de l'Extase" is a musical commentary upon a Russian poem which has to do with the ecstasy of a freed soul. The score is very full, demanding a complete modern orchestra. The final item of the programme will be Sibelius' "Finlandia," the patriotic piece which, it is said, is forbidden performance in Finland, but which, when played at a Symphony concert two seasons ago, proved as capable of stirring an American audience, for Sibelius speaks of the things which belong to humanity, not only to his native land.

BOSTON HEARS NEW WORK BY SRIABIN

Interpretation of Russian's "The Joy of Untrammelled Activity."

A GREAT SYMPHONIC POEM

Rhapsody of Emotions as an Expression of the Philosophy of Life.

By PHILIP HALE.

The third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Brandenburg concerto, No. 3.....Bach
Symphony in D major, No. 2.....Beethoven
"The Poem of Ecstasy," op. 54.....Scriabin
"Finlandia," op. 26, No. 7.....Sibelius

Alexander Scriabin was first known to concert-goers in Boston by small piano pieces, and one of them, a composition for the left hand, became popular; but neither a composer nor a pianist is to be judged by the left hand alone. No one of his important compositions had been played here before the performance of his "Poem of Ecstasy" yesterday.

This symphonic poem was first performed by the Russian Symphony Society of New York, Dec. 10, 1908, when Mr. Altschuler conducted. Mr. Altschuler has done much in bringing forward the works of contemporaneous Russian composers, and he seems to be particularly interested in Scriabin, whom he met in Switzerland three years ago last summer, when Scriabin was at work on this symphonic poem. Mr. Altschuler writes that the composer has sought in this piece to express "something of the emotional and, therefore, musically communicable side of his philosophy of life." Mr. Scriabin, he adds, is "neither a pantheist nor a theosophist, yet his creed includes ideas somewhat related to each of these schools of thought."

The "Poem of Ecstasy" is said to express "the joy of untrammelled activity." The three divisions might be entitled, we are told: "His soul in the orgy of love; the realization of a fantastical dream; the glory of his own art."

Mr. Scriabin has been still more voluminous in explanation, if not so explicit. He wrote a singular poem for

this piece, or perhaps the piece was written for the poem, which was published in Russian at Geneva in 1906. This verbal rhapsody, translated into English by Mrs. Edmund Noble (Lydia L. Pimenoff Noble), is published in the program book of these concerts. The task, which must have been difficult, seems to have been admirably accomplished, for the translation has both character and spontaneity, as though it were neither an interlinear translation nor a loose paraphrase.

To express his ecstatic joy and also his untrammelled activity Mr. Scriabin employs a huge orchestra, which includes eight horns, five trumpets a celesta and all sorts of pulsatile instruments.

The composition, like the poem, might be described as a wildly fantastical rhapsody. There are some, and I am among them, who are more interested in the musical contents of a composition, the purely musical thought and expression, than in any attempt to give a translation in tones of philosophic thought. If Mr. Scriabin had merely entitled his musical rhapsody "Ecstasy" or "Joy in Free Activity," that would have been a sufficient clue.

It is easy to see how many will dismiss this work after one hearing as chaotic. They will speak of pleasing passages in juxtaposition with those that are barbarously bolsterous. They will not find continuous thought, but loosely connected episodes. Our old friends who "dislike discords" will again shake sorrowful heads, and possibly appeal to the Watch and Ward Society.

A composition of this magnitude is not to be so idly dismissed. It calls for more than amiable or excited discussion in a street car on the return from the concert.

There is no doubt of the serious purpose and the sincerity of the composer. He is not merely a poseur with a sense of color; not only a skilful juggler with the instruments. There is a definite plan, though it may escape those to whom music since the death of Mendelssohn offers insuperable difficulties. Mr. Scriabin not only is a harmonist of the advanced school; not only one skilled in instrumentation; he has individuality, and he has imagination.

What matters it whether he be a pantheist or a pedo-Baptist; a man steeped in the religious traditions of India, or a convert to "New Thought"? When the fit was on him and he was at work on this rhapsody his first thought must have been the expression of that which was musical at the time within him.

This rhapsody is not cerebral music; it is emotional, and the emotional will be moved when they hear it. They may not understand the accompanying poem, and it would be better if they were not to read it until after the concert; yet the music will suggest to them thoughts which have come to them, but they themselves could not express these thoughts in music or in words. They will be stirred within; they, too, will for the moment be ecstatic.

Others will be interested in the harmonic expression and in the manner of instrumentation, the blending of timbres, the use of solo instruments in effects of ensemble; and there are twilight and mysterious effects; there are effects that recall operations of Nature, phenomena that are still mysterious, or tumultuous, though familiar for centuries.

Perhaps the highest tribute to this singular composition is this: it is not easy to describe the music to one

that did not hear it. It is not easy for two that did hear it to express their views, one to the other. It is better to be silent about emotional music that works its spell. When a great deal can easily be spoken or written about that which is plausibly emotional, the poetic quality of the emotion may well be questioned.

Another high tribute to the "Poem of Ecstasy" is that many will dislike it and some will hold it in detestation.

The orchestral performance of this composition was brilliant and impressive. The performance of the other pieces deserves warm praise. In the concert of Bach the harpsichord was mere tinkling against the rush and fury of the strings. The problem of piano or harpsichord in the performance of these works of Bach is not yet settled. If the strings are diminished the music should be heard in a small hall. If there is a specially constructed harpsichord, after the manner of the one used by Mr. Mahler with the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, the irreverent are reminded of a mowing machine active in a quiet summer morning, and the purists may say that there is a lack of proportion and the harpsichord becomes a solo instrument.

The performance of Beethoven's symphony was characterized by exquisite clarity and euphony. There is more of Finland in the symphonies, the violin concerto and "A Saga" of Sibelius than in his "Finlandia," which is hot with the spirit of revolt. No doubt he wrote this music with a patriotic heart, but patriotism is not an essential quality in a musical work of art.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Beethoven, concerto for violin; Strube, comedy overture, "Puck." Mr. Anton Witek, the concert master, will play as a soloist for the first time in America.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Slobe
New Tone Poem by Scriabin
Heard For First Time.

Beethoven's Second Symphony and
Sibelius' "Finlandia" Played.

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This corroborates Browning in the sixth stanza of his "Rabbi Ben Ezra": "Then welcome each rebuff
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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

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| SCHUBERT, | Andante con moto, from the "UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY IN MEMORIAM, JULIA WARD HOWE |
| BRAHMS, | SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, op. 90 I. Allegro con brio II. Andante III. Poco allegretto IV. Allegro |
| BEETHOVEN, | CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, op. 61 I. Allegro ma non troppo II. Larghetto III. Rondo |
| STRUBE, | COMEDY OVERTURE, "Puck" |

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK.

that did not hear it; it is not easy for two that did hear it to express their views, one to the other. It is better to be silent about emotional music that works its spell. When a great deal can easily be spoken or written about that which is plausibly emotional, the poetic quality of the emotion may well be questioned.

Another high tribute to the "Poem of Ecstasy" is that many will dislike it and some will hold it in detestation.

The orchestral performance of this composition was brilliant and impressive. The performance of the other pieces deserves warm praise. In the concert of Bach the harpsichord was mere tinkling against the rush and fury of the strings. The problem of piano or harpsichord in the performance of these works of Bach is not yet settled. If the strings are diminished the music should be heard in a small hall. If there is a specially constructed harpsichord, after the manner of the one used by Mr. Mahler with the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, the irreverent are reminded of a mowing machine active in a quiet summer morning, and the purists may say that there is a lack of proportion and the harpsichord becomes a solo instrument.

The performance of Beethoven's symphony was characterized by exquisite clarity and euphony. There is more of Finland in the symphonies, the violin concerto and "A Saga" of Sibelius than in his Finlandia, which is hot with the spirit of revolt. No doubt he wrote this music with a patriotic heart, but patriotism is not an essential quality in a musical work of art.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Beethoven, concerto for violin; Strube, comedy overture, "Puck." Mr. Anton Witek, the concert master, will play as a soloist for the first time in America.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Slobe
New Tone Poem by Scriabin
Heard For First Time.

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SCHUBERT,

Andante con moto, from the "UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY

IN MEMORIAM, JULIA WARD HOWE

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, op. 90

I. Allegro con brio

II. Andante

III. Poco allegretto

IV. Allegro

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, op. 61

I. Allegro ma non troppo

II. Larghetto

III. Rondo

STRUBE,

COMEDY OVERTURE, "Puck"

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1910.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Season's Opening Marked by Large Attendance and Fine Programme.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra marked the opening of the musical season with its first concert in Infantry Hall last night. Five concerts are scheduled for Providence this season, instead of the four which have been allotted for several years past. The extension seems to be justified, as the sale of season tickets has been unusually large and the audience last night, almost for the first time, came very near taxing the seating capacity of the hall to its limit. As is frequently the case, the full attendance seemed to inspire the players, who gave a most spirited and enjoyable performance.

A few new faces were noted in the ranks of the orchestra, though the personnel of the organization changes little from year to year, a fact which has much to do with the superb results obtained. In the concert master's seat, occupied for several years past by Professor Willy Hess, is M. A. Witek, late of Berlin, where he has long held a prominent place in the busy musical life of that city. It seemed good to see the veteran Alwin Schroeder again in his old post at the head of the cellos, a place which he occupied for a long while with distinguished credit and now returns to after an absence of several years. These are the principal changes for the present season. Mr. Max Fiedler is again at the conductor's desk, a most competent, energetic and efficient leader.

A very interesting programme was offered, with Madame Olive Fremstad, of the Metropolitan Opera House, as the soloist. The order was as follows:

Overture to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115.... Schumann
Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Rheinish," op. 97.... Schumann
Aria, "Enfin, il est dans ma pulsance," from "Armide".... Gluck
Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Nennau), op. 20.... Richard Strauss
Prelude and "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde".... Wagner

The first part of the programme was devoted to the works of Robert Schumann in commemoration of the centenary year of the birth of that eminent composer. Both the "Manfred" overture and the third, or "Rheinish," symphony are works characteristic of Schumann's peculiar genius. Also, it may be said, they betray his limitations in this particular field of composition. Schumann was not at his best as an orchestral writer. He lacked the intuitive feeling for instrumentation which has distinguished some men of lesser genius, and he never had a thorough training in the technical side of the art. That in spite of this handicap he

produced works of great value and which are likely to endure is evidence enough of his powerful imagination, deep emotional nature, and the highly original bent of his genius. The overture is a finely sympathetic piece of programme music, the symphony a strong and effective, though somewhat unevenly balanced work. Its vivacious second movement and energetic finale are especially worthy of admiration. The reading given to both compositions by Mr. Fiedler and the sympathetic work of the players was beyond all praise.

The other orchestral selection, Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," is one of the earliest and best efforts of the composer in the vein of which he has given us so much. Strauss's music is distinctly sensational, deliberately so, and it is not at all to be measured with the same yardstick that we have been accustomed to apply to the works of the "classical" writers. Time alone can tell whether it is infused with the breath of life. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that Strauss gets "effects," whether we approve of them or not. No such master of orchestral tricks has been heard since the time of Berlioz, and in the art of cunning contrivance the German master fairly outdoes the Frenchman. As a provider of perpetual surprises, a caller of strange voices from the orchestral depths, Strauss holds a place which no one is likely to dispute. The playing of the tone poem was suitably brilliant and sonorous, a technical performance as perfect as we often hear.

Much interest was manifested in the two appearances of Mme. Fremstad, who was heard here for the first time. She sang finely the monologue of Armide, from Gluck's opera of the same name, and gave an artistic interpretation of Isolde's lines in the famous finale of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Vocally, Mme. Fremstad cannot be said to have commanding gifts, but she accomplishes much with what she has, and it is not difficult to understand how she has earned a creditable position on the operatic stage. She was warmly applauded after her first number. A special word of praise is due the orchestra for its really magnificent rendering of Richard Wagner's music, that which nothing conceived on a more stupendous scale has ever come from a composer's pen.

The intervals between the symphony concerts will be somewhat shorter than usual this year, owing to the increase in their number. The next concert will be given on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, at 8 o'clock. W. A. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 29/10

An Afternoon of Distinctions for the Orchestra and Its Concert-Master—Mr. Witek's Unique Playing of Beethoven's Concerto—Brahms and the Orchestra—An Andante from Schubert for Mrs. Howe

THE quality of the playing of the orchestra in Brahms's symphony in F major and the quality of the playing of its new concert-master, Mr. Witek, in Beethoven's concerto for violin were the distinctions of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. The programme began with the Andante from Schubert's "unfinished" symphony played to the memory of Julia Ward Howe. Thereby the Symphony Orchestra fulfilled its duty as an institution of Boston; and made a happy departure from the conventions of memorial music. The whole or a part of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the apotheosis of Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung," and Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music have served the purpose appropriately and inappropriately. With Beethoven and with Wagner, the music is of heroic lament and heroic striving. It wants appropriateness except to a very few mortals. With Mozart the music is of the ceremony with which grief, that should be intimate, publicly cloaks itself. That the elegiac mood in music may recall a cherished memory and honor it has escaped the conductors until Mr. Fiedler chose Schubert's song for the commemoration of Mrs. Howe. It was in accord with the memory of a woman who loved the arts and discriminated among them and who cherished them when they sought beauty, be it of word or sound or line, for its own sake. It was in accord also, with the mood of a community that less laments the departure of a venerable woman at the end of full and rounded years than recalls the gentleness and the goodness of her life. And the beauty of the playing of the orchestra made the Andante only the more fulfil its purpose. In the voices of the wood winds, above all, was the beauty that Mrs. Howe loved, that was of the expressive arts that she cherished. It is familiar reproach to Brahms that he had little imagination, as the quality now goes, in instrumental coloring and little feeling for it. The limitation may hold as to the string choir, of whose manifold varieties of tonal tint he was chary; but he knew and searched the voices of the woodwinds and above all the other instruments, the voices of the horns. To them, as in the Andante and the Allegretto of the symphony of yesterday, the music owes much of its beauty as so much ordered sound.

and much of its romantic quality as sound touched with an emotion unusually wan and dreamy for Brahms. He knew the mystery that may dwell in these voices when he turns them dusky, the opalescent tints that they may give to changeful song; and the subdued and serene warmth with which they may clothe musing or melancholy mood. The strings do not lack opportunity in this symphony in F major. To them falls the sonorous and the tumultuous beginning, as for once, of an ardent Brahms. To them falls much of the energy of all the music; and in their voices often lurk the suggestion of a "programme" or at the least an emotional, poetic scheme behind the symphony. Brahms was reticent of these things in his words and in his music; yet his was not a wilful mystery. He speaks out indeed more freely in the third symphony than all the rest. The stride is larger; there is less suggestion of the meditation that sometimes falls away into mere calculation; there is emotion animating and diversifying, contrasting and ranging musical sound beyond the mere formalities of the symphony. There is beauty of imagination and idea compressed—how short Brahms's symphony seems beside the ultra-modern lengths—condensed as a finality of concentrated expression. Surely there were visions behind.

Mr. Witek's playing of Beethoven's concerto was unique. For the first time within recollection a virtuoso made no attempt to make the music sound "big," as though it were of the heroic Beethoven of the fifth symphony, or even of the ninth. For the first time, again, within recollection a virtuoso made no attempt to make the cadenzas, the "passage work," the ornamentation of the Romance, the rushing rhythms of the Rondo sound brilliant. Mr. Witek chose another way. He played the concerto without a hint of personal display, with a "platform manner" that was quietness and preoccupation in his task themselves. His tone was light, as the large and heavy tones to which violinists force their instruments go nowadays; but it was exquisitely soft, luminous, edgeless. It was all of the finer, sweeter, more insinuating qualities of the violin. Technically, in all the insistent demands alike of the instrument and the music, Mr. Witek's performance was flawless. Often it attained to perfections that were as the result of the minute care, the patient study, the endless polishing of years. The listener might almost hold his breath at the felicity with which Mr. Witek phrased and accented the music, at the adroitness with which he "led" the melodies and accomplished the transitions, at the fashion in which he fused the voice of his violin with the orchestra or held it in contrast against it. The endless finesse of Mr. Witek's playing stirred mind and fancy, caressed and intoxicated the ear. The unvarying beauty of his tone brought like sensations. The

violin, the music, the orchestra all seemed at one with it. The concerto resolved itself into patterns of sound adroitly and beautifully woven, touched with its own emotions and so touching the hearer. We moderns try to read deep things into the concerto, which, after all, was written frankly for a virtuoso. Perhaps Mr. Witek is the nearer right.

ANTON WITEK AS SOLOIST

Herald — *Oct. 29/10*
Concert Master's Debut in New
Role at Symphony Or-
chestra's Rehearsal.

JULIA WARD HOWE TRIBUTE

Beethoven's Violin Concerto
Finely Played; Performance
Full of Artistic Spirit.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, played as a solo violinist for the first time in this country. The program was as follows:

Andante con moto from the "Unfinished" Symphony.....Schubert
Symphony No. 3, F major.....Brahms
Concerto in D major for violin.....Beethoven
Comedy overture, "Puck".....Strube

The movement from Schubert's symphony was prefixed, in memory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to the program originally announced. The choice was perhaps an unusual one, but the music of Schubert by reason of its gentle melancholy, tender beauty and ineffable grace seemed to many singularly appropriate. A heroic funeral march is a fitting tribute to a distinguished warrior or statesman. Mrs. Howe wrote her own heroic hymn. Yesterday there was no occasion for wild, tempestuous lamentation, for the expression of hopeless grief. The music of Schubert inspired a meditative mood and the thought of the sweetness and light of the well-rounded life. And this music, while it is not effeminate, has what might be called a

womanly quality. It is to be regretted that some at the end of the movement broke out with incongruous applause.

In his third symphony Brahms wrote with a freedom that is missed in his first, although some insist that the first is the greatest of the four. Admirable as is the structure of the one in C minor, the composer was too conscious of Beethoven's mighty shade. Possibly Brahms could not escape from the prophecy of Schumann. Always ready to take himself seriously—and he was constitutionally serious—he felt that he must show himself to be the Messiah announced by Schumann. As Beethoven was the last of the great symphonic writers, Brahms could not fall below the level of the Ninth, and so in the music of the first we see Brahms laboring to maintain a lofty and commanding position.

Now in the third symphony Brahms wrote with greater spontaneity. His workmanship was as excellent as before—witness the use of the first three notes, the upper voice of the introductory chords, in later passages; but the workmanship is not so obvious; it never stands between the musical thought and the hearer; it does not take the place of musical thought. And in this symphony there is a wealth of musical ideas which are musically employed.

From the superb arrogance of the opening, the arrogance of a master conscious of his strength and exulting in it, to the last pages of the finale, in which, as Mr. Apthorp said felicitously, "the ghost" of the first theme steals away in the strings, the symphony is for the most part a blend of strength and beauty. The old reproach of crabbedness cannot here justly be brought against the composer. Here are no cryptic measures.

It was said of the second symphony that in it Brahms showed too plainly his acquaintance with Mendelssohn, for there are always hunters after reminiscences who shut their ears to everything except a fancied resemblance. It seems hardly possible that Brahms was accused of taking an idea for his second movement from the "Prayer" in Herold's "Zampa." The resemblance is slight and momentary. It might with more justice be said that in the first movement there is a fleeting recollection of the song of the sirens in Wagner's Venusberg.

Mr. Witek gave an uncommonly fine performance of Beethoven's concerto. That he should show rare technical proficiency was expected, for his reputation had preceded him; but the performance was remarkable for higher qualities. Mr. Witek played Beethoven's music so that it seemed to flow directly from the soul of the composer. There was no obsequious self-effacement. It was impossible not to recognize the ability of the violinist, but the first thought was of the music itself, and not of the music as played by Mr. Witek or by this one or that one of his predecessors. He played with serene, not indifferent, composure, with respect for Beethoven and the audience. The virtuoso was forgotten in the artist.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 2 (repeated by request); Isouard, air from "Jeannot and Colin"; (Miss Geraldine Farrar); Monsigny, Chaconne and Rigodon from "Aline, Queen of Golconda" (Miss Farrar); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Anton Witek Makes Debut in America as Soloist.

Gives Memorable Performance of Beethoven Concerto.

Globe — *Oct. 29/10*

Anton Witek, the new concert master of the Boston symphony orchestra, made his first appearance in America as soloist at the fourth public rehearsal yesterday afternoon. He played the Beethoven concerto.

The orchestra played the third symphony of Brahms, Strube's comedy overture "Puck," and for a preface to the program the slow movement from Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, as a memorial to Julia Ward Howe. It was a fitting tribute, sympathetically tendered.

It is not common that a good ensemble player is a good soloist, that a violinist who excels in the measured routine of the concert master's chair can also retain and combine individuality, mastery and plasticity of style as a solo performer. Mr. Witek disclosed himself yesterday as such an artist. He came before his audience with quiet command. He stood at ease and awaited his entrance, not with the air of the virtuoso, impatient to display his prowess, but with the calmness and poise of true authority.

His playing will be memorable to all who heard him. There are those who approach Beethoven inspired with a vision of a just and austere master. Seldom does an interpreter of him remember that tenderness, as well as virility and true majesty, are his attributes.

Subtle Yet Potent Spell.

Such was the heart of Mr. Witek's playing. As he progressed, external things of the moment, the seated throng, the lights, the men of the orchestra, the obvious in any and all its guises, ebbed away and the hearer was conscious of a great presence, not of performer or of instrument, but of the master for whom both were but a mouthpiece.

The player yesterday was carried far up into realms with Beethoven alone. Whether his hearers realized it or no, they too communed. There was throughout the hall an intangible, subtle yet potent spell.

It was not merely the sign of the artist's ability to dominate his hearers—and he has personality—or to thrill them with the sensuous beauty of the music. It was the token of his power to recreate the individuality, the soul

which spoke in and through it.

To convey to those not present something of the potency, the beauty and the repose of this man's playing is not easy. To say his audience worshipped Beethoven reverently is not blasphemous; neither is it exaggeration. This was the end accomplished.

What matter then how it was achieved, whether Mr. Witek was skilful in the manipulation of his bow, the dexterity of his fingers or the production of a large tone. As a matter of fact his tone is small, surprisingly small, but of wondrous sweetness, and with great power of penetration.

Technic begged no favors of interpretation yesterday. Embellishment in all its violinistic guises was but the sign for volubility, for the nicest precision and for a rare elegance of style.

His songful phrases—and how they sang—were the essence of purity, balance and exquisite architecture. Memorable will be the ethereal soft measures following the cadenza of the first movement. Mr. Witek's debut is an event in the history of the orchestra. He was eagerly applauded and many times recalled.

Eroica Symphony.

Brahms began his "Eroica" symphony heroically in the opening figure of the violins, which leap down from aloft with a shaft of light, yesterday too deliberate in tempo. Then the poet gives way to the pedant. The slow movement is as a wise man speaking in platitudes.

The mildly elegiac plaint of the third breathes but little of the romanticism which gave birth to the elegy in literature. The finale strikes fire.

Mr. Strube was deservedly called to acknowledge applause for his fantastic medley of capers, the "Puck" overture.

Next week the second symphony of Rachmaninoff will be repeated by request. Geraldine Farrar, the soloist, will sing an unfamiliar air by Mozart and an air from the equally unfamiliar "Jeannot et Colin," an opera by Nicole of Malta. The other orchestral numbers will be the Chaconne and Rigodon by Monsigny and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

Ovation for Witek ON AMERICAN DEBUT

Journal — *Oct. 29/10*
Playing of Beethoven Con-
certo in D Major Arouses
Enthusiasm.

Concert Master Witek of the Symphony Orchestra made his American debut at yesterday's concert and

aroused the biggest enthusiasm seen so far this season. He chose the Beethoven concerto in D major, which the Bonn genius wrote for Franz Clement, who played it first in Vienna in 1806; and what was said of Clement at the time applies particularly well to Witek. The same sterling art, elegance of style and brilliancy of technique which distinguished Clement likewise distinguish Witek. Such highly polished violin playing—such a graceful manner and such an exquisite tone—has not been heard here since Sarasate's day. The enthusiasm started promptly with the first movement, after a cadenza performed with sparkling skill, and at the end of the concerto the new concert master was recalled several times. No premier player of the orchestra has ever made a more successful debut.

With this performance Mr. Witek confirmed the excellent reputation which he has enjoyed abroad for the last fifteen years. He has not the "grand style," but nevertheless his playing has power as well as beauty. So far as technical qualities are concerned, he is evidently an absolute master of his instrument. His precision is well-nigh perfect. His tone, though not very large, is substantial. There is a delicacy about Mr. Witek's art which reveals the virtuoso who is never robustious and who will never rear and rage at the expense of the composer. Without doubt the Beethoven concerto is a particularly happy medium for the display of the concert master's talent. It demands good taste, shining skill, a sentiment tender yet virile. These demands Mr. Witek met admirably. He richly deserved the enthusiasm that followed his performance.

Brahms' third symphony showed the orchestra at its best and Mr. Fiedler then came in for his share of the day's honors. Mr. Strube's comedy overture, which was first heard last March, closed the program. The andante from Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" was played at the beginning in memory of Julia Ward Howe.

Anton Witek, the new concertmaster of the Symphony orchestra who will make his debut this week as soloist, playing the Beethoven concerto, is the possessor of one of the finest violins in this country. It is a genuine Stradivarius of the best period and is valued at several thousand dollars.

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for the Symphony Rehearsals and Concerts. WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 47. Telephone Main 3194. (A):

The Public Interest and Favor That Mr. Witek Has Won at a Single Stroke—

MR. WITEK, by his playing of Beethoven's concerto at the Symphony Concerts of last week, has at a stroke stirred public interest as none of his predecessors among the concertmasters of the orchestra were fortunate enough to do. Mr. Kneisel came to the post as a young and unknown violinist, discovered by Mr. Gericke, and as he developed, so public interest and approval for him waxed. Mr. Hess, with all his brilliance, had also slowly to make his way. The performance of a single concerto, on the other hand, has established Mr. Witek. Two circumstances aided him: Beethoven's concerto had not been played at the Symphony Concerts for four years, so that the music seemed fresh again; while the violinist himself made it seem the more unhackneyed by a performance that sought a relatively novel end. Oftenest, heretofore, the violinists have "interpreted" the concerto to the utmost. They have read their own passion for an eloquent performance into the music and given it an emotional stress that it hardly bears. They would have it of the mighty Beethoven, and not of the composer who could "also," in Whistler's phrase, write a concert piece for a virtuoso. He wrote it, of course, with distinction, with musical imagination, with sensitive feeling for the instrument; but he wrote it, believed, with the thought of a passionate symphonic eloquence. With a just discernment, that praises Mr. Witek's understanding, the violinist so played the music. He sought its continence of design and expression; he cherished its beauty as musical sound with the violin for its voice. He sought and cherished equally the beauty of his instrument. The fineness, the sweetness, the edgeless quality of his tone caressed the ears of his hearers. The sensitiveness to abstract musical beauty with which he rounded his phrases, led and shaded melodies, answered or joined the orchestral voices, wove patterns of ornament—and all unclouded by any technical slip—seemed the counterpart of this tone, while a delicate warmth of feeling saved his playing from any suspicion of polished lifelessness. His two audiences departed content, not merely with the revelation of a remarkable violinist, but of a violinist who could make a much "interpreted" classic speak with unforced voice. They have talked much of him and his performance since.

CONSERVATIVE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ANTON WITEK'S DEBUT

Adv. **HERE AS A SOLOIST** *Oct 29, 1910*

Much to Commend Is His Intonation and Phrasing in Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms. Third Symphony.

Beethoven. Violin concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Anton Witek.

Strube. Comedy overture, "Puck."

To this was added the andante from Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," played in honor of the memory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at the beginning of the concert. Naturally this commemorative piece was "hors concours," and not intended for critical review. Anyone familiar with our orchestra can imagine how nobly the old themes were poured forth. It was at first intended to give Handel's "Largo" which is not funereal music in any sense, for its words are simply—"How lovely is the shade of this plane tree!" with a few horticultural additions. The Schubert movement is not funereal either, but as every auditor thought of the noble wife of a still nobler husband while it was being played, it served its proper purpose. Since Julia Ward Howe and music are mentioned, a historical fact may here be added. Not one soldier in a thousand ever sang the words of her great Battle-hymn of the Republic; they all used to sing the words of "John Brown's Body," to "Glory Hallelujah" and declined the greater poem.

We have always maintained that one school of music does not push aside another, but we wonder if anyone mentally compared the fortissimo "ecstasy" of the preceding concert, with the pure symmetry, melody and intelligibility of this one! Brahms' third symphony is the clearest and most unified work of his four works in this form. Yet in orchestration he is a mere child compared with Scriabine, to say nothing of Strauss. Nowadays we are coming to mistake the outer dress of an orchestral work for its body and soul and look no deeper than the splendors of scoring. There were no such splendors here. A few beautiful violin or violoncello melodies, some exquisite horn passages, some sweet clarinette and oboe themes,—that was about all that one would remember of the orchestration. But the content of the work, that was another story! Calm, serene, well-contrasted, logical, with development of figures that did not become pedantic or vague in a single measure,—one could exclaim as Beethoven did about Handel—"Das ist das Wahre!"

The symphony has the merit of growing better constantly as it progresses. Possibly its second movement is a trifle too naive and simple, but its two last movements are gems forever, and they were read and played in a manner that evidenced that the conductor and the orchestra loved them.

If Messrs.—(let us leave the names to the reader's imagination) would only learn from such a work that a symphony may be noble without being an hour and a quarter in length, that it can be lofty without using gongs, triangles, wind machines, thunder machines, heckelphones, oboe d'amore or bass drums!

Yet the way in which the chief theme was given in the third movement, first by violoncellos, then by violins, then by woodwind, and later by horns, left nothing to be desired. Orchestral inflation would have ruined its Parthenon-like simplicity.

In the finale too, the trombones with their chorale-like theme made as impressive an effect as any of the twenty-five-lined scores of the later orchestral manipulators. Only trombones and contrabassoon are added in this work to the regular classical orchestra. Very effective also were the horns and violoncellos united in the subordinate theme of the finale, a good contrast to the broader work of the trombones. The horns played perfectly in their important themes.

Mr. Fiedler gave the repeat of the exposition, in the first movement which we think is a wise proceeding, for one gets the scheme of a well developed movement much better if one hears the themes twice.

Mr. Anton Witek is the second great concertmeister of our orchestra to make his debut as a soloist with Beethoven's Violin Concerto. When, away back in the paleozoic age, Mr. Kneisel appeared as an audacious youth who had ventured to replace the older Bernhard Listemann, he threw down the gauntlet with this concerto, and in that trial by combat, he routed all his adversaries. Mr. Witek is another young man who replaces a veteran,—Prof. Willy Hess,—and he gave the same gage of battle, with the same result. Possibly we may use the motto of the prize ring in our symphonic circle also—"Youth will be served!"

There is something so thoroughly combative in the first movement of this concerto that it suits well for such a crucial purpose, almost defiant. Mr. Witek soon proved that he was able to fill the position of his fiery predecessor without rattling round in it. But he showed a tendency to over-refinement. One did not get the robust Beethoven of Ysaye or Kreisler. Nervousness was not apparent in any part of the work, although a debutant has a good right to become fidgety during the long Tutti of the beginning, while waiting for his time to enter with solo work. In the Larghetto there were pianissimo effects given that must have been inaudible in the distant parts of the large hall. The cadenzas were founded upon the Joachim set, although digressing from these once or twice. In intonation and phrasing there was much to commend, although, as above intimated, we would have pre-

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 terred a more masculine reading of some parts of the work. That the audience was delighted was abundantly proved by four recalls, which at a matinee is an unusual degree of enthusiasm.

We consider Mr. Strube's "Puck" overture one of the best of his works. He does not here soar after the infinite, does not use an overwhelming orchestra, does not strive after original complexities, does not discard melody. Add to this that he gives clear figures and develops them logically, and that he keeps to the good old road of sonata-allegro form and it will be seen that he has done those things that he ought to have done and has left undone those things that he ought not to have done and there is considerable health in him.

There is humor and piquancy in the composition and it formed a good foil to the fire of Beethoven and the serenity of Brahms, nor was it at all shrivelled up by the great company in which it found itself. Its vivid contrasts made an excellent effect, and the jollity of some of its themes, and their striking rhythms, were bound to win favor with the connoisseur. Somehow the work sounds American; it might readily fraternize with Chadwick's "Vagrom Ballad." It is a thoroughly enjoyable composition. In spite of the fact that it came last in a moderately long concert, the composer was given a tribute by the public that was richly deserved.

4th Symphony Rehearsal

By Olin Downes

Anton Witek, the concertmeister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist in America yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, on the occasion of the fourth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra.

In memory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the concert was prefaced by the second movement of Schubert's unfinished symphony, and a finer epitaph could not be imagined. There was, of course, no applause.

Mr. Witek played the Beethoven concerto, and played all around it. He has more virtuosity, by far, than the concerto requires. His instrument was a Stradivarius, a very sensitive instrument, which the violinist played with appreciation of its rare qualities, and, in contrast to some other virtuosity, without attacking the more formidable passages as though it were a wood-chopping.

Mr. Witek is, then, a past master of his instrument, and he quickly showed his perfect mental grasp and mastery of the concerto. There was no such thing as a moment of risk or uncertainty. Authority personified stood before us on the stage, and the general effect was maddening. The man knew exactly what he was going to do, and there was, unfortunately, nothing which prevented his doing it. We have never heard a concerto so easily played; we have rarely listened with less excitement to a performance. As a virtuoso and a musician Mr. Witek

triumphed and we would have enjoyed, for a change, a few bars by the painfully immature Francis Macmillen. Mr. Witek's tempi were admirably chosen, his tone was almost invariably clear, singing, rich or brilliant as the case might be, refined and rather small than large. He showed a fine sense of values. He played with elasticity, but without obtruding himself unduly, or in any case materially altering the rhythmic pace. He is certainly an efficient concertmeister and a musician of parts. He played, above all, not as if the orchestra, a large, formidable, inexorable body of instruments, were forcing him on, but as if, rather, he held this orchestra in the palm of his hand. Mr. Witek was well received when he came on the stage, and cordially recalled when he had finished playing. But oh! to have sensed, in his playing, the nervous thrill and quiver that the artist with a message to give experiences as he steps before his audience.

In a performance of much interest Mr. Fiedler was most fortunate in the first and last movements. The middle portions could have had, perhaps, more of the poetic and meditative quality of the Brahms of the intermezzo for piano—assuredly the same Brahms who penned the symphony. Mr. Strube's overture grows better with repeated hearings. Few musicians of this city, indeed, have such a technic of composition, such a thorough knowledge and instinct for the effects of instruments, and such artistic sensibility when it comes to expressing themselves. There is genuine humor in this overture, humor which seems as characteristic of the instruments themselves as of the music. It is a pleasure, indeed, to feel the practised hand in each measure of such a piece.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2, op. 27

- I. Largo. Allegro moderato
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro vivace

(Repeated by request)

ISOUARD,

AIR of Therèse, "Ah! Pour moi quelle peine extrême," from "Jeannot et Colin," Act III. No. 10

MONSIGNY,

"CHACONNE ET RIGADON" from the opera "Aline, Reine de Golconde"
 (Concert arrangement by F. A. GEVAERT)

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "Misero! O sogno" and AIR, "Aurea che Intorno" (K. 431)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, to Goethe's "Egmont" op. 84

Soloist:

Miss GERALDINE FARRAR

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISS FARRAR SINGS TWO RARE
From: AIRS *Nov 5. 10*

The Preliminary Crisis in Corridor and Auditorium—The Diversified but Successful Passage of It—Miss Farrar's Discoveries in French Opera-Comique and Mozart's Concert-Pieces—The Discrimination in Her Singing of Each—The Grace of the One and the Large Expression of the Other

Josef Hofmann, explaining his choice of one of Beethoven's pianoforte concertos for his appearances next month with the Symphony Orchestra, said that he had made it because he understood that Boston preferred something weighty and eloquent rather than merely brilliant. Of such is the ancient tradition that clothes the likings of this town in and out of the arts. Happily the tradition has become a little obsolete nowadays, and we Bostonians, like the rest of a sophisticated pleasure-loving and metropolitan world, would have at least our modicum of brilliancy. Perhaps, too, the logical Mr. Hoffmann would have modified his opinion had he heard the buzz of talk that hummed through the corridors and the auditorium during the intermission in the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon. Miss Farrar, reappearing for the first time this autumn, was to be the singer. Numerous and eager was the press of listeners; the last possible entrant to the second balcony had need to be in line early in the morning, and keen was the interest in all that Miss Farrar might do. She had chosen two unusual pieces—an air from a forgotten Parisian opéra-comique, written nearly a hundred years ago by the equally forgotten Isouard, and a concert piece by Mozart equally unknown and neglected, originally written for a tenor, and lately compressed and revised for Miss Farrar by Dr. Muck. The talk, however, ran not to these rare pieces. No more was it concerned with anticipations of the quality of Miss Farrar's singing. It did not recall her appearances in Paris, at Salzburg and in Berlin in the months that she has been absent from America; it speculated upon none of the parts that she will take at the Metropolitan next winter. It was busy simply, solely and very intensely with what on this particular afternoon she might wear—the cut and color of her gown, the fashion of her hat, the variety of her jewels, the likelihood and the unlikelihood of a muff and other subtle artistic matters of the dress-maker's shop.

The hum subsided, the auditorium filled again; Hr. Fiedler took his place, and to the stage came Miss Farrar. A thousand necks craned themselves that twice as many eager eyes might scrutinize her. Gloved hands lifted opera glasses by tens, twenties and hundreds. One woman rose, stood unabashed, and looked her will. The debated question was answered: Miss Farrar carried a muff—to the masculine eye an oval pouch of white and gray fur. Anticipations and speculations were fulfilled or unfulfilled. Miss Farrar wore a simply cut pink frock touched at elbows and belt with black velvet. Her hat was turban-like with white lace around it, emanating a spiky bush of black feathers. The elect ladies of the audience whispered praise or dispraise during the orchestral preludings to Isouard's air. To the masculine eye, Miss Farrar with her clear skin, her dark eyes, her slender and elastic figure was altogether youthful and charming. Better still, never before in the concert-room in Boston has she seemed of such unaffected and poised youth. Her sincerity, her unconsciousness of herself and her audience, the grace of simplicity, the charm of repose all commended her.

Thus passed the critical moments of the afternoon, thus were the subtle aesthetic questions that the concert raised decided, thus was conjecture, disappointed or elated; and the company could settle into its seats to have its pleasure of Miss Farrar's singing. Her choice of her two airs praised her intelligent interest and inquiry into music, especially of French opéra-comique, that is unwisely neglected and her appreciation of the finer requirements of the concert-room and of a symphony concert in particular. The air from Isouard's "Jeannot et Colin" is gentle and graceful music; the simple melody, meandering now and then over little rapids of vocal ornament, flows lightly, elegantly, beguilingly to a running accompaniment now softened by the woodwind choir, now accented by the strings, and it has its formal graces of repetition and return. It begins in the vein of tender and gently melancholy reverie; it passes to the mood of girlish resolution; it rises in the final Allegro to youthful agitation and confident hope.

Miss Farrar, with her usual discriminative intelligence, made the timbre of her voice of the young girl who in the opera sings the music. Her voice was all of lightly melancholy, lightly resolved and lightly confident youth. Her tones flowed in the two-fold grace of simplicity and sincerity. They sustained the melodic hue of the air yet never once thickened it; they shaded it with the utmost delicacy; her phrases in half voice charmed the ear. She understood, she imparted the quiet elegance of the music. In light tones, almost in flecks of sound above the running accompaniment, she made play with the mood and



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the music of resolution, and led it adroitly into the repetitions and returns. Only near the end, where Isouard writes for vocal display, did her upper tones, smoother and fuller than she has sometimes made them, sharpen a little and so lost the adgelessness of her middle voice. Throughout, her finesse, her elegance, her grace of tone had been beautifully sympathetic to the music, even though the singing teachers may mistake her deliberately chosen timbre.

Mr. Fiedler shrewdly continued the impression of Isouard's music in the two simple and—shall we say?—genteel dances from Monsigny's "Aline" that made an orchestral intermezzo between Miss Farrar's numbers. The air from Mozart ("Miser! O Sogno, O son Desto"), was of another sort and stamp. Mozart wrote it as a concert piece for an admired tenor, wrote in the Italian "grand style" that so delighted the Viennese of his last years—the style of his opera, "La Clemenza di Tito." Accordingly, the introductory recitative runs its portentous lengths that Dr. Muck has wisely shortened; and the air continues, according to the Italian manner as the end of the eighteenth century understood in measures that might be passionate at the beginning of the twentieth, were they not so complaisantly final, and so bedecorated with the ornaments of song. The recitative is of the composer of the final scenes of "Don Giovanni." It has breadth and sweep, intensity and power; it is of the voice of the abandoned and distraught lover. The andante of the air itself begins with a phrase of Mozartean loveliness of line and substance; but soon the precious "Italian manner" settles witheringly upon it. Formalism harnesses the emotional quality of the music. Much decoration checks it. The air is of Mozart easily accepting trammels that when he chose he could adjust to his dramatizing and imparting well.

Miss Farrar, with her dramatizing and imparting temperament, was in these same trammels, too. Lucidly and adroitly she followed the winding contours of the melody upon themselves. Skillfully she wrought the ornaments of song except where and when they strained her voice and lifted it to sharp stridency again. Beautiful indeed was her rounding and coloring of the peculiarly Mozartean phrase, and she declaimed the eloquent recitative with a richness of voice in her middle tones, a sweep and style, an opulent intensity that was of a matured and no longer youthful singer. Her singing of the recitative was at the opposite pole to her singing of Isouard's air. Yet each, obedient as she was to the necessities of the concert-room, had the voice of music drama, the creating quality of the singing-actress. From the vocal drama of the recitative to the orchestral drama of the "Egmont" overture that ended the concert was an easy step.

H. T. P.

Miss Farrar Will Be the Soloist.

Interesting Program Promised For Next Symphony Concert.

Recital by Mme Sembrich--Cecilia Announcements.

Geraldine Farrar will return for her annual engagement with the Boston Symphony orchestra at the rehearsal and concert on Friday and Saturday of this week.

The Rachmaninoff symphony No. 2, heard a fortnight ago, will be repeated by request. The other orchestral numbers announced are: A Chaconne and Rigadon from Monsigny's "Aline," and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

Miss Farrar is tending toward the choice of quaint and even archaic music for her songs, even as Mr Kreisler chose in similar fashion his violin pieces. She also shows a predisposition for arias written for a tenor. Last year it was that of Azael in "L'Enfant Prodigue" of Debussy. This year it will be "Miser! O sogno, o son desto?" a concert aria written by Mozart in 1783.

It pictures a lover awakening in prison. In the agitated recitative which precedes the aria, he storms against his fate. In a slow movement which follows, his thoughts turn to his adored for whom he suffers. It is a romanza of warmth and feeling. The allegro, which concludes, expresses horror and anguish.

Mozart wrote the aria for the tenor Adamberger. It is virile and manly, as is all the music which he composed for this singer.

Valentin Adamberger (1743-1804) sang in Italy under the name Adamonti. He was recalled to Vienna by Emperor Joseph II, an amateur in music of no mean ability, who wished to found a German school of opera to supersede the Italian and artificial Italian opera which flourished.

To that end he commissioned Mozart to write an opera on the "Elopement from the Seraglio," libretto by Bretzner.

The opera is sometimes called "Belmont and Constanze." Mozart wrote the role of Belmont especially for Adamberger, to whose abilities as singer and actor much of the success of the piece was attributable.

Mozart's letters contain frequent allusions to Adamberger, which invariably

testify to the high esteem in which the composer held him both as friend and artist. The time had not long passed since male sopranos were in vogue. Otto Jahn, in his life of Mozart, adds that Adamberger was a "very respectable actor of lovers' parts."

The aria which Miss Farrar will do has been rescored by Dr Muck.

The second solo number will be from "Jeannot et Colin," by Nicolo Isouard, or Nicolo of Malta as he is usually known, the title denoting his birthplace. The opera was produced in 1814.

The announcements from Symphony hall give this number simply as "Aria from 'Jeannot et Colin.'" It is probably that by Therese which begins the third act. An adagio permits the heroine to lament the loss of Colin's love, to urge the emptiness of wealth and luxury alone, and to protest her desire for her lover's presence. In an agitated allegro she brightens with the belief that he will return faithful.

The aria is accompanied by two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons and string quintet. In his score Nicolo placed the violins and viola at the top of the page above the wood wind; other instruments are as usual.

Nicolo followed Gretry in the early French school, but was effaced by Auber and Boieldieu. He wrote best when under the whip of competition with the latter, who also wrote an opera with a title "Jeannot et Colin." When Boieldieu was elected by the institute to succeed Mehul, Nicolo felt the slight keenly and sought to forget his chagrin in dissipation.

He had been educated for the navy. In Paris his friends were Kreutzer and Charles William Etienne, who wrote librettos for many of his operas, "Jeannot and Colin" among them.

Mme Sembrich's Concert

Tomorrow Afternoon.

Tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall the great artist, Mme Sembrich, will give her annual song recital, which is announced as the only one to be given by her in Boston this season. Many of her selections are unfamiliar and but three composers will be represented in her program, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

The numbers are: From Schubert, "Frühlingssglaube," "Der Fischer," "Frühlingsssehnsucht," "Das sie hier gewesen," "An eine Quelle," "Du bist die Ruh," "Ungeruld." From Schumann, "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," "Aus meinen Thranen sprissen," "Die Rose, die Lilie," "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh," "Ich will meine Seele tauchen," "Er ist's," "Die Lotusblume," "Er, der herrlichste von Allen," "Schneeglockchen," "Der Sandmann," "Frühlingsnacht."

From Brahms, "Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenz," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," "Botschaft," "Schon war, das ich dir wehte," "Das Mädchen spricht," "Vorschneller Schwur."

Cecilia Programs With the Symphony Orchestra.

Manager Ellis announced the dates upon which the Boston Symphony or-

chestra and the Cecilia society will give concerts this season in the new alliance effected between the two organizations last spring. The concerts will be given Thursday, Dec 1; Thursday, Feb 16, and Good Friday evening, April 14.

At the first concert part I of Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" will be heard for the first time in Boston. This work was recently performed at the Worcester festival. It will require the services of the entire orchestra of 100 men and the soloists will be Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; George Harris Jr, tenor, and Robert Maitland, basso.

At the second concert Thursday, Feb 16, Pierre's "The Children's Crusade," which was given here by the Cecilia society three years ago, will be repeated. The soloists are to be Edmont Clemont, the distinguished French tenor, who last year was a member of the Metropolitan opera company; Mme Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Edith Chapman Gould, soprano, and Claude Cunningham, bass. There will also be a chorus of 100 children, trained by Prof Hadley of Somerville.

The final concert on Good Friday evening will bring the performance of "The Passion According to Matthew," by Johann Sebastian Bach. For this the soloists will be Marie Zimmerman, soprano, generally regarded as the most skilled Bach singer in this country; Janet Spencer, contralto; George Hamilton, tenor, and David Bispham, baritone.

The Cecilia society under the new plans will consist of 175 trained voices. The preliminary training will be done by Malcolm Lang. The final rehearsal will be under the direct charge of Mr Fiedler, who will conduct the concerts. It is expected that these concerts will be the most successful of their kind ever given in Boston.

The subscription sale for the three concerts will open at Symphony hall Monday Nov 14.

Henry Hadley to Conduct in His Own Music at the Symphony Concerts—

Henry Hadley's second symphony, which the Boston, the Chicago, and the Damrosch orchestras are all undertaking this month will be played here at the Symphony Concerts of Nov. 18 and 19. Mr. Fiedler, like Mr. Stock and Mr. Damrosch, has invited Mr. Hadley to conduct in his own music, and Mr. Hadley has accepted the invitation. At Mayence in Germany, where he was the chief conductor at the opera house, and more recently at Seattle, where he is the director of a symphony orchestra, Mr. Hadley has had his experience. Here in Boston, he has not conducted since his student years; but as a composer his tone-poem of "Salome and his first symphony have praised him. *Trans. Nov. 2/10*

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2 REHEARSAL SEATS

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GERALDINE FARRAR SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Herald
Crowded Hall and Much En-
thusiasm at Fifth Rehearsal
—Rachmaninoff Repeated.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Geraldine Farrar was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony, E minor, No. 2...Rachmaninoff
Air from "Jeannot and Colin"....Isouard
Chaconne and Rigadon...Monsigny-Gevaert
"Misero! o sogno" and.....Mozart
"Aura, che intorno".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony, played here for the first time at the second concert of this season, was repeated yesterday at the request of many. Seldom has an unfamiliar composition of so great proportions gained immediately such popularity. When an opera singer of wide-spread reputation sings at a Symphony concert the audience is usually impatient until she sings for the first time, and restless during the orchestral piece that precedes her second solo. Composers have often suffered cruelly thus sandwiched. The concert is then turned into a prima donna's festival, and the composers of the orchestral pieces, the orchestra and the conductor are butchered to make a singer's holiday. No wonder that there are conductors who are bitterly opposed against the appearance of a prima donna at a Symphony concert.

Yesterday Mr. Rachmaninoff's symphony was first on the program. The composition is a long one; it lasts about an hour; but there was no sign of restlessness; the music was evidently enjoyed; there was hearty applause, applause that was more than an expression of courtesy; and at the end the applause was enthusiastic and long continued, so that Mr. Fiedler was recalled and the orchestra with him acknowledged the tribute to a superb performance. A prima donna, if envy ever dwells in the heart of one, might well have envied the composer, the conductor and the players.

The symphony was reviewed in The Herald at length when it was first played here and so short a time has elapsed that it is not now necessary to dwell upon the character of the work. As before the first two movements seemed by far the strongest, architecturally and emotionally. Again the third movement seemed insufferably long drawn out and sentimental.

The fourth movement gained on a second hearing. It had a more decided profile and seemed less episodic.

Themes of Singular Beauty.

The reasons for the popularity of this symphony are not far to seek. The themes are eminently melodious, and some of them are of singular beauty; there is rich coloring; there are beautiful nuances in color; there is impressive sonority; there are frequent and sharp contrasts in sentiment, rhythm, expression; there is stirring vitality. Mr. Rachmaninoff in this symphony is romantic in the old and accustomed forms. He does not surprise or perplex by experiments in harmony; his form is essentially academic and traditional. Here is another case of new wine in old leather bottles, but first of all the bottles were put in thorough order, patched, strengthened, cleaned.

Instantaneous popularity often indicates some weakness in a composition. It will be interesting to watch the life of this symphony. There was a time when Raff's "Lenore" was as rapturously applauded. The most extravagantly things were said about it. Raff, too, had uncommon contrapuntal skill; he, too, was a fecund melodist; he, too, had a pretty sense of color in his day. And what, pray, has become of Raff's "Lenore?" It is in the great cemetery of orchestral compositions buried snugly with its heroine and her Wilhelm.

Let us enjoy, however, the gifts the gods give us and not indulge ourselves in gloomy thoughts. Mr. Rachmaninoff has written beautiful and eloquent music in this symphony. He has shown technical skill and revealed an emotional side that he has concealed in other compositions. Whether he would show inspiration outside of traditional forms; whether he has imagination in sufficient degree to shape wondrous thoughts in a freer form and be a law not only to himself, but to his hearers—these are questions that are not now necessary, nor would it be pertinent to compare this symphony with Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," which was played at the last concert; for, in the first place, the works are wholly disparate.

Old French Treasure House.

Miss Farrar again went to the old French treasure-house of Opera Comique for an air and again she chose for her second selection a recitative and an aria composed originally for a tenor. Last season she sang music by Gretry and Debussy. Yesterday she brought out the air of Therese, "Ah! pour moi quelle peine extreme" from Isouard's "Jeannot et Colin" and music written by Mozart for the tenor Adamberger. She sang the first with the appropriate simplicity and earnestness, with the quiet emotion that was preferred in Isouard's time to passion and considered finer art.

The music by Mozart had been abridged for her by Dr. Muck, and it is said that he revised the instrumentation of the accompaniment. The original recitative is very long, and the air too may well be shortened. Miss Farrar at once made a fitting distinction between the lightness of Isouard's style, the sprightliness even in sorrow of the old Opera Comique and the grand style of the Italian recitative. She declaimed this recitative admirably, and she added beauty by tonal richness to the exquisite opening phrase of the air "Aura, che

interno." This opening is the most expressive part of the air. There are measures afterward of sheer formula according to the period. Miss Farrar was naturally not so effective in these formulas as in the emotional recitative or in the purely lyric portions of the air.

The dances from Monsigny's "Aline" were a fitting part of the archaic intermezzo between the modern symphonic romanticism of Rachmaninoff and the dramatic romanticism of Beethoven, that is for all time. These dances, with the songs of Isouard and Mozart, furnished a strong contrast by their old world flavor.

The program of the concerts Nov. 18-19 will be as follows: Symphonic poem, "The Culpit Fay," by Henry Hadley (first time here; conducted by the composer); Chopin's concerto in F minor for piano (Mr. Carlo Buonamici, pianist); Tchaikowsky's suite in G major, No. 3. There will be no concerts next week.

GERALDINE FARRAR SINGS AT SYMPHONY

Journal
Wins Genuine Enthusiasm
by Dramatic Presentation
of Mozart Work.

COSTUME SERVES
TO ATTRACT MANY

Hat, With Its Snug Body and Trail
of Feathers, Gives Aboriginal
Effect.

Geraldine Farrar made her first appearance of the season here as soloist at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled, but though there were no dukes present, the enthusiasm over her singing was not intense. Miss Farrar appears to better advantage on the stage than on the platform, and when on the platform she does her varied gifts more justice when the atmosphere is more favorable than it is at a Symphony concert. Her most successful appearances in concert have been made when the audiences were free to ask more than what the program offered. Encores are not per-

mitted at Symphony concerts. Paderewski is the only artist who makes this rule as dead lettered as the ordinance requiring women to take off their hats.

Miss Farrar sang the air, "Ah! pour moi quelle peine extreme," from Isouard's "Peannot et Colin," an opera produced in Paris in 1814 and not heard of for the last fifty years or more, and the recitative "Misero, o sogno" and air "Aura, che intorno," which Mozart wrote in 1783 for the tenor Adamberger. Dr. Karl Muck, the former leader of the Symphony Orchestra, rearranged the Mozart number for Miss Farrar's use. The Isouard number made only a moderate impression, for much of it lies in the high part of Miss Farrar's voice, which is the least effective part. It is a question whether the song was worth reviving. But in the Mozart piece Miss Farrar displayed some of the remarkable dramatic power that has made her one of the notable prima donnas of the day. She was altogether happy in her choice of such a number no less than in her performance of it, and this time the applause was genuinely enthusiastic.

As usual, Miss Farrar's dress and hat made something like a sensation. During the first number the women in the audience were perceptibly distracted. The general opinion was Melrose's favorite daughter suggested the Princess Pocahontas at the English court. The hat, with its snug body and trail of feathers, certainly looked aboriginal.

The orchestra gave a splendid repetition of the Rachmaninoff symphony, played here for the first time three weeks ago. The chaconne and rigadon from Monsigny's "Ballet Heroique," "Aline, Reine de Golconde," produced at the Opera in Paris during the days when Bostonians were becoming insurgent over the Stamp Act, proved to be a delightful diversion. The other orchestral number on the program was Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. At the concerts on Nov. 18 and 19 the soloist will be Carlo Buonamici, the distinguished Boston pianist. Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "The Culpit Fay," will be performed, with the composer conducting.

The Symphony Orchestra will depart next Sunday night on its first journey of the season to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and incidentally Hartford. Mr. Fiedler has made Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor—to be played in Baltimore and in New York—Brahms's symphony in F major—to be played in Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn—and Mr. Strube's overture, "Puck"—to be played in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York—the chief items in his programmes, with Schumann's overtures to "Manfred" and to "Genoveva," Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and Sibelius's "Finlandia" for the incidental pieces to be oftenest repeated. In Baltimore and in Philadelphia Mme. Meiba will assist the orchestra; and at one concert in New York Miss Farrar will be the singer.

Clerk of the Day
The prima donnas are returning. Every ship brings additional swear-words, wedding rings, and anti-ducal tirades. The papers are bursting with important tidings about prima donnas, whereas formerly they were content to print "Consignment of Songbirds Arrives," with the bill of lading underneath, and let it go at that.

Somebody deserves great credit for coaxing prima donnas to talk, for you can't think how shy and temperamental they are. Don't you remember the fond old stand-by in which the prima donna is discovered weeping in her dressing-room because people stared at her during the performance? Imagine the diplomacy required of a reporter to walk up to the timid creature and say, "Which swear-words are you giving out for publication this morning?"—or, "Kindly impart a lie or two about your fiancé,"—or, "Speaking of dukes, wouldn't you prefer a Harvard man?"

Well, being interviewed may come hard, but it beats looting millionaire artists, all things considered, and is a necessary prelude to success, since the prima donnas know that stage fright would spoil everything. They dread stage fright, and seek to prevent it by getting on ridiculous terms with the audience before the season opens. Clerks believe that the effort is not wasted.

Consider stage fright. What is it, really, but a terror lest you appear absurd, lose your head, and make of yourself a goose? Once you have discoursed in swear-words, exhibited a humbug wedding ring, and twaddled about dukes, no such terror remains. You are as safe as a fighting dog with cropped ears. You don't dread sacrificing your dignity, having none left to sacrifice.

The Clerk would not speak thus freely if he supposed that any prima donna might recognize herself in the above characterizations. Small risk of that. Those ladies are too busy with rehearsals to read the utterances their press agents have invented, and would heartily disown them if they did. *Trans. Nov. 4/16*

Mr. Rachmaninoff in England

Trans. Nov. 24/16
A pianist, composer and conductor, Mr. Rachmaninoff has paid a visit to the musical festival at Leeds in England, somewhat as he came to Boston and to the Symphony Concerts last year. At Leeds he played the pianoforte part in his own concerto in C-minor, and conducted in his own symphony in E-minor. His audiences found him as interesting personally as Bostonians did last December, and they applauded his playing and his conducting warmly. His symphony, too, seems to have stirred many that heard it as it stirred the listeners at the Symphony Concerts here a week ago. Most of the reviewers are as

warm, and the Manchester Guardian may speak for them: "The symphony promises to be more popular here than any foreign piece of scope since Tschalkowsky's 'Patriotic' symphony. Tschalkowsky speaks in his 'Letters' of the symphony as one of the most lyrical forms of music, meaning that it is one of the forms most free from a conscious programme and a direct outpouring of personal feeling. The common view is that the symphony should be composite and multitudinous in its emotion. But what the symphony is to Tschalkowsky it seems also to be to Mr. Rachmaninoff. His symphony is lyrical first of all because it is controlled almost throughout by single lines of melody. That melody is always beautiful and rich in resource. We admire its wealth of resource all the more because we recognize all its diversity as kept strictly within one type of melodic formation, and while we admire it we must admit that this fidelity to type begins to weary us in the end, although the melody is set off with every imaginable variety of color and orchestration."

"The rhythm, piquant and varied as it is within its scope, has also a purposeful unity of type. But we do not think this unity tends to a feeling of monotony at all. The whole symphony is in quasi-march rhythms. It has coldness as well as color. In the second melodies of the first movement and the scherzo there is a true amiability and sweetness as well as warmth, but in these melodies alone. The scherzo is placed as the second movement, and is in quick-step rhythm. It is highly fantastic, and there is some charmingly grotesque writing for the wood-wind instruments. The slow movement is extraordinarily pensive for a concerted composition. The melody is cold, but of the utmost tenderness. Its poignancy seems strengthened by a certain emulation of the melody from Brahms's Violin Concerto. This movement is of great beauty, and it is vital to the nature of its style that it should stretch out to somewhat inordinate length. We do not realize the strain it has put on us in this way till we get into the last movement, which is on a lower level of feeling. When, however, in its second subject we return once more to a slow cantabile style and the old type of melody is felt here to be insufficiently enriched by the harmonies, our one doubt about the absolutely genial character of the symphony comes on us. We begin to tire, but so near the end that we feel it does not much matter after so long a time has been spent in delight."

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One Symphony Rehearsal Season Ticket, beginning in January. Address S.T.S., Boston Transcript. WS4t(A): o 26

MISS FARRAR THE SOLOIST

Nov 5/16
Sings Two Rare Songs
at the Symphony.

Rachmaninoff's Symphony Is
Repeated by Request.

Brilliant Rendition by
Conductor Fiedler.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was soloist at the fifth symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. She sang two unfamiliar airs, neither of which in all probability has been heard before in Boston. They were the air which Therese sings at the opening of act 3 in the light opera, "Jeannot et Colin," by Nicolo Isouard, or Nicolo of Malta, as he was usually known, and the recitation and aria "Misero! o sogno," by Mozart.

By request, Mr. Fiedler repeated Rachmaninoff's 2d symphony, first heard here a fortnight ago. The other orchestral numbers were the Chaconne and Rigodon from Monsigny's opera, "Aline, Reine de Golconde," and Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

Miss Farrar does not seek to conceal her fondness for the exotic and the unexplored. She has not been content to follow old custom in the choice of songs.

Last year she sang a piece written for a man but the air of Azael in Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," is essentially lyric and was not unsuited to her. But the Mozart aria of yesterday is heroic and was written for dramatic tenor. In this instance her search for an antique novelty has led her to attempt something not easily to be associated with the qualities of a woman's voice and style. It would be as incongruous for a baritone to sing Saint-Saens' voluptuous aria for Dailah.

Within Her Range.

In the aria from "Jeannot et Colin," on the other hand, Miss Farrar kept within the possibilities, but in giving the piece its just and characterizing

color she used a quantity of tone which is not beautiful.

The grief of Therese over her departed lover is not the grief of prostration, of the faltering and decline of the physical functions. She finds a sweet melancholy in nursing her sorrow, but it is not beyond assuagement. He will come again and, more than that, he will be faithful.

The air is plaintive and has prettiness and delicacy of outline. It is intimately feminine music and invites the grace and soft languor of femininity. To match its naive humor Miss Farrar evaded the quality of voice which denotes depth and sincerity of passion, and used the puerile color of tone which the voice-builder would call "white."

Miss Farrar is adept in drawing the clear, cool line of a phrase in quaint or archaic music. Her voice itself is essentially lyric. She can make tones surge softly up to a medium of loudness sound beautiful. Had she permitted Therese a richer and less unsophisticated tone yesterday she would have given her audience greater pleasure.

Mozart Recitative.

In the recitative of the Mozart and in the first or quieter portion of the aria Miss Farrar's tones were often beautiful. Here the singing actress was characterizing by voice the grief of a lover, who upon awakening finds prison walls intervening between him and his beloved.

Here is the tragic utterance of a strong man. The more contemplative part of the aria was within Miss Farrar's grasp vocally. The latter part, which carries the hero to the very ecstasy of frenzied grief, was not. The pace here is rapid, the line of the melody high and unsparing.

The singer may not have been in good voice on a day of such unescapable weather, but her tones in the upper register became piteously strident when forced to loudness, and there was but meager suggestion of the furor which demands the robust qualities of the male singer.

After both appearances Miss Farrar was called repeatedly to acknowledge applause.

Mr. Fiedler conducted the symphony with unprecedented resilience and glow. Accent struck fire. There was undue rapidity at times, but there was the surge of passion in it.

The audience responded with long and general applause, recalling Mr. Fiedler, who bade his men stand and receive the tribute with him.

The bigness of this symphony grows more difficult to define. This is not music of today or tomorrow. It speaks of the eternal mystery of life. It will be heard by the unversed in music and will be understood, and therein lies the wonder of it.

SYMPHONY-FARRAR

Single seat in Lower Front Balcony; Evening; Rent or Sale. Apply Room 8, 70 Kilby St.

WANTED

One Symphony Rehearsal Season Ticket, beginning in January. Address S.T.S., Boston Transcript. WS4t(A): o 26

A RARE NEW SYMPHONY

Trans. — Oct. 17/10

MR. RACHMANINOFF'S REMARKABLE MUSIC

A Brilliant Second Performance Warmly Received—The Symphony and the Orchestra—Design, Structure and Instrumentation—The Suspense and the Excitement of the Whole—The Drama in Tones That, Movement by Movement, the Symphony Unfolds—The Intense and Exalted Mood of the Music—Rachmaninoff and d'Indy

SATURDAY evening at the Symphony Concert Mr. Rachmaninoff's new symphony kindled and held the same eager interest and won the same hearty applause that rewarded it on Friday afternoon. At the end of the symphony, indeed, the applause was even heartier. Twice it recalled Mr. Fiedler and once it brought the men of the orchestra, as they amply deserved, to their feet. As it happened, Mr. Rachmaninoff's music displayed richly and insistently the best and most characteristic qualities of the band as it now is. The symphony is often full-throated, rejoicing, but not rioting, in the sonorities of which a full modern orchestra is capable. Mr. Rachmaninoff's instrumental coloring either glows with its own intensities or sinks into sombre shadow. He is fond of tumultuous, pitching rhythms, and of broadly rising, spreading, sustained orchestral song. When he would employ a single instrument, or only a few, he opens the tonal mass so that it may not cloud the chosen voices. The symphony abounds in adroit transitions that stir and test the skill of those that are to make them. In particular Mr. Rachmaninoff loves the penetrating voice of a solo violin, the plaintive timbre of the violas, the wistful and melancholy clarinet, the gravely echoing horns and the suggestion of sombre or excited drum taps. Throughout, finally, the symphony is written with a large and long-breathed eloquence; its progressions swell; its voice of jubilation or of brooding, of struggle or of aspiration, of wild dance or of heart-felt song, is always passionate. The Symphony Orchestra, as it has become in the successive years of Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler, excels in such sonorous, intense and changeable eloquence, in such tests at once of its virtuosity, its emotional understanding and its imaginative and executive fire. Alike on Friday afternoon and on Saturday night it was thrilling to hear. It called the symphony to revealing and impassioned life.

quent intensity that animates it. Such discretion reveals Mr. Rachmaninoff's fidelity to established symphonic form, without dry pedantry, without obvious and meticulous labor. Rather he uses it with the large and varied command of a composer who finds it a sympathetic means to the expression of his musical ideas and the emotions that awaken and sustain them, and who can mould it, without breaking to his purpose. Analysis discloses also the large and fine architectural unity of the symphony. Mr. Rachmaninoff does not merely bind it together by the prescribed and the customary recapitulations, reminiscences and relationships; he does not employ them mechanically and arbitrarily, like the cross-references in a railroad time-table. He has given the symphony a large organic unity of its own; he has made the design unfold itself from itself; and he does not stay the unfolding for mere perfunctory music-making until he is ready to go forward. The introduction declares and enriches the largely invented, intensely imagined and full-voiced melodic thought that is to be the central and the unifying idea of the symphony in, from and about which its emotional eloquence is to play. The contrasting melodic ideas of the first movement, the introspective treatment which the central thought undergoes, enforce and maintain this unity. The scherzo, with all its rising and sinking riot of antithetic wildness, seems, as it were, to keep this central idea in the air. It is to be heard again under and through the long-sustained and insistently swelling song of the Adagio; while the Finale, alike in its jubilation, its poignant lyric interval, its nervous return to orchestral excitement, its triumphant proclamation of the chief idea, and its recoil into a restless, doubting, concluding moment—assembles and concentrates all that musically and emotionally has gone before. This same analysis may also assort some of Mr. Rachmaninoff's methods and means to eloquence—his fondness for augmentation and diminution, for example, especially in its full flower of alternately advancing and receding climax until at last it breaks in full orchestral flood; his liking for tumultuous, nervous and now and then rather choppy rhythms; his breadth of modulation as of a large and sweeping hand; his spirited ingenuity in fugal, imitative or reminiscence passages; and his curious disposition to let each movement of the symphony fall away, whatever its moods, into a melancholy silence that seems to close in upon the whole. More than once in the music Mr. Rachmaninoff uses this device, as though he would not let one thought flow out of another or leap in sharp contrast against it. He prefers that the succeeding idea shall close in upon its predecessor by its own superior power or by the power with which the music urges it. Scratch a Russian composer, even of the second generation and dwelling in Dresden, and the stern fatalist lives underneath.

Of course, these are reflections and suggestions of the engraved page, as well as of two hearings in the concert room; but Mr. Rachmaninoff has written his symphony to be heard and not to be read, and to quicken mind and feeling by what the ear receives on the instant, and not by what the eye meditatively reads. He is curiously master of a musical suspense, in both the substance and the spirit of his symphony, that is akin to the suspense of a well-ordered drama. The introductory Largo begins gravely; then breaks into gleaming rifts like those of an autumn sky, out of which slowly shines the chief melodic idea of the symphony. Very gradually it takes shape and substance, gathers intensity, gains poignancy, falls away again, and then, led by the wistful English horn, in one of those persuasive and anticipating transitions that Mr. Rachmaninoff uses often in the symphony, passes into the Allegro Moderato of the first movement. Throughout, in its musical thoughts and the emotions born of them, that movement is never quite conclusive. It teems with contrasts—of melancholy, introspective, almost self-pitying melody set against the outspoken and concentrated power of the chief musical thought; of orchestral tumult falling away into orchestral wail. The music is fitful, nervous, sustaining each of its moods only to pass to another. It tries to spend itself in frenetic energy. It tries to soothe itself into sober repose. At the end it seems to have worn itself away in its efforts. It will not sustain one dominant mood, or enforce one authoritative thought. It is never conclusive. Mr. Rachmaninoff shares the modern mind. It is not good, though it may be comfortable, to be sure.

The ensuing Scherzo continues this musical and emotional suspense. The clamorous, clanging dance tune, with which it begins—and here again the Muscovite will out in Mr. Rachmaninoff—never quite masters the movement. It must yield first to a songful melody that is almost Italianate—since young Italy may not be escaped even in absolute music in these days—in its frank intensity. Then it must strive against the nervous fugal passages that Mr. Rachmaninoff evokes from one of the restless phrases of the first movement. The dance echoes itself pleadingly; cries shrilly; bids the drums emphasize it and the glockenspiel invite heed of it; tries to conquer by sheer force of proclaiming and flamboyant brass. The fugue resists, now with fitful nervous energy, again with large, sombre, passionate force. The dance tune wears itself away in the struggle. The movement ends dimly, tiredly.

The Adagio is yet again akin in its pervading mood of agitated, nervous, inconclusive struggle. Three melodies have their part in it; but none establishes itself above the rest. The chief musical idea returns for a time pleadingly, insistently, but the newer melodies will not long give it place. If wildness might not conquer in the Scher-

zo, no more may saddened and longing musing, even though for the moment it turns almost anguished in its intensity, have the mastery in the Adagio. The clarinet sadly sings its song—and in the distinctive passages of this movement Mr. Grisez and Mr. Witek were virtuosi indeed—the violas add their plaintive voices; the shadowing violoncellos theirs; the horns are as echoes of melancholy contemplation; the violins lament. The insistent song is now low-voiced as though in gloomy communion with itself. Then, mounting into the upper registers of the instruments, it is almost shrill, as though all the world must hear and pity. It gathers to itself the whole power of the orchestra and rises to sonorously impassioned climax; recedes like a thwarted wave; yields a little to the chief theme of the symphony; surges upward yet again; dashes its flood upon the mysteries that still withstand it; is repelled once more; and then baffled, spent, despairing, wears itself sadly, and at the very end almost resignedly, away.

Will the Finale (Allegro Vivace) bring no victory to something, somehow, somewhere? It begins jubilantly enough. The orchestra clamors and clangs with triumphant excitement. The rhythms leap; the instrumental colors flare. And then, again in one of those adroit transitions, doubt enters for a moment, in the hinting voice of the bass clarinet. The rest of the wind choir, the whole orchestra, will not hear; it marches gaily forward, turns jubilant again, sings its elation in long swelling progressions. Yet not for long. The old restlessness, the old nervousness of the preceding movements return in passages that are formal "reminiscence" made vivid and poignant with dramatizing imagination. The old, insistent, inconclusive melancholy "closes in" upon the music in the queer fashion, as of a great and stifling cloud descending upon emotion and its voices, that Mr. Rachmaninoff has searched out and compassed. The orchestra gasps under it, and then gathers resentful, protesting voice. Its anger and excitement rise; in a fury it summons from the introduction all the concentrated strength of the chief idea. It proclaims the triumphant melody, exalts it, bears it sweepingly upward to the full strength of its united and ardent voices when they are most rich, most insistent. And the climax does not shatter itself. The day, as it seems, is won. There is no recession, but there is momentary pause. And then—since fate is fate and naught is sure—the symphony chokes itself away in the old nervous, restless brooding.

When the composers nowadays would be dramatic, they seek the opera house and for it write lyric tragedy or lyric comedy. Or at the least, they make a tone-poem, or some other species of programme-music, with a thickly printed fly leaf of explanatory notes to outline their drama. They have forgotten too

readily the power of musical sound in itself; the power of "absolute music"—to borrow a convenient phrase—when imagination and emotion as well as knowledge and skill write it. They have not heeded how the riches, the poignancies, the range and the significance of the instrumental coloring that our time has so fostered and so developed, have amplified, diversified and intensified this power of musical sound. They have lacked the depth of thought and the liveliness of imagination to see that a music-drama can be written in tones and in tones alone, within the established forms of "absolute music" and by (as they are sometimes pleased to call them) its outworn means. Such a drama in tones need have no text and not even a programme, save as each responsive listener shall make it out of his own kindled imaginings. It will have no need of designated personages, of indicated emotions. The characters in this drama—and they will be clearly defined—will be musical ideas, set in contrast and contest, making the drama and the contending emotions of it out of themselves. The dramatic progress, the dramatic stress, will lie in the play and interplay of these ideas, their struggles with each other and their musical environment, their defeats and retreats, their advances and their victories. Through it all the voices of the orchestra—the multifarious, communicating, irresistible voices of the modern orchestra modernly used, with imagination alike in composer, conductor and players to animate them—shall be as the very words, gestures and movements of the actors.

Music of vision, it is easy to retort. The academic dry-as-dusts at one extreme, the wild-eyed "programmists" at the other, will each fling back like answer. Yet such music has been written in this our advancing time. Mr. d'Indy has written it in that second symphony which Mr. Gerike, the composer himself, and then Mr. Fiedler has opened to us. Now, again, Mr. Rachmaninoff has written it in the symphony that so engrossed and stirred its hearers on Friday and on Saturday. And the two composers have in themselves and in their music, widely as it differs in a score and more of characteristic details and of individualities of imagination and execution, a common quality that is essential to the conception and the execution of such a symphonic drama in tones. Each is a man of rarely pure and exalted imagination. The cast of their minds and temperaments is noble, even austere. They have put off, if they have ever known, the commoner, the cheaper, the easy and the base things of imagination. They conceive, they write in exaltation of mood and accomplishment in a spiritual fire of devotion to their ideals. They would strip music of all its incidental, transitory, ostentatious

trappings and accretions—let it may emerge in the pure nakedness of its own beauty and power. The most ardent of the musical-dramatists, of the makers of tone-poems and rhapsodies, may not be more aflame with creative and consuming imagination than they. They have given their hostages to the "symphonic poem"; Mr. Rachmaninoff in "The Isle of the Dead"; Mr. d'Indy in "A Summer Day on the Mountain." When they turn to the symphony, they would restore music to its pure essence, and then distil its beauty, its power, its significance, even unto drama. And the drama shall be the more exalted, the more possessing, the larger, the nobler, the more intense for the disembodied means that accomplish it. Their two symphonies are such music and such drama.

H. T. P.

THE line of the faithful which gathered weekly in front of Symphony Hall to get the twenty-five-cent "Rush" seats will form early enough next Friday morning, for that afternoon Geraldine Farrar is to be the soloist. When Miss Farrar sang here last year, No. 1 in the line appeared shortly after eight o'clock and held her place until half-past one, when the doors opened and it is certain that the line will begin to form about that time next week. Miss Farrar with her usual enterprise and ingenuity will sing two pieces, neither of which in all human probability has been heard in Boston, and the chances are that neither of them has ever appeared on a programme in this country. The first will be a tune from the opéra comique, "Jean not et Colin," by Nicolas Isouard. The opéra-comique was produced in Paris in 1814, when Isouard was at the height of his popularity. Her second number will be a concert aria by Mozart, the first words of which are "Miserere! O segno, O son desto." All that Koechel can give on this aria is that it is supposed to have been sung for the first time at a concert in Vienna for the benefit of the Pensionsgesellschaft, in December, 1783. Miss Farrar found it this last summer and Dr. Muck has condensed and arranged it for her and written the orchestration. In response to a general desire Mr. Fiedler will, at this concert, repeat the Rachmaninoff Symphony. Between the two vocal numbers he will play two dances from Monsigny's old opera, "Aline." The final number will be the "Egmont" overture.

Trans. Oct. 29/11

GREAT AUDIENCE GREETSS GERALDINE FARRAR

MELROSE SINGER GAINING

IN ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

Aw. ——— NW 5. 10

First Appearance Since Return
From Berlin Triumphs Made
Yesterday at Symphony Orchestra Concert.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Rachmaninoff—Symphony in E minor.
Isouard—Aria from "Jean not et Colin."
Monsigny—Chaconne et Rigaudon from "Aline."
Mozart—Aria, "Miserere; o segno."
Beethoven—"Egmont" overture.
Soloist, Miss Geraldine Farrar.

Much as we admire Miss Farrar, we are always sorry to see a soloist outweigh the merits of an orchestral programme with the public. But it is a fault the world over that a celebrated singer counts more with an audience than the greatest band of instrumentalists that can be gathered together. Yesterday, as if to throw the singer into greater prominence, the instrumental list was not especially new or likely to excite an audience inured to classical music. The Rachmaninoff symphony had been heard a couple of weeks before, the "Egmont" overture is more than a twice-told tale, and the Monsigny numbers were not of importance.

But even had this not been the case the result would have been the same. We begin to suspect that our tremendously educated musical audiences in Boston are more or less of a myth. Only the other day we saw nearly an entire audience march out of a hall after a sonata and a concerto (six movements) had been played, serene in the conviction that they had heard the six numbers that the programme called for. Too often at crowded recitals do we suspect auditors in 50c. hats who occupy 2 seats. This last, however, does not apply to Symphony concert audiences, who wear large and expensive hats—and keep them on.

Let us clear away the orchestral work first, that we may come to more appreciated subject of the singer. The Rachmaninoff symphony was worth a second hearing, if only for purposes of study. We recognize a great work here, even if we do not rank it with the best symphonies of Bruckner and Brahms. The orchestra is handled with surety and power, but this is an epoch of orchestral skill. Our moderns even when they are scant of ideas can handle an orchestra in a manner that al-

most conceals that fact. But Rachmaninoff is not poor in the content of his work. He has very much to say, even if he is too long in saying it, and too fond of mysterious touches and sharp contrasts.

On a second hearing we find the first movement to grow more impressive. It has some really great moments. We are still unreconciled to that acrid and aggressive fugue in the second movement. The amount of woe that a Russian can give in a symphony is wonderful, but after tasting of Scriabin's "Ecstasy" we are quite satisfied to return to Rachmaninoff's grief. Again the technical work was a credit to Mr. Fiedler and our orchestra. The modern composers see to it that our orchestral men earn their salaries. The audience gave recognition to the difficulties that had been conquered, and Mr. Fiedler was recalled and allowed the orchestra to rise in response to the applause.

Once upon a time the "Egmont" overture was held to be too difficult for practical performance. We wish that the violinists of a century ago, who found the passage running up to C "impossible," could hear some of our latter-day tone-poems. For all that, the simpler style seems to us the more effective. Here is an overture that is quite short, yet it says all that its subject calls for. It is deeply emotional, yet it is symmetrical in form. It is not heavily scored, yet its piccolo (with trumpets, strings, etc.) gives as fiery a note of triumph as the more recent, ponderous, many-voiced spasms; and it is beautiful in the midst of war, disaster, gloom, or victory, for Beethoven held (and said) that Music even when picturing evil must itself remain beautiful. The performance was true Beethoven playing, virile and impetuous and tender and sorrowful by turns. To us it was the gem of the entire programme.

The Monsigny pieces were tuneful and had Gallic grace and daintiness. Father Gevaert, the chief of musical antiquaries, had retouched the work with reverent hands and had not too greatly modernized it. The first violins were well to the fore during the two numbers (which were continuous) and the rollicking style of the Rigaudon was well preserved.

In the old Rigaudons they used to sing as well as dance. We wish that this feature had been preserved. We should like to hear our orchestra as a chorus—once. But it was the vocal numbers that the audience were chiefly interested in. And yet, possibly not the numbers so much as in the American singer who had conquered Berlin and charmed even the critical Emperor; the artist who had won the right to look down even upon dukes with supercilious profanity. But it is more to the reviewer's purpose to note the fact that she is constantly gaining in artistic excellence. It is not so long ago that we found Miss Farrar faulty and decidedly unmagnetic upon the concert platform. A brief time has changed this. We feel that this young American deserves what she has won and may attain to yet greater heights.

Yet she was not in her best voice. The deluge outside may have dampened the

vocal chords, so that the artist seemed at first to display effort. The Isouard number was a chaste and modest selection and Miss Farrar entered sweetly into the spirit of it. Nevertheless, there was no very great abandon in it, from the timorous horn passages of the beginning to the discreetly abbreviated C in alt at the end.

The Mozart aria was another musicianly selection which again showed Miss Farrar's earnest vein. It was composed for tenor voice, and has been arranged by Dr. Muck. It is not attached to an opera, but displays the sorrows of a young man who is shut up in a cavern for some unknown reason, and naturally feels badly about it. He, however, sends his farewell sighs to her whom he adored and expresses considerable doubt about seeing her again.

Modern audiences do not thrill to these 18th century sentimentalities of rhyme, even though the music is earnest and tender. In this Miss Farrar, although an occasional deflection of intonation could be detected, was better than in the preceding number. Her "canto splanato" was very good; she took the B flat bravely, and she won much applause, being recalled again and again. But the truest tribute to Miss Farrar was paid before the concert began. Two hours before the concert began there was a long line of waiters for a chance to buy balcony seats. This line was in the street, extending even as far as Gainsborough st.; it was largely composed of women; it stood there patiently in the fierce tempest; and many were not admitted even after their vigil. We do not believe that this heroic band of moistened martyrs was waiting there on account of our Symphony orchestra, for when there is a purely orchestral programme they are not in evidence.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York—
Mr. Casals as the Ablest Living 'Cellist
—Choral Conductors and Operatic Music
—The Official View of the Allied Cecilia
—Minor Operatic News—Mr. Paderewski's Condition

Trans. — Nov. 11/10
THE first concert, for the new year, of the Symphony Orchestra in New York befell last night in Carnegie Hall before an audience, according to the Sun, that was representative of the city's best musical culture. The house was completely filled and the applause which followed the brilliant performance of the first number—Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E Minor—was a tribute to the noble playing of the orchestra and to the admirable conducting of Max Fiedler. The reviewer of the Sun analyzes the symphony in some detail, noting again Mr. Fiedler's "scholarly and illuminative reading, and the splendid performance of the artists from Boston." Later in the concert, the orchestra played Bach's third "Brandenburg" concerto with two harpsichords instead of the one that Mr. Fiedler used in Boston and that was

nearly inaudible. The doubling of the instrument seemingly little mended matters, and the reviewers of the Sun and of the Times agree that "the two made small defect against the army of strings." The Times similarly records the enthusiasm of the audience for "the very brilliant playing of the orchestra" and the Tribune declares that "the band quite outdid itself."

5th Symphony Rehearsal

By Olin Downes *Post*

The programme of the fifth public rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season: Symphony in E minor, Rachmaninoff (repeated by request); Air of Therese, "Ah! pour moi quelle peine extreme" from "Jeannette et Colin," Nicolo Isouard; Chaconne and Rigaudon, from opera, "Aline, Reine de Golconda" (Concert arrangement by Gaevvert); Recitative, "Misero, mio" and air "Aura, che intor-no," Mozart; Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Beethoven. Soloist, Geraldine Farrar.

Miss Farrar was fortunate in her choice of music of other days which is hardly known in this city, as she was last season when she sang a charming old air by Gretry. She is also happy in her interpretation of such music, which demands uncommon taste and simplicity of style, a fine legato and impeccable execution. There are singers who might escape criticism in a scene from "Aida" who would find themselves quite at a loss if confronted by the graceful, exquisitely fashioned phrases of Isouard and some of his contemporaries. And the air of Mozart, heard for the first time at the Symphony concerts, is indeed worthy of a hearing. It has classic purity of style, of course. It has also real nobility and dramatic force. The orchestration of Dr. Muck is admirably an admirable accomplishment. It reinforces the voice part perhaps more than the original instrumentation, and it finds a way to modern ears without in the least surpassing the tonal intentions of the composer.

Yesterday the weather was as bad as it could be for singing, and the singer may not have been in as good voice as on the same occasion last season; but her art was manifest and admirable. The music of Isouard was given its true character, it being a delicious combination of folk-song and powder-puff. The aria of Mozart lay as a rule in the best parts of Miss Farrar's voice. She once or twice ignored a detail of tone production, but she gave the music the utmost emotional depth. She was no longer singing concert music; she was interpreting a moving scene. She was often recalled, but, meaning no disparagement, it is good to say that the great Symphony of Rachmaninoff received as hearty applause. The performance will live long

in the memory of Symphony-goers. Mr. Fiedler conducted as if inspired, his men had become thoroughly acquainted with the music by the time of the second performance, and it is no wonder that at the end of the last movement there was crashing and long-continued applause. The work grows greater with every hearing. In fact, every new work which displays indubitable greatness should have at least two performances, not too far apart in a season, by way of introduction.

The music of Monsigny's "heroic ballet" was likewise delightful, and again the orchestration was an artistic achievement and a joy to the ear. Nor was the final performance of the Beethoven overture below the level of the rest of a memorable concert.

BOSTON SYMPHONY'S TOUR.

First Concert of Season Given in New York, with Miss Farrar as Soloist.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 10—The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the first concert of its 25th season in New York tonight at Carnegie Hall, and was greeted by its usual large audience.

Anton Witek, new concert master of the orchestra, was applauded, Max Fiedler was greeted even more effusively, and the appearance of Miss Geraldine Farrar was the signal for another storm of applause.

Miss Farrar, who made her first appearance in New York this season, sang an air from Isouard's opera comique "Jeannot et Colin" and an air of Mozart written for a tenor and abridged and revised by Dr. Muck especially for her.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Trans. — Oct. 7/10
A Word About Mr. Witek—The Considerable Place That He Occupied in the Musical Activities of Berlin—Puffs Preliminary for Elgar's New Violin Concerto—

IN the Berlin correspondence of the current issue of the Musical Courier is this interesting paragraph about Mr. Witek, the new concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, who makes his first appearances here this afternoon and tomorrow evening: "Berlin is sorry to lose Witek. For sixteen years he was a prominent figure in the musical life of this city and he made a host of friends and admirers here, as a man as well as concert-master, soloist, ensemble performer and teacher. As a concert-master, Witek is unexcelled and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will find it difficult to replace him. He came here from Prague in 1894 and for a full decade and a half he led the violins of this band of musicians. He was also the lead-

ing soloist among the personnel of the orchestra and his frequent appearances at the Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday popular concerts were always signals for full houses. It happened that I came to Berlin the same year that Witek did, and I distinctly recall hearing him play for the first time at one of the Tuesday 'Pops' in the fall of 1894. His number that night was Mendelssohn's concerto; he gave a beautiful, finished, artistic performance of the well worn piece, his technic was impeccable, his intonation faultless, even then, and he played with the ease and assurance of the brilliant virtuoso. Witek at that time was only about eighteen years old. Since then I have heard him play practically his entire repertory, which embraces everything of interest in violin literature. Witek prefers, however, the big symphonic concertos, like Brahms's, Beethoven's and Tschalkowsky's, although he is thoroughly at home in the virtuoso pieces of Wieniawski, Ernst and Paganini.

"As an ensemble player, Witek has made an enviable reputation for himself in Germany. The annual series of concerts given by his trio in this city ranked among the best that Berlin had to offer in this genre. It was always a marvel to me how Witek retained his technic and repertory, as with his orchestra work, his solo and ensemble playing and teaching, he was an exceedingly busy man. Many Americans studied under him during his stay in the German capital and they always spoke of their teacher with enthusiasm. Witek is a Bohemian, not a German, and he studied at the Prague Conservatory under Bennewitz, who was also the teacher of Hallr, Ondricek and Zajic. He came to Berlin at the age of eighteen and he was identified with the musical life of this city uninterruptedly up to the end of last season. Vita Witek, the violinist's wife, is a pianist of ability and attainments. A pupil of Leschetizky and Carreno, she has been the pianist of the Witek Trio ever since it was founded and she has proved to be an able partner for her husband. The artist couple will continue their ensemble work in Boston."

in D minor, No. 4.

ist:

SCHROEDER.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "The Roman Carnival," op. 9

HENRY HADLEY,

"The Culprit Fay" RHAPSODY for ORCHESTRA
(after the poem of like name by Joseph Rodman
Drake,) op. 62
(First time in Boston.)
(Conducted by the composer)

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO No. 2, F minor, for PIANOFORTE and
ORCHESTRA, op. 21
I. Maestoso
II. Larghetto
III. Allegro vivace

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SUITE No. 3, in G major, op. 55
I. Elégie
II. Valse mélancolique
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace
IV. Tema con variazioni

Soloist:

Mr. CARLO BUONAMICI

Steinway Pianoforte used

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

MR. HADLEY'S NEW ORCHESTRAL
RHAPSODY

His "Culprit Fay" for the Pleasure of an
Otherwise Uninteresting Symphony Con-
cert—Mr. Fiedler's Mistakes with Tschai-
kowsky's Suite—The Disappointing Mr.
Buonamici—"La Boheme" at the Opera,
with the Familiar Cast of Last Year—
The Conservatory Orchestra Heard Again

Once upon a time there was a "literary afternoon" at the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra were to play MacDowell's posthumous tone-poem, "Lamia," and the learned "programmist" had reprinted bodily Keats's long poem of like name, which had suggested the music. Evidently it was new or forgotten to most of the audience and through all the course of the concert many read it diligently, absorbedly. With Henry Hadley's rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," after Joseph Rodman Drake's like-named poem on the programme for yesterday, there was fair prospect to the cynically reminiscent of a second "literary afternoon." Drake's poem, which was published nearly a hundred years ago and that now the curious must hunt out of the anthologies, may not compare with Keats's in quality, but it would have been quite as new and strange to the company that assembles on Friday afternoons. Fortunately or unfortunately, the eminent "programmist" defeated these expectations. He found "The Culprit Fay" too long for insertion in even the spacious lengths of the programme book. A summary in prose that could be read in two or three minutes condensed it, and if Keats has had his day at the Symphony Concerts, Drake certainly has not.

Unexpected incidents, however, were not lacking. For the first time in some years a resident pianist, Mr. Buonamici, was the "soloist" of the afternoon, and for the first time since Mr. Pugno last played with the orchestra, a pianist had the score of his concerts before him. If to have the music before him helps rather than hampers him, there is no sensible reason why he should not have it on the pianoforte. Whatever way gives him the more freedom is the better way for him; but nineteen out of twenty pianists still memorize their concerts and the sight of Mr. Buonamici's score was a mild surprise. Then, too, there was the incident of the hats, though there was much more of it in Mayor Fitzgerald's office and in the evening papers than there was in Symphony

Hall. The trouble began, it seems, a fortnight ago, when sundry women were unable because of obscuring hats to look their fill upon Miss Farrar. (Mischievous feminine tongues hinted yesterday afternoon that they "must have been dressmakers.") They and others who had been similarly irritated bore their complaints to the mayor, even as to an all-wise cad in an Oriental town. The mayor was moved in his turn and wrote his letter. The management of Symphony Hall purposes to do all it can to persuade the women to remove their hats, without recourse to harsh measures. We shall see what we shall see: a fortnight hence Mme. Melba will appear at the concerts and necks will be craned to see her. Thereafter comes a succession of mere men, and with them the "agitation," like its predecessors in the past, is likely to subside.

Outside "The Culprit Fay" and the performance of it with the composer conducting, the concert was less interesting than any of its predecessors this autumn and for the first time the audience below stairs drifted away in perceptible numbers before it was done. In the nature of men and things and one hundred concerts here and elsewhere in six months, there is bound to be an occasional "off" Friday or Saturday at Symphony Hall and for no apparent reason. Yesterday, however, the causes were not far to seek. In the first place, Mr. Buonamici, who was clearly very nervous and who hardly did himself justice, played the pianoforte part in Chopin's concerto in F minor mechanically and drily, with little warmth of tone, variety of shading, elastic pace, sensitive rhythm or adept contrast. In the second place, unless there is some pianist like Mr. Paderewski or Mr. Pachmann, of very fine and sympathetic understanding to play the concerto, it sounds more and more antiquated and out of place in a concert-room of 1910, especially when Mr. Fiedler carries the accompaniment in such weighty accents and heavy sonorities as he did yesterday. In the third and last place, as a Scottish domine might say, Mr. Fiedler dimmed the tonal brilliancy, obscured the rhythms, blurred the instrumental colors and generally distorted the scherzo, the variations and the final polacca of Tschai-kowsky's suite in G major by the extraordinarily fast pace at which he took it. Plainly his men—and the highest of speed usually little perturbs these virtuos!—could not keep to his beat and play some of their instruments. Once, in a symphony of Beethoven, Dr. Muck so drove his men to a speed that they could not compass and maintain. Mr. Fiedler brought them to like case yesterday.

Of course the suite is brilliant, romantic music, rich in diversified and intense instrumental coloring, abounding in varied musical incidents and musical moods, frank of emotion, likely to stir any band of virtuos! that plays it and any audience that

listens. Those who recalled it came to it with warm recollection and high expectation of the wistful and reiterated song of the "Elegy" that begins it, of the shadowed and haunting voices of the "Melancholy Waltz," in which it continues, of the vivid tonal contrasts of the scherzo, of the fanciful variations, of the thrilling sweep into the final polacca and of the stately and gorgeous march of the dance itself. The whole piece was of a sort that Mr. Fiedler and the band, especially when it is at the top of its form, usually play brilliantly, excitingly. The "Elegy" and the "Melancholy Waltz" went interestingly, but with no particular stir to the listening imagination. Mr. Fiedler gained the long rich curves, the mellow ascent and descent in the orchestral voices, the wistful "dying falls" of the song of the "Elegy" and by pace and quality of tone kept the waltz a phantom waltz moving against its shadowed background as to the reiterated beat of moody, sorrowing thought, sorrowing, in Slavic wise in the arts, for the sake of sorrow.

In the confusions and distortions of over-speed and misplaced accents the scherzo began. The hearer felt little of the contrast between the gay beginning and the ghostly march of the trio; the end was a whirl of inchoate sound. The variations followed in light play of Tschalkowsky's ready and changeable fancies. Better than in the scherzo, Mr. Fiedler kept their contours, their rhythms; but as he advanced them, he blurred more and more in a perverse zeal for a hot pace that was evidently mastering him. He flung his band upon the introduction to the polacca—kindling suspense in tones if there was such a thing—and the pace was too swift for the music to sound either sonorous or brilliant. Even the ritardando, which is the climax of the suspense, was lost in the instrumental bustle. The polacca itself began, continued, ended and all the way was only a blind ruse of orchestral speed in which the proud rhythm, the sumptuous color, the romantic stateliness were ground, as it were, under foot. In a sense, music so brilliant could not help "sounding"; but it ought to have "sounded" more—and far differently.

When Chopin himself played his concerto in F minor at Warsaw in the thirties, he believed that the first movement was "quite unintelligible" to the audience that then heard it. Yesterday, it was too intelligible to those that were listening to it eighty years later—in its meagreness of form, its bareness of orchestral chess, its monotonous alternations of orchestra and pianoforte, its want of most of the qualities of lyric and personal hopin who was now trying to be big and conventional. Mr. Fiedler's playing of the accompaniment, which was heavy-handed and too

weighty of string tone did not much mend matters and Mr. Buonamici at the pianoforte was mechanical and nothing else. In the slow movement were the beginnings of pleasure because Mr. Buonamici's tone occasionally had songful quality, variety of accent, iridescence and intimacy. Yet he seemed to ignore more than the superficial contrast of the recitative in which the pianoforte seems to answer in melancholy voice its own richer and warmer song. The finale went better simply because Mr. Buonamici played with a keener sense of rhythm, of flashing phrase, of elastically modulated pace than he had shown in all the rest of the piece, and because Mr. Fiedler was lighter with his intervening orchestra. Yet the whole impression of the performance was disappointing. The concerto sounded singularly meagre, barren, virtuous. It needs a master of the finest intuitions, of the most adroit execution to play it, if it is to be played at all nowadays. It belongs to the historical hopin who is dull and threadbare and not to the hopin who lives because the beauty of his intimate and passionate melody, the iridescence of its harmonic glamor, and its sensitiveness to voice every lyric mood are deathless.

Thus, the pleasure of the day lay chiefly in Mr. Hadley's rhapsody and the apt and fanciful fashion with which the orchestra played it. As the music of symphony concerts goes, "The Culpit Fay" is a light, almost a gay piece. It expresses itself, the composer's imaginings, the suggestions of the poem behind almost wholly in the quality and the interplay of the instrumental voices. Mr. Hadley has imagination and invention in timbres. He can make them fascinate in themselves and suggest the image, weave the atmosphere, imply the violin that he would compass. He can choose no combinations and contrasts of the instrumental voices, reanimate old to his purpose, modulate and shade them subtly. "The Culpit Fay" is not notable for melodic invention; for Mr. Hadley, like the other young moderns, seeks serviceable rather than distinctive musical ideas that still possess the hearer for himself. The form of the rhapsody is free but never spumeless, and though it is designedly brief, it does not seem short-breathed. The composer could have said more, pictured more, adapted more of Drake's poem had he chosen. His means to his ends are his harmonic dress, which is often fanciful and sometimes daring, and his resource and imagination in instrumental timbres.

Thus equipped, Mr. Hadley is indeed a wise young man in the choice of a subject exactly suited to his purposes. Drake's verses summon the fairy train at still and moonlit midnight; the guilty fairy—he had endured the glance of mortal maiden—is condemned and sent to his punishment—to

swim the depths and fetch a drop of the glistening spray that the leaping sturgeon flings from his glistening back; to reach the stars and fetch a spark of their falling fire. Off he sets; a toad cheers his way; he has light adventures in the water and they are elfin; he has temptations in the stars, and they are of spirits. He achieves the quest; he returns to the fairy court; the faint flicker of dawn whisks it away. Tone picturing clearly for fanciful and adroit instrumental timbres. Now it must be—and is—as light as gossamer; now eerie with elfin voices and elfin steps; now flecked, as it were, with the spray and the spark; now swelling into baby tumult over the perturbed, the battling or the hurt on the way, wistful with a gentle longing not quite of mortal passion since it is of star-sprite and fairy; now gay with little touches of humor; now lightly solemn elfin-wise, when the fairy court gives judgment; now of tender fancy, as with the solo violin; now "creepy" of the terror—to elfin mind—of the night and the quest, now whistling with the eeriness of it all to elves, to us, and, may be to the orchestra itself. A trifle of light, buoyant, fine and inventive fancy that expresses itself as gaily, dexterously, pictorially and imaginatively in instrumental timbres. From beginning to end Mr. Hadley, as the saying is, "carries it off," and yesterday the orchestra was at one with him.

H. T. P.

HADLEY CONDUCTS

Post Nov. 19, 1910
Native of Somerville at Head of

Orchestra in Performance of Own
Composition — Buonamici, Local
Pianist, Soloist

By Olin Downes

A very enjoyable programme, and one which meant a great deal to Bostonians, was offered yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the sixth public rehearsal of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henry Hadley of Somerville conducted in person his own orchestral rhapsody, "The Culpit Fay," a delightful piece, after the poem of Joseph Rodman Drake, Carl Buonamici, the excellent pianist of this city, won a triumph with Chopin's F minor concerto. The programme commenced with Berlioz' overture, "The Roman Carnival," and came to an end with four movements from Tschalkowsky orchestral suite in G, op. 55.

"The Culpit Fay" won the \$1000 prize offered by the National Federation of American Musical Clubs for such a composition in the spring of 1909. Mr. Hadley has written very programmatically.

The argument of the poem is followed closely step by step. The fairies assemble at midnight to sit in judgment on the Culpit Fay, whose elfin purity has been sullied in "the glance of a mortal maiden's eye." The penalty for the Fay is to procure a glistening drop from a sturgeon as it leaps from the deep, to mount the skies and procure a spark from a falling star. The Fay is discouraged, for his wings are soiled—and his fairy chain broken, but he takes heart and leaps on the back of a frog. He plunges into the moonlit water, but the water spirits attack him, and he turns back in dismay. In a mussel boat he fares over the waters. Up leaps the sturgeon and he has his drop of spray. He makes the shore and mounts a firefly to the sky. A beautiful spirit of the air tempts him, but his word has been given to the queen of fairies and he goes forward on his quest. In the sky the star trembles, the meteor bursts, the Fay catches his spark and is welcomed back by the fairies. He joins in the dance, the cock crows for the dawn of day and the Fays have gone.

Mr. Hadley has written in a delightfully fanciful vein. There are, in turn, the suggestions of all the phases of the poem, the moonlight night, the court, the ride on the toad, the leap of the sturgeon, and the final pages, in a most refined manner, are truly impressive. The scoring is as felicitous as it could well be. The workmanship reveals the practised hand and the gifted musician. Mr. Hadley has steadily progressed as a composer for a number of years. He was recalled repeatedly for his admirable conducting, as well as his composition.

Plays From Score

Mr. Buonamici played from score and therein showed his good sense. A certain rather cruel tradition has developed in pianistic circles since the days of Liszt, who played without notes. It seems since to have become almost a matter of honor with a pianist to abstain from score during performance, and there is no greater nonsense. Some pianists have good memories, others have none. A will prefer to play with his notes before him, B cannot do himself justice unless he is entirely free of his score. Is there any earthly reason why a virtuoso should not establish the conditions to make himself heard to the best advantage—when he can?

Mr. Buonamici's performance was masterly. He did not modernize the concerto, which remains today one of the loveliest examples of that form of composition; neither did he perfume it or affect the languishing graces which many pianists seem to think characteristic of Chopin. Admitting that the performance was of a more robust description than may have seemed to some most characteristic of a very refined piece of music, it was musical and proportionate and full of delicious

color. In spite of his masculine treatment, more especially of the opening movement, Mr. Buonamici played with true elegance, and he was so thoughtfully indiscriminate that, for once, the music came from its real period—just a little in advance of Field and Moscheles, and by no means of such modern origin as the concertos of Liszt. Chopin, fresh from the hands of Zellner, and in the midst of Kalkbrenner, Czerny and their confederates, wrote a concerto which was in disconcertingly serious vein at the time, yet retaining the old forms and the old orchestration.

Who, listening yesterday, would have preferred different scoring? Mr. Buonamici's pianism was of the most artistic description. His execution was as clean as a knife, and his tone, whether in forte or pianissimo passages, was always pure, singing, and legato when demanded, no matter how fast the tempo. To play this rather looked-down-upon concerto is a real feat, and a pianist who can sing the larghetto so beautifully and yet so simply, and give the finale such unstudied grace and piquancy, may well rejoice in the maturing of his powers. Mr. Buonamici was recalled again and again, and certainly his reception was justified. The orchestral performance was brilliant in the extreme.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Henry Hadley Conducts
His "The Culprit Fay."

Buonamici Soloist in Chopin's
Second Concerto.

Globe — Nov. 19/10
Henry Hadley's "The Culprit Fay," was performed at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston, the composer conducting.

Carlo Buonamici, the resident pianist, was the soloist of the program. He played Chopin's second concerto. Berlioz' overture "The Roman Carnival," began the concert, and furnished a sonorous fanfare to introduce Mr. Hadley and his new piece. Tchaikowsky's third suite concluded.

Mr. Hadley spent his boyhood in Somerville, where his father was for 40 years director of music in the public schools, and his mother a contralto singer of local prominence.

He has many friends here who have watched him rise through the successive stages of his career as composer, from the early pieces when a student with Stephen Emery and George Chadwick, to his tone-poems, the symphonies and the operas, and as a conductor

from his direction of orchestras in various cities of Europe and of opera at Mayence, to his appointment last year to the conductorship of the Seattle Symphony orchestra, a post which he still holds.

Mr. Hadley is now making something of a tour as "guest" conductor. He conducted his third symphony at the Theodore Thomas orchestra concerts in Chicago, Nov. 11 and 12, and will conduct it with the New York symphony a week from tomorrow. The second performance of this symphony was by the Boston Symphony orchestra in April, 1908.

Mr. Hadley's new work, "The Culprit Fay," was first performed in May, 1909, at Grand Rapids, Mich., at the annual convention of the National federation of musical clubs, the Theodore Thomas orchestra playing, and the composer conducting.

It was awarded the \$1000 prize offered by the federation for the best orchestral work. There were 25 competitors. The judges were Mr. Loewler, Mr. Krehbiel and Walter Damrosch.

Drake's poem of the name is the exquisite poetic conceit upon which the piece is built. It tells of the midnight assemblage in court of the fairies, of their condemnation to exile of one of their number who has been sullied by the glance of a mortal maiden, and of his wanderings through the elements until he absolves the guilt by catching the spark of a falling star.

It is a theme to invite the lightest play of fancy. Such Mr. Hadley has given it. He seems at times to have been perhaps too mindful of his program. The work is episodic.

In aiming at the spontaneity, the fleetness and rapidity of action, supposedly characteristic of his subjects, the composer has changed often and abruptly the series of pictures which he would portray. The piece abounds in contrast, in dynamics, in color and rhythmic effects.

It has highly imaginative pages and leads the hearer through moments of adroit invention. It shows an intimate knowledge of the orchestra and a marked facility in the mixing of instrumental color, and in the realization of descriptive effects. It is music of unquestioned charm.

Mr. Hadley conducts with a quick, nervous beat, but with assurance and command. The orchestra was sensitive and euphonious.

Mr. Buonamici's playing of the Chopin was marked by purity of tone, by exquisite finish of outline. Embellishment was for once not an extraneous, obstructive impertinence to display the agility of a virtuoso. With what quiet fleetness, clearness of profile and true elegance of style he performed all the exfoliation with which Chopin has adorned his melody.

The slow movement was particularly beautiful in this regard. There was doubtless to be desired more emotional warmth to denote the real Chopin, but the serenity, the simplicity of this playing was a pleasure to all who admire true beauty of form and to those who commit nameless and wanton exaggeration in the name of Chopin.

The variations which close the Tchaikowsky are the work of a master. The first movement is variable and sentimental. The second and third are stale, flat and unprofitable.

There were repeated recalls for Mr. Buonamici and Mr. Hadley. An incident of the afternoon was Mr. Fiedler's presence in the orchestra during the conducting of the latter. It was an admirable courtesy.

A COMPOSER'S WORKSHOP

MR. HENRY HADLEY DISCUSSES THE
MAKING OF MUSIC

Trans. — Nov. 19/10
Is, for Example; America Hostile to the Art—A Trait of the American Critical Sense—Music in the West and the West in Music—The Time Pressure on the Composer of Our Time and Its Compensations—Of Music Publishers and Theories of Opera

AN American composer who is both American and a composer has been something of a rarity. Whether there is anything in our national temper which discourages the arts, particularly music, was among others a matter touched on by Mr. Henry Hadley, himself an American and a composer, in the course of an afternoon's casual chat. His name is as clear Yankee as the most fastidious patriot could demand, but for all that Mr. Hadley shows the marks of foreign study and foreign influence, in a frequent and unconscious lapse into the German phrase to denote something for which there is no precise Yankee equivalent. "Our sense of humor," he prefaced, "often gets into the way of serious work. We decline to risk making ourselves ridiculous. We are willing to be terribly in earnest underside, but affect to laugh about it in public. We are a nation of genial mockers; and as for music, we have said, 'There is already enough good music,' or 'Let Europe write it and we'll import.' This is passing. I'm sure of it. An American composer can now get a respectful hearing. He could not have that not so many years ago. I believe there is reason to think we are at a turn of the tide. I have gone along far enough now to be able to look out over the crowd a little, and I think I can see heads appearing here and there taller than the others. The disposition and the ability are with us; but you can see how this public attitude we have maintained so long would operate. Your best brains and your finest hearts go into practical affairs, where they can be sure of so much in return for so much effort. Now, as we learn to prize the less material things, the bolder spirits are going to take the great hazard and stand or fall by it, and out of this, one day, we are going to get the young fellow who can come along, do

the thing a new way, or an old way that seems new, and express America in music. And, I'm not prophesying; it may not happen just this way; I am only trying to sketch the causes that are at work to bring it about.

"In Chicago, Mr. Frederick Stock is doing, no one knows how much, in this cause. 'It is our duty?' he has said to me, 'to give these new things by our native composers a hearing, just as fast as they are worthy of it, or what are we here for?'

"Still, along with the American coolness towards American music goes another strain of the national mind that is going bye-and-bye to be of enormous benefit to us; I mean a certain natural critical faculty that the American man, from banker to plumber, can exercise on the music he hears. For instance, conducting the Symphony Orchestra in Seattle I encounter it continually; he can tell you which piece had the genuine grandeur, and which failed somehow, as he would say, to 'get over the plate.' He doesn't know how he knows, but he knows. I suppose this comes from the practical shrewdness that we know is ingrained in our national fibre. But this keenness to detect the true and the false is going to be a splendid guide to the younger men.

"Do I think the best of our work is to come through the institutions, the conservatories, colleges and universities? You have to reckon here with the man; how far he can or will break with the schools. I know this, the institutions are a great help; and a greater help, though we may not realize it, is the work that is being done right in the primary and grammar grades of our public schools where the raw material of our musicians lies.

"People suppose, also, that Seattle, where I have the honor to labor at present, represents raw material. If by raw we mean crude, that is far from true. The audiences of the Seattle orchestra are not as well educated to music as those of the East, for the very simple reason that they have never had the chance to hear things before. But they have heard about them, and there is the zest of giving them things for the first time; of getting them grounded in the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, while not neglecting the newer things. They are keen on it, and so is the orchestra. We are all in it together. Our rehearsals, hard work as they are, are a kind of musical lark. We take off our coats and wade in.

"There is, about it all, the feeling that nearly everyone has about working out there, that you are preparing the way. There is no doubt but that you are a part of the upbuilding of that region in one way or another whatever you do, if it is done well. This feeling has got into the finale of a new symphony on which I am working, 'North, East, South, and West.' The last movement is going to be called 'fresh'; I

can foresee that, and it will be exactly what I want. 'None genuine without,' as the soap people say. If it were n't fresh it wouldn't be Western.

"The way a composition grows? . . . hum! . . . no one knows. It just grows. A bit here and a bit there. If the subject is Oriental, or mediæval, you naturally soak yourself in Oriental books or mediæval lore. Live in the thing, even to time and place, so far as imagination will allow. Then themes begin to come; vaguely, at first, perhaps; or maybe, one occurs all complete, so that you can say 'This is it.' You try this and that at the piano, a figuration, a chord. . . . This might do, but this is better. Ah! here it is! and it goes down on paper. Some days the measures write themselves and a great deal gets done; other days, very little. Sometimes nothing. Orchestra rehearsals generally eat up the early part of the day, until three o'clock; and if they leave one limp, the little time that is left before evening is hardly enough; and the evening brings its distractions, for we cannot, well, we do not live all to ourselves, and all for an art, as men once could, or did. And I even believe we should not. For an artist in one kind needs to meet artists of another—painters, authors, men of affairs, scholars, and rub brains, and know what people are thinking. It was well enough that César Franck did his work before nine o'clock in the morning. I've tried that, too," and the speaker emitted a sound between yawn and groan. "A good deal of my work I do summers on my ranch, and as there is a bit of the chameleon about me, and when in Rome I write as the Romans do, it's quite possible that this has had something to do with that breezy finale I mentioned.

"Finally, comes the scoring: long and hard work, requiring patience and application. The songs? They are a different matter. I have combed down anthologies, Golden Treasures, cohorts of poets, early or contemporary, for the lyric wanted—lived with it awhile, and finally written it 'at one go-off' as we say, in two hours, as fast as my pen will do it. I have tried other ways, but they won't work. If the thing sounds labored, good-bye to it.

"If the work is a big one I do rewrite a good deal. I find plenty of places to improve. As for being performed, I cannot honestly complain of ever having had much trouble. . . . disappointments, delays, and such. As fast as my work deserved it, I find it has been willingly performed, which makes me, you see, more sanguine about the work of other men which is still to come along. There is one thing which composers are inclined to forget which I have tried to keep in mind; that the publisher of music is also a business man, and he cannot be expected to wish to take risks with one's big things until you have shown him what can be done with your smaller attempts. It may cost him \$1000. or more

to bring out a moderately long work, a work, too, of such a character that, for the present, not more than half a dozen copies may be sold and those to library collections, like the Allen Brown collection in Boston.

"Just now I am working on another symphony, as I have said, and an opera, the theme of which I am not at liberty to tell. This much I can say of it, however, that there will be no use of the lyric in it. I am convinced that the delineation, the coloring, the song elements of opera can be better done by the orchestra, leaving the voices, in conversation, to carry along the narrative and the action."

The programme at the Symphony Concert in Boston today traverses Berlioz's overture "Carneval at Rome"; Mr. Hadley's new rhapsody, "The Culpit Fay"; Chopin's concerto in F minor for pianoforte—with Mr. Buonamicci to play the solo part and Tschalkowsky's suite in G major. In New York, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Mahler is playing Debussy's new "Rondes de Printemps," Schumann's overture to "Manfred," Brahms's first symphony and, with Mr. Hofmann, Saint-Saëns's fourth concerto for pianoforte. In Chicago the "Rondes de Printemps" are also on Mr. Stock's programme, along with Debussy's "Scottish March," Brahms's first symphony, and Goldmark's concerto for violin with Mr. Macmillen in the solo part. (Evidently in the view of Mr. Mahler and Mr. Stock, Debussy and Brahms mate—or contrast—well. In Philadelphia Mr. Pohlig has returned to the elder classics, with Bach's suite in B minor, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and his concerto for two pianos, and Weber's overture to his opera, Eury-anthe" to fill the afternoon. Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Randolph are, of course, the pianists.

"Salome" will be performed for the first time in Chicago by Mr. Dippel's forces next Friday evening, and so far discussion is livelier there over the doubled prices than over any "moral issue" that may lurk in Strauss's music drama. In London, too, where it was said that "Salome" was, "of course," impossible on "moral grounds," the opera is in rehearsal for immediate performance, censor or no censor. Some day, even Boston will hear and applaud it, too.

Applied Adages—Smoke does not always indicate fire, nor do loud singing and loud piano playing, either. [The Musical Courier.

MAYOR'S ORDER DEFIED; WOMEN KEEP HATS ON

Unless Symphony Patrons Obey Order Hall Will Be Closed—

Management Alarmed

Post
Nov. 19/10

Women Win First Round in Symphony Hall Battle

The request of the Symphony management regarding the orders of Mayor Fitzgerald failed yesterday to induce women patrons of the Symphony orchestra to remove their hats, and now the management, face to face with the dilemma of losing its license unless the edict is obeyed, is planning ways to resist the unwillingness of their feminine patrons.

Tonight Symphony Hall will be a battleground between the management and its patrons, and women who

WEAR HATS AND DEFY THE MAYOR

are not inclined to remove their hats will be requested to leave the hall. What action will be taken if a number of women present refuse to leave the hall or to remove their hats the management refuse to state, but they hope that summary methods may not be forced upon them.

WOMEN WIN FIRST ROUND

Yesterday afternoon the women won. Every employee worked valiantly distributing cards requesting women to re-

move their hats. Every woman present read through the printed request carefully. Then the wand of the conductor waved and at the first bar of the orchestra a few hands plucked hesitatingly at hatpins.

But the number of women who complied with the request was pitifully small in contrast with the hats that still stood out prominently above heads. Bucket hats, toques, new hats, old hats, hats of every description seemed to be held even a little higher than usual and the fate of the Symphony Orchestra was trembling in the balance.

Mayor Fitzgerald's edict against wearing hats at Symphony concerts became known about noon, and as soon as possible neat cards bearing the following inscription were distributed:

Are Violating Law

"Ladies wearing hats in Symphony Hall during a concert are violating the law. Will you kindly remove your hat? You will thereby oblige those seated behind you and aid in observing the law."

Ushers and other employees darted about in the crowd in front of the hall distributing them and made sure that every woman to enter received one. Here and there a bared head could be noticed in response to the edict, but there were hats everywhere on the floor and the balconies were hedges.

Mayor Fitzgerald may not have realized the audacity of his request for Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, as it has been known from time immemorial as a show place of millinery. Probably no other place in the city ever abounds in so many creations of the milliner's art, and the majority are the freshest Paris fashions.

Men dodged back and forth yesterday just as they have dodged for Friday after Friday. They caught slight glimpses of Henry Hadley of Somerville conducting his symphonic poem, "The Culprit Fay," they caught fainter glimpses between waving feathers and plumes of Carlo Buonamici, the pianist. Birds of paradise, ravens and chanteclers waved before their eyes.

Not the First Attempt

The present crusade of the Mayor is not the first time that the feat has been attempted, and tonight's occurrences are awaited with interest by all who are familiar with the situation. But never before has the loss of the orchestra been threatened to Boston if the edict is not obeyed, so that it is judged probable that hats will be removed tonight, although the gnashing of teeth and remarks under the breath may not be welcome music to the Mayor's ears.

Tonight this slip will be inserted in all the programmes:

"His Honor the Mayor has notified the management of Symphony Hall that,

unless the law relating to the wearing of hats by ladies at public entertainments is obeyed at the Symphony rehearsals and concerts, he will be forced to revoke the license of Symphony Hall. "This will mean an end of the Boston Symphony concerts. It is hoped that the ladies who patronize these concerts will come to the aid of the management in this matter.

"THIS LAW WILL BE STRICTLY ENFORCED."

Manager Welcomes Edict

The strongest objection to the new ruling, it appears, comes from those who live out of town, and who must fasten themselves up considerably to meet the ordeals of wind and weather. But Mr. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, welcomes the edict from the Mayor. He said yesterday: "The ruling of the Mayor, who has written us an excellent letter as a result of many complaints which have reached him, will be absolutely enforced here.

"It was impossible to do very much this afternoon, though many of the audience were quick to oblige. But, in the first place, the ruling of Mayor Fitzgerald is perfectly justifiable from every point of view, and, in the second place, if the measure does not go through, Symphony Hall will lose its license, which no one in Boston desires. Mayor Fitzgerald, in the discharge of his duty as a public official, is assisting us to bring about conditions which we have tried to establish by request rather than command for several seasons. No hats obstructing the view will be worn in Symphony Hall next Friday afternoon or Saturday evening, or at any of the Symphony concerts following."

Mayor Fitzgerald's Letter

Mayor Fitzgerald's letter to Louis H. Mudgett, the manager of Symphony Hall, was as follows:

"City of Boston.

"Office of the Mayor, Nov. 18, 1910.

"Mr. Louis H. Mudgett, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.:

"Dear Sir—I wish to call your attention to chapter 3, revised regulations of Aug. 5, 1898, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement.

"I have received many complaints of the constant violation of this law in Symphony Hall at the rehearsals and concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I am informed that despite the printing of the regulation on the programme and the posting of cards in the hall, many, if not most, of the ladies who patronize these concerts, ignore the law to the extreme discomfort of their neighbors.

"These complaints have of late become more numerous and more emphatic. I have delayed as long as possible taking the matter up, not wishing to embarrass the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

which is one of the chief glories of the city, and hoping you would find some means to abolish the nuisance without resorting to extreme measures. It would be a calamity if it should be found necessary to put an end to these concerts for such a trivial cause; but the law is very clear, and distasteful as it is to me, I may be compelled to enforce it, even to the point of revoking the license of Symphony Hall.

"For 29 years these concerts have been a centre of the social and esthetic life of Boston. This city has one of the finest orchestras in the world, and for this reason, if for no other, occupies a unique place in the world of music. I am confident that the wearing of hats at these concerts is simply the result of thoughtlessness on the part of the ladies and when the matter is presented to them in a proper light, so that they will understand that a continuance of the custom might mean an end of the concerts, their loyalty to the orchestra and their respect for the law itself will bring about the reform asked for.

"I inclose a marked copy of the license under which Symphony Hall is operated. Yours very truly,

"JOHN F. FITZGERALD,
"Mayor."

WOMEN MUST REMOVE HATS

Management of Symphony Hall Recognizes That Removal of Hats Is Compulsory by Law, and Seeks Co-operation of Its Women Patrons

Mayor Fitzgerald today sent a letter to Louis H. Mudgett, manager of Symphony Hall, saying that he may be compelled to revoke the license of Symphony Hall, if women attending the Symphony rehearsals persist in ignoring the law by keeping their hats on. The mayor says that he has received many complaints from persons who experience discomfort by the practice of wearing hats. He adds that he has delayed taking the matter up, hoping that Mr. Mudgett would be able to abolish the nuisance without resorting to extreme measures. It would be a calamity, the mayor thinks, if it were found necessary to put an end to these concerts for so trifling a cause. The mayor's letter is as follows:

Nov. 18, 1910.

Louis H. Mudgett:

"Dear Sir—I wish to call your attention to chapter 3, Revised Regulations of Aug. 5, 1898, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement.

"I have received many complaints of the constant violation of this law in Symphony Hall at the rehearsals and concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I am informed that despite the printing of the regulation on the programme and the posting of cards in the Hall, many, if not most, of the ladies who patronize these concerts ignore the law to the extreme discomfort of their neighbors.

These complaints have of late become more numerous and more emphatic. I have delayed as long as possible taking the matter up, not wishing to embarrass the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is one of the chief glories of the city, and hoping you would find some means to abolish the nuisance without resorting to extreme measures. It would be a calamity if it should be found necessary to put an end to these concerts for such a trivial cause; but the law is very clear, and distasteful as it is to me, I may be compelled to enforce it even to the point of revoking the license of Symphony Hall.

For twenty-nine years these concerts have been a centre of the social and esthetic life of Boston. The city has one of the finest orchestras in the world, and for this reason, if for no other, occupies a unique place in the world of music. I am confident that the wearing of hats at these concerts is simply the result of thoughtlessness on the part of the ladies, and when the matter is presented to them in a proper light, so that they will understand that a continuance of the custom must mean an end of the concerts, their loyalty to the orchestra and their respect for the law itself will bring about the reform asked for.

I beg to enclose a marked copy of the license under which Symphony Hall is operated.

Yours very truly,

John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor.

Present agitation regarding the wearing of hats during performances at Symphony Hall has placed the management in a peculiar attitude, for while it desires to please its patrons in every possible way, it recognizes that law is law, as Manager Louis H. Mudgett states, and at this hall, so he added, they of course cannot expect to depart radically from the practice in force at other places of amusement or entertainment.

For a long time the management has printed in its official programmes a courteous request to women patrons to remove their hats, and again and again small cards bearing the injunction of the law have been handed to offenders, yet without avail, in most cases, as women, conscious that their millinery is attractive and becoming, have been reluctant to take off their hats. Again, disposal of the large hats in vogue is easier, if kept on the head, than if held in the lap.

The management has been as lenient as possible in the matter, because the majority of women patrons have preferred to keep on hats, whereas the minority have removed theirs. Present remonstrance against the custom comes from the few, rather than from the many, yet these few have the law on their side. It is from them that the complaints have been made to the mayor, who, in consequence, has been forced to act in the matter.

It is a singular condition that while most of the women patrons of the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra keep their hats on, these same women, as patrons of almost all other afternoon concerts in the hall remove their millinery, without hesitation, before a concert begins. In the evening no hats ever are worn and it is simply at the Friday rehearsals that the law is ignored.

Not a few patrons of the hall have made urgent requests to the managers to have the hall kept dark, other than for the lights above the stage, just as is done in like

places abroad and in theatres everywhere. They desire that this be done at both afternoon and evening performances. People who have made a remonstrance against the wearing of hats claim that their objection to this is because they frequently are unable to get a satisfactory view of the performers, especially soloists, and that failure to see as they wish to detracts from full enjoyment of attending concerts. Mr. Mudgett states that as the management does not make laws, and is, on the other hand, expected and bound to observe them, it finds itself in the position of urging women patrons to cooperate courteously in helping settle the difficulty by complying with the law.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

NO symphony stands on the programme of the Symphony Concerts for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Instead Henry Hadley's rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay" and Tschalkowsky's long and brilliant Suite in G-major will divide the purely orchestral part of the concert. "The Culprit Fay" won a prize offered by the National Association of Music Teachers for an orchestral composition and was performed first in the West last spring by the Chicago Orchestra. It was suggested by the like-named verses by Joseph Rodman Drake written nearly a hundred years ago and long established in American anthologies. They describe at length a midnight counsel of the fairy folk, the condemnation to exile of one of their number for slight offence, and his fantastic wanderings through air, water, light and fire into the palace of the sylphid queen. The verses may becomingly suggest music, but hardly such as Mr. Hadley wrote in his hotly and dramatically imagined tone-poem of "Salome" or in his soberer symphonies. The composer, who has been an operatic conductor at Mayence in Germany and who is now the conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra will lead the Boston band in his new piece. Tschalkowsky's Suite is best known by the "Valse Melancholique" and the set of variations ending with a gorgeous Polacca which are often played as excerpts from it. An Elegy and a Scherzo make the other two of the four movements. Between the two orchestral pieces stands Chopin's concerto in F-minor for pianoforte and orchestra with Mr. Buonamici to play the solo part. When he reappeared last autumn to a public that had long missed him, it had reason to applaud his virtuosity, his quickness of imagination and his warmth of feeling. *Drans. Nov. 12 '10*

SON OF SOMERVILLE LEADS AT SYMPHONY

Journal
Henry Hadley Conducts His
Rhapsody for Or-
chestra.

PIECE POSSESSES SINGULAR BEAUTY

Third Tschalkowsky Suite Is Or-
chestral Feature of the
Concert.

A native son of Somerville, Henry Hadley, was the foremost figure at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr. Hadley, who was formerly a student here in Boston, and who is a pupil of Jacques Hoffmann and a brother of Arthur Hadley, both members of the Symphony Orchestra, conducted his rhapsody for orchestra, "The Culprit Fay," which is a setting of Joseph Rodman Drake's poem. It was with this piece that the ex-Somervillian—who last year jumped across the country to take the conductorship of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra—won the \$1000 prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra played it through the Middle West last season, but this was its first hearing in Boston.

The rhapsody deserves to be performed by every symphony orchestra in the land. It is scholarly and imaginative. It conjures up the fairyland where elves and fays fogather when the watch strikes the hour of midnight on his bell of pearl, and where, according to the story, the culprit fay was condemned for his misdemeanor of permitting some mortal maiden to catch sight of him; it pictures the culprit regaining fairy favor by catching a drop from the rainbow of spray through which the sturgeon leaps, and catching, too, the spark from the trembling star; it makes a fairy tone poem that does credit not only to the composer, but to the organization that invited it.

It is written in the new style and it possesses that singular delineative beauty which characterizes the writings of Debussy and Loeffler. It is tone poetry of the most charming description, in which the imaginative element

is matched with mastery of orchestral forces. When it was over the audience kept the towering young composer bowing for several minutes.

Another son of Greater Boston, this time an adopted one, Carlo Buonamici, was also one of the heroes of the occasion. He played Chopin's second concerto so well that it almost seemed worth while. His crystal-pure tone, his unerring legato, his intelligent interpretation of a piece that might easily have been made to bore the audience, and his brilliant technical proficiency combined to win high favor for him. It was an artistic performance, worthy of a better composition. The enthusiasm was in this case altogether a tribute to the virtuoso.

The orchestral feature of the concert was the performance of the third Tschalkowsky suite Berlioz' rousing "Roman Carnival" overture was the introductory number.

"THE CULPRIT FAY" SYMPHONY FEATURE

Boston Ann. — Nov. 20/10
American Conductor and Amer-
ican Music Are Features
of the Concert.

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

American music and an American conductor were featured at the Boston Symphony concert Friday afternoon and last evening. Henry Hadley occupied the conductor's stand during the performance of his rhapsody "The Culprit Fay."

This work was inspired by the poem of Joseph Rodman Drake, and the poem was composed to show that American rivers lead themselves to romantic treatment as readily as the streams of Europe. Thus the music is in a way patriotic.

Mr. Hadley does not attempt to tell a detailed story by his music. If you gather that it is about faeries who punish one of their number by setting him hard tasks which he successfully accomplishes, the composer accomplishes his purpose.

His music is dainty as befits the subject. It is full of pretty little melodies and harmonies that suggest the fairy scenes. It is heard with pleasure and the instructed can appreciate the skillful use the composer has made of various instruments.

He has not attempted to suggest fairyland by new methods and one recognizes little tricks of orchestration that are pop-

ular with modern French composers. It is not an inspired work, but it compares favorably with many imported orchestral novelties.

Carlo Buonamici in the Chopin concerto played the flowing pleasant melodies with poetic fingers and in the vigorous and brilliant portions displayed marvelous technique and delicacy.

The Tschalkowsky suite is always delightful. The orchestra yesterday played it with abandon and rushed through the variations in a slam-bang manner that was unusual but effective and awakened loud applause.

HENRY HADLEY'S "CULPRIT FAY"

Harvard — Nov. 10

Prize-Winning Rhapsody Con-
ducted by Composer at
Boston Symphony.

MUSIC 'SOUNDS' AND CHARMS

Reminder of Early American
Lyric Flight Now Too
Little Read.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Carlo Buonamici was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
"The Culprit Fay," Rhapsody for orches-
tra.....Hadley
Concerto in F Minor, No. 2.....Chopin
Suite in G major, No. 3.....Tschalkowsky

Mr. Hadley's Rhapsody was composed in 1908-09, and it won the prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs in America. The composer conducted his work yesterday as he did when his composition was played for the first time at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 28, 1909.

The Rhapsody was suggested by Drake's poem of the same title. It would be interesting to know how many

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In the audience had read this poem by a New Yorker, who believed that the Hudson as well as the Rhine might inspire romance in verse and prose. The poem is to be found in its mellifluous length in "The Household Book of Poetry," collected and edited by Charles A. Dana in 1858 before he became embittered and when he had a poetic soul. Who reads Drake today, or knows of his close friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck? "The Culprit Fay" has gone its way with Percival's "Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" with its sibilant lines:

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail."

Mr. Farwell provided Mr. Hadley with an argument, in order that an audience, hearing the music, might dilate with the proper emotion. It is not necessary to inquire how closely the composer followed the poet's verse. Music that is only panoramic demands little discussion. It was enough for a hearer yesterday to know that the Fay's purity had been sullied; that he was obliged to pay a forfeit; that he accomplished his task and was wooed by a beautiful spirit; that he was true to his oath, and returning in triumph, was welcomed by the Fays. He joined in the mirth. Day broke, the cock crew and the Fays were gone from mortal sight.

Mr. Hadley has indisputable facility. He has talent as composer and conductor. The conspicuous feature of this Rhapsody is the instrumentation. The music always "sounds," and thus answers the requisite of Mozart: "Musik soll klingen." The musical ideas, while they are pleasant to the ear, are not strikingly original, and in fact they have little individuality, but they are agreeably presented and there is poetic treatment. The composer has fancy; there is the suggestion of fairyland. His instrumentation is not that of an experimenter; he has fine tonal sense. An instrument is used, not because it should not be idle, but because it aids in expressing the composer's thought. His blends of tone colors are often delightful, and the Rhapsody thus pleases, rather than by fine melodic line or uncommon harmonic treatment. "The Culprit Fay" is frankly pretty. In this period, when so many composers wish to be profoundly impressive or translators of pessimistic thought, it is a relief to hear pretty music. There is room for it, as there is for pretty women. A handsome woman is often as terrible as an army with banners. She may even be as stupid as the Fotheringay. No wonder that the audience was pleased and applauded Mr. Hadley as composer and conductor.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Buonamici chose Chopin's concerto, which is for a smaller hall and a smaller orches-

tra. The poetic flavor of this composition is quickly dissipated in Symphony Hall, unless the pianist holds the audience by the poesy of his performance and by irresistible rhythm. Mr. Buonamici is more successful with works of extreme brilliance, works that depend chiefly on dash and tours de force. He played clearly, with fluent technique, with a command of himself that was too often severe self-restraint. His tone was crystalline, and in song passages not without warmth; but the performance as a whole was lacking in spirit. The superb recitative in the Larghetto should have been declaimed with greater dramatic force, and the rhythm of the opening measures of the Finale should have been more sharply accentuated. Mr. Buonamici, who was heartily applauded, has many excellent qualities as a pianist, but this concerto did not display them brilliantly. The concerto is of an intimate nature. Mr. Buonamici shines in compositions that have exterior attractiveness; that require dash and virtuoso feats.

There have been much better performances of Tchaikowsky's Suite in Boston than the one of yesterday. The tempi chosen by Mr. Fiedler often did great harm to the music. The Scherzo, for example, was taken at so fast a pace, that it was hardly playable even by this famous orchestra. It was almost unrecognizable. There were variations that, on account of the pace set by the conductor, were merely a scramble. The composer gave the indication "molto vivace," it is true; but "molto vivace" does not mean that the music should be played so fast that it loses character and is beyond the performance of mortal men. And what is to be said of the hurried performance of the stately Polonaise at the end? The introduction for once was not impressive. There was no suggestion of an imposing preparation for something extraordinary to come. The Polonaise is pompous, ceremonious. As performed yesterday it was as any wild folk dance. Mr. Fiedler has a tendency to hurry his allegros and drag his andantes. Yesterday the performance of the Polonaise robbed it of its proud stateliness. Mr. Fiedler might answer: "But the audience applauded loudly." An audience is easily excited by din and blare and excessive speed. The public might, however, have been still more enthusiastic if the variations had been conducted with a finer sense of tempo.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, adagio and fugue for strings (first time in Boston); Brahms, concerto for violin (Felix Berber, his first appearance here); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Debussy, "Rondes de Printemps" (first time in Boston).

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MOZART,

ADAGIO and FUGUE for STRING ORCHESTRA
(First time in Boston)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, op. 77

STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Death and Transfiguration, op. 24

DEBUSSY,

Rondes de Printemps
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

FELIX BERBER

in the audience had read this poem by a New Yorker, who believed that the Hudson as well as the Rhine might inspire romance in verse and prose. The poem is to be found in its mellifluous length in "The Household Book of Poetry," collected and edited by Charles A. Dana in 1858 before he became embittered and when he had a poetic soul. Who reads Drake today, or knows of his close friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck? "The Culprit Fay" has gone its way with Percival's "Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" with its sibilant lines:

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Symphony Hall.

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8 P.M.

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ADAGIO and FUGUE for STRING ORCHESTRA
(First time in Boston)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, op. 77

STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Death and Transfiguration, op. 24

DEBUSSY,

Rondes de Printemps
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

FELIX BERBER

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MOZART,

ADAGIO and FUGUE for STRINGS, (K, 546)
(First time in Boston)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in D major, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,
op. 77
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

DEBUSSY,

"RONDES DE PRINTEMPS" "Images" for
ORCHESTRA, No. 3
(First time in Boston)

STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and
Transfiguration,") op. 24

Soloist:

Mr. FELIX BERBER

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DELIUS AND DEBUSSY
Trans. Nov. 26/10
AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE OF THE TWO
COMPOSERS

Delius as He Lives in the Suburbs of Paris
—A Morning of Talk with Him—Debussy
and His Japanese Prints—His Memories
of His Youth—His Opinions of Strauss
and Wagner

BY EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

WHILE the initial responsibility may to some extent be attributed to the suggestive pamphlet on Delius by Max Chop, it is in reality chiefly on account of the intrinsic poetry and force of his "Paris" which Mr. Fiedler gave us last winter, that I was emboldened to write the composer himself to ask if I could pay him a visit. His reply far from being nonchalant or prohibitory, was so courteous as to include an invitation to luncheon, which I was not slow in accepting. Mr. Delius lives in the small village of Grez-sur-Loing, about eight miles beyond Fontainebleau, and to reach him involved taking an early train from the Gare de Lyon almost at the other end of Paris. The view from the compartment window was like the slow reading of a proclamation whose ultimate sense was veiled by deliberate unwindings of its scroll—first uncompromisingly and sordidly suburban, then less dubiously attractive, at last disclosing broad and suave meadows thickly sown with dull-yellow grain, alternating with neatly partitioned vegetable gardens, finally achieving a gently undulating country with gracious alternation of wood and fields dotted with terra-cotta roofed houses. I was beginning to realize the just causes of the glamor exercised on painters by Fontainebleau, Barbizon and Montigny-Marlotte (where our own George de Forest Brush once lived), when the train halted abruptly at Bourron, which is the station for Grez. A sleepy omnibus conveyed me leisurely to a typical French village of white-washed stone houses huddled together, through narrow streets with large expanses of wall space with a minimum of windows and doors (which are taxed in France); here and there were glimpses of court-yards, bright with flowers, while a gray church tower kept picturesque guard over all. At length, I was set down before a large house with pale green doors, which in spite of its scrupulous tidiness was quite unpropitious of the interior charms to come. To my feeble pull at the bell-wire, the door opened, and I found myself being cordially welcomed in a spacious living-room by Frederick Delius. He is tall, lithe, smooth-shaven, with

alert, mobile features, and an incisive directness of speech. At once he discloses a trait of independent self-sufficiency, the supreme quality of real individuality to be discerned alike in the works as in the man himself. Shortly, he led the way to his work-room, which is hung with harmonious and delicately colored pictures by his wife. Protesting that my visit was in part due to a chance remark of Granville Bantock, we fell naturally to talking of Bantock's irrepressible Orientalism, his settings ranging over many Eastern poets, his varied and beautiful collection of Japanese prints, his hobby for fossil relics of primitive animals, and finally of his prepared wafers of Japanese seaweed, an exotic edible first conscientiously eaten, but now kept in reserve (so malice declares) for the unwary visitor. If the sources of Delius's and Bantock's inspiration are as far apart as their musical idioms are diverse, it is evident that the thirst for artistic liberty has been the moving spirit in each, and has continued to constitute a bond of unalterable sympathy. Indeed, it is not too much to say that these two have done more than any of their countrymen to emancipate English music from the slavery of empty convention.

Turning next to the indestructible loyalty of English audiences, when their appreciation is once won, Delius characterized their love of "The Messiah" and "Elijah" in terms of exquisite irony as the real origin of the British composer. Drifting over the topics of modern musical achievement, country by country, it was soon evident that Delius derives little encouragement from the manifestations of current activity. For instance, the "whole-toned" scale, the basis upon which Debussy, Dukas and Ravel work almost exclusively, is for him a species of artistic impasse, something which in its nature leads essentially to limitation, if not to direct curtailing of musical expression. He is not insensible to the charm and even the significance of music written in this idiom, but its lack of personal appeal was only an unconscious assertion of his own imperviousness to superficial influence. The vain contrapuntal fertility of Max Reger is alike distasteful to him, and in the later Strauss, he discovers evidence that he is the victim of his own superabundant virtuosity. Nevertheless, he is far from the orthodox English standpoint which, hard pressed in discussion, reluctantly admits a grudging approval of "Death and Transfiguration," and diffidently admits the claims of "Till Eulenspiegel" for admission into the same class. On the whole, it must be confessed that Delius's opinions on modern music tend towards the iconoclastic, but the destruction is so deftly and humorously accomplished that the more impartial standards of the critic must defer to their wit if not to their invariable justice. But, nevertheless, the composer who is to maintain an

individual path in the confusion of ultra-modern musical striving, cannot be receptive to each potent voice around him, he must remain as deaf as Ulysses to the calls of the sirens. That so much of modern music is without a sympathetic appeal to Debussy, constitutes a natural corollary to the proof of his own artistic independence. Proceeding according to the inner promptings of his individuality, he has remained steadily true to his own nature. Among modern poets, he possesses another trait in common with Bantock in his admiration of Ernest Dowson, the gifted Englishman whose premature death was a definite loss to British poetry. While Bantock has given us his imaginative and picturesque Prelude to "The Pierrot of the Minute," Debussy has set several poems for solos, chorus and orchestra under the title "Songs of Sadness," and he is at present engaged upon a work employing another of Dowson's poems for the text.

Leaving the music-room, we turned to the garden, getting glimpses of other delightful pictures by Mrs. Debussy—a garden which should solace the orchestral colorist no less than the impressionist painter. Its brilliant flowers, apparently sown without premeditation, give a harmonious totality of which the French seem to possess the instinctive secret. There are unprecise paths leading desultorily to the dull-green, slow-flowing, Loing, on whose reedy banks may be found families out for a holiday of fishing or the landscape painter. There are fleeting glimpses of the staid church, and of a slowly disintegrating ruin. All in all, house, garden and surrounding country seem singularly fitted to be the abode of the tranquil pursuit of two kindred arts, far from the world, undisturbed to seek their aspirations in peaceful abstraction, with the beauty of garden and river scene for external incitement. From time to time, as when Covent Garden mounts "Romeo and Juliet in the Village," or when Oskar Fried, Dr. Haym and other German conductors give "Brigg Fair" or some other orchestral work as recently at Zurich, Mr. Debussy ventures temporarily to musical centres, but for composition he returns to Grez as an impersonal though intensely picturesque background.

We had tea, cassis-syrup, and for a rarity graham bread at one end of the garden, and then it was time for me to go. My courteous hosts escorted me to the station, and soon the train bore me to Paris—to the world of dissension, jealousy and artistic enmity, from which I had had so grateful a day's respite. To my mind, the picture is complete; the monastic exterior of the house, its hospitable and ample living-room, the personal charm and graciousness of my hostess, her sympathy in her husband's work, and its concrete manifestation in

her poetic and harmonious pictures, the ardent, earnest talk, expressive of decided personality in an ideal environment, the unusual example of a mind which does not need to appropriate and patch its idiom of expression from others. If I had not known "Paris," "Sea Drift," "Appalachia" and the "Mass of Life" I should have guessed that I had been privileged to see for a few hours, one who is among the most personal and independent of living composers.

I owe the opportunity for an interview with Debussy to the kind consideration of the eminent critic, Louis Laloy, a zealous apostle of the young master, whose admirable study on the man and his music should be accessible in an English version. I had heard that Debussy was inclined to be "difficult" to foreign visitors, but nothing could exceed his graciousness when I presented myself. I had, it appeared, interrupted gardening of some importance with his young daughter, to whom the "Children's Corner" is so apologetically dedicated. Two charming Japanese elephants in blue porcelain before the outer door prepare one for the subtle insistence on the exotic to be found in Debussy's workroom. Over one door hangs the Japanese print, of which Granville Bantock possesses a replica, which serves for the cover design of "La Mer." Other Japanese engravings hang over the upright piano, on which was a few lines of manuscript sketch too minute to be decipherable at a discreet distance, while towards the opposite corner Nicholson's portraits of Kipling and Bismarck indicate a receptivity to personality exclusive of country. Debussy afterwards explained that a foreign art was far more restful to the eye through the very absence of European tradition; its very angularity was stimulating in its repose, while even a masterpiece like da Vinci's Mona Lisa would finally obtrude its personality too insistently.

Debussy's photographs hardly do him justice; they accentuate a moodiness, with even a touch of sardonic brutality, which seems absent in the man himself. One is first of all impressed by his simplicity and directness; his utter absence of pose. One feels the presence of a genuine poet, who on one side is concretely human, on the other sensitive to all the nuances of shadowy and vague dream. His ideas are those of a master whose ordered and coherent thoughts find utterance in a language as individual and characteristic as his musical speech. Telling gesture freely emphasises his verbal expression, and often he seeks momentarily the precise word, as he is content to retain a work until its details satisfy the demands of his fastidious sensibility. Bent upon clearing up some obscurity in critical analyses of his early career, I asked him to define the more important influences of his student days. Of the teaching of Guiraud and other conservatory professors the most

vivid memory seems still to be its useless didactic tyranny, the lack of a rational system of technical training. The teaching of harmony in particular was remarkable for its rigid empiricism, and the absence of attempt to inculcate underlying principle. Debussy still chafes at the absurd feticch known as "the harmony of the author" in which the chance conception of the teacher is given exaggerated preference over any individual perception of the pupil. He admits passing enthusiasms for Schumann and other kindred romanticists, but on retrospect he recalls only the sense of needless repression, and the definite consciousness, even then, of a tangible individuality which was systematically denied expansion. In contrast to the narrow type of pedagogy prevalent at the Conservatory in his apprentice days, he reverted to the epoch of Palestrina, Josquin des Prés and others of the old contrapuntists, who gave their disciples abundant discipline, but of a far more practical and serviceable type. From their teaching something was to be learned, but the exacting procedure of the Conservatory was contrary to artistic development. From his years spent in St. Petersburg the sole outcome was the influence of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," but not in the revised edition of Rimsky Korsakoff, which was little short of vandalism. For where Moussorgsky wrote a harmony which might have been crude and angular, but vital, the experienced teacher substituted another which was smoother and more conventional, but which hopelessly spoiled the basic conception. Still the only definite influence exercised by Moussorgsky on Debussy was that of showing the path towards a greater freedom in harmonic idiom.

When I hesitatingly inquired whether he had not at one time felt the influence of Wagner, he was eager to assert that it had been but passing, and that of all the operas Parsifal exercised the most tangible sway on account of its deeply spiritual and human atmosphere. Episodically he diverged to criticise the wholesale adoption of the leading motive procedure in composition by later composers, who seemed to ignore the vast development and shades of discrimination used in the application of motives by Wagner himself. Where in the Tetralogy motives predominatingly stood for things or to depict personality, in Parsifal they were far more generally associated with ideas. This distinction, he found, had not been assimilated by modern champions of the leading motive.

To my inquiries as to his attitude towards Richard Strauss he was less disposed to be communicative. In the first place, he showed a scrupulous hesitancy in crossing the inevitable barrier which separates the French race from the German—whose methods of thought, artistic procedures, critical criteria and political convictions are unalterably opposed. The French sense of proportion, the extraor-

dinary economy in making the most out of material, the instinct for clarity and simplicity (all typical and essential traits of the French artist), would naturally revolt at the Brobdingnagian contempt for simplicity, for severe logic, or for fling away of superfluous detail, the superabundance of idea, of exterior ornament, the chaotic conceptions of the leading modern German composers. With a picturesque sense of imagery he compared the later Strauss to a huge over-ornate railway station, in which crowds surged to and fro, hustled against one another as if in veritable battle, rushing hither and thither, but which nevertheless possessed an interest of a sublime sort of curiosity. The hearing of "Elektra" Debussy found an experience that was crushing, fatiguing and finally led to overpowering hunger. But there was one point which seemed to depart from his conceptions of artistic probability, and justly so. Strauss, in his desire to increase the profits of "Elektra" was authoritatively reported to have made a version for a smaller orchestra of seventy—in place of the original of one hundred and twenty. This was the characteristic sticking point to the French mind: either the first conception was the only one, or logically it was superfluous. Indeed, Debussy's fidelity to his creative principles was such that the existence of two versions of one work was inadmissible. Here I discovered that I had stayed imprudently close to the lunch hour, and regretfully terminated a talk full of suggestive and illuminating disclosure.

From the all too brief three-quarters of an hour interview, I carried away these prevailing impressions that Debussy is pre-eminently a thoughtful and sincere artist, working with conscientious scruples along a path hewn through years of doubt and misunderstanding towards a greater artistic freedom guided by characteristically French traits of order, simplicity and obedience to the inner instinct for beauty, possessing an innate respect for the classics of his own country, deploring that Couperin and Rameau are not oftener heard in Parisian concerts. In short, Debussy remains faithful according to his individual conceptions to that supreme quality so eternally the guiding light of genius, the brief answer given to Mélisande by Pelléas when she asks what they shall say to the king when her ring is lost in the fountain, "La vérité, la vérité."

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SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

FOR SALE—For the rest of the season, two seats; Floor B 13 and 14. LAWRENCE MAYO, 78 Chauncy St., Boston.

Berber Shares With Strauss at Symphony

Post Nov. 26/10

BY OLIN DOWNES

One of the most interesting concerts given so far this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra occurred yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Felix Berber, violinist, of the Geneva Conservatory of Music gave a poetic and masterly reading of Brahms' violin concerto. There were two novelties, an Adagio and Fugue for strings, of Mozart (K. 546), and the third of Debussy's set of "Images" for orchestra, composed last year, "Rondes de Printemps." Richard Strauss' transcendent tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," brought the concert to an end.

It would be of exceptional interest to hear soon Debussy's early "envoie" from Rome, "Printemps," in the key of F sharp major, for voices and orchestra; and now, with the co-operation of the Cecilia Society, the Symphony Orchestra is in a position to give that early work a hearing. "Printemps" is the delightfully fresh effusion of a young poet. The "Ronde de Printemps," on the other hand, is the latest Debussy, and it is a very encouraging sign, for it immediately refutes the charge of certain French critics who have been declaring the Debussy of today a mannerist, a spineless and ineffective echo of the composer who startled the world a few years ago.

Debussy, from the time of his "L'Après-midi d'un Faun," has always been an arch-impressionist, but the composition heard yesterday is remarkable not only for the wonderful blending of tonal colors, but for the clean outline of the piece, and the constructive strength shown in its composition. In his impressionistic sketches, "The Sea," first heard here under Dr. Muck, it did indeed seem that the composer was losing himself in the mazes of his own dreams, but "Rondes de Printemps," built around an ecstatic version of an old French folksong, is one of the clearest and most vital compositions which have come lately from Debussy's pen. When does that "round" first enter? After a time its presence grows on the bearer, and at the end it fills up the world. Debussy here displays more cunning than ever in the employment of instruments, in his conceptions of tone-tints, and he seems, as well, to have opened his heart to life

and nature in a manner that promises more, rather than less, for his future.

Mr. Berber gave a memorable performance of the Brahms concerto, and Mr. Fiedler, rising to the occasion, did wonders with the orchestra. Never in the experience of the writer has this concert to had such greatness, such poetry and nobility. Mr. Berber is less a virtuoso than a musician who plays with absolute absorption, with utter effacement of self, and the reverence of the artist en rapport with the composer.

MANAGEMENT WINS

But Three Women Refuse to Remove Hats—They Leave After First Number

Three women out of a large audience of women remained obdurate to the decrees of Mayor Fitzgerald and the Symphony Hall management yesterday afternoon and left the building rather than take off their hats.

Since Friday, when the decree was openly violated by scores of women, the management has been looking forward to yesterday with trepidation, for the Friday audiences at the hall are accustomed to treat the concert as an opportunity to display millinery.

But yesterday the victory for the management was surprisingly easy. Five minutes before the concert started ushers stepped busily from row to row and hats popped from heads with astonishing alacrity. By the time the first number started there were not more than a dozen obdurate bonnets in the hall.

Nine of these came off with the first bars of the music, but the inimitable three, scattered about on the floor, did not follow. Through three movements of the concerto, with Prof. Berber of Berlin as soloist, the hats remained. At the end the ushers again spoke about the offending headgear, but instead of complying the three resolutely left the hall with their hats still where hats usually repose when worn.

One of the women said that she had only come to hear the soloist anyway, so that she did not mind. But after that there were no hats discernible except in the last rows, where the regulations do not interfere.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

Trans. — Nov. 26/10

A New Piece by Debussy and a New Violinist at the Symphony Concerts—A Hatless Audience—"La Gioconda," with Mme. Nordica, at the Opera House

MOZART'S Adagio and Fugue, with which the Symphony Concert began yesterday afternoon, is not in the least an important piece, and none too often is it interesting; since Mozart could be as routine as less talented composers. Perhaps, then, Mr. Fiedler put it wisely first on the programme; because the audience had seemingly but one preoccupation. Would the hats be generally removed? Would the obstinate be brought to submission? Would the very untractable, if there were any such, be thrust summarily from the hall? Nearly every hat, except those that were so small as to be unobjectionable or those that, being in a back row, obstructed no one, was promptly lifted from resigned heads, and the hall had an unwontedly open and agreeable aspect. The few that were obstinate yielded gradually to the persuasions of the ushers, though the process brought some awkward pauses, when Mr. Fiedler was awaiting its results. The one that was obstinate—the expert said that only a maid could possibly remove the hat—withdrew peacefully at the end of the concerto. The employee of the hall, whose cap is decked with that formidable word, "Police," had naught to do but wear it, and the only exercise for the two ordinary policemen, detailed by the watchful guardians of the public welfare, was to watch and wonder the energy that Mr. Fiedler and his men spent upon Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." Their faces were eloquent of their surprise at such labor to such ends. Paris had its "day of dupes." Boston has had its days of hats. The episode is seemingly closed. Tonight there will be a concert at which Debussy's new "Rondes de Printemps" will be performed before an audience that can give the music unperturbed attention.

FELIX BERBER'S BOSTON DEBUT

Herald — Nov. 26/10

Violinist Plays Concerto by Brahms at the Seventh

Symphony Rehearsal.

PIECE BY MOZART EXHUMED

Hints of Surpassing Beauty in Rendition of Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps."

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Felix Berber, violinist, now of Geneva, Switzerland, played in Boston for the first time. The program was as follows:

Adagio and Fugue for strings.....Mozart
Concerto for violin.....Brahms
Rondes de Printemps.....Debussy
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss

Mozart once wrote a fugue for two pianos, and five years afterward arranged it for strings and composed a prelude to it. This music was heard here yesterday probably for the first time. The introductory adagio has a certain impressive character, a sombre stateliness. The fugue is not interesting; in fact, one might speak of it as the sceptical spoke of the jumping frog in Mark Twain's story, and fail to see any distinguishing points.

Great composers and authors suffer cruelly after their death from the mistaken piety of those who take early works, or the inferior works of later years, from the sepulchre and call upon the world to do reverence. Their piety sometimes takes the form of publishing trivial, peevish letters that show the great man was, after all, a sorry mortal, and not the hero far removed from the world, its snares and temptations, its envy and petty malice. Or they publish a complete edition and ransack the waste basket and the old trunk in the garret. It is hard to say which of the three is the most injurious to the fame of a composer—the complete edition, the letters that should have been burned, or ghastly exhumation.

Mr. Berber, who studied with Brodsky and others, has filled honorable positions as concert master, and in 1908 succeeded Henri Marteau at the Geneva Conservatory of Music. He chose for his first appearance in Boston the concerto by Johannes Brahms. Only a commanding violinist of the very first rank can make this concerto endurable to ears of flesh and blood. Mr. Berber is in many respects an excellent violinist. His technique is highly developed, his tone is agree-

able, it has character; he phrases with fine musical understanding; nor would it be fair to say that he is a violinist rather than interpreter through the medium of a violin.

His performance of the first movement was admirable; it was singularly clear, and that which is inherently eloquent in the concerto was fully brought before the audience. His performance of the two other movements was not so distinguished, although it had quality. Toward the end of the Adagio he slackened the pace so that he seemed to falter as though distrustful of his memory. An excellent performance as violin playing and as a display of musical intelligence; but there was no profound impression made, there was no revelation of unsuspected beauty, no soaring flight.

The violinist was never greater than the concerto, nor did he always persuade the hearer for the moment that the concerto is a masterpiece. The accompaniment was often not sufficiently subdued. Mr. Berber was applauded with a warmth unusual at these afternoon concerts, especially when the character of the concerto is taken into consideration.

Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps," the third and last of the composer's "Images," was composed in 1909 and first played in Paris last March. In this roundelay Debussy took for his chief musical idea the old French song of children at play, "Nous n'irons plus au bois"; but the hearer must be well acquainted with this folk-tune to recognize it in the metamorphoses of the ingenious Debussy. This roundelay has been likened to the song of the forest rejoicing in the Spring.

It is not easy to form a definite opinion of the "Rondes de Printemps" after the performance of yesterday. It was evident that the orchestra was none too familiar with the music, that the players had not been sufficiently rehearsed. There was not the necessary abandon, elasticity, gay continuity, spontaneous joyousness. The music is difficult; the score abounds in the most delicate nuances.

Although the performance was not poetic, although this charmingly vaporous music lacked atmosphere, a hearer was able to infer that the "Rondes de Printemps" is worthy of the composer of "L'Après-Midi d'un faune" and "Pelleas et Melisande." There are some who have been led to believe by some of Debussy's later piano pieces that he is now a victim of "post-impressionism"; that he is to music what Paul Gauguin is to painting. It was Gauguin who said that in art there are only revolutionaries and plagiarists, and Debussy seemed to even his fervent admirers a seceder from Debussysm, seeking some new form of beauty. "Post-impression" has been defined as "a new recognition of the secret of Velasquez, that natural objects cannot be depicted as they exist in reality,

but only as they appeal to the spirit of the individual; that their emotional significance—the bond that links man to his surroundings—can be expressed only by a full confession of personal experience, and not by the adoption of any arbitrary convention of lines or spaces or colors."

It matters not whether Debussy be an Impressionist or a Post-Impressionist—the fact remains that he is still writing exquisite music. Some who have been perplexed by his preceding compositions, but have become familiar with his manner of speech, will find the "Rondes de Printemps" clearer defined by means of the recurring main idea, though it is artfully veiled. To appreciate the music fully, there must be other performances, for mere reading the score will not satisfy even the imaginative. Yet the imaginative yesterday hearing the pedestrian performance were conscious of hints and flashes of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of the Transfiguration theme in its development by Richard Strauss, and there were other fine moments in the quieter episodes of the tone-poem. Mr. Fiedler's passion for excessive speed did harm to the music descriptive of Death's attack on the sick man. "Allegro molto agitato" does not mean that the pace should be so fast that phrases lose significance and skilled musicians cannot play the notes. The commentators speak of the "Fever motive." It appeared yesterday that the poor wretch was suffering from galloping consumption. For once the motive of Death given to the trombones was not appalling.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschalkowsky, Symphony in E minor, No. 5; Mozart, recitative and aria, "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Delli, "Brigg Fair: an English Rhapsody" (first time here); Thomas, Mad Scene from "Hamlet"; Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz." Mme. Melba will sing for the only time in Boston this season.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Debussy Novelty Is Heard
For First Time.

Felix Berber, Violinist, Makes His
Debut in Boston.

Globe — Nov. 26/10
Debussy's "Roundelay of Spring" and a Mozart adagio and fugue were played at the seventh Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon for the first time in

Boston. Felix Berber, the German violinist, made his local debut in the Brahms concerto. Mr. Fiedler closed the program with Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

Debussy's new work is the third number in his suite, "Images." The first, "Gigue Triste," is as yet unpublished and unperformed. The second, "Iberia," was played at a Colonne concert, Paris, last February; the third, the "Roundelay of Spring," was first performed March 2 last at a concert given by Jacques Durand, Debussy's publisher. The composer conducted.

Mr. Mahler and the Philharmonic society played it in New York Nov. 15 for the first time in America. Mr. Stock and the Theodore Thomas orchestra played it at Chicago at their concerts of last week.

Debussy has not written a large work for orchestra since "The Sea: Three Symphonic Sketches," first played in the fall of 1905 and brought out here by Dr. Muck in the spring of 1907. This composer does not attempt to hasten or compel inspiration, for he may now take his ease. He has said he might never touch his opera "Tristan and Isolde" again, that he had not done so for months, and would not until he felt the mood upon him.

It had been feared that this cessation argued for a declining, a decadent Debussy. The work of yesterday would seem to denote that imagination yet remains to this man who reverences beauty and truth while he commits wanton sacrilege upon some of the rigid molds into which they have been poured, as some believe.

Neither earthen pot nor golden chalice can give the wine its spell. There is no set formula by which Debussy, or any writer, could have taken this old children's melody and have worked it over and over as a round and have made all hearers say, "That is the song of May, of spring, of eternal youth."

Debussy has heard it with less of his whole tone scale than previous writing has contained, but he still persists in sticking pins into ears to whom beauty is consonance, and "discourses" are sore distress.

Some day somebody will discover that a dissonance, a harmonic combination of notes at war with each other, resolving to a consonance, a combination of notes at peace with each other, gives that consonance redoubled character and power.

Debussy's pungent moments are not chaotic. They have purpose and design, largely because of the rhythmic structure. There is no definite melodic profile, but there is about it all the freshness, the invigorating odor, the breath of spring.

In spite of a concerto which meanders on through interminably dull pages of uninspired music, Mr. Berber won a cordial welcome for his unostentatious, well schooled, musicianly playing.

His tone is pure, yet of good size. His intonation is secure. The technic throughout is reliable and adequate. He played the work with evident regard amounting to reverence. His interpretative ability does not move one to great emotional depths, but commands sincere respect.

Mr. Fiedler's reading and the orchestra's playing of the "Death and Transfiguration" was searching, towering, compelling.

Here Strauss has written with salient, significant material and with purity

and logic in development. The plan is stupendous, but consistent. Furthermore it is worthy, lofty, sublime.

There is no higher mount of ascension to which man may rise in religion or philosophy than the question, "O, death, where is thy sting; O, grave, where is thy victory?"

Strauss has made the orchestra sound the depths of human pathos in suffering. He has done a more spiritual, a more unattainable thing in making man transfigured, all conquering through death in a mighty apotheosis of tone which was as the rolling back of the curtain of eternity. It was a memorable performance.

NEW VIOLINIST IS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal — Nov. 26/10

Felix Berber Plays Brahms
Concerto in Dashing
Style.

The big figure—at yesterday's Symphony concert was a new comer from Geneva, Felix Berber, violinist, who played the Brahms concerto in a dashing style that evoked exuberant applause. Mr. Berber is especially strong on the technical side. His playing of the first and third movements, which bristle with difficulties, was sparkling, if not altogether brilliant, and in the second movement he showed sincere poetical feeling. His tone is clear and true, but dry. All in all, he revealed himself as a very well trained musician, a sympathetic interpreter of Brahms and a master of the instrument which is so popular that it has furnished three of the six soloists heard at the Symphony concerts so far this season—Macmillen, Witek, Berber.

There were two novelties on the program, an adagio and fugue for strings, by Mozart, and Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps." The fugue, a stirring composition, was played in the orchestra's most brilliant manner. The Debussy number, as generally happens with Debussy's novelties, left the audience pleased, yet puzzled. Such strange, yet impressive music is not to be thoroughly understood, not to say enjoyed, at a single hearing. The piece deserves an early repetition, like the Rachmaninoff symphony, which was comparatively banal.

The concert ended with a spirited performance of Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." So far as the orchestra itself is concerned, yesterday's concert was the most brilliant of the season. Mr. Fiedler was in his element.

HATS OFF AT SYMPHONY

Law is Obeyed--Defiant Woman Leaves in Middle of Concert.

Globe Nov. 26/10
The second round of the battle of the hats at the symphony rehearsals yesterday afternoon resulted in a complete if polite victory for the antihat-
ters.

This does not by any means signify that no hats were worn during the concert.

The back rows of the balconies were full of "hatties," in all the varieties of grotesquerie that the minds of the milliners have conceived. But there was nobody behind these hats but the statuary, and that could see over them, being of heroic size.

Also there was one woman downstairs, in the middle of the audience, who kept a large black confection defiantly on her head through the first half of the concert—and then left the hall altogether, going away in an automobile. This woman had a veil pinned round her head, and the veil was fastened in a peculiarly inaccessible place, down the middle of the back of her head, with pins. If she had succeeded in taking that hat off she never could have put it on again unaided.

Furthermore, another woman stood beneath the balcony, well down toward the front, wearing her hat. This was by special arrangement with the management, for this woman went to Mr Ellis' office and asked for permission. She had a seat in the front row, she said, but she simply couldn't take off her hat. Rather than miss the music she was willing to stand, if Mr Ellis was willing to let her.

Less than a dozen older women, wearing close-fitting bonnets, were allowed to keep them on without protest. And one very old man kept his hat on during the first part of the rehearsal, taking it off upon request by an usher. The protest against his wearing his hat came from a woman newspaper reporter.

Considerable interest was shown in the question whether it would be necessary for the management to ask a woman to leave the hall because she

would not take off her hat. The first attempt to have hats removed was at the rehearsal a week ago, in response to a request from the mayor. At the Saturday night concert last week there were almost no hats, but this is usual. The real test was expected to come yesterday.

Of course the bad weather may have prevented a fair test; that is, it is possible that on account of the rain some women may have worn hats easier to take off than the regularly ordained symphony hats would have been—and for that matter gowns in which it is easier to reach up to the hatpins than the regularly ordained symphony rehearsal gowns.

Manager Mudgett, who by long contact with the public has learned lots of this lore, says: "Many women simply cannot take off their hats. The hats are put on for them at home by maids, and cannot be removed until they have the assistance of a maid. Some of the older women, with close-fitting gowns, cannot reach up to their hairpins."

The management prepared yesterday, by printed appeal slips tucked into the programs, and lettered cards in the lobby, as far as possible. The cards said "Please Remove Your Hats During the Concert," and there was one larger one which read, "Ladies are requested to remove their hats during the concert, to obviate the cause of complaints by subscribers whose view of the stage has been obstructed." The program slips were more elaborate still; they said:

"His honor the mayor has notified the management of Symphony hall that unless the law relating to the wearing of hats by ladies at public entertainments is obeyed at the Symphony rehearsals and concerts he may be forced to revoke the license of Symphony hall."

"This would mean an end of the Boston Symphony concerts."

"It is hoped that the ladies who patronize these concerts will come to the aid of the management in this

matter.

"The law will be strictly enforced."

As the audience began to flow in it was noticeable that more than half of the women went to the women's cloakroom, and nearly every one came out again bareheaded and carrying her hat in her hand. By 2:30, the time for beginning, the great audience had hardly a hat in sight. One or two, here and there, were still covered, but most of these took their hats off when the ushers spoke to them.

Six women persisted; a second request from the ushers whittled these down to two, and these two were the center of all gazing during every pause in the music. By the time Herr Gerber had finished his solo one woman had taken her hat off, and the other left the hall.

Mr Mudgett wouldn't say whether he would have put any woman out if she had persisted in keeping her hat on, but there was a rumor in the corridor that this course had really been determined upon.

HATLESS WOMEN AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Styles for Evening Help Carry Out Mayor Fitzgerald's New Order.

Antw Am. Nov. 26/10
When Louis H. Mudgett saw the audience file into Symphony Hall last night for the regular concert he drew a long breath of relief.

"Thank goodness," he ejaculated, "they are not wearing hats!"

The manager had been in a fever of apprehension on this subject. Mayor Fitzgerald had told him that the law must be obeyed relative to the appearance of hatless people at a theatrical performance. The manager wanted to obey the law. But he did not know just how the audience would take it.

Suppose, for instance, some woman should say, "I'll not take off my hat, so there!" what would the poor manager do?

So Manager Mudgett concocted a neat, persuasive little paragraph, which he inserted in the program, in which he asked the ladies please not to wear any hats.

Dame Fashion decrees that women in evening dress shall not wear hats. That helped the manager out last night. There were two or three women who wore hats, but when an usher told them the situation they readily removed them and the music proceeded without a discordant note.

But all the trouble is not over yet. In the afternoon there is no such fashion edict. Women may wear hats in the afternoon. Next Friday afternoon there will be a Symphony concert. Nearly all of the women will appear in all sorts of artistic headpieces.

"But I think by that time," said Manager Mudgett, "they will realize that it is 'hats off' here, and that I shall have no trouble. I hope so, anyway. The law must be obeyed."

PROMINENT BANKER,
WHO HAS PASSED
HIS 76TH BIRTHDAY

Nov 18. 1910



H.L. HIGGINSON

HATS ALL OFF AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

One Lone Woman Refuses
and Her Money Is
Promptly Returned.

Journal Nov. 26/10
One lone woman refused to take off her hat at the Symphony Orchestra rehearsal in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. She ended up by going to the box office and getting her money back. The several hundred-odd women who last week absolutely refused to comply with the hat-off edict promulgated for just such affairs by Mayor Fitzgerald last week, either weren't present or had changed their minds.

The wearing of small opera bonnets, which are a headcovering worn under the ordinary hat and which might come under the ban if the law were rigidly interpreted, was permitted. Any other form of headwear was not.

It was the surrender of a privilege that the women Symphony-goers had long enjoyed, and one which it might be expected they would stubbornly defend. The law requiring the removal of hats has been printed in the program for a number of years, but any effort at enforcement has always ended as soon as it began, almost. The class of patrons that attended the concerts were not to be trifled with, apparently.

The Friday afternoon rehearsal and the Saturday evening concert last week looked as if the mayor would have to take back water. There were just as many women present as ever, and just as many as ever wore their hats. Ushers distributed printed slips calling attention to the mayor's orders, but the women threw them aside.

Manager Ellis must have awaited yesterday with some inward trepidation. He need not have. Because the women came in, removed their hats as calmly and peacefully as if they were in a theater, and the Symphony Orchestra played, the heavens didn't fall nor did the earth open.

Mayor Fitzgerald when asked to comment on the manner in which the women complied said: "I was very sorry that I was compelled to issue such an order, but the complaints forced me to do so. I am deeply gratified that the women acted as they did; it is characteristic of the city of Boston, and also in accordance with good government."

Symphony Concert

Mr. Fiedler, at the Symphony rehearsal of Friday afternoon had a soloist of the sort he seems to like best. In Felix Berber, the violinist, he had a man who could merge himself into the orchestral ensemble, a man who was content to let the Brahms concerto be heard as a piece of music of symphonic purpose, a man who came to Boston with a better intention than to be a dominating artistic figure here for a day.

We have all observed that the old styled, self assertive player of concertos, unless he be a youth, like Mischa Elman, has seldom appeared to advantage in the Symphony concerts of the last two years. The conductor of the orchestra, it would seem, is endeavoring to persuade the solo fraternity to take a new view of violin and piano concertos. His idea plainly is that these musical compositions are made up, just like all others, of certain balanced and proportioned elements, and that the thing most to be desired in their performance is an agreeable whole effect.

If the soloist who comes to interpret for us works in the concerto form is strong on certain points of execution, or if he is peculiarly and remarkably endowed as to temperament, well and good; but he is not to force these things on our attention. We ask of a solo performer, or our artistic representative, Max Fiedler, asks for us: What is the aim of your reading? What do you think the composer means here? Surely you would not have us believe that Beethoven or Brahms composed this work in order to let you show your virtuosity and illustrate the possibilities of solo technique, or that he might enable you to transport us for a time into some realm of abstract musical expression.

It would be easier for us not to bother ourselves about the soloist's interpretative aims, easier for him if we did not expect him to have any. It would be, indeed, a lighter matter all around if we sought our entertainment only in the solo pianist's or violinist's means and methods. But in the end our better musical desires would not be satisfied, and that Mr. Fiedler knows well. Evidently the conductor means to make concertos as available for the purposes of definite ensemble expression as symphonies, and he will give his best efforts to the assistance of those soloists only who are of the same mind with him.

Were there any listeners on Friday who thought the Brahms violin concerto, as read by Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Berber, imbued with an oppressive spirit of scholarship, who felt themselves in the concert room of a conservatory instead of in a hall where the public goes to hear music? Perhaps Mr. Fiedler did state the academic side of the case a little strongly, but certainly he has seldom put his orchestra in closer agreement with a visiting soloist than he did at this concert.

The new work of Debussy, which took up no more time in performance than one of the composer's little piano pieces, is a thing of much beauty, but it is scarcely enough of an orchestral number to stand alone. It wants a setting. It seemed detached and fragmentary when played by itself. Popular demand for new works by the illustrious Frenchman has made him give this unrelated composition to the world permanently.

Program of the seventh symphony concert: Mozart, Adagio and fugue for strings; Brahms, concerto in D major, for violin and orchestra; Debussy, "Rondes de Printemps"; Strauss, tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 24. Soloist, Felix Berber.

Interesting Novelties For the Symphony.

Nov. 26/10
Mr Fiedler will play two new pieces at the Symphony rehearsal and concert this week, heretofore unheard in Boston. They are an adagio and fugue by Mozart for string orchestra and Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps."

Felix Berber, the German violinist, new to this country this season, will play for the first time in Boston. His number will be the Brahms concerto, last performed here by Hugo Heermann in the season of 1905-06. Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," will complete the program.

At Vienna, Dec 29, 1783, Mozart completed a fugue in C minor for two pianos. In June, 1788, he arranged it for string quartet, and added a short adagio. It is highly probable that he did this for performance at the Sunday morning musicals at the home of Gottfried Van Swieten, a musical amateur of prominence, who, notwithstanding his practice of law and a diplomatic career, exerted a great influence for the improvement of musical taste in Vienna.

Mozart held him in high regard, and was a regular attendant and a frequent participant in these Sunday chamber concerts, where only music of "austere style" was performed. Mozart wrote thus of Van Swieten to his sister April 20, 1782: "He had a stock of music, good in point of value, but small in quantity." This quartet, played by all the strings of the orchestra, will be heard for the first time in Boston.

Debussy's "Roundelay of Spring" is the third of a suite of three orchestral pieces assembled under the name of "Images." The first of the other two is "Gigue Triste," the second "Iberia." The "Iberia" was first of the suite to be heard. It was performed by Mr. Pierre at the Colonne concerts, Paris, Sundays, Feb 20 and 27, of this present year. At that time the other two were unpublished.

Mr Mahler and the Philharmonic society of New York have beaten us by nine days with the "Roundelay of Spring." They performed it for the first time in America at Carnegie hall last Tuesday evening.

This is the first of the new triptych "Images" to be heard in this country. There has been lively conjecture concerning it. At the premiere of the "Iberia" there were Parisian reviewers who contended that its music held the signs of a decadent Debussy, and that the last orchestral piece to bear comparison with the earlier "The Afternoon of a Young Faun," was "The Sea: Three Symphonic Sketches," first played in the autumn of 1905.

Felix Berber made his debut in America with the New York Symphony orchestra on the afternoon of Oct 28. He was born in Jena in 1871. He became a pupil in the Dresden conservatory nine years later.

Berber had talent for painting, but was persuaded by Hans von Bulow to adopt music as a career. His love for the former art succeeded in drawing him away from music study in Leipzig in 1889, when he settled in Berlin as a student of painting.

After a year he returned to Leipzig, in 1893, became concertmaster of the Gewandhaus under Nikisch and took Brodsky's place in the quartet which bore his name.

In 1904 he became first professor of the violin at the Royal academy of music in Munich and two years later succeeded Henri Marteau at the conservatory of Geneva.

FELIX BERBER AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Rev. ———— *Nov 24 '10*
YOUNG VIOLINIST SCORES

UNMISTAKABLE HIT

Earns Right to Be Classed as One

of the World's Best Artists—

Hats-Off Rule Obeyed.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart. Adagio and fugue for string orchestra.
(First time in Boston.)

Brahms. Concerto for violin.
Soloist, Felix Berber.

Debussy. Ronde de Printemps.
(First time.)

Strauss. "Death and Transfiguration," tone poem.

The concert began with a novelty. An adagio and fugue by Mozart, heard for the first time in Boston. The composer of this new composition is decidedly different from what we demand a modern composer to be. The rules of ultra-modern composition can be formulated as follows: The composer must first of all be unintelligible; only weak composers can be comprehended. There must be plenty of dissonances left hanging in the air; only a student resolves his dissonances nowadays. There must be a weird and mystical story told by the instrumental music. The composition must be as "Long as a night in Russia, when nights are longest there!" It must employ an orchestra as big as a political convention.

Not one of these demands did this absurd Mr. Mozart fulfil. The adagio was melodic, the fugue clear. The work was short and really ceased when it had no more to say. Each and every progression was according to the laws of harmony. Therefore Mr. Mozart, you must not attempt to thrust yourself among the much more ponderous gentlemen of the present epoch.

The performance was admirable and it gave good opportunities for our string orchestra to prove again that they are the best organization of this kind in the world. The fugue itself, however, is not as beautiful as some of the Bach fugues are, or even as Mozart's double fugue in his requiem. Its skill was too apparent. It had not the art of concealing art.

There are so many excellent solo violinists in our orchestral ranks that it seems almost unnecessary to import any stars to help out our programmes in this direction. But it was very interesting, nevertheless, to listen to the new European artist who comes to us without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, or ecstasies

of press agents. Less interesting is the work itself. Brahms' violin concerto is full of technical difficulties, and can be attempted only by great artists. But it has less inspiration than his piano concertos and far less than his symphonies. The formalist cannot find any cause of complaint; everything is as correct as a Sunday school, but there is not a trace of that soulfulness that is in the Bruch G minor violin concerto, or of the masculine force that is in the Beethoven concerto. An exception must be made however, of the finale, which is by all odds the most attractive of the long work. The first two movements have a deadly length.

Mr. Felix Berber came as a surprise. He had not played many measures before one became aware of the fact that he belongs to the world's great artists, that he is one of the elect. His pure and incisive tone, his broad bowing, his surety even in the highest positions, his fiery "martellato," all showed great technique, and the phrasing and ensemble showed something yet higher. The difficult cadenza was given most fluently, and in spite of the fact that it was not good violin weather, his tones had good carrying power.

In the adagio a word of praise may be spoken for the excellent horn playing. The final rondo was given with much dash and verve. A tumult of enthusiasm followed, and it was entirely deserved. Mr. Berber was recalled many times and it was quite evident that the public fully appreciated the high character of his work. He has not yet the power of an Ysaye, but he combines strength and delicacy in a noble manner and is one of the best violinists that we have recently heard.

Now followed Debussy's "Ronde de Printemps," No. 3 of a set of orchestral works which he calls "Images."

Any new work by Debussy is sure to arouse interest in Boston, where there is a small, but devoted, band of Debussyites. The Gallic composer celebrates spring with a very large orchestra and sometimes more boisterously than is his wont. The motto attached to the work justifies this, for it runs:—

"Vive le Mai, bienvenu soit le Mai.
Avec son Gonfalon sauvage!"

Some of the progressions are rather bitter for May-time, unless they are intended to portray Spring medicine. If Spring is like that in France, we in Boston will say no more about our east-winds. It was wrong to make the ladies take their hats off in such raw Spring weather. Yes, the ladies took off their hats! With every programme there was handed out this notice:

"His honor, the mayor, has notified the management of Symphony hall that, unless the law relating to the wearing of hats by ladies at public entertainments is obeyed at the Symphony rehearsals and concerts, I may be forced to revoke the license of Symphony hall.

"This would mean an end of the Boston Symphony concerts.

"It is hoped that the ladies who patronize these concerts will come to the aid of the management in this matter.

"THE LAW WILL BE STRICTLY ENFORCED."

We supposed that a regular "Bataille des Dames" would ensue. We thought that every dame would demand at least a ladies' maid to do up her hair after removing the chapeau. We hoped that some of the more defiant would form a hollow square while Mr. Hartshorne vainly charged against it at the head of his ushers; we thought to hear female voices singing:—

Oh say can you see in the afternoon light,
What so proudly we wore when the morning was beaming.

Hitched on with elastics, and pinned doubly tight.

With ostrich plume waving and bright ribbons streaming.

And the usher's meek prayer,

And the threat of the mayor,

Have not any force, for our hats are still there.

And many a hat in the hall you will find
To hinder the sight of the party behind.

But we were bitterly disappointed. What the ushers have vainly attempted for these many years, our courageous mayor has accomplished with a stroke of the pen. All the hats in the body of the hall were removed from the heads of their wearers without a protest, a murmur, or an expostulation.

Revenons a notre Debussy! Although the orchestration of the work was strong, there were no trombones or trumpets evident, much variety of tone-color being elicited from the wood-wind. There were some really original and effective points in the orchestration. The introduction of a folk-melody made the work more tangible than it otherwise might have been, and there was some figure treatment that was highly interesting. Nevertheless, we are not yet accustomed to the bitter-sweet of much of the flavor of this work. We would like to hear it again soon, for it is as well worth repeating as some of the long symphonies which we have studied twice in a season. It was superbly played and so was the Strauss work which followed it. "Death and Transfiguration" has not yet had so good an American performance as it received yesterday. A slight slip in the brasses counted for nothing amidst the great power and the general excellence of the interpretation.

Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," is, to the present reviewer, the most powerful of his purely orchestral works. Its subject gives it more "raison d'être" than the large symphonic affair which circles around the domestic hearth and the nursing bottle, and it rings much truer than the conceited "Hero's Life," in which Richard Strauss celebrates the grandeur of Richard Strauss. It brought the concert to a magnificent close.

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NY ORCHESTRA.

, Conductor.

CONCERT.

BER 21, AT 8 P. M.

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Spring Song).

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for VIOLIN No. 3.

No. 7.

ist:

Y HESS.



141

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, op. 64

- I. Andante; Allegro con anima
- II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato
- IV. Finale; Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "E Susanna non vien?" and ARIA
"Dove Sono" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Act III,
Scene 8.)

DELIUS,

"Brigg Fair, an ENGLISH RHAPSODY" for
ORCHESTRA
(First time in Boston.)

THOMAS,

OPHELIA'S MAD SCENE, from "Hamlet" (Act IV
Scene 2)

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "Der Freischütz"

Soloist:

Madame MELBA

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week



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MELBA SINGS PART OF MAD OPHELIA

Soloist at the Eighth Public
Rehearsal of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra.

AIR BY MOZART ALSO GIVEN

Delius's "Brigg Fair," an Eng-
lish Rhapsody, Is Played
for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Melba was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, E minor....Tschalkowsky
Recitative and aria "Dove Sono" from
"Le Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart
"Brigg Fair: an English Rhapsody".....Delius

Ophelia's Mad Scene from "Hamlet".....Thomas

Overture to "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
"Brigg Fair," by Delius, was played for the first time in Boston. A folksong with the same title is printed on a fly-leaf of the score. The song is "old and plain," and perhaps "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun" and the free maids did use to chant it. The chief theme of the rhapsody is probably the tune of the old song, though Delius does not state this, and I have been unable to find either the ballad or the tune in collections of English folksongs. The hero of the ballad is represented as re-appearing to Brigg Fair, there to meet his dear. He spied his own true love, took hold of her hand and swore to be true to her.

For it's meeting is a pleasure,
And parting is a grief,
But an unconstant lover
Is worse than a thief.

It is not easy to find in the music of Delius any determined program. There is free pastoral preluding; the chief theme is given at first to the oboe, a pastoral instrument. This tune is presented in many ways, and there are lesser motives. The prevailing mood is reflective or sombre. There is no down-

right jollity, as might be expected from the title. The chief theme, though it is announced in a sprightly tempo, has the tinge of sadness that characterizes so many folk-tunes even when the words are rollicking. Or did Delius, as Sibellus and certain other composers, invent his chief theme after the manner of a folk-song?

The music of "Brigg Fair" as that of "Paris" by the same composer, which was played here last season, has little profile and little euphonic charm. The composer stands aloof. He has his own thoughts and his own manner of expression. They cannot justly be characterized as dry or dull. On the contrary, the hearer feels as though he should like to break through the composer's shell and become acquainted with him.

The composer makes no personal revelation. He does not scream his joy and sorrow; he is not frank; he is impersonal. He is apparently of no school. He writes as though Richard Strauss had never existed, as though there were no ultra-modern Frenchmen. He is said to be enthusiastic over Wagner; but there are few if any traces of Wagner's influence in this music. I suspect Delius of admiration for Brahms; but the Yorkshireman has not caught the secret of Brahms' architectural skill.

The instrumentation of Delius is peculiarly his own. It has no immediately attractive qualities. It is not gorgeous, it is not cleverly discreet; it is not sensuous, nor is it massively sonorous. At times it seems as though the composer chose deliberately expression in dialect. It would be unfair to charge him with acidity, yet his thoughts and his language have little that is genial and kindly, almost nothing that can be called emotional. Delius writes as though he were a solitary, not necessarily inimical toward men and women, but willing to live apart from them, a philosophical analyst of dead sentiments.

When all this is said, the music provokes curiosity to know more about the man himself and his purposes and methods as an artist; for Delius is by no means a weakling and he writes as though he could afford to wait for the avenger Time.

They say there is a secret history to Tschalkowsky's symphony in E minor; that the composer wrote the symphony when he was in a peculiar state of mind. We know from his diary and his letters that he was always in "a state of mind." Deeply depressed during the process of composition, he was sure of failure. After the work was completed he said that it was good. In his more important music he took the world into his confidence; he poured out his complaints, his longings, his despair to any man in the concert hall.

Such revelations are always interesting when there is no doubt of the sincerity. There is more drama in the fifth symphony than in three-fourths of

the operas, and Mr. Fiedler gave a dramatic reading. The Finale had never been played here before with the appropriate wildness, and never before had this Finale seemed so elemental and impressive.

It was a great pleasure to hear Mme. Melba again. There is no voice like unto her voice with its peculiar quality of childlike freshness and simplicity, its incomparable, golden, haunting timbre. With what exquisite tonal quality and flawless art she sang the ballad in Ophelia's scene! How deft her delivery of the Countess's recitative! How pure was Mozart's melodic line! There were times when there were traces of a cold from which she was suffering, but these were few. She sang with the gracious dignity that has always characterized her in the presence of an audience, and the audience of yesterday was enthusiastic in recognition and appreciation.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those of Dec. 16-17 will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony in A major, No. 7; Rubinstein, concerto in D minor, No. 4, for piano (Josef Hofmann, pianist); Debussy, "Rondes de Printemps" (repeated by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

MELBA SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Sunday Dec. 10
Diva Receives Warm Welcome From Large Audience.

Mme. Nellie Melba won an ovation at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. It was the first time the Australian contralto has sung with the Symphony Orchestra in nearly four long years, and as it may be as long again before she returns, if she ever does return, the interest in her appearance was the greatest shown at any Symphony concert so far this season.

There was warm applause to welcome her when she first came forth, looking as queenly as ever, and becomingly attired in black, with pearls and diamonds and with a sumptuous hat that would have taken Gainsborough's eye. There was much warmer applause after the melodious Mozart's "Dove Sono," from "The Marriage of Figaro," which she sang with much the same silver tone and marvelous grace of phrase that have made her famous the world over; and after the mad scene from Thomas's "Hamlet" came the big and prolonged outburst the like of which is seldom witnessed at Symphony concerts. It

looked for a time as if the rule against encores might for the first time be broken by a woman, but after a while the still incomparable diva made her bow in her furs and the audience calmed down. It was after 4 then, with "Der Freischuetz" overture yet to come, and 4 o'clock is about the limit for a Symphony matinee.

Melba's voice, of course, has lost some of its wonderful mellowness, but it is still a rare voice, almost celestially sweet when not forced, and it is used with an art that has long been one of the most brilliant ornaments of the lyric stage.

There was an orchestral novelty on the program, an English rhapsody by Frederick Delius, called "Brigg Fair," and based on the old folk song from which it takes its name—a thing of plaintive melodies and rich massed colorings, which interested rather than stirred the audience.

Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony opened the program most satisfactorily, for the Russian is popular here and his music is always well played by the Symphony Orchestra.

MME MELBA AT THE SYMPHONY

Slabe Dec. 10
Diva Wins Long Series of Recalls.

Heard in Aria From Mozart and in Ophelia's "Mad Scene."

"Brigg Fair" Performed Here First Time.

Mme Melba was the soloist at the eighth Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. She sang a recitative and aria of the countess, from act 3, scene 8, of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and Ophelia's Mad Scene from Thomas's "Hamlet."

The orchestra played Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony (E minor), Delius' "Brigg Fair," an English Rhapsody, first time in Boston, and to close, the "Der Freischuetz" overture.

There was an unusually large audience, doubtless due to the appearance of Mme Melba. Her aria from Mozart revealed the same virginal purity of

tone and the same level lines of phrasing which have characterized her singing. It was the utterance of a voice beautiful by nature, preserved to marvelous freshness, but untroubled by any exacting plan of nuance.

In the Ophelia aria, however, her hearers were not disappointed.

Save for an inflection and a bit of color here and there, Mme Melba did not attempt to inspire pathos for the delirious speech of a whirling brain.

She sang the florid passages brilliantly, and this was enough to cause delight and a long series of recalls. Her treatment of staccato notes was peculiar, but there was a limpidity, a smoothness, a precision and ease of emission even with rapid passages, and withal an enforced tone, at times luscious in its beauty. Boston has not heard recently such a thrill. Where is there one to stand beside her?

Those who expect to be reminded by the folk song, accompanying Delius' new piece, of the clumsy capers of rustic bumpkins in their clowning, their rude merrymaking, will face disappointment. There is no hesitancy in saying that "Brigg Fair" does not have the picturesque, bizarre effects, the unescapable tang of impressionism which were not to be evaded in his night piece, "Paris," heard here last year.

This man has spurned the usual and the routine. He has burrowed for his own idiom, and he speaks not as other men, but he knows his orchestra.

There is a plan in the varying pattern through which he has woven the old tune, the folk song. It does not bubble over or chortle with bucolic exuberance, but it breathes a plaint, as though in regret for the passing of the old county fair, the type known in Coventry since the Restoration and before.

Tschaikowsky's 5th symphony breathes a lofty, an elegiac melancholy. The opening measures in the noble chalumeau register of the clarinet—yesterday sympathetically played by Mr. Grisez—possess a grave yet tender beauty. The development of the movement retains this mood.

The song for the horn in the third movement breathes rare repose and tranquillity. Yesterday its playing left something to be desired. The introduction of a waltz, to replace the scherzo, is not to be wholly admired.

The consummation comes with the triumph of the last movement. When read with authority, without mere compulsion, it has strength, ruggedness of outline and a certain heroic grandeur. The performance of it yesterday was ragged and precipitate. It was unworthy of the orchestra and these concerts.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mme. Melba for an Absorbing Interest—
Her "Numbers" and the Pleasure of Them
—Mr. Fiedler Excels Himself with
Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony

As usual, when Mme. Melba sings at the Symphony Concerts, the interest of the audience was concentrated upon her, and it is no small praise to the performance of

Tschaikowsky's symphony in E minor that it both held and stirred the audience. In such music, with its large voice, its opulent color, its insistence of contending emotions, its clarity and intensity of moods and of expression, its long sweeps, its fiery contrasts, Mr. Fiedler excels and his band yesterday was as a willing and responsive instrument. Tschaikowsky himself could have asked or imagined little more for his fate-haunted allegro, his long-drawn and melancholy song; his waltz that fears itself, and the conquering tumult of his finale. The conductor and the band were as romantically minded in the overture to "Der Freischuetz," and doubtless they did all they might for the puzzling piece by Delius—the rhapsody, "Brigg Fair"—that stood also on the programme about which it is easier to speculate than to be clear.

For the audience, however, Mme. Melba was the concert, and it cared little whether a touch of cold now and then dimmed her tones. It hid her in "Dove Sono" from "Figaro's Wedding," and in the music of the mad Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet." In the one it hid in particular, the pleasure of the perfectly ordered flow, the even richness, the limpidity and the luminosity of Mme. Melba's tones—of a voice that now makes sound as light and then shadows it as the quality of the clarinet steals over the brightness of the flute. In the other, it heard her as the mistress of the ornaments of song, showering them out of her tones, yet ordering them with an artistry that is half unconscious of its own perfections. In both it had the quiet dignity, the self-subordination of the woman of the world who is mistress of herself as well as of the most beautiful singing voice that the world now holds.

MELBA GREETED BY A: SPLENDID AUDIENCE

Dec. 16 '10
SINGING STARTED A
FURORE OF ENTHUSIASM

"La Boheme" Given a Usual Careful Presentation, but Melba Was Main Attraction.

By Louis C. Elson.
THE CAST.

| | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Mimi..... | Mme. Melba. |
| Musetta..... | Fely Dereyne. |
| Rodolfo..... | John McCormack. |
| Marcello..... | Mario Sammarco. |
| Colline..... | Jose Mardones. |
| Schaunard..... | Attilio Pulcini. |

Alejandro.....John Mogan
Benolt.....Luigi Tavecchia
Conductor, Wallace Goodrich.

It was a gala occasion last night at the opera. The work was not new, and the cast, practically, was one that we have had before in Boston, but Mme. Nellie Melba was to appear, and that sent every seat in the opera house up to a premium. There is little use of preaching a sermon about this. The public wants what it wants when it wants it. We have had "La Boheme" almost as well given at least two times before this season, when seats could readily be obtained at the box office. But there was no Melba. We have had the part of Mimi acted even better than it was last night. But there was no Melba. It was Melba and Melba alone that caused the great crush of last night.

Has the star system gone rampant only in America? Not at all. It is just as rampant in Berlin, where they fought for tickets to hear Caruso. It has existed everywhere and in all ages, this popular frenzy over a great singer, and history is but repeating itself on Huntington ave. One may be thankful that the star has such good support, for it is not so long ago that the average operatic manager, if he presented a great prima donna, thought himself quite absolved in the matter of other singers, of chorus, of orchestra, of scenery. It was too often an example of what Emerson has called "the loneliness of the truly great."

Last night there was the usual excellent setting. Almost all of our readers know what that means. We cannot imagine anything stronger than the setting of the second and third acts as we have them. There is an entire story of Parisian life unfolded in these two scenes, entirely apart from the operatic plot that is carried through them. They are a constant pleasure to the eye and occupation to the mind, and there seems to be constantly new "business" added to these scenes.

Mme. Dereyne as Musetta, Mr. McCormack as Rodolfo, Mardones as Colline, have all been chronicled and are all excellent in their roles, although Mr. McCormack fairly outdid all his previous work in his character.

There was, however, a new Marcello in Signor Sammarco. Marcello's chief chance to shine is in the third act, and here the new-comer was very effective. His scene with Rodolfo, his quarrel with Musetta, his sympathy with Mimi, were all graphically drawn, and his singing was of commendable quality. He was, all in all, the best Marcello that we have yet had in Boston, in looks, action and singing. His manly "Torte" passages were seconded by his fortissimo trousers. His pipe was eminently realistic even if it was never lit.

And now we take up the refrain—"Star, star of the evening! Beautiful, beautiful star!" It may be said of the old guard of vocalists that few die and none resign. Mme. Melba has not done any of the business tricks of some of her contemporaries. She has not wrung the hearts of the pub-

lic by taking "last farewells" and then immediately coming back. She does not need this threadbare kind of advertising. Her voice is in its pristine vigor and beauty. Its timbre is as appealing as ever; her "coloratura" (as displayed recently in Symphony Hall) is unimpaired; she is adequate as an actress although much greater as a vocalist. Therefore it is a rare musical treat to be present when Melba sings.

But in Mimi she has the minimum of vocalism to exhibit. There are opportunities for "bel canto," and for breadth of style, with an occasional high note, but the liquid runs, the wonderful trills, the delicate staccato effects, in short all the "agilita" of which she is such a master, are conspicuous by their absence. Nevertheless, it was Melba, and that was what the public chiefly wanted. They had "heard Melba!"—never mind in what.

But there was much to revel in even if the singer could not reveal her chief vocal treasures. There was the beautiful autobiographical song of the first act, which at once created a sensation, and the fever heat was kept up during the duet with Rodolfo (and, as already intimated, McCormack sang splendidly), so that at the end of the act there was an enthusiasm displayed such as has often been deserved—and withheld—at the regular performances of this opera company.

One cannot count the number of recalls which the "Diva" won. A florist's shop was emptied at her feet at the end of the first act. Her singing throughout was worthy of the tribute. We understand that she was still suffering from the cold that has clogged her efforts since her appearance in Symphony hall, but it is certain that this was not in evidence in the delicious timbre of her voice last night.

Success was in the air from the very first scene. Every opera singer knows that there are occasions when enthusiasm is infectious, when every one, from the kettle-drummer up, is on his mettle. Such a night was this, and it is safe to say that we will never hear "La Boheme" better given.

Wallace Goodrich's conducting had much to do with this result also, and his work must be gratefully chronicled.

**MME. MELBA TRIUMPHS AT
THE SYMPHONY CONCERT**
Advs Dec 3 '10
VOCAL ARTIST EXCITES

AUDIENCE TO EMOTION

Orchestra Played Tschaikowsky's

Fifth Symphony and Delius Rhapsody, "Brigg Fair."

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Tschaiakowsky. Symphony in E minor, No. 5.
Mozart. Recitative and Aria, "Dove Sono."
Soloist, Mme. Melba.
D. Hus. "Brigg Fair," an English rhapsody for orchestra.
Thomas. Mad Scene from "Hamlet."
Mme. Melba.
Weber. "Der Freischuetz" overture.

The ancient Romans went wild over the Gaditanian singers; in the 16th century the youth, Di Lasso, was kidnapped on account of his voice; in Handel's time there were duels regarding the merits of the soprani Cuzzoni and Faustina; ladies used to faint with emotion when Farinelli sang; in all ages a great voice will outweigh a famous orchestra. Therefore we placidly accept the fact that on this occasion the tail wagged the dog, the vocal adjunct excited the public more than a great symphony and an extremely curious orchestral rhapsody; the singer it was that caused a line of expectant ticket-buyers a quarter of a mile long.

Nevertheless we will venture to speak first about the symphonic and orchestral works. The fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky has been too long overshadowed by the very popular sixth—the "Pathetic." It is as characteristic as any work in the modern symphonic repertoire. It is at times savagely Russian and nothing of this savagery is lost in the interpretation by Mr. Fiedler. Bassoons, trumpets and horns deserve especial mention for good work done yesterday afternoon in this symphony. The entire wood-wind has much growling to do "a la Russe" in its lower register, especially in the first movement. The finale was brilliant in the extreme.

We are still unreconciled to the waltz movement. Even Tschaikowsky cannot idealize the waltz into a symphonic movement. One might almost as well attempt to use the polka in classical work.

But the Finale is so frankly barbaric, so intense and frenzied, that it becomes attractive in its very harshness. The triumphant ending with its chorale characteristics affords a great climax. Therefore, in spite of the fact that Melba was the bright particular star of the occasion, the audience yielded to the orchestral spell also and became enthusiastic about the work, recalling Mr. Fiedler very emphatically at its close.

The "Freischuetz" overture was given with good effect also. Its horn quartette, its pizzicato contrabasses, its mocking trombone, and its final triumph in the theme from Agatha's aria, all were well contrasted and effective. Only of recent days we sometimes note an exaggeration of speed on the part of our conductor. In some cases he urged the prestissimo into the domain of the impossible. Once or twice this was evident in the finale of the sym-

phony. About "Brigg Fair" and Mr. we are yet a little in doubt. There is question but that the younger English composers are out-Elgaring Elgar. Tired when Sir Edward had the field to himself, but that time is past. We wonder whether the staid London contrapuntists have yet gotten over their astonishment regarding the tonal happenings that are taking place in the right little, tight little island. Their music is no longer bounded by Mendelssohn on the north, Sterndale Bennett on the south, Stainer on the east, and MacKenzie on the west.

We had a pungent taste of Delius last season when the orchestra gave a compound of Absinthe and dissonances entitled "Paris." Delius is not entirely British, for he had German parents. But he passed his boyhood in England and that was sufficient to tinge him with such subjects as the love-ballad about "Brigg Fair," and he has founded his work on an old English melody. He uses a large orchestra in his balladizing, even bells being used in the score, and very well used too. The old Folk-song on which "Brigg Fair" is built is Germanized about as much as Strauss Germanized the Neapolitan "Funicoli-Funicola" in his "Italy."

The work begins tenderly and pensively. In spite of the fragmentary character a love-scene can be recognized. The hurly-burly of the centre of the composition is probably the fair itself, while the sombre trombone theme after it may picture the next day's headache, but we prefer to imagine it a continuation of the love-scene. Although the work is for a very large orchestra it is not very aggressively modern, not nearly so much so as "Paris" with its fragments of bacchanalian revelry. It has enough beautiful moments to cause it to be classed as an important work. It did not win a great success with the audience, but was rather coolly received; yet we think that it will hold its place in the repertoire of noteworthy modern English works.

Mme. Melba fairly defies the tooth of time. Her voice is fully as good as it was ten or fifteen years ago. The contrasted recitative, "bel Canto," dramatic and expressive singing, which are combined in the Mozart scena, would test any artist and no singer can be absolutely equal in these diverse styles. We find Mme. Melba less potent in the dramatic and declamatory touches of the recitatives than in the smooth and tender legato effects of "Dove Sono." The sweet quality of Mme. Melba's voice is as much a delight as ever and one does not need to use any "ifs" or "buts" in chronicling her triumph of yesterday.

The "Mad-scene" from "Hamlet" had also a beautiful display of "bel Canto" in its folk-song (a Swedish melody) which is imbedded in it, but it presented much more "coloratura" (which may be translated vocal fireworks) than the Mozart number. The public always rise to a response to evident vocal difficulties bravely overcome and there was reason for the final enthusiasm after this number. The rule regarding encores, however, was enforced.

In the "coloratura" of the "Hamlet" scene there was once or twice a sign of effort, but these were but spots on the sun, the general brilliancy of it all swept everything before it. Ophelia is but one of the many crazy heroines of opera. Linda di Chamounix, Dinorah, and Lucia, all go to prove that the madder operatic heroines get, the better they sing.

At the end of this mad-scene there was the most determined and ill-judged attempt at an encore that we have ever seen at the Symphony Concerts. The conductor stood waiting to begin the overture, the singer did not reappear after some half-dozen recalls, but some members of the ancient and honorable order of encore-friends kept up their applause several minutes, to the annoyance of everybody.

Possibly there might have been danger in an encore. If the singer had responded with a ballad by Hatton, for example, it might have reopened all the head-gear war. Even as it was Mme. Melba taunted the hatless ones by wearing a top-piece of very large dimensions and no audacious usher dared to insist upon her taking it off.

Trans. News of Music Nov. 28/10

AT the Symphony Concerts next week, when Mme. Melba will sing with the orchestra, it will play for the first time in Boston, "Brigg Fair," the rhapsody by Delfius, that Mr. Fiedler originally announced a year and more ago. It is of the composer's shorter and lighter pieces, free variations as it were upon an old English folk-tune, all dressed in very compact and sensuous instrumentation, with melancholy, rather than the boorish frolic that the title suggests, for its pervading vein. With it, in addition to Mme. Melba's pieces, will go Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony—the symphony of the long and passionate song of the Andante—and since it is the alternate year that brings Weber to the programmes—his overture to "Der Freischütz."

Mr. Bonci, the admired Italian tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House for two or three seasons past, began his perilous venture as a giver of song recitals in New York yesterday afternoon. Rarely do singers of his sex undertake such concerts; much less project a whole tour of them up and down the country for months to come; and never before, as it seems, has an Italian tenor, with only a reputation in the opera house, essayed such an experiment in America. A numerous audience received him warmly yesterday; the reviewers praise his familiar finesse in the art of song and the art of diction, even when he used English words—and made them intelligible; while his programme, which ranged from old Italian airs to contemporary French songs, showed equally his catholicity of choice and a discrimination that declined to carry operatic pieces into the concert-room.

The zeal that laid a heavy and a removing hand upon the women's hats and bonnets in Symphony Hall last Friday afternoon has not yet extended to the neighboring auditorium for smaller concerts and recitals. On Monday afternoon for Mr. de Gogorza and on Tuesday afternoon for Mme. Jomelli and Miss Nichols, the audiences in Jordan Hall were largely feminine and every woman who chose to keep her hat on her head—and nine out of ten of them did—wore it undisturbed. No admonition on the programme and no word from the ushers suggested that this obstructing head-gear should be removed. Yet all the concert halls in the city are amenable to the regulation that the management of Symphony Hall is trying to enforce under Mayor Fitzgerald's prompting. Some of the aggrieved there carried their complaints to him. Presumably none has done so with the other concert rooms.

Among the pieces that the Flonzaley Quartet is to play in Boston and the other American cities that it will visit in the course of the winter is Debussy's quartet for strings upon which the four virtuosi labored long and diligently last summer. Hitherto, the only performances of the music in America that attained their end and deserved artistic consideration have been those of the Kneisel Quartet. The more interesting, then, will it be to hear another version and from such players as the four that will attempt it. Already they have almost persuaded an audience in Berlin to like Debussy's music, while their hearers in London, being more open-minded, applauded both the piece and the performance. "It imparted the subtlety and the mystery of the music," say the English reviewers.

Opera and Drama—Anyone who has an ear for music may learn from his enjoyment of opera what he ought to expect of the drama; for opera is only the most extremely poetical form of drama, the form in which the illusion of reality is most sacrificed to the means of expression. [The London Times.]

SYMPHONY HAT WAR SUCCEEDS

Women in Rehearsal Audience
Comply with Order Against
Head Coverings.

SOME REMINDED BY USHERS

One Who Ignored Many Requests to Remove Millinery Forced to Leave the Hall.

Herald Nov. 26/10

Tact, courtesy and diplomacy won the victory in the anti-hat crusade at the Symphony Orchestra rehearsal yesterday afternoon. With the exception of one woman, who held her ground until the intermission with the pertinacity of a British suffragette, the management had little difficulty in securing a compliance with the law. A few whispered words from the ushers, accompanied by pleading, wistful smiles, were all that was necessary in nearly every instance.

C. A. Ellis, manager, and Louis K. Mudgett, assistant manager of the orchestra, realized that yesterday's rehearsal would be the first real test of the working of the law as applied to Symphony Hall, and they were determined that it should be observed to the letter. They anticipated no trouble, feeling confident that the women patrons would comply with a regulation which tended to the comfort and pleasure of others, but both were present and zealous in its enforcement.

Owing to the rain, there were few large specimens of feminine head adornment in the hall. As is nearly always the case at the rehearsals, women predominated in the audience. The majority of them removed their head coverings as soon as they reached their seats. Many, however, kept the ushers and management on the anxious seat until a moment or two before the first notes of the opening number. When the orchestra had assembled and Conductor Fiedler came bowing on the platform, the ushers went quietly down the aisles and spoke a word or two to the women who still remained crowned with view-obstructing millinery. In practically every instance when a woman was spoken to she removed her hat without delay or evidence of annoyance.

When Conductor Fiedler flourished his baton for the first movement the only hats to be seen in the auditorium were worn by women seated in the last rows of the balcony and gallery, where they could not obstruct the view of others, and by two women on the floor near the centre aisle. One of the latter was about a third of the distance back from the platform, and the other back of the in-

tersecting cross aisle. Several elderly women wore low head coverings which did not furnish as much projection as the elaborate coiffures of the younger women, but these coverings were not regarded by the management as coming within the law.

At the close of the first movement the ushers again warned the two women who had failed to remove their millinery, and the one nearer the back of the hall removed her hat. Her more aggressive sister, however, merely nodded pleasantly to the usher, indicating that she had heard his request, and then resumed her study of the program. After another request, to which she paid no attention, Manager Mudgett detailed Head Usher Hartshorn to the delicate task of informing the woman that she must take her hat off or leave the hall.

Hartshorn conveyed the request courteously and cited the law, while the eyes of hundreds watched the outcome. The woman said she had not known of the regulation and would leave the hall. She remained seated, however, until Felix Berber had completed his numbers. Then, as Manager Mudgett started down the centre aisle toward her, she rose languidly and walked out to a waiting limousine. She was dressed in heavy mourning and wore a thick black veil, tied over a moderately large hat and fastened at the back of her neck.

At the main entrances were large signs, which read:

"Ladies are requested to remove their hats during the concert to obviate the cause of many complaints by subscribers, whose view of the stage has been obstructed."

On the smaller doors, leading to the auditorium, were smaller signs, which said:

"Please remove your hats during the concert."

The management expressed pleasure at the general compliance with the request and confidence that there will be no further cause for complaint.

THE SYMPHONY "SOLOISTS"

Trans. Sept. 17, 1910

The Singers, the Pianists, the Violinists and the Violoncellists Who Are to Appear at the Concerts This Season—The High Quality of the List—A Few Changes in the Orchestra Itself

SIX singers, three pianists, four violinists and two violoncellists make the list of fifteen "soloists" who are to appear at the Symphony Concerts between next October and next May. Precedent has now become established policy, and, as in the past four years, the "assisting artists" have been chosen from singers of his

operate, rank, from virtuosos of established international reputation or, in one case, of well-grounded local standing, and from the leaders of the choirs of the orchestra itself. Thus, for singers, Covent Garden yields Mme. Melba and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn; the Metropolitan, Miss Farrar and Miss Destinn; the Manhattan, as it used to be, Mr. Gilbert; and, by exception, the concert-room in general, Mme. Jomelli. The pianists of international note are Mr. Hoffmann and Mr. Busoni, with Mr. Buonamicel, who is not less a virtuoso of high technical skill, quick feeling, and imaginative temperament because he happens to live and work in Boston. The violinists are Mischa Elman for established place; Mr. Macmillen for rising attainment; and Mr. Witek, the new concert-master, and Mr. Noack for the deserving virtuosi of the orchestra itself. From it, too, come the violoncellists—the veteran Schroeder, who has returned to his old place, and the younger Warnke. So much for the list, and to it in time, if Mr. Fiedler undertakes Mahler's second symphony and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, will be added the singers that both pieces require.

Of the "women singers," as the old advertisements used to say, Mme. Melba, who has returned to America for a short concert tour and a few appearances with the Metropolitan and the Chicago opera companies, will sing in Boston only at a pair of Symphony Concerts. And Mme. Melba's voice is now in a golden prime that cannot endure indefinitely, while she herself grows more inclined to forget Europe and America for the Australia she would school in opera. Miss Farrar, again, will make no concert tour this season, and she will come to the Symphony Concerts in November when her sensitive voice is unfatigued by the exacting work of the Metropolitan. It, too, has set Miss Destinn free, as it could not or it would not do last year, to sing with the orchestra; and the delicate clarinet quality in the shadings of her tones and the intelligence and the finesse of her singing invite the concert-room, as her voice now is, quite as much as they do the opera house. When Mme. Kirkby-Lunn came first to America, she was a richly sonorous contralto voice and little else. Now, by years of work at Covent Garden and in the concert-room she has made herself a singer also of warm feeling and discriminating intelligence. In recent years, the list of "soloists" for the Symphony Concerts has been curiously deficient in "men singers." Few of the tenors and the baritones of the opera houses meet the different and, in some respects, more exacting conditions of concerts; and the few that do have been unavailable. Next winter, fortunately, Mr. Gilbert will be free to bring his mastery of adroit and expressive diction again to the concert-room where it most shines. If the Symphony Orchestra

attest, save the singers from the opera houses, it is because few concert singers meet its standards. This year, it has found one such, Mme. Jomelli, already known to the public of oratorio and of the casual concert, of worth.

Comparatively few of the international pianists and the international violinists will visit America this season. Some of those that came over sea last winter did not fare well, and plentiful reaction after excessive action is the way of our musical world. Mr. Busoni, whom America rediscovered last year, will make amends for long absence by speedy return, and a pair of Symphony Concerts is, of course, reserved for him. Another pair will bring back a pianist who has mistrusted his public in Boston so mistakenly that he has not appeared since the years ripened him into a pianist of feeling and imagination as well as of high technique—Josef Hoffmann, no longer cool, but now impassioned. A third pair will pay to Mr. Buonamicel the compliment that he has deserved since with new powers of understanding, sympathy and execution, he returned to public appearances last autumn.

The wandering violinists are as cautious as the pianists, and only two of them will make the American venture this season—Mr. Elman, already one of the three or four living violinists of the first rank, and to most of us of singular personal appeal; and Mr. Macmillen, who is now ready to win the heartier approval of a public that liked his beginnings. The orchestra, however, can easily replace the doubting virtuosi who hesitate to cross the sea, and Mr. Witek, by right of his post as concert master and by the capacities that have given him it, will play a concerto. So, too, will Mr. Noack, of the very pure and very finely shaded tone with which he surprised his hearers last winter. The violoncellists, too, will come from the orchestra, and at the first pair of concerts Mr. Schroeder will celebrate his return by the playing of a concerto, while later in the winter Mr. Warnke will have his turn.

The coming of Mr. Witek and the return of Mr. Schroeder make the two notable changes in the personnel of the orchestra itself. Besides, a new leader will succeed Mr. Keller in the double basses, and a new viola player, a new second violinist, and two players upon the instruments of percussion will replace other departed members of the band. Mr. Fiedler has further decided to raise the number of the bassoons from four to five, and of the trombones from three to four. Thus, the orchestra will stand at one hundred players.

News of the Day Dec. 6/10

LITTLE by little, Mr. Fiedler is establishing a custom at the Symphony Concerts that by the time he leaves the orchestra may have become a precedent. Mr. Gericke liked an overture for almost every concert; and usually he set it at the beginning of his programme. Dr. Muck was less regular with overtures; but when he did play them, they usually began the concert. Now, Mr. Fiedler studies his audiences more closely than did either Dr. Muck or Mr. Gericke. He quickly noted their tendency, especially on Friday afternoons, to drift away before the final piece. He tried the experiment of warmly expressive and dramatically played overtures to hold them, and from the first it has succeeded. From week to week and year to year he has shaped his programmes accordingly; the "brilliant overture," or some kindred piece, to end the concert has become almost rule and custom; and the symphony seems to have lost, for good and all, what was once its appointed place. Thus, the eight concerts of the current year have ended with Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," Weber's to "Oberon," Sibelius's "Finlandia," Strube's "Puck," Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," the polonaise in Tschalkowsky's third Suite, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz."

ny Hall.

1910-II.

NY ORCHESTRA.

IR, Conductor.

VCERT.

BER 17, AT 8 P.M.

amme.

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by Hall.

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OVERTURE to the Opera, "The Flying Dutchman"

Soloist:

Mr. JOSEF HOFMANN

Steinway Pianoforte used



2531

JOSEPH HOFFMANN

ROTARY PHOTO E C

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai
- IV. Allegro con brio

RUBINSTEIN,

CONCERTO in D minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 70

- I. Moderato
- II. Moderato assai
- III. Allegro assai

DEBUSSY,

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto: Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai
- IV. Allegro con brio

RUBINSTEIN,

CONCERTO in D minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 70

- I. Moderato
- II. Moderato assai
- III. Allegro assai

DEBUSSY,

"RONDES DE PRINTEMPS: IMAGES" for ORCHESTRA, No. 3
(Repeated by request)

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "The Flying Dutchman"

Soloist:

Mr. JOSEF HOFMANN

Steinway Pianoforte used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

BEETHOVEN, RUBINSTEIN AND
HOFMANN

For Once Even Wagner and Debussy Fall Into Secondary Place—The Conductors and the Classics—Mr. Fiedler's Willingness, at Last, to Let Beethoven Speak for Himself—Rubinstein and the Personal Equation—Mr. Hofmann's Masterful Performance That Recreated a Concerto That Has Long Been Only Half Itself

CONTRARY to precedent in the weeks of the return of the Symphony Orchestra from its monthly journeys, the concert yesterday afternoon, was unusually spirited and interesting throughout and in Mr. Hofmann's playing of Rubinstein's concerto in D minor signally impressive. The pressure of Christmas did not perceptibly diminish the numbers of the audience and they of the second balcony were as faithful to eminence and to curiosity, whether singer, pianist or violinist stir it, as they regularly are. The company was unusually applaudive too. Evidently the house knew what to expect in Beethoven's seventh symphony, liked Mr. Fiedler's leading of it, clapped him warmly at the end of each movement and called him back to the stage, when the whole piece was done. It was warmer still toward Mr. Hofmann, whose maturity of understanding, imagination and accomplishment evidently surprised it, and for a gloved company of women, for the most part, it applauded him as largely and insistently as an exciting and masterful performance of the concerto deserved. Possibly there was a hint of duty in the response of many of the listeners to the repetition of Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps." It had reason to believe—or thought it had—that it was learning to like music that it ought to appreciate, and womanfully it fulfilled its obligation. Though the concert was not short, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" held the house, and there the clapping audience was on firmer ground. Though Boston has an opera house, it hears no more of Wagner on the stage—and indeed less than it used to do. He remains in the concert-room; Mr. Fiedler does not play fragments of his music too often; and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" actually sounded yesterday fresh and novel.

It would be easy to call Mr. Fiedler's version of Beethoven's symphony conventional, much what was to be expected from a mature and practised conductor with an expert band before him. Yet it was precise-

ly these qualities that commended the performance. The faith of conductors to the contrary notwithstanding, the classics can often speak for themselves. It was one of the glories of Mr. Gerlicke—and the years do not dim it—that he was willing to let his Haydn and Mozart, his Beethoven and Schubert run. Schumann indeed needs manipulation if the conductor is to set free the true voice of his music; but Mr. Fiedler has often been prone to apply the process to Beethoven, where it is superfluous. Conductors are but human—and ambitious. The humblest reviewer of us all would like to say something new and striking when he must take his twentieth turn at a familiar piece. Perverse connoisseurs deliberately hear the classics in meticulous quest for some detail that shall prick their ears. So, plausibly enough, are the conductors with such music. They know its eloquence; but they would have their particular eloquence with it a little different a little "individual." Few wish them to be "reverent," which is the approved circumlocution for dryness and dullness, because the classics are not usually dry or dull; but it is wholesome discipline for them and for their hearers to let their classics speak with the composer's own voice. Then does the conductor descend from his stand with the comfortable consciousness of one who has sacrificed personal inclination to impersonal considerations, and then also does he receive the applause that is dear to him.

Mr. Fiedler has manipulated Beethoven often in the past and not always to the advantage of the music or the comfort of his hearers. Beethoven does not need an incessantly modulated pace; he certainly did not drag his songful passages as his imagination heard them and his pen set the notes on paper; his contrasts speak for themselves; his strength is not often a racing fury, and when it becomes so, it is unmistakable. The virtue of Mr. Fiedler's performance of the seventh symphony was that he was willing to forego his own individuality for Beethoven's. He would not have been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra had he not taken the Scherzo at a racing pace in which scarcely another band could have kept clarity and rhythm, and sped the Finale through its whirl of exuberantly reiterated figures. Not once, however, did the conductor blur the profile of the music, smear its tonal colors, or cloud its voice. Grant that the seventh symphony is a symphony of the dance, but it is of the dance idealized and not of the dance as confused orgy. It is not even so wild as some of Wagner's terpsichorean rhetoric about it.

Mr. Fiedler held the music to its truer and clearer eloquence. He made it compact yet fluent of rhythm idealized. He did not over-emphasize the contrasts of the first Allegro; he indicated details, but he did not underscore them. The song of the slow movement waxed, but under it was the pliant yet insistent rhythmic beat that is the spell of the whole symphony. The race of the Scherzo and the contrasting breadth of the Trio were unforced; the Finale had its riot—

idealized. Everywhere details fell into their due place and almost everywhere they signalled once more the virtuosity of the orchestra, in the finesse of the strings in the slow movement, in the pervading quality of the wood winds, and in the flare of the brass toward the end of the symphony. Even when Mr. Fiedler made his little "effects" of his own, as he did in the sudden swelling of the orchestral voices before the end of the second movement, they did not jar. Not often, outside the Choral Symphony, has Mr. Fiedler's Beethoven been so satisfying. Later he could and did give his romantic energy of emphasis and contrast play in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," but the sheer intellectual feat—for a German—that should give Debussy's music its lightness of motion, its flecks of suggestion, its evanescence and yet its beauty is not in him. Mr. Fiedler can paint frescoes, but not water-colors, in tones.

Rubinstein's music needs more than ever the re-creating hand. At bottom, he was more the performer than the composer, and when he wrote, and especially for the pianoforte, his imagination heard the music as though he were playing it. Debussy's music is a personal music, because it expresses—in these very "Rondes de Printemps" for example—a singular temperament disclosing its curious moods and visions by singular means. Rubinstein's music is a personal music in another way; he could not conceive it, seemingly, except as he, or one like him should perform it. There has been no such; and the music has gone out of the fashion less because of its inherent weakness of invention and of feeling, than because there has been no responsive personality to provide as Rubinstein himself did, the other and the better half of it. Mr. Hofmann did such service to the concerto in D minor yesterday, and it lived and thrilled again. The younger generation knows not how Rubinstein played the concerto; but it does know—and not to stimulating recollection—how many a pianist shakes about in it as in a shell that he cannot fill with sonorous and commanding sound. For a few years Mr. Hofmann was a pupil of the ageing Rubinstein and the years were the susceptible years of the pianist's youth. Mr. Hofmann has lived, besides, in the Russian world that counts the music of the pianoforte the most interesting of all music. There he must have heard much debate of the concerto in D minor and report of the fashion in which the composer played it. Yesterday however, it sufficed that his own performance of it, ripened these many years, was masterful in its own right. By it and through it, the concerto regained the sweep, the power, the splendor even that was more of Rubinstein the performer than of Rubinstein the composer.

Throughout the concerto, Mr. Hofmann made the music magnificently declamatory.

For a time even the tonal splendor, the tonal eloquence, the sheer driving power of the performance overwhelmed very other impression. There was Mr. Fiedler leading his orchestra faithfully but not too adroitly as his way is with accompaniments; but there also was Mr. Hofmann and his pianoforte seeming to sweep the band before him, to carry it along with him, and now and then even to shepherd and persuade it. Then out of this pervading splendor and power emerged a tone that with all its brilliancy was rich, translucent, multi-colored, endless with gradations. The pace was thrilling, now with its amplitude of stride, now with its rapidity and elasticity of modulation. Yet the clarity was flawless, and the music seemed to be writing itself. The answers of pianoforte to the orchestra struck fire. Or it dominated the orchestral mass with the power and the passion of its accents. Or it flung itself in exuberance of imagination and vitality into ornament that Mr. Hofmann's command of tonal color made iridescent. The music seemed to lift itself to its climax and by its own inherent power. The power, the splendor, the sense of sweeping but ordered magnificence in it all made irresistible emotion. The pianist was recreating the music in his own image.

The slow movement demands another recreation. It must be lifted out of sentiment into large emotion. They say that Rubinstein so transformed it by the magnificence of his instrumental song. Mr. Hofmann, being of another time and another temperament, took another way. He heightened the music by an insistently fine and almost exquisite intensity. Rubinstein, again they say, made it large. Mr. Hofmann chose to make it poignant. He gave the more sentimental melody a pognancy of phrase that refined it into emotion. He clothed the more animated melody with the changeful lights of his tonal tints, with the dazzle of his ornament. The impression throughout was of delicately and endless blended light and shade, through which, now subdued, now intensified, went the songful voice of the music. Mr. Hofmann had made Rubinstein pulsant; now he made him almost subtle.

The harmonies wave a background of rhapsodic fancy; against it phrase by phrase went the poignant intensity of the melody; the ornament was as the flecks of light upon it all. Large song it was not; exquisite song it was. The Finale, uprising from the shadowed close, renewed the declamatory splendor, the touch magnificence of the beginning. There were chords that were the power of sound; there were runs that were the sweep of it; the music bore itself long as in self-creating rhapsody that scattered ornament by the way. Rhetorical it was, but the rhetoric had become eloquence. The tonal color was kaleidoscopic, but each tint, each gradation of a tint fell as spontaneously as the sparkling glass into its place in the whole. In all the mingled pursuance and fineness

of his playing, in all this splendor or pognancy of tone, in all his range of pace and modulation, Mr. Hofmann had not forgotten the doings and the climax of the whole. As he had conceived largely, so he ended largely, and long since he had taken the orchestra to himself—and to the recreated music. H. T. P.

APPLAUD HOFMANN AT THE SYMPHONY

Journal

Polish Pianist's Artistry
Ranks Well With That
of Paderewski.

Josef Hofmann's highly polished artistry, than which nothing so moving, and at the same time so satisfying, has been witnessed here since the best days of Paderewski, furnished true holiday entertainment at yesterday's Symphony concert. Strict observance of the anti-hat rule yielded double delight. It was a pleasure to see a pianist at last as well as hear the performance.

Hofmann chose the Rubinstein concerto in D minor which the Russian genius himself played here once upon a time and which his young Polish pupil, yesterday's soloist, played at his Symphony debut nine years ago. For Hofmann the year 1901 was part of the doubtful period between prodigious childhood and splendid maturity. It was a rare pleasure yesterday for some to recall the chubby Josef's first appearance in old Music Hall, and then to think on the fine fulfillment of that early promise.

For now Hofmann stands in the front rank of pianists. His performance yesterday was a masterly effort, worthy of Rubinstein, both as teacher and as composer and exemplifying Hoffman's art in its most beautiful and powerful aspects. The vigor displayed in the first movement contrasted strikingly with the sheer liveliness of tone which characterized the second movement and again with the flashing technical fluency which was shown in the last movement. There was everything in the performance that the connoisseur could command of the artist. Hofmann was recalled several times when the concerto was over. Greater enthusiasm has not been seen at the Symphony concerts this season with the possible exception of the Melba reception.

The orchestra gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance of Beethoven's prodigious seventh symphony. The Debussy "Rondes de Printemps," heard recently, were repeated, and last of all came Wagner's breezy "Flying Dutchman" overture.

JOSEF HOFMANN SOLOIST.

Plays Rubinstein's Concerto at
Ninth Symphony Rehearsal.

Handled Dec. 17, '10
By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Concerto in D minor for the piano.....Rubinstein
Rondes de Printemps.....Debussy
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

It was a little over a year ago that Isadora Duncan danced the "Interpretation" of three movements of Beethoven's seventh symphony. At the time, and a year before in the same hall, there were some who scoffed at her pretension, and spoke with a fine show of indignation concerning the "deseccration" of the symphony.

And yet, when yesterday the strangely solemn strains of the Allegretto were heard, the vision of Miss Duncan came into the mind and remained until the end of the Finale, with its Dionysiac joy. And there also came the thought of music composed by Eric Satie and orchestrated by Debussy, "Gymnopédies," performed here almost six years ago by the Orchestral Club. To this must, as to Beethoven's Allegretto, Grecian youth might well have danced with the gestures that have come down to us on frieze or vase.

The symphony was well chosen to commemorate Beethoven's birthday 140 years ago, for it ranks among his greatest works, and this is to say among the greatest of all musical compositions. The symphony is nearly 100 years old. Think how wildly applauded orchestral compositions that were new and surprising only 20 or even 10 years ago are now moribund or snugly entombed forever!

There is not a note of the symphony that not been long familiar to a modern audience. Even when conductors do their best, which is the worst, to give an unfamiliar, a personal reading, the music soars above them that would twist and shape it according to their own device.

In the performance yesterday the music was allowed to go its way, and was not too personally conducted. The Scherzo was finely played; the mysterious passages in the course of the first movement were more than ordinarily effective, and the orgy of joy at the end was not for once the frenzy of a red-capped, drunken mob.

Debussy's Rondes de Printemps was repeated by request. In this request it is to be hoped that the con-

ductor and the orchestra joined, for the first performance a few weeks ago gave little idea of the composer's design or the character of the music. The Rondo would bear more repetitions for the sake of a clear understanding and it is easy to imagine it read in a lighter, a more delicate and a more poetic spirit.

Mr. Hofmann played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor. He played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra nine years ago, and the concerto was that of yesterday. He played here at a concert given by Theodore Thomas with the Chicago orchestra, in March, 1898, and then his choice was this concerto. It is fair to presume that he favors it; perhaps because the composer was his teacher; perhaps because he believes it to be effective; possibly because he likes it as music.

Played by many, this concerto seems old-fashioned, with its plausible brilliance and its undisguised sentimentalism. Played by Rubinstein himself, it assumed gigantic proportions. No one that ever heard the composer when he was wholly in the vein, will ever forget the opening attack, the swift descent, of the lion's paw. By the beauty of his cantabile, Rubinstein turned the sentimentalism of the middle movement into emotional song.

It is a great but deserved compliment to Mr. Hofmann to say that there were times yesterday when he recalled vividly the performance by his master. There was the superb attack, the massive chord playing, the gorgeous procession of florid passages, the clear yet dazzling runs, the succession of shifting tonal graduations, the unerring sense of proportion, the general lucidity and strength of treatment, the supreme grasp of conception. And so the performance of the first and third movements was masterly.

It was in the second movement, the Romanza, that Mr. Hofmann fell far below his master in the singing of melodic phrases. The background was deftly prepared, there was atmosphere, there was romantic suggestion, but the song itself was too pronounced, too salient. The melody was italicized until at times it was metallic in emphasis and rigidity. Nor was the song always sustained. It lacked the tenderness, the exquisite liquidity that were found, strange to say, in inherently inexpressive passages of transition or conventional bravura. There is the paradox of the pianist, as of the comedian; and yesterday this was the paradox of Mr. Josef Hofmann.

These pieces will be played at the concerts next week: Humperdinck, Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel"; Dvorak, symphony "From the New World"; Lalo, concerto in F minor for the violin, op. 20 (Mr. Noack, violinist); Brahms, Academic Festival overture.

RUBINSTEIN BY HOFMANN

Pat
Soloist at Symphony Exhibits Muscular Power

BY OLIN DOWNES

As soloist at the ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Josef Hofmann did terrible things to his instrument, and scored an overwhelming triumph. The concert commenced with the Beethoven Seventh Symphony. Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" was repeated by request. In Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture Mr. Fiedler employed eight, instead of four, horns, thus following the example set here by Dr. Muck. Mr. Hofmann's composition was the Rubinstein concerto in D minor.

Hofmann gave a performance of tremendous virtuosity and spirit. Some thought that they again heard the lion-pawed Rubinstein at the instrument, but the authenticity of that emotion may be questioned. Mr. Hofmann did indeed play stupendously, with superb mastery, and sledge-hammer velocity. He had the concerto in the palm of his hand. The piece was written by a virtuoso who would not have dreamed of acknowledging himself weaker than a full orchestra. Mr. Hofmann, too, was a second orchestra. But Rubinstein is sadly aging, or the virtuoso, with all his authority and elan, gave more of the letter than the creative spirit, because, when it was all done, and the piano had stopped resounding, and the hands no longer caracoled over the keyboard, one said: "Was it worth while?"

Well, it was worth while for the younger generation to hear the once standard concerto in its full glory. The music sounded as it was probably intended to sound. No one, for years, at least, will be likely to hear a performance to parallel the amazing feat of yesterday afternoon. We do not believe that many want to. The concerto is now known to the young. Heaven bless its bones, and grant that it be shelved for many years to come. At least, Mr. Hofmann will not dare to tax the patience of a Symphony audience with it, for he has played it twice in succession at these concerts—the last time, in 1901, when the performance, if memory serves, was far indeed from the torrential execution of yesterday afternoon. Needless to say, the soloist was applauded to the

echo, and repeatedly recalled.

Mr. Fiedler read the symphony with the utmost enthusiasm, though the orchestral tone was not always of the purest, and Beethoven thought, and wrote, the most heavenly tones—not only in his introduction—well played yesterday, but throughout. Debussy's piece was given a far better showing than three weeks ago. Again it seemed an advance in logic and distinction of workmanship, but, alas, it also seemed made, the worked-out masterpiece of a master workman. And, after all, would this music have ever been written, had it not been for the forest music in "Siegfried"? The performance was very brilliant. Wagner's overture was stormy and exciting. At the concerts of next week Sylvain Noack, the second concertmaster of the orchestra, will play a concerto in F minor, unknown here, by Lalo, the Frenchman.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Slate
Josef Hofmann Soloist in Rubinstein Concerto.

Debussy's "Roundelay of Spring" Is Repeated by Request.

The program at the ninth Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Beethoven's 7th symphony, Rubinstein's D minor concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, Josef Hofmann, soloist; Debussy's "Roundelay of Spring" (repeated by request) and the overture to Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman."

The 7th symphony of Beethoven contains some of the noblest music to be found in the symphonies.

The vivace in the exposition of the chief theme of the first movement bears a fitting name, for there is unfailing and undimmed vitality in every measure.

Here is evidence of the plan, the masterful logical sequence of Beethoven, which makes each measure the spontaneous outgrowth of what precedes.

Beside the melodic figures which have identity, there are also those in rhythm which form a part of the design, and there seemed to be no plausible warrant yesterday in eliminating the second and fifth eighth notes (six-eighth time) of full voiced chords in the loud measures immediately preceding the entrance of the secondary theme, both in the exposition and again in the recapitulation.

The performance was marked by clarity and tonal beauty. The first pages of the second movement, with its melody in the grave-voiced violas, had admirable repose and tranquillity.

The scherzo, exquisite in fancy and well governed in form, although as free and spontaneous as the tracery of frost upon the window pane, was played with true delicacy and spontaneity.

Thus far the reading had given pleasure. The closing movement brought a spectacle not uncommon at these concerts—that of several dozen honest, hard-working fiddlers, doing their best to play cascades and whirlwinds of notes as though paced by the lightning, irrespective of the peace of the composer's soul.

Mr Hofmann was unduly aggressive in the first movement of the concerto. The tremendous rhythmical passages of embellishing chords against the orchestra were sonorous, but the lyrical portions suffered from an unsympathetic tone.

This was not apparent, however, in the lovely second movement, which was as an outpouring of emotional song. While the last movement is less consequential, it found Mr Hofmann's technic and intellectual grasp adequate.

The reading of the Debussy "Roundelay" was less poetic than at the first time.

The program next week is as follows: Humperdinck's prelude to "Hansel and Gretel"; Dvorak's symphony in E minor, No. 5, "From the New World"; Lalo's concerto for the violin, F minor, op. 20, soloist, Sylvain Noack; and Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture.

By EDITH BURNHAM.

Traveler
The Symphony orchestra, with Joseph Hofmann as soloist, gave its ninth rehearsal of the season yesterday afternoon. The following programme was played:

Beethoven Symphony in A-major, No. 7, Op. 92.

Rubinstein Concerto, D-minor, No. 4, for pianoforte and orchestra.

Debussy, Dondes de Printemps: Images pour Orchestra, No. 3.

Wagner, Overture to the opera, "The Flying Dutchman."

The Beethoven Symphony is purely music for music's sake—harmony for harmony's sake. Thematically it is not very well endowed, and the theme of the first movement, or possibly themes, as some consider the second part of the movement has a new theme—is a long time resolving itself. Yesterday's programme stated that many commentators had read "ideas" into this Symphony, but it does not seem at all a thing of ideas, but of abstract, musical logic, without a single trace of so-called modernism. It is a striking contrast to the Debussy "Rondes de Printemps" played later. Theme development in music is very like plot development through scenes in dramatic writing, and as in the latter the closest cogency must be maintained, so it is in the former; but in the Beethoven seventh Symphony this development drags, as if the composer were so infatuated with his theme that he did not want to leave it; he is discursive, and makes many different approaches to its final resolution.

HOFMANN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Is Rich in Theme.

The first movement is in this regard a trifle monotonous; but the second, or Allegretto, one opens with a richly sonorous theme, played by the violas, violoncellos and double basses. Most of the themes throughout the symphony are introduced by the flutes or wood-winds, but this is a striking exception and affords variety. The wood-winds develop the next theme, which is a march movement of much beauty. The counterpart of this theme is carried by the violins, which were exceedingly weak yesterday—in fact, it was true of a good deal of the violin work throughout the symphony, in the work of ornamentation as well as in elaboration.

This Allegretto movement has most of the real, intrinsic beauty of the symphony, its themes are tuneful and gracefully handled; they are, however, like all the themes in the symphony, kept closely in hand—they never any of them sally forth into realms unknown or explore hidden paths or places. It is a work of much beauty, but strictest musical sobriety, no vagaries haunt its themes or phrases. The Scherzo movement was brilliant as played yesterday, the hymnal aria wending its way into the theme with a solemn, melodic grace. The finale was almost breathless in its tempo, but the strings found opportunity to do some brilliant work.

The appearance of Josef Hofmann as soloist in the Rubenstein Concerto was the occasion for much applause. Mr. Hofmann played as at his recital with remarkable brilliancy, and was as strongly assertive. He did, on the contrary, lay aside the sharp contrasts and explosives which marred the pleasure of his work on that day. He still chords at times as if he were hitting a golf ball, and putting it over a net at that, but throughout the last movement the Concerto his chord and arpeggio work was finely chiseled and crystalline, and his sostenuto work of the Moderato movement was full of prolonged, lingering beauty.

A Melodic Dialogue.

There is between the orchestra and the piano in this concerto a fine understanding of the possibilities of each, the orchestra completing harmony opened by the solo instrument, and the reverse also being true; instrument answers instrument in a kind of melodic dialogue which is very harmonious. The lack of sympathy which is sometimes felt in Mr. Hofmann's touch was covered by the orchestra, and only its

remarkable brilliancy was felt.

Mr. Hofmann is a player of large effects, his tonal color is exceedingly brilliant at times, but often the colors move in such swift kaleidoscopic changes across the tone surface that the listener can scarcely catch and hold one of them before it flits away. Yesterday's audience was most enthusiastic over Mr. Hofmann's playing, recalling him many times.

The Debussy "Rondes de Printemps," which Mr. Fiedler repeated on yesterday's programme by request, was as much the thing of vague, shifting beauties as before—in fact, it is only after a second rendering that one can feel that one has extracted half of the joy and glory of spring from this color fantasy. It is pregnant with life—is even close to the fountain spring of life. The orchestra plays it with fine and delicate interpretation.

The closing overture to the "Flying Dutchman" was played in a finely spirited style. Its sharp contrasts, its mystery, the waves which sweep across it in blasts, the rhythmic melody that slips in between these waves—bits of arias of the opera—were all brought out. In it all the natural and supernatural forces seem to be set free, to meet at the close and melt into sweetest harmony.

HOFMANN AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

QW: Dec 12 '10
HEARD IN RUBINSTEIN'S
D MINOR CONCERTO

Debussy's "Spring" and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony Other Features of the Programme.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Symphony in A major.
Rubinstein—Concerto for Piano, in D minor.
Debussy—"Rondes de Printemps."
Wagner—"Flying Dutchman" overture.
Pianist, Josef Hofmann.

A programme which was intelligible from

first to last, for even Debussy is more coherent than usual in his "Rondes de Printemps," even if his Spring breezes are sometimes a trifle raw. "Happy are those Nations which have no History." Happy also are those concerts which require no elucidation. There is nothing new to be said about Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, but there is just as much to enjoy in it as ever. What a fantasy of rhythms it is! What a simple slow movement it gives; a dactyl and a spondee in alternation most of the time. Yet it is more satisfying than Strauss's thunders or D'Indy's complexities. Only the prolongation of the Scherzo by mere repetitions seems to us a case of Homer nodding.

If only some of our present-day composers would make their symphonies as brief as this we would forgive their not having as many ideas to express as Beethoven had.

The performance did not seem to us as entirely effective as usual. There was some rigidity in the Allegretto and Dionysiac fury in the finale, which made the "Allegro con Brio" the most rapid "Prestissimo" imaginable. The demon of haste marred some of the music, although the great crescendo effects of the first movement were nobly done.

The remainder of the concert made ample amends, for there was excellent interpretation of the last three numbers of the programme.

Josef Hofmann has not grown up into the "second Mozart" that was expected of him 20 years ago, but he has become a most poetic and intelligent pianist. His surety is a delight and the auditor catches some of his confidence and enjoys the work, sparing the player's own enthusiasm. The D minor is the best of Rubinstein's concertos, but it takes a pianist with poetic and grandiose to carry out its thought. This it certainly had on this occasion. The two last movements are the best of the work. The slow movement reintroduces us to the lost art of Melody. The tenderness and delicacy of Hofmann's playing in this movement was ineffably beautiful and the contrast with the more powerful episode finely made. The Finale was full of bravura, and both in the rapid scale-work and in the fiery chord and octave passages Hofmann was a Rubinstein "redivivus." Nor must we forget to speak of the cadenza-playing of the first movement. It was altogether a noble performance of a noble work, and a great wave of enthusiasm followed its completion. Hofmann was recalled again and again, and it seemed as if the applause would never end. Rubinstein is a very unequal composer; when he is good he is very, very good, and when he is bad he is padded. Here he was heard at his best.

A second hearing of Debussy's views on Spring convinced us of the composer's originality. He has that personal note that is sometimes indicative of genius. But our views of Spring (even in Boston) are less bitter. If we thought only of tonics, of umbrellas, of the danger of laying aside one's flannels, of influenza, etc., we might agree with such a sharply biting

tone-poem, but there are really some good points about the vernal season that a musician might chronicle or suggest. The orchestration has some strong points and the interest is sustained all through the composition. The work was worth the second hearing. Yet the most tangible point that we could get from it was that the orchestra sneezed thrice (a happy omen) which suggested cold in the head. There is much of novelty in the work, one of Debussy's best, but we must beware of mistaking novelty for greatness.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture ended the programme with something of fury, mitigated, however, by the final apotheosis of Senta and the sea-faring gentleman. Mr. Fiedler's reading of this was superb. Every point of grandeur was emphasized, every contrast strikingly made, and amid even the greatest power, nothing was unclear or muddy-toned.

Especial tribute must be given to the trombones and the kettle-drummer, and all the brasses were in wonderful form.

The work of the horns in the Rubinstein concerto also demands complimentary notice. Altogether then, the concert was one of the kind that the public could cordially appreciate, and the conservative musician also enjoy. The next programme bids fair to continue this pleasant state of things, with Lalo, Dvorak, Humperdinck and Brahms.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

DEBUSSY'S new "Images" for orchestra, originally played in Paris late last winter were sure to make two of the interesting new pieces in symphony concerts in America this season. By common consent the conductors have begun with the shorter of the two, "Rondes de Printemps," performed in Chicago and in New York this week and to be played at the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The title "Springtime Rounds" and the gay motto of the joys of the returning spring that Debussy has prefixed to the music, sufficiently suggest the vein of the substance. The substance and the manner of it are all of the composer as he is today. Side by side with the "Rondes" goes Strauss's tone-poem "Death and Transfiguration," the last of his pieces to the power of which every one agrees and which more and more account his finest achievement. The first half of the programme is classical, with an Adagio and Fugue for string orchestra from Mozart, to be played for the first time here, and Brahms's concerto for violin to divide it. In the concerto, Felix Berber, long the leader of the strings in the Gerwandhaus orchestra at Leipzig, and a violinist of the Joachim traditions, will play the solo part. *Trans. Nov. 19/10*

BOSTON SYMPHONY HAS NEW SOLOISTS

Season's Indications Point to
Increased Subscriptions
and Great Success.

Monald Sept. 18/10

The 30th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin Monday morning, Sept. 26, when the auction sales of seats will open at Symphony Hall. There is every indication that the season of 1910-1911 will, at least, be as good as 1909-1910 and there is no reason to fear that it will not show an improvement. Certainly the season of 1910-1911 for the Orchestra outside of Boston will be even more successful than a year ago for everywhere indications point to an increased subscription.

Neither Mr. Fiedler nor the management has spared pains or money to make the 24 programs as attractive as possible. The list of works published a week ago, will enable the conductor to build programs that should arouse keen interest. The management has provided a list of soloists more brilliant even than that of last year. Especially is this true in the matter of singers. Musicians who excel in instrumental music will be scarce in America this year. Last year the season was generally disastrous for wandering virtuosi. Neither Josef Hofmann nor Mischa Elman would have considered an American tour this winter had not each of them been assured of engagements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The retirement of Willy Hess brings to America for the first time Anton Witek of Berlin. Much is expected of him. Only 38 years old, for 16 years he has been the concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra. He has made a name for himself on the continent and in England as a solo violinist. Mr. Witek was born in Saaz, in Bohemia, on Jan. 7, 1872, and was a pupil in the Prague Conservatory.

Alwin Schroeder, after an absence of seven years, will share the first desk of the cello section with Mr. Warnke and will divide with him the solo work.

The engagement of two additional musicians will bring the membership of the orchestra for the first time to 100. A new first trombone will share the work with Mr. Hampe. Another bassoon player, a nephew of Mr. Sadony, has been engaged as "utility" man, so there will now be five bassoons. A new leader of the double bass has been engaged, a new viola

and a new second violin, while the retirement of Emanuel Fiedler from the first violins promotes from the second violins Herman Goldstein.

The orchestra, or at least the major part of it, will assemble for the first time in the last week of this month for the Worcester festival. The first rehearsal of the year is called for Monday, Oct. 3.

The auction sales of tickets will follow the established custom of the past year. On Monday, Sept. 26, at 10 o'clock, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; on Tuesday, Sept. 27, the \$10 seats will be sold; on Thursday, Sept. 29, the \$18 seats for the concerts will be sold; on Friday, the 30th, the \$10 seats for the concerts will be sold. The rules of past years will be in force. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Particularly brilliant is the list of singers: Mme. Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Emmy Destinn, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, sopranos; Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, contralto, and Charles Glibert, baritone. It will be three years since Mme. Melba has been heard in Boston, and her appearance this year with the orchestra in Symphony Hall will be positively the only chance to hear her in this city. She arrived in this country in August, and is now engaged in a concert tour in Canada. In the latter part of October she will fulfil engagements with the orchestra. She will then appear with the Chicago opera company in Chicago and with the Metropolitan opera company in New York, and sailing for England about the first of 1911. Mme. Melba has been spending much of the last two or three years in Australia, where she has very large interests. She is arranging to take thither a year from this fall a grand opera company. Her appearance here with the orchestra is likely to be the only chance Boston will have to hear for several years the most beautiful female voice in the world.

Since Miss Farrar and Miss Destinn were last here they have won fresh laurels. At the season of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Paris last spring, Miss Destinn was the principal woman singer at the opening performance and Paris again gave unqualified approval of her art. Additional interest is attached to her appearance here for she will create the principal woman's part in Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." Miss Farrar is so secure in the affections of the Boston musical public that the reannouncement of her coming insures a full house. In the past summer Miss Farrar won great praise in Paris as Tosca at the Opera Comique and at the Mozart Festival at Salzburg last August, when she sang Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."

Mme. Jomelli, a sterling singer has never sung here with the orchestra, although her appearances with the Handel and Haydn and at other concerts have won for her many friends. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn likewise is well known and well liked here. Mr. Glibert is always welcome.

Josef Hofmann has not been in Boston for a number of years. Today he

is one of the two or three really great pianists of the world. Ferruccio Busoni was here last year, both with the orchestra and in recital, and his performance with the orchestra of the "Emperor" Concerto were features of the season; Carlo Buonamici, well known as a resident of this city, is an admired pianist and easily able to take a commanding position. Recognition of Boston talent by the management of the orchestra is always grateful to the public.

Mr. Elman enjoys a greater popularity in America than any violinist now actively before the public. Francis McMillan, an American, will make his first appearance with the orchestra. He has had genuine success in Europe, and he won applause here in his own concert. There will be much interest in Anton Witek, the orchestra's new concert master. Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, made a very favorable impression last winter. Messrs. Schroeder and Warnke, cellists, have scores of admirers in this city.

EAGER FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Concluding Sale of Tickets for Friday
Public Rehearsals Marked by Average of
High Premiums

Continuation today at Symphony Hall of the sale begun Monday of seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was marked by fully as lively interest as that which was shown on the opening day and there was the same eagerness to secure good places. The sale was not an all-day affair, like Monday's, because the number of seats was comparatively limited and all were disposed of in two hours' time. The seats sold today were those of the \$10 class for the public rehearsals, and of these there are exactly 412 seats. These include 254 on the floor, beginning with Row KK and extending through Row SS on the floor (the \$18 seats on the floor end with Row JJ) and 158 seats in the rear rows of the first balcony, centre, from Row E to Row I, both inclusive.

Bidding was brisk on the part of the large number of people attending the sale and prices showed on the whole a higher average of premiums than was the case at last year's sale of the same seats. The maximum premium paid, above the face value of \$10 for seats, was \$32, as against \$26.50, which was the record high price last year. The lowest premium at which seats were sold was \$10.50, which makes the cost of the ticket \$20.50 for the buyer for twenty-four rehearsals, or just a fraction of a cent less than 85 cents for each performance. Those who paid \$32 premium find that their seats stand them at \$42 each, or exactly \$1.75 for each rehearsal.

On Thursday morning at ten o'clock the sale of seats of the face value of \$18 for the Saturday evening concerts by the orchestra will open, and on Friday the \$10 seats will go on sale at ten o'clock.

Trans. News of Music Oct. 25/10

A YOUNG musician out of the Middle West who chanced to go to the Symphony Concert last Saturday has written to a friend some frankly interesting impressions of it. They go: "The programme was just to my liking. You know my acquaintance with music is pretty limited and it is the classical, 'pre-Reformation' programme that is the special occasion to me. Bach never sounded more powerful and inevitable to me than he did tonight, with fifty or more violins pounding him out. And I was tickled to notice that the orchestra did just what my little orchestra used to do for me—'sawed' on the retard of the final cadence. The symphony was one I had not heard; I have the third and fifth still ahead of me. I confess I was bored as I ever can be with Beethoven, except toward the end of the Finale, when he seems to wake up to provisions of the fifth, and in a few of the divine parts of the Larghetto. I couldn't get a line on the Scriabin piece in one hearing. But you know my weakness for loud noise and plenty of it, and the whole idea of five trumpets, eight horns, bass tuba, bass drum and trombones, reinforced by triangle and celesta, tickled me. I counted just three triads in the piece, and two of those altered ones, and I couldn't help wondering what Haydn would have said. I was also intensely curious to know what the composer was thinking of in his ecstasies—whether it was what Bernard Shaw says the prelude to 'Tristan' is. But at any rate, I have a profound respect for anything a Russian does, and they all seem so intensely in earnest about it that I think we ought never to condemn except on a third hearing. I fancy that when I get on to his idiom (since we must use the term) I shall find him very wonderful, though I must say that I don't think he always knows just what he is about. Sibelius seems to me one of the few great moderns. In point of 'national' flavor, he has Grieg beaten on his own ground, and in structural control and clear-headedness I think it is not too much to place him with Strauss. Of course, I say this after hearing only two of his things, but I don't believe he could write those two without being a master of the very first rank. The piece this evening, while disconcertingly reminiscent of 'Oh! Promise Me,' was as inspiring as 'Les Préludes' and far less theatric. Is it a sign of degeneracy or especial youthfulness that I can concentrate attention on the modern stuff so much more easily than I can on Schumann or Mozart or Bach?"

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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

HUMPERDINCK,

PRELUDE to "Haensel and Gretel"

LALO,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN op. 20

- I. Andante: Allegro
- II. Andantino
- III. Allegro con fuoco
- (First time at these Concerts)

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95

- I. Adagio: Allegro molto
- II. Largo
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Allegro con fuoco

BRAHMS,

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, op. 80

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE CONTRASTS OF DVORAK AND LALO

Mr. Noack Plays a Novel Concerto for Violin by the Parisian Composer, and Mr. Fiedler Makes the Bohemian's "American" Symphony the Long Item of the Programme—The Over-Neglected Lalo as the Concerto Exemplified Him—The Over-Popular Dvorak as His Turn Went in the Symphony—The Suggestion of Both

MR. NOACK, the violinist, who was the "soloist" at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, has discovered a mislaid concerto by an overlooked composer. Wandering virtuosi have played frequently in Boston Edouard Lalo's Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra; from time to time the overture to his opera, "Le Roi d'Ys" appears on the programme of a Symphony Concert; now and then at the "Pops" the conductor ventures a single fragment, misnamed "La Source," of his ballet, "Naimouna." More of Lalo's music, Boston, like other cities in America, does not know except on occasions so rare that it is forgotten between. European cities are in no better case. By grace of the violinists, they hear the "Spanish Symphony"; by grace of the conductors, the overture to "Le Roi d'Ys." The Opéra-Comique does keep the whole opera in its repertory, usually for "popular" Monday nights or for semi-popular Sunday evenings; but when the Opéra, a few years ago, tried to revive "Naimouna," which, beyond most ballets is full of fanciful and pictorial music, its regular public would have none of the piece. Lalo was not indeed prolific, because he meditated his work too long and finished it too carefully to be such. Some of his music he polished until he had worn away all the vitality by which it could endure. A little more is frankly outmoded. Yet enough remains, though conductors and virtuosi overlook it, to make Lalo a far more considerable and individual composer than even the connoisseurs believe. Lalo's music was not liked in its time, which was the seventies and the eighties, in Paris, and the "tradition" has descended to another musical generation. He shares, too, for the moment the partial eclipse of the French composers that immediately preceded the men of our time. Between the musical sons of Franck and Debussy and his brood, Lalo, Chabrier and the rest of their generation have fallen into undeserved neglect. "Carmen," after all, was fortunate for

Bizet.

Lalo wrote the concerto that Mr. Noack played yesterday for his friend Sarasate, who played it in Paris in the seventies, with every answering sign of intelligent liking for it. Yet before the concerto had really made its way he wrote also the "Spanish Symphony," and henceforth for most of the violinists he was a composer of only one piece. Yet the concerto seems quite as deserving of them and of those that hear them. Both indeed are intrinsically symphonic pieces in which the solo violin plays "with" the orchestra rather than in distinction from it. Nowhere in the concerto does Lalo subordinate the band and exalt the solo instrument; with an artistry that hides its long meditation, he has fused both into a proportioned whole. He respects his close form; yet he uses it elastically, for he designed the concerto to run in two long movements—a slow introduction and a long allegro; an andante that should be pure instrumental song and a gaily brilliant finale. He spends tireless pains that his music may invite the finer voice of the violin, for which he had a singularly sensitive feeling; but he is sedulous in his care of the idiosyncrasies of the other instruments and of instrumental coloring as a whole. With true French economy and sensitiveness of means, he would not have a note wasted or uncharacteristic.

As in the "Spanish Symphony," the music is woven to an exceeding fineness of texture. Every strand is perceptible to the ear, but almost always—in Mr. Noack's and Mr. Fiedler's version of it—delicately perceptible. The melodic ideas of themselves are of a like delicate fineness. Lalo, after all, was the forerunner of the musing and wistful melancholy that is the fashion and even the temperament of the generation of French composers that has succeeded him. The Andante of the concerto is of their pensive song, without their novel harmonies, but with a grace of moving line, a felicity of tender shading and a quiet intensity of sentiment that are of Lalo's meticulous fineness of expression. Like Debussy in quite another vein, he seems to choose consciously every note. Yet, having chosen, he sets it unforcedly, flowingly in its place.

A Gallic charm that at moments is bright gaiety, runs as brightly through the rhythmic play of the finale. It was not in Lalo to be exuberant, but he could be playful and with light and sure fingers. His embroidery there and in the first Allegro both runs and shimmers. It is a grace to the music of the concerto; it graces the violin, as display will when fancy and artistry touch it, and the half-tints of tonal color that expressed Lalo's curiously secretive temperament glint it. Mr. Noack chose to make the characteristic melody, and the whole vein of the first movement, of Lalo's delicate and contemplative sentiment. Yet the music itself seems to hint of a warmer feeling, an ample, if no less polished song.

and a less subdued fire. Mr. Noack's style is not broad; it is all finesse of spun tone, of polished phrases and adroit accent. His tone itself is very fine, sweet and penetrating; it imparts the intricacies and the delicacies of the music and the feeling behind. It is suave to a fault, meticulous, though without dryness, to a degree. It exactly suited the light brightness of the finale and the pensive and subtly varied song of the Andante. Perhaps it a little diminished the Allegro into a delicate suavity and dexterity. No wonder the audience applauded warmly. Elegance that charms with its melancholy or its gaiety, is not exactly the present cult of the violinists.

The years do measure music, and they have not been sparing of Dvorak's "American" symphony, which was the longest item of a relatively short programme. Seventeen years ago, to a month, it was played for the first time anywhere in New York, where Dvorak was then living most unhappily. Heralding, had exalted its "Americanism" with an insistence that even the like and more recent process with "La Fanciulla del West" has not excelled. The Bohemian had written the symphony out of the "storehouse" of "American" folk-song—Negro or Indian—and out of the moods that it and his new life in a new country had stirred in him. How the learned debated of it, how the duller of us hunted for American savor in the music and tuned ears and fancy to find there what they ought to find. Dvorak returned to Bohemia and to a contented spirit again, and forthwith and for long the wiser Czechs made sarcastic sport of the "American Note" on the symphony. America, quoth they—only in the melancholy mood with which a country and a life that he detested filled the composer. Never, they sneered, was he more the Czech peasant, who wrote music also, than he was when he pined for his native Bohemia.

Who cares for either judgment now? Impartial, winnowing time has fixed the place of Dvorak's symphony in the music of the hour. It is played seldom; but when it is played, conductor and audience alike take it for music of immediate and pleasing "effect." Since the effect is all, the conductor may manipulate it at will, and yesterday, Mr. Fiedler manipulated the slow movement—the song of the English horn—until he had moulded the contour of every phrase and melted every gradation of tone into an "effect" on the instant, of melancholy, and long-drawn sweetness. The simple-minded, straightforward Bohemian might hardly have known it for his own, but the audience knew it for unexpected or anticipated pleasure and applauded accordingly. In similar fashion Mr. Fiedler emphasized the contrasts of the scherzo and the tumult of the finale. Not for an instant could the dullest listener mistake a measure or doubt about a mood. The "effect" was obvious and so was the answer-

ing applause. Dvorak popularized—and reasonably enough in these complex musical days—did not even need the glamour that the wind choir lent some of his happier tonal shadings. With it, he even had the subtleties. He felt these instruments and the virtuosi of them yesterday felt with him.

Brahms's "Academic" overture of student songs made musical scholarship, ended the concert, for a repertory and untaxing piece, as Humperdinck's prelude to his opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," for another, had begun it. "Gaudeamus Igitur," the "Fuchslied" and the rest of the German songs, came and went in the familiar fashion, and between whiles, when Brahms was merely "working out," speculation wandered away over the contrast of the music of Lalo and Dvorak. The Parisian was finely tempered of mind and spirit; he had cultivated both; he lived, except when he hid himself for solitary work, the life of a man of the world. He meditated his music long. He selected and polished endlessly. He wrote economically, metriculously. In him was the passion for a minute and elegant perfection that should flawlessly express the delicacy of his moods, the fineness of his imaginings. His style was indeed the man. It has brought him a posthumous note, a posthumous place among composers that he never won in life, but that mount now with the years. Dvorak wrote easily and obviously. He led a homely, almost a peasant, life. He had the mind and the temperament of a Czech peasant, to whom have also fallen the gift of self-expression in music, a sense of the means thereto, and a native, practised and particular instinct toward instrumental coloring. He wrote much. He did not select; he did not polish; he did not search his mind and heart; he took, thought too seldom. When his melodic vein flowed, he took no pains to distill it to perfection. Fineness, as Lalo understood the word, he knew not. The Parisian wrote highly cultivated music; the Bohemian wrote music that at its best is highly spontaneous. Yet Dvorak's declines and Lalo's mounts. What is the moral? H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Sylvain Noack Appears as Soloist.

Excellent Performance of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

The program of the 10th symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon included Humperdinck's prelude to "Hänsel and Gretel," Dvorak's symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," Lalo's concerto for violin with second concertmaster Sylvain Noack as soloist, and Brahms's academic festival overture.

The recognition of Engelbert Humperdinck was timely. He is now a guest of the Metropolitan opera house in New York, where the dress rehearsals of his new fairy opera "King's Children" will be held tomorrow morning, and the first performance on any stage on Wednesday.

The playing of this prelude yesterday had, too, a deeper association. It attuned the audience to the spirit of the hour, for while Christmas is the festival of many things, it is a benison to youth and to age in consecrating the play and the imagination of childhood and all the fabulous wonders of the world of make-believe.

Dvorak's symphony comes like the echo of distant thunder, and of the disputations, at the time of its production, that waxed hot and long over its claim to classification as "American" music, or as the exponent of an American idiom, or the prototype of an American school.

There was a vast deal of pother. There were columns inflated with wisdom, and perhaps a new skill in the use of the philippic. It was all needless, for while Dvorak was in this country as director of the National conservatory in New York, where he wrote the symphony, he repeatedly and expressly stated that his purpose in writing this music was grossly misconstrued.

Those who knew Dvorak personally were assured by him that he had no ulterior motive in the "New World" music other than to give expression to a melodic, harmonic and rhythmic character which attracted him.

Judged by any other standard this symphony was a disappointment to those who expected versions of Stephen Foster melodies, or tunes indisputably of Indian or negro origin. Excepting the old camp meeting song, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," there is no use of thematic material that is typically American.

There is, however, a quality, as some insist, which may be the outcry of the composer's homesickness, from which he suffered acutely. But there is, particularly in the first two movements, that noble simplicity and that searching power to provoke pathos which is always a mark of the life of a people that have not yet gotten too far away from the soil.

Remembering the strange, exotic and highly sophisticated music which Puccini wrote for much of his opera upon Belasco's American drama, "The Girl of the Golden West," it was impressive yesterday to hear this music, perhaps even less inspired by American influences, but more characteristic of elemental life, and its sincerity of feeling.

The performance by Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra was one of great beauty.

Lalo's concerto for violin, as the concerto for cello, is a masterpiece. It was not written by a man who knew the technic and possibilities of the in-

strument and clouded the solo part by inadequate knowledge of the orchestra. The score has emotional beauty of its own.

Mr. Noack played with discernment and musicianship. His tone is always possessed of sympathy and loveliness. He performed the embellishment with clearness and fluency, and phrased with taste.

The program next week is as follows: Mozart, C major, "Jupiter," symphony, Saint-Saens, Hymn to Pallas Athene, Debussy, Lia's air from "The Prodigal Son," (Mme Jomelli, soloist) and Strauss, tone-poem, "A Hero's Life."

XMAS PROGRAM AT THE SYMPHONY

Performance One of the Most Satisfactory Ever Heard in Hub.

There are Christmas suggestions in the Symphony program this week. If no Santa Claus motive figures, there is entertainment for the young ones as well as the grown ups in the prelude to Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel." The prelude, with its dances and prayers, returns to the Symphony concerts after an absence of thirteen years. In 1897 it was also on the Christmas program.

There was another Christmas suggestion, as of home, sweet home, in Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony, which the Bohemian composer wrote while sojourning sadly in New York—the "Czech peasant confronted with the rush and din of the feverish life in a great city." It is rich in Czech sentiment, although the theme taken from the negro camp meeting song, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," plays a prominent part in the development of the second, third and fourth movements.

The performance of the symphony was one of the most satisfactory ever heard in Boston. It seemed as if Conductor Fiedler and his compatriots and all the others with fatherlands abroad just let the sentiment gush forth unrestrained. There was no question about the extraordinary character of the performance. The audience felt it first in the touching second movement, and acknowledged it with applause such as only the popular soloists evoke as a rule. There was another enthusiastic demonstration at the close of the symphony.

Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. Lalo's concerto, written for Sarasate

in 1874, was heard here for the first time. The performance gave much pleasure. Brahms' "Academic" overture, with its college songs, was the final, and also appropriate number.

NOACK PLAYS LALO'S CONCERTO

Herald Dec 24/10
Composition Heard Here for the
First Time at the 10th Sym-
phony Rehearsal.

A WORK OF HIGH DEGREE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Haensel and Gretel"..... Humperdinck
Symphony "From the New World"..... Dvorak
Concerto for violin, op. 20..... Lalo
Academic Festival Overture..... Brahms

Mr. Fiedler undoubtedly arranged this program with a view to the Christmas season, and yet no specifically "Christmas" composition was on the list. No Shepherds' song by Bach, Handel, or another; no march of the Three Kings; no manger lullaby. But Humperdinck's overture is full of childish mirth and naive devotion; the symphony of Dvorak is of a popular nature; Brahms's overture is designedly jovial.

This program gave much pleasure to the audience, which was not so large as usual. The performance for the most part deserved the uncommonly hearty applause. It might be justly said that the second movement of the symphony was taken at an exceedingly slow pace, and the sugary sentimentalism of the music was thereby accentuated; but Mr. Fiedler's answer to this objection would undoubtedly be: "The audience liked it." There is no answer to this rejoinder.

With this exception, there is little or nothing to be said but praise about the reading or the performance of this symphony, which was once supposed to be distinctively "American," whereas the Czech, hearing it, swears by the graves of his ancestors that it is purely Bohemian.

Mr. Noack played Lalo's concerto, op. 20, for the first time at these concerts, and to the best of my knowledge for the first time in Boston. The wonder is that the concerto has been so neglected by local or visiting violinists; for it is a composition of high degree, interesting to both musicians and the general public. It was first played by Sarasate in Paris in 1874, and it is a year older than the familiar "Symphonie Espagnole" by the same composer.

There is not enough made of Lalo and Chabrier and their influence in these days when so much attention is paid to the ultra-modern French. The two were men born out of due time. Harmonic progressions, orchestral effects that in the works of those that came after them and now excite admiration, were invented by them, and there are few to do them reverence. We have yet to hear Lalo's symphony or his piano concerto in Boston.

The compositions of Lalo are characterized by an elegance and a distinction that are approached and sometimes equalled only by Saint-Saens, but Lalo's nature was the warmer. In his orchestration no instrument is introduced unless it has something significant to say, unless it is essential to an effect of color. There is nothing superfluous, any more than there are unmeaning words in a sentence by Anatole France or Marcel Schwob. His music has a peculiar charm. It has its own peculiar atmosphere. The fastidiousness of Lalo's taste would not have allowed him to write the vulgar and thunderous theme on which Chabrier's finale to the "Gwendoline" overture is built, but this fastidiousness never became "precious," unemotional.

Mr. Noack's performance was characterized chiefly by the appropriate elegance, and also by sure and polished technique, and reassuring self-possession. The phrasing was that of the musician; the technical proficiency was that of the accomplished virtuoso. The performance was in many ways admirable. Yet the concerto admits of a broader and more passionate treatment, especially in the first movement. The Romanza might have been played with more emotion. Even a little nervousness on the part of the player might have been welcome; the nervousness that fires the soul of the performer and leads him to a stirring revelation of individuality, to an interpretation of sentiment or passion that moves an audience, and not merely delights its ears.

The program next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major, "Jupiter"; Saint-Saens, "Pallas Athene," hymn for soprano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Debussy, Lila's recitative and air from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben." Mme. Jeanne Jomelli will sing with the orchestra for the first time in Boston.

CHEERFUL PROGRAMME AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald Dec 24/10
HUMPERDINCK AND BRAHMS

AT BEGINNING AND END

Dvorak and Lalo Other Composers

Represented—Violin Solo by Mr.
Noack.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Humperdinck. Prelude to "Haensel and Gretel."
Dvorak. Symphony. "From the New World."
Lalo. Concerto for Violin, F minor.

Mr. S. Noack, violinist.

Brahms. "Academic Overture."

The beginning and ending reflected the cheerfulness of the Christmas season, and no part of the concert was at all gloomy or over-complex. Humperdinck, like Mascagni, seems to be a "single-speech Hamilton," a man of a single success. But that success ought to point the way to the composer of the future. If suddenly a composer should arise with the melodic gifts of a Bizet, and should present his tuneful thoughts with the support of the full modern orchestra and with all the resources of modern harmony, that man would find the world at his feet. That is the composer that the world is waiting for in this somewhat barren transition period.

Humperdinck's Prelude, with its central theme of the song of the descending angels, was charmingly tuneful and its exquisite crescendo to a climax was finely given. The simple children's melody is nobly developed, and Mr. Fiedler brought out the musical spirit of this figure treatment most excellently. Especial tribute may be paid to the artistic horn-playing connected with this chief theme. The prelude was keenly appreciated by the audience, much applause following its completion.

We shall not reopen the old debate whether Dvorak's themes in the E minor symphony are distinctly American or not (we consider that they are) the fact remains that he has evolved a very interesting symphony from them. It is a work which wears well, and one which was created because of his residence in America, just as the themes of the plantation were the outcome of the environment of the negroes in America. But Dvorak was not the first to do this. The chief American composer, George W. Chadwick, used plantation themes in one of his symphonies long before Dvorak came to these shores.

Mr. Fiedler read the first movement of the symphony with real artistic insight, catching up the true lilt of the plantation melody. In the slow movement there was something of over-refinement, and the English horn melody might have been louder, but it was very beautiful nevertheless, and the movement won the chief applause of all the four.

The figure treatment of the finale was made very clear. All the readings at present are commendable in the manner in which they cause the auditor to follow points of development even in very intricate passages.

Lalo's concerto for violin was a grateful work for Mr. Sylvain Noack. Mr. Noack has a broad tone and a virility in his work, which is very attractive in these days of extreme polish and technique. He does not lack technical brilliancy, but he does not suffer this to cause him to become too Chesterfieldian in his interpretation. The concerto is not a great work but it is quite violinistic, and gives ample opportunities to the soloist. In spite of the European dictum we consider it less symphonic than an accompanied solo. It is a more direct and interesting composition than the "Symphonie Espagnole" by the same composer. Mr. Noack's excellent work was evidently much appreciated by the public, and many hearty and well-deserved recalls followed the conclusion of the concerto.

Brahms's "Academic Overture" is of sturdy German humor. Its use of the humble "Was kommt dort von der Hoes," the most popular of German students' songs, is often grotesque in its figure development. The bassoons had a good chance to display themselves here, and made good use of it. Even in his play Brahms shows himself the well-equipped contrapuntist. Not even Beethoven was better at developing a figure than he. The work was led up to a grand climax in this performance, Mr. Fiedler emphasizing the triumphant side of it very successfully. Some day an American composer will take "Updee," "The lone fishball," and the song about the Bigelow farm and give us an American college symphony. He will be somewhat put to it, however, to find the grander elements to make a contrast with, for we have a very puny repertoire of good college music compared with the German universities.

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TuS(A)

SYMPHONY PLAYS "HANSEL AND GRETEL"

Post BY OLIN DOWNES ^{Dec. 24/10}

The programme of the 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was composed in honor of the season: Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; "New World," symphony, Dvorak; concerto for violin, op. 20 (first time at these concerts) Lalo; Academic Festival overture, Brahms. Sylvain Noack, second concertmeister of the orchestra, was soloist.

The playing of the Brahms overture and the symphony was especially brilliant. It was not Mr. Fiedler's fault that the orchestration of the prelude to "Hansel and Gretel" is thick and heavy. He interpreted the music with the warmest sympathy, and the music itself, though a little obscured by its pretentious orchestral garb, is inimitably tender, humorous, poetic, appropriate to a folk-tale.

There are those who have no great admiration for the Dvorak of the "New World" symphony, who find that work a curious and displeasing blend of classic and romantic styles. It is not necessary to discuss all this. Dvorak was a wonderful melodist, and he had a command of the orchestra that may still be envied. The instrumentation of the "New World" symphony is simply glorious, as if every instrument in the orchestra were exulting by itself and in harmony. And of all composers, it is Dvorak who as a melodist comes nearest Schubert in the spontaneousness and the richness of his invention. The "New World" symphony is the music of a Bohemian, not necessarily of the "New World" at all, is simple, unaffected, nature music. It is as fresh and glowing as Venus risen from the ocean in the morning.

Mr. Noack gave an exceedingly skillful and artistic performance of concerto, new to the Symphony audiences, which gave immediate pleasure. His tone is at once refined and sonorous, his technic amply adequate to any demands that may be made upon it, and he is an admirable artist. The first and third movements are the strongest parts of a composition which does not cease to be entertaining, and which is for the most part of a facture and substance to command the admiration of the serious musician. The orchestral part, as remarked in the programme, is exceptionally interesting and well proportioned. Mr. Noack was recalled, and certainly his success was deserved. After this Mr. Fiedler excelled in his conduction of the rousing "Academic overture," wherein Brahms showed the other composers on the programme that he, too, could score.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS: AN APPEAL

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The last two rehearsal programmes have contained a modest "Holiday Suggestion for Symphony Ticket-Holders," which was to the effect that if anyone would lend a ticket for Dec. 30 the management would gladly take charge of such tickets and secure their return. This suggestion was signed by L. R. Lewis, Tufts College (vice president Music Teachers' National Association); M. R. Spalding, Harvard University; J. P. Marshall, Boston University—the local executive committee of the Music Teachers' National Association which meets in Boston Dec. 27-30. It was issued on behalf of those members who live in "distant parts of the country who have never had the opportunity to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Here is a chance for Boston—no, for Greater Boston, that includes the surrounding towns—to rise to a rare occasion. It is a chance to share our good things, and it means no special act of generosity to us who so often reach with ease the music of that great orchestra. But to these far-away music lovers it means a rare treat and a great event. We must remember that to these teachers our country will owe much; and here is our chance to furnish the finest inspiration to those who are now shaping the future.

Inasmuch as some people have supposed that they were to be paid for giving up their tickets this one day, it may be necessary to add that this is an opportunity to give, asking for nothing again. And further, that it will help the committee if tickets should be promptly mailed to the management at Symphony Hall so that the committee may know early how many seats will be available. Finally, this appeal is unasked for, but it comes from the heart of a ticket-holder.

"After all, Christmas living is the best kind of Christmas giving," and here we can give and live, too.

A TICKET HOLDER

Dec. 26, 1910

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA AND OUR REPUTATION

The Monthly Journeys of the Symphony Orchestra and the Prestige, Deserved or Undeserved, That They Bring This Town—"La Traviata," with Mr. Amato and Mr. Jadlowker, at the Opera House—The Pieces for Next Week—The Alternation of Old and New in Opera—The Virtuosi and Their Concerti—Mme. Samaro

Plays Again—Dr. Wuellner and Vaudeville

THIS morning the Symphony Orchestra returned from one of the journeys that it makes in each season to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and a small city or two along the way. No one much heeded the return of the band, even the faithful press agent in the communication proper to such occasions. The public of the Symphony Concerts merely knows that from month to month, from November through March, there is a break in the series. The orchestra, it recalls vaguely, has departed for concerts in other cities. The impression is that the public of those cities receives the concerts well. It does, indeed. The concerts of the Boston Orchestra in New York have a more numerous and a finer-grained public than do those that either Mr. Mahler or Mr. Damrosch conducts. It is the orchestra of Brooklyn. Philadelphia, in spite of its own orchestra, yields its audiences. Baltimore and Washington welcome it. The cities of call along the way—Hartford or New Haven or Newark—are similarly responsive. Nowadays, wherever the orchestra goes, an audience awaits it be the programme what it may, the "assisting artist" whom he happens to be.

It is the easy truth to say that the orchestra deserves these fair fortunes. It does richly because its works justify them. The public of these concerts in other cities believes in the Symphony Orchestra quite as much as Bostonians do—perhaps even more—and believes that in standard, spirit and achievement it is typical of Boston in the arts of the theatre and the concert-room. We who sit at home may sometimes sigh over the vogue of musical plays on our stage when nearly all other pieces languish for lack of audiences. We may regret the scattered hundred or two of auditors at concerts that deserve better things. We may be bidden to bestir ourselves in behalf of our opera house, if it is to win the support that will maintain it. And so forth and so on. But the rest of the world will not believe these things of us. It hears the Symphony Orchestra. Surely the arts must flourish in Boston, if it has maintained these many years such a band to such purpose. The guide-books say that it is one of the "glories" of Boston. It is more: it is the present salvation of the artistic reputation of a whole community.

H. T. P.

SYLVAIN NOACK

ny Hall.

1910-11.

NY ORCHESTRA.

R, Conductor.

ER 24, AT 8, P. M.

amme.

to "Hansel and Gretel"

NY in E minor, No. 5, "From the New

O for VIOLIN in F minor, op. 20

Festival" OVERTURE

loist:

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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major with Fugue Finale,
"Jupiter" (K. 551)

SAINT-SAËNS,

"Pallas Athéné" HYMN for SOPRANO and
ORCHESTRA op. 98
(First time in Boston.)

DEBUSSY,

RECITATIVE and ARIA of Lia from "L'Enfant
Prodigue"

STRAUSS,

"Ein Heldenleben: TON-DICHTUNG" op. 40

Soloist:

Madame JEANNE JOMELLI

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major with Fugue Finale,
"Jupiter" (K. 551)

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

SAINT-SAËNS,

"Pallas Athéné" HYMN for SOPRANO and
ORCHESTRA op. 98
(First time in Boston.)

DEBUSSY,

RECITATIVE and ARIA of Lia from "L'Enfant
Prodigue"

STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "A Hero Life," op. 40

Soloist:

Madame JEANNE JOMELLI

At the Symphony Concert of Saturday night, Mr. Fiedler and his men played "Ein Heldenleben" as eloquently and powerfully as they had on Friday afternoon, and with the further freedom that confidence assured by the earlier performance now bred. In particular, Mr. Noack was more secure in the music that falls to the solo violin. Mr. Witek, who finds the winter climate of Boston vexatious, was ill and to Mr. Noack fell the music in which the voice of the Hero's Beloved speaks now with perverse coquetry, now with allurements and again with self-surrender. It is music of exceeding difficulty in itself and it asks diverse but almost always intense expression. Like all Strauss's music at highly emotional moments, it should be penetrating. The fineness and the sweetness of the tone that Mr. Noack draws from his violin curiously suited a feminine, a coquettish and enticing voice; its fine intensities as the Beloved gave herself to the Hero made true counterpart to the larger and more masculine intensities of his voice, while never once did the penetrating, but unsharpened tone fail to have its individuality and significance in the tone-poem. Through all the rest of the music where it often recurs Mr. Noack with Strauss made it gleam like a fine and shining thread.

Tomorrow evening, in New York, Mr. Mahler will outstrip the other conductors in America with a first performance on this side of the sea of Debussy's new orchestral "Image" of Spanish picturings, "Ibérica." It will make part of a French programme at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, other numbers of which, almost as rare, are Chabrier's "Ode to Music" for tenor, chorus and orchestra, and an Oriental Suite by the rising Enesco.

SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR THE VISITORS

Herald

Program Especially Arranged
for Music Teachers At-
tending Convention.

MME. JOMELLI SINGS ARIAS

Orchestral Pieces by Mozart
and Richard Strauss Are
Adequately Rendered.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C major, "Jupiter".....Mozart
Pallas Athene; hymn for soprano and orchestra.....Saint-Saens
Lia's aria from "The Prodigal Son".....Debussy
"Ein Heldenleben".....Strauss

It is said that the orchestral compositions were chosen at the wish of musicians attending the meeting of the Teachers' National Association. About 150 of these visitors were present yesterday, largely through the courtesy of subscribers who gave up their seats for the occasion.

Some might seize the opportunity to discourse on the amazing development of music since 1788, when Mozart wrote his three chief symphonies. "Ein Heldenleben" is now nearly 12 years old, and there are passages in it that sound as old-fashioned as certain pages of the "Jupiter." This "Jupiter" is not so marvellous a work as the symphony in G minor, nor is "Ein Heldenleben," on the whole, so remarkable among Strauss's symphonic poems as "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Don Quixote"; yet nobody could have written the finale of the "Jupiter" but Mozart, and nobody but Strauss in the years since Beethoven could have

composed the love music and the noble conclusion of "Ein Heldenleben."

The section that characterizes the hero's snarling, carking antagonists and the musical depiction of the battle field, while they are highly entertaining and show the mastery of the man over the orchestra and his inventive faculty in putting the grotesque and the gigantic into tones, are not the portions of this symphonic poem that raise it to a towering height. There is too much that is purely cerebral in feats of this sort. As far back as 1887 Von Bülow, not wholly clear about Strauss's "Aus-Italien," thought that "the inspired composer" had gone to "the utmost limits of tonal possibility in the region of beauty, had even overstepped them without compelling necessity." Bülow was a man not easily disconcerted by the audacity of a composer. What would he have said to pages of "Ein Heldenleben" and the "Symphonia Domestica"?

Neither Mozart nor Strauss can be justly characterized as a revolutionary. Mozart's music is the fullest, the perfect expression of the formulas and traditions that held sway before him. Neither in opera nor in symphonic music did he strike out new paths. Strauss has invented little or nothing in harmonic scheme, in melodic form, or even in instrumentation that is absolutely new. He has made singular experiments with instruments, but his general scheme is the enlargement of that which already existed. As a melodist, he is by no means pre-eminent. His themes in the symphonic poems are often square-toed, often short-breathed, sometimes commonplace were it not for the fine trappings with which he clothes them.

There are few melodies of Mozart that are emotional as we now understand the word. They are suave, refined, tender, gay, gently melancholy, or they have the old-world charm of a Watteau, but there is little passion. There are few airs in his compositions that breathe the amorous spirit of the songs given to Cherubino. Nowhere in his works is there a page for tragic intensity comparable with the short air of Donna Anna or the awful music that attends the Statue as he enters the supper room to call Don Giovanni to repentance.

But no one, except Chopin, equalled Mozart in the perfection of his style. Haydn was a cunning workman, and it is not easy to pick a flaw in his expression, which was that of his period. This very perfection makes a performance of a symphony, string quartet, air by Mozart difficult. Every phrase, almost every note has a distinct value. There must be absolute proportion, the finest sense of tonal values, the utmost care in the maintenance of melodic lines. There are orchestras that can stun an audience by a thunderous performance of a work by Strauss and butcher a symphony by Mozart. The conductor, Richard Strauss, is never so happy as

when conducting Mozart's music. He knows and exults in the difficulties.

The two symphonic works then served to display the superb qualities of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The performance of the "Jupiter" had the requisite clarity, suavity, fleetness and proportion. That of "Ein Heldenleben" was not too boisterous, too frenzied. The inherent grandeur of structure and nobility of expression were brought out without fuss or exaggeration. A feature of the many features of this concert was Mr. Noack's admirable playing of the solo violin, both in the fantastical and capricious passages typical of the coyness and coquetry of the hero's helpmeet and in those glowing measures that portray her love and adoration after he has made her his own. Mr. Noack's performance was brilliant and emotional.

Mme. Jomelli, favorably known here by her singing at Handel and Haydn and other concerts, sang for the first time in this city at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Saint-Saens's Hymn was performed here for the first time. It was composed for the festival at Orange in 1894 and bears all the marks of a piece provided punctiliously for an occasion. It is irreproachably constructed; it has a certain style, even a plausible grandeur at times; but the music is perfunctory in its precision, in its formal cut. There is not one burst of inspiration, no warmth, not even in the music that is set to the poet's praise of Provence with her intoxicating sky and enchanting virgins.

Mme. Jomelli sang this Hymn and Lia's recitative and aria with marked vocal skill. The voice was clear, pure, brilliant. Her performance was an excellent piece of work, an example of uncommonly good singing. There was a lack of true feeling in Lia's lament, and in the interpretation of the Hymn there was not the dramatic fire, the sweeping breadth, the grand delivery, the personal authority that might have lent for the moment impressiveness to the music so correctly and coldly written.

The program of next week's concerts will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony in D major, No. 2; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole for violin (Mischak Elman); Humperdinck, "In a Moorish Cafe," from "A Moorish Rhapsody."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MOZART AND STRAUSS TO RARE PERFORMANCE

The Unusual Circumstance That Counselling Such a Programme—The Orchestra at the Top of Its Form and the Finest of Its Mettle—Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" as the Orchestra Disclosed Them—The Contrasting Exactions of the Two Composers

MR. Fiedler's programme for the Symphony Concerts yesterday afternoon was so unlike his usual choice and arrangement of pieces that it recalled some of the strange groupings that Dr. Muck used to make and to which none but the conductor himself could find the plausible key. It began with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; then followed a "Hymn to Pallas Athena" and the mother's air out of Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" for Mme. Jomelli to sing; and it ended with Strauss's huge tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben." Now Mozart and Strauss, the "Jupiter" symphony and "Ein Heldenleben," are at opposite poles of music; while the pieces for Mme. Jomelli to sing bore no perceptible relation to the whole programme or to each other, and least of all bridged the gap between its major numbers. The truth is that the programme was not wholly of Mr. Fiedler's choosing. The meeting here of the Music Teachers' National Association gave to many of its members their first opportunity to hear the Symphony Orchestra. The managing committee wished them to hear it first in some classic, and then in some ultra-modern piece. Running through the announced music for the year, Mr. Fiedler pitched upon the "Jupiter" symphony and "Ein Heldenleben." Mme. Jomelli, as it happened, had been engaged to sing at this pair of concerts, and no alternative remained to the sandwiching of her "numbers" between the long symphonic pieces. She chose her music, as most singers at symphony concerts do, with little or no thought of the whole programme of which they were a part, and so the programme settled gradually into the queer congeries of pieces and styles that it was.

Anyhow, the music-teachers had their reward, and some sixty tickets had been placed at their disposal by regular attendants at the afternoon concerts. It seems absurd to say that the Symphony Orchestra could be stirred by the presence of threescore strange music teachers, but the fact remains that, though Mr. Wittek and Mr. Schroeder were both sick and

absent, it was at the top of its form and the keenest of its mettle throughout the concert. Mr. Fiedler always is or tries his hardest to be, and yesterday, he had his beloved Strauss, his particularly beloved "Heldenleben," and his just reputation for high eloquence in the performance of the piece to stimulate him. The result was a concert that stirred the regular audience of Friday afternoon only less than it did the visitors to whom it was wholly new. The performance of the orchestra dignified the large commonplaces of Saint-Saens's hymn, and made them sound as though emotion, as well as the capable discharge of a commission, had prompted the music. The subdued voices of Debussy's accompaniment to the air from "L'Enfant Prodigue," and his subtle feeling even in this youthful piece for the timbres of the wood-wind instruments had their soft play. The quality of tone, alike in the string and the wind choirs, was beautifully transparent and edgeless throughout Mozart's symphony. The rhythmic precision was unerring, yet it had no sharpness and it did keep a light elasticity. Man for man, the orchestra seemed to have a sense of each single note in the symphony and to weave it into its place in the web. Only in the occasional breadth of a chord came the disconcerting sense, so common in performances of eighteenth-century music of modern means that are too large for ancient ends.

Through three movements, the symphony went its true way of seemingly rambling loveliness touched with a persistent melancholy. For Mozart is too supple and suave to let form seem rigid, and in these final symphonies, the playful lights of the earlier are a little clouded. Mozart had lived long enough to have moods almost in spite of himself. Then music and orchestra raced away into the fugue of the finale. They kept all its fineness of tonal fibre, all its elasticity that is always yielding to let the significant phrase or figure through at just the right moment; and they gave it a nervous vigor that was exactly of Mozart's quick spirit and leaping fancy. Bach's fugues are mighty, sometimes even thick; they stride oftener than they run. Mozart's race with themselves, make play with their own brightness, fling themselves into sparkle like a firework. And throughout the symphony, Mr. Fiedler content with the "Heldenleben" that awaited him did not force a note or a phrase, never once attempted an "individuality" of pace. The conductor led, the orchestra played, the audience heard—pure Mozart.

It is the final test of an orchestra, as of a conductor, that it shall adapt itself to the music in hand until it is altogether at one with it. Probably there was not a man on the stage yesterday who would not lay his hand on his heart and say that Strauss had crowded his tone-poems and his operas with instrumental difficulties and feats that were born of a wanton and intellectual virtuosity. Beyond any composer of our own time, Strauss knows the possi-

bilities of the instruments of the orchestra and of the virtuosi that should play them. He takes a perverse mental pleasure in the setting of "stunts" for them that multiply difficulties, while they add nothing that the ordinary ear and imagination may detect to the substance, the color or the significance of the music. It is an old story that Strauss is most puissant when he is simplest. "Ein Heldenleben" is full of such instrumental feats, especially in the more polypionic sections; they must be done, if the music is to be played at all; and—what is more to the point—they must be done so that they shall not seem as feats. Then do the straining and the achieving players beat the composer at his own game. Perversely, again, he would say that such a performance was precisely what he intended, smile his enigmatic smile and depart to the invention of yet more difficult feats.

The Symphony Orchestra, yesterday, played "Ein Heldenleben" as though there were no "exacting passages" in it; and not one in the audience need have suspected, so free and assured was the performance, that there were. It did much more, however, and that which was more incumbent upon it. For "Ein Heldenleben" is nearly a perfect example among Strauss's tone-poems of the fusing of the symphonic structure with the delineative and the expressive ends. There is no need to detail again its free symphonic form. Those that have an open ear and mind to musical architecture long since discovered it for themselves. It is as little necessary to trace the fashion in which the music seems to develop itself out of itself, because whoever has heard it understandingly and sympathetically has already found therein much of its power, sweep and pervading magnificence. The marvel and the might of it all is the fashion in which within this symphonic form in the course of this development, it accomplishes its delineative and emotional purpose. "Ein Heldenleben" unrolls its vast symphonic structure and substance clothed in the myriad magnificence of Strauss's instrumental coloring. It unrolls equally its vast panorama of the Hero-Life; flings the hero, full panoplied in his strength into the world with which he must war—how graphic is the first section that calls him to life; music-drama could not go further—sets him wooing—and with what intimate beauty—sets him fighting—and with what heroic might of spirit—turns him victor, leads him into meditation that is over polyphonic and is music made not felt, and then translates him into the high heaven of those that fought the best fight that is in them for what they believed and practised. The tone-poem ends in these mighty glories. Yet how just before, and often through all its course, it has teemed with intimate touches. Against the magnificence of the birth and the death of his hero, against the might of his warring, Strauss sets the fine intensity of his passion for the woman he has chosen. (Or is it really the ideal that

he pursues because he loves?)

And the playing orchestra, the guiding and the inspiring conductor, must disclose and enhance all these things. They must unfold the masterly might, the self-creation of the symphonic structure. Out of their playing, as well as from the music, the hero must spring into life, run his pulsant course, attain and deserve the glories of his passions, his achievements, his ends. Strauss bids his orchestra be virtuosi, musicians, musical dramatists, tone-poets. Wagner's ideal was that every man in his orchestra should be in his mind and heart an actor in the drama on the stage. Strauss would have each one of them a vitalizing element in his tone-poems. They must understand with him, see with him, feel with him—and yet be accomplishing his virtuoso tasks. An orchestra of Strausses ought to play these tone-poems. He ought to conduct in them—did not other conductors, like Mr. Fiedler yesterday, do so far more eloquently than does he. The Symphony Orchestra was such on Friday, and if ever music lived in its own image and so engrossed and encompassed its hearers, "Eln Heldenleben" did in such playing of it.

Mere lapse of years aside, though there is now a century and a quarter of them, the beauty of Mozart's symphony is a remote beauty. It is music, after all, that is only faintly related to life, except as here and there the composer's spirit, gaining hard experience of it, touches the symphony with momentary melancholy or restlessness. Music, to Mozart and to his generation, sufficed to itself, expressed only itself. It was of muses who might indeed enchant mortals, but not of striving and passionate men. With all its forms and formulae, with all the play of individual talents and temperaments upon it, seldom was it more than a bloodless and bodiless music, because in it were not the passions and the strivings of the man that wrote it, of the mankind around him, the voice of life, lived or imagined. It is easy to say that music should be so contemplated, so felt in this our very different hour. Music, they say, as the voice of passion, intimate or far-reaching, has been carried too far. In its ambition to become, above all else, an expressive art, it is smothering its own intrinsic qualities. Certainly these flower in the "Jupiter" symphony, and yet how many of us yesterday heard it with more than contemplative and somewhat detached response to its beauties? Certainly in "Eln Heldenleben" is the passion for achievement, the passion for combat, the passion for faith kept and ideals pursued that are of the finer impulses of our life. To hear Strauss's music was to feel it, as something that is a part of the mental, the emotional, the spiritual vitality of our immediate time, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Mozart gave pleasure; Strauss renewed spirits.

H. T. P.

MUSIC TEACHERS ATTEND SYMPHONY

Final

Guests of Unnamed Subscribers Who Left Tickets for Them.

Some 200 of those who are attending the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association were present at yesterday's Symphony matinee as guests of unnamed subscribers, who courteously left tickets at the box office. The same courtesy will be extended to an equal number of visitors tonight.

Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony—so named perhaps on account of the Jovian fugue which distinguishes the finale—gives this week's program a classic introduction. The andante yesterday reached the point of absolute languor, beyond which there was nothing but vanishment itself. The performance of the final movement was the most effective feature. Here the orchestra displayed its dazzling brilliancy.

From this celebrated classic there was a long symphonic leap to Richard Strauss' gigantic tone poem, "A Hero's Life," down for a third performance in this city, and unheard here since two years ago last month. Here was the new music with a vengeance—a double vengeance in the movement describing Strauss' contempt for the cacteristics who deny his greatness. The French critic who said that the public could not follow the fugue-finale of the "Jupiter" symphony found a companion yesterday in the person who noted that the feminine millinery began to rise during the Strauss hero's battle, when the trumpet fanfares deceived those who would not or could not follow the music into thinking—hoping, perhaps—that the finale had arrived. The consequent violation of the no-hat rule lasted until, after another quarter of an hour or so, the real finale came in the splendid climax marking the full development of the hero's theme. In this last movement Strauss and the orchestra yesterday seemed to be showing their talent to the very finest advantage.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Concert Master Witek and Mr. Schroeder, the cello leader, the full orchestra for which the work calls was not present. Mr. Noack played the violin solos in the Strauss number effectively.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli sang the Saint-Saens hymn, "Pallas Athene," and Lia's recitative, from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," with beautiful effect.

BETWEEN them the concert-masters of the Symphony Orchestra are proving the virtue of a light, clear, penetrating tone. Last October when Mr. Witek played Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra he neither had nor sought a "big" tone. The voice of his violin was very clear, unusually sweet and finely penetrating. He sustained this tone with the utmost skill; he graduated it very delicately; he colored it with an exquisite finesse.

Beethoven is often almost symphonic in the concerto; Mr. Fiedler is light in his accompaniments. Yet Mr. Witek's tone carried vitally to every corner of the hall, and not once had a hesitating ear reason to doubt its fluency. Last week Mr. Noack, as the right of the second concert-master is, played his annual concerto. His tone is even finer, more delicate, more subtly shaded than is Mr. Witek's. Mr. Witek, after all, has the breadth of the classic German school of violin playing within him; while Mr. Noack is of the artistic children of the light-fingered and finely tempered Sarasate. Lalo's concerto, which he played, is not often sonorous; yet the voice of Mr. Noack's violin could be heard and felt in its quality of tone in every corner of the hall. Even in largely eloquent orchestral passages Mr. Witek's and Mr. Noack's fine tone clove the mass of the instruments, as some singers' tones will cleave a heavy ensemble, and shone like a fine, bright thread through and against the background of the accompaniment. Even when the orchestra caught the solo violin into itself it never swallowed the individual voice. When it and say, the voices of the wind choir were fused, the very delicacy of Mr. Witek's and Mr. Noack's tone made the blending the lover. And through this finesse and because of it not one in the rearmost seats of the upper balcony need miss a note or a shading of a note. A big tone like Ysaye's or Elman's, may be very eloquent and very thrilling when, as these masters usually keep it, it is wholly unforced; but to seek it laboriously, as many a youngster does, is to keep the voice of the violin thick, or even to turn it strident. It is the quality, not the quantity, of tone that tells, and the more finely attuned violinists, from Mr. Kreisler downward, long since discovered that a very sweet and a very penetrating tone carries farther in itself and is more vivid of musical and emotional suggestion than is a big one. A big tone must lay on its colors in broad sweeps and splotches, and fresco the imagination, as it were. A fine tone is capable of many sorts of subtle tints and implications, and carries them as finely home. The big tone thrills almost by its shock. The fine, being longer sustained and more curiously varied, delights. *Trans. Dec. 25/10*

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Stoke Dec. 10
Mme Jomelli Soloist For
First Time at the Concerts.

Tone Poem of Richard Strauss' "A Hero's Life" Is Played.

The 11th Symphony rehearsal program yesterday afternoon was as follows: Mozart's ("Jupiter") C major symphony; Saint-Saens' hymn for soprano and orchestra, "Pallas Athene" (op 98), first time in Boston, and Lia's recitative and aria from Debussy's "The Prodigal Son," Mme Jeanne Jomelli soloist in both; Strauss' tone-poem, "A Hero's Life."

The performance of the Strauss was the third by the orchestra at these concerts, the second by Mr Fiedler. There are a limited number of works in orchestral literature which might fittingly be performed once each year as an event of commemorative or festal nature. This is one of them.

The work is colossal in program, in purpose, in workmanship and in emotional and spiritual import. Its theme embodies eternal truth. It is not for today or tomorrow, but for all time. For in every age man has fought, and by physical prowess has conquered; has withstood the gibes and mockery of weaklings and of the earth-bound; has been the nobler for the wooing of woman's love, and has leaped of victories of soul and of triumphant death.

The great epic has not yet been written upon some trivial subject which, for its little day, whipped men's minds into a fever and then was forgotten. In every age there has been the conflict between a perishable materialism and an eternal soul. Against him who would fly above the first there have been the Philistines, with their scales and their yardsticks, and their railery against all who would not measure the future in terms of the past.

Strauss has fancied subjects for his tone-poems, some of them big, some capricious, one of them emphatically inappropriate—that of a day and its doings by his own fireside—but none are of more lofty imagination, more imperishable significance. Here he has written upon both the grim and the glorious realities of human life. Aesthetically his text is one of noble seriousness and beauty. It leads to a supreme fulfillment.

Vast Orchestral Panorama.

The vastness of the span of it is apt for Strauss' cyclopic skill in constructing a vast orchestral panorama of tone. Here is a tapestry of pictures into which he has woven the strands of melodic figures that give identity to the deeds of his hero and illumine the

development of his drama. For it is a drama in tone, and the hero, his beloved and his adversaries are the protagonists.

There are said to be 70 of these melodic figures or guiding motifs, for intricate and exhausting analyses of this marvel of contrapuntal genius are not lacking. There are nine, perhaps 10, in the first of the six general divisions and more in the others.

The hero once introduced, his antagonists set upon him in the second and what a masterful caricaturist in color is Strauss. Wagner, in "The Mastersingers," in his exquisite lampoon of Beckmesser and the contemporary hide-bound pedants, scarcely penned more wicked irony than Richard II has done here in the waspish mockery in upper woodwind and the sluggish fifths of the ponderous tubas.

The technical display is amazing, yet there is no obvious or blatant virtuosity of a man appallingly dexterous in counter point. What consummate skill in the sixth division in his weaving into the pattern themes from his previous works; from the tone-poems and even from the early opera, "Guntram," and the song, "Traum durch die Dämmerung."

Jean Marnold pretends to find 23 of these reechoes. Louis Coerne contends there are 24. Again a comparison with Wagner, for it is not unlike the reminiscent scheme of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung."

Unescapable Dissonances.

It is true the music descriptive of the battle has unescapable dissonance and rude shocks of onset, but yesterday it seemed less pertinent and indicative. The delineation in the solo violin of the beloved's caprices and evasion of capture also seemed needlessly prolonged, although Mr Noack, in the event of Mr Witek's illness, played the music acceptably.

But there is little in this great work without significance or out of proportion. Of surpassing beauty is the music portraying the bliss of the two lovers. It is an exquisite conceit that makes the theme of the beloved sing high in the violins through the clangor of battle, inspiring hope and courage.

There follows then a triumphant song of victory, such a sonorous paean as suggests finality and departure to those deeply versed in the ways of large orchestral pieces, inasmuch that yesterday some of the expeditious considered themselves warned to adjust their hats long before the hero's fate was determined.

The stately funereal music attending the hero's demise is impressive, though lacking the superlative grandeur of the apotheosis in "Death and Transfiguration."

Mr Fiedler read the fiery portions of the score with much ardor and the exquisite love music with no little sympathy. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant.

Mme Jomelli, particularly in the Debussy aria, now familiar through performances at the opera, sang with ravishing beauty of tone, with finished art in phrasing and with emotional fervor.

The Saint-Saëns ballad, which she sang recently at Brooklyn with this orchestra for the first time in America, is not inspired and is unequal in value. There are stanzas which have neither the suc-

cinctness and vitality of recitative, nor the poetic content or passion of melody. The orchestra at times possesses a color, suaveness and grace characteristic of some of the writing of Saint-Saëns.

The reading of the symphony did not notably mirror either the elegance or the lightness and zest of Mozart. The tonal quality of the orchestra was euphonious, particularly in the beautifully-sustained song of the second movement.

TEACHERS PICK SYMPHONY BILL

Programme Selected by
Vote—Mme. Jomelli Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Yesterday afternoon a number of the teachers of music who have attended the convention which has been in progress here for a week, visited Symphony Hall to hear the Symphony Orchestra play a programme which they had partly determined by vote. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; Saint-Saëns' "Pallas Athene," hymn for soprano and orchestra (first time in Boston); recitative and aria of Lia, from Debussy's cantata, "The Prodigal Son"; tone poem, "A Hero Life," Richard Strauss. The new comers gracefully complied with the new ruling by immediately removing their headgear when they entered the hall.

The plan of commencing the concert with the Mozart symphony and concluding it with the Strauss tone poem proved interesting. It also proved conclusively how solidly the art of Strauss is grounded upon classical principles of construction and key relationship. And it proved again the colossal mastery of Richard Strauss, the dominating musical figure of at least the first half of the 20th century.

Mozart's symphony, too, was modern in its day. The final fugue was then, perhaps, even more of a technical, as well as artistic, feat than Strauss' battle scene. The instrumentation was heavy, and called for a full modern orchestra. The work is still modern, though not, perhaps, as advanced as the G minor symphony.

Strauss' work is perhaps the most overwhelming, ebullient, utterly magnificent expression of a great egotism in tones. It has been our experience to hear this tone poem on every occasion when it has been given here, since the first performance under Mr. Gericke in 1901, and we have never conquered the feeling of aversion amounting almost

to disgust as that mammoth thing commences to sound, and as the torturing immensity of Strauss' monstrous design is comprehended, and then—the irresistible swing and pulse of the mighty work, as, whether you like it or not, it sweeps you clean away, and there is left nothing to do but hold the breath and observe the miracles accomplished by him who is a direct descendant of Beethoven in the bigness of his vision and his architectural power.

Strauss moulds a good strong theme to begin with, puts by it contrasting passages, and then works out his material. The definition is simple, but the workmanship and the tremendous lines of that structure are simply indescribable and incommunicable, until the music has caught one up to its own height, and there is, so to speak, a birdseye view of the whole.

Saint-Saëns' "Pallas Athene" was sung with superb breadth and artistry by Mme. Jomelli. The piece is in broad, dignified, picturesque holiday style. It was written for a public occasion. Saint-Saëns has from the first distinguished himself by his ability to write anything for any occasion, and the Hymn to Pallas Athene is no exception to the rule, save that, although it may not be distinctive, it is never cheap, or boisterous, or vulgar.

The soloists showed her objectivity when she turned from this splurging music to the air of the complaining mother, in "The Prodigal Son." She gave this air remarkable tenderness and dramatic intensity, and the technics of her performances were admirable in the highest degree. Mme. Jomelli was repeatedly recalled.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Symphony orchestra will leave for Philadelphia tonight on its first southern trip of the season. Tomorrow evening it plays in Philadelphia, Tuesday afternoon in Washington, Wednesday evening in Baltimore, Thursday evening in New York, Friday evening in Brooklyn, Saturday afternoon in New York and the following Monday evening in Hartford. Never has the orchestra begun a season out of town with brighter prospects. The largest subscriptions in its history are reported in New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore and Washington. In Philadelphia there is hardly a seat for a single concert. Mme. Melba will be the soloist in Philadelphia, Baltimore and at the matinee concert in New York, while Miss Geraldine Farrar will open the New York season at the concert on Thursday evening. In Washington the soloist will be Miss Margaret Keyes, in Brooklyn Mme. Jomelli, in Hartford on the 14th Mme. Berta Morana. Mr. Fiedler will conduct the 2d and 3d symphonies of Brahms and the second of Rachmaninoff.

Mme. Jomelli and Her Singing

MME. Jomelli has now sung thrice in Boston this season—once at a recital in November with Miss Nichols, the violinist and twice at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, a new distinction for her. On all three occasions, she was very heartily applauded, and there is no resisting at the moment, at least in the average auditor, her largeness of presence, voice and style. They suited exactly on Saturday for example, the grandiloquence of Saint-Saëns's "Hymn to Pallas Athena." The piece was written to be sung out-of-doors in one of the Roman amphitheatres in southern France over vast spaces into the ears of vast multitudes. It moves in long, large, contrasting and climacteric sweeps to sonorous brass, to loudly whispering violins, to rapturous harps. The vocal part runs in swelling progressions, in big phrases, in contrived contrasts and suspense. The whole piece is panoramic. Now Mme. Jomelli's tones are big and resonant, a very reservoir of physical and vocal vitality seems to lie behind them and to propel them. They can move in large sweeps and contrasts. By so much, the hymn precisely suited her and in the general bigness of effect that she achieved, it was easy to forget her obscure and faulty French diction—the French R and the French mute E are pitfalls to her—and the frequently coarse fibre of her tones.

On the other hand, the air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" that Mme. Jomelli sang for her second piece at the Symphony Concerts and many of the songs that she chose for recital are music of another sort. They do not ask the big tone that is the vocal fashion of the hour or the "large effect" that is one of the surest means in the average concert-room. They demand a voice and an artistry that is capable of many and fine shadings of tone, that refines upon the vocal phrase oftener, than it swells it, that can suggest and vary mood as well as bear it to a climax. Mme. Jomelli's voice is not of sufficiently fine or supple timbre for such music; being intelligent she accomplishes it by a tour de force in which, as at the end of Debussy's air, her tones grow unpleasantly shrill. The clear and soft quality of tone, constantly changing in its lights and shadows that these French pieces ask is not in the large resonance and the broad coloring of her voice. The fine fibre of the music is wrenched; it seems inflated into "large effect." Mme. Jomelli is the vocal priestess of the big tone, the forthright method, the obvious and immediate impression. She has her just place with the public that sets these qualities above the finer things of song. But the French music that exists almost that it can refine upon itself is not for her—or for the big tone. Thanks to the gods of music, that tone has not yet swept quite all the art of song before it or subdued song-writing to the obvious and the popular.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

"Enough tickets and about 10 more," was Professor Lewis' reply to the question whether the hospitality of the Symphony rehearsal subscribers equaled his needs. The musical pedagogues who convened in Boston this week could not have taken a farewell impression of their visit more to their own satisfaction, or to that of Bostonians, than they took from the performance by Mr. Fiedler and his men and Mme. Jomelli in Symphony hall Friday afternoon.

The program was representative of the work of the Symphony concerts and at the same time it was one that gave no great difficulty to any of those concerned in its performance. The Mozart symphony was only a trifling problem in time-beating for Mr. Fiedler; the "Pallas Athene" hymn was a transparent medium through which the soloist could let her soprano splendors gleam; the air of Lia demanded just that talent for dramatic delineation which is of the concert platform, and which Mme. Jomelli has in surpassing measure; and as for the "Hero's Life" tone poem, what was it but a review of an old triumph of the Symphony players?

Let us not hasten to call the Saint-Saens hymn a great composition just because of the appropriateness of music to words. For there may prove to be such affectation in the words, when we come to reflect on their meaning, that no music to them can convince us, to any great degree, of its sincerity. Why should poet and composer go into this flattery with the people of Provencal about their likeness to the Greeks? No reason why, unless, perhaps, because the old troubadour lays are worn out; or because the southern French, when on occasion they call on the polite artists of Paris to celebrate them, feel that classicism is the better worthy of the day and its reward than romanticism.

The eleventh symphony program follows: Mozart Symphony in C major; Saint-Saens, "Pallas Athene," hymn for soprano and orchestra, Op. 98; Debussy, recitative and aria of Lia from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Strauss, tone poem, "A Hero Life," Op. 40. Soloist, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli.

Chr. Sci. Dec 31 '10

THE CONCERTS.

Mischa Elman, the violinist, appears

at the Symphony rehearsal of Friday afternoon, Jan. 6, and at the concert of Saturday evening, Jan. 7, presenting Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra, a work which he has hitherto played in Boston only with piano accompaniment. The orchestral numbers at these concerts will be the Symphony No. 2 in D major by Sibelius and "In a Cafe," from Humperdinck's "Moorish Rhapsody."

Anton Witek is announced as soloist for the fourth symphony concert in Sanders theater, Cambridge, Thursday evening, Jan. 19.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

PROGRAMME BROAD

Chr. Sci. Dec 31 '10

MOZART, STRAUSS, DEBUSSY
AND ST. SAENS MINGLED

Unthrilling "Tone Poem" Magnificently Played — Mme. Jomelli Sings From "L'Enfant Prodigue."

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart, Symphony in C Major, "Jupiter."
St. Saens, Hymn to Pallas Athene.
Debussy, Lia's Air from "L'Enfant Prodigue."
Strauss, Tone-poem, "Heldenleben."

Vocalist, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli.

Here was indeed a wide sweep. From an 18th century symphony to a specimen of 20th century musical self-homage, with some fairly conservative modern vocalism sandwiched in between, for the Debussy who is here represented is not the musical Keats of the present, but Debussy in the Paris Conservatoire, Debussy competing for the Prix de Rome, Debussy conscious of appearing before conservative judges.

It may be heterodox, but we do not like Mozart best in his most ambitious moods. The "Jupiter" was certainly the most ambitious symphony of the 18th century. Yet we prefer the less learned and more spontaneous symphony in G minor. When we want our fugues we can go to Bach. Nevertheless, the contrapuntal work in the first and last movements of this symphony is very unstrained and beautiful, even if it is not as "Mozartish" as the delicate first movement of the G minor.

The minuets of these old symphonies are

somewhat faded. In this domain of simple "naivete" we hold Haydn the superior of Mozart and on the whole we think that his symphonies wear a little better than Mozart's, if we except the last three—the "Jupiter," the G minor and the Clarinette symphony—written in 1788.

Of the playing of the work nothing new can be said. Mozart contains no technical difficulties for our orchestra, but the scoring served to show the beginnings of symphonic orchestral work, as "Heldenleben" afterwards showed its culmination. The andante was finely played, but it is difficult for a modern to get into the placid mood to appreciate this kind of music. Mozart was too dramatic (in symphony) for his time, and not dramatic enough for ours. He uses more flute than usual, in this slow movement, for Mozart showed a dislike for the flute. The finale was very finely played and made the strongest effect of the work.

We can never quite reconcile ourselves to that modern self-conceit which causes the composer to bow down before himself (if such an acrobatic feat is possible) and worship his own greatness. Under certain circumstances this would be called megalomania. Nor can we ever believe that music may abolish all tonality, simply because a battle does so. We believe that Strauss is likely to fall short of being ranked with the greatest musical geniuses because he has been led astray by his own phenomenal skill. It is a case of "might have been," for there are indications in his songs as well as in some of the larger forms of his second period, which pointed to the highest order of achievement.

Mr. Fiedler is the peer of any Strauss conductor alive. Perhaps even he is "primus inter pares." Every figure in the complex jungle of tones is carefully disentangled and clearly displayed. For the study of Richard Strauss in his tone-poem would advise orchestral scholars to come to Boston. Splendidly was the cackling of the hero's enemies interpreted. Mr. Witek gave the feminine theme and the theme of Caprice with excellent effect. The horn rang out the Don Juan theme finely. In short every orchestral point, solo or tutti was done artistically.

But such music only amazes us, it does not thrill us in any great degree. Neither hero nor heroine are musically beautiful. The love episodes fall far behind Tristan and Isolde, or even Lohengrin and Elsa. The battle scene is "sul generis" and Mr. Fiedler did not overforce it. The beginning and end of the work are its best portions. But every one must enthusiastically praise the performance. If ever Strauss is to make propaganda in America, it must be in Boston, for nowhere else, on this side of the Atlantic, would such a glorious interpretation of his work be possible.

That Mme. Jomelli should have chosen Lia's air just at the time that Alice Nielsen is singing it upon the opera stage is a fortuitous, but happy, coincidence. After all the air loses nothing by being heard on

the concert stage. "L'Enfant Prodigue" has no plot in particular and about as much action as an Egyptian mummy. Of course it is some advantage to have the eye treated to a sight of charming Oriental landscape, or to an appropriate Scriptural costume, but these are not essentials. Mme. Jomelli is an artist of the highest intelligence and she caught the spirit of the song of the brooding mother most sympathetically. The song is simply the lament of the mother over her absent son. As already intimated, Debussy treats this with a directness that is sometimes absent from his later music. There is nothing elusive, nothing mystical, in this maternal cry, and to our mind it is fully as strong as the later, more cryptic, works of the composer. Mme. Jomelli was most expressive, even in the difficult passages in the highest register. The orchestral support was perfect, and the result was a greater display of enthusiasm than we have yet seen over a Debussy work in Boston; but much of this was due to the exquisite singing.

St. Saens' "Hymn to Pallas Athene" was heard for the first time in Boston. There seems a certain kinship between the earlier Debussy and the later St. Saens and Massenet, but in this song we do not get the real St. Saens. It was written for the dedication of the great amphitheatre in Orange, in Provence, and it is self-conscious, artificial, bombastic festival music. It naturally seeks to be Hellenic in style, and Mr. Schaecker had plenty of harp-work to do, and did it finely.

The almost constant attempts at grandiloquence are a great demand upon the resources of the singer, and Mme. Jomelli rose to these demands with commendable power. It was not a beautiful song, but it was beautifully sung and the praise must go rather to Mme. Jeanne Jomelli than to M. Camille St. Saens.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Hymn to Pallas Athena which Madame Jomelli is to sing at the Symphony concerts this week was heard for the first time in America in November when this singer was soloist with the Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn. It was written for one of those great out-of-door festivals that they hold from time to time in the old Roman theatres in the south of France and is in Saint-Saens most stately style. At the concert on Saturday night there will be a large number of visiting music teachers who are in town attending the annual convention.

oist:

ELMAN

Mischa Elman



Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

LIADOFF,

BABA-YAGA; A Musical Picture after a Russian Folk Tale, op. 56
(First time in Boston)

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major
I. Allegretto
II. Tempo andante ma rubato
III. Vivacissimo. Lento e suave
IV. Finale: Allegro moderato

LALO,

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 21
I. Allegro non troppo
IV. Andante
V. Rondo: Allegro

HUMPERDINCK,

"TANGIER; A Night in a Moorish Café" from "Moorish Rhapsody"

Soloist:

Mr. MISCHA ELMAN

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

Mischa Elman



Symphony Hall.

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SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

New Piece by Liadoff—Mischa Elman Plays Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 12th public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mischa Elman was the soloist. The program was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| "Baba-Yaga"..... | Liadoff |
| Symphony No. 2..... | Sibelius |
| Symphonie Espagnole..... | Lalo |
| "Tangier: A Night in a Moorish Cafe." | Humperdinck |

Liadoff's "Baba-Yaga" was performed for the first time in Boston. It is an amusing, trifling piece, descriptive of a witch's ride through the woods in a mortar, while she hastens the pace by a pestle and removes the traces by a broom. All this is not particularized by the music, for such minute translation into music is impossible.

How would even Richard Strauss typify a mortar in music. Given the subject that inspired the composer and the rest is easy. Liadoff is a third rate composer.

Baba-Yaga is a character known to every Russian child, and Liadoff's piece no doubt has in Russia more significance.

The symphony of Sibelius was played here about a year ago and there was no pressing need of a repetition. The music is rhapsodic and profoundly melancholy. The hearer may easily imagine that it will appeal profoundly to the Finns oppressed by Russia, but unfortunately the oppression of a race is not necessarily a subject for aesthetic treatment.

In this symphony there is endless repetition and not sufficient contrast. Nor are the chief themes truly noble or impressive; on the contrary they are rather common. There is a certain rudeness, there is a certain honesty that compels respect; and we should be grateful to any composer who allows opportunity to Mr. Longy to display his art.

Mr. Elman was enthusiastically applauded for his performance of Lalo's beautiful composition, but his playing did not deserve this tribute. Here is a young man of indisputable talent, who now fiddles simply to gain applause. "T is true 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is true." The first movement was not continuous; it was episodic, disjointed. Throughout the work there were constant and disturbing modifications of rhythm, deliberate appeals through sentimentalism to popular applause, changes and appeals that were injurious to the composer. There was fiddling, often excellent of its kind. There was no true interpretation. We remember gratefully Messrs. Adamowski, Kreisler, Loefler.

Humperdinck is an over-rated composer. His "Tangier" is conspicuously unoriental. We see the German tourist with his spectacles, his

glass strapped around his neck, his open Baedeker. Hearing this music, which at its best is reminiscent, we are reminded of Matthew Arnold's remarks concerning the weak side of the German: "The universal dead-level of plainness and homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere." No, a night in a cafe in Tangier could not be as dull as Mr. Humperdinck would have us think.

There will be no concerts next week. Mr. Fiedler has not decided on the program for Jan. 20, 21.

RUSSIAN VIOLINIST SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Mischa Elman's Playing Calls Forth Long and Loud Applause.

Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, who is still in his teens, is the soloist at this week's Symphony concerts. Yesterday afternoon his playing of the first, fourth and fifth movements from Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" was rewarded with long and loud applause. The five-foot virtuoso shook hands with Conductor Fiedler, bowed right and left to the applauding men of the orchestra and after that took part in several recalls. His playing of the fourth and fifth movements was on the whole the most gratifying feature of the performance. In the first movement the effects were ragged. But there was a ravishing beauty of tone in the fourth movement and a sparkling technical display in the final movement. The Lalo music, which was written for Sarasate, is an uncommonly choice example of virtuoso composition, and in addition to that the orchestration is delightful of itself.

Mr. Fiedler had a little surprise for the audience in the shape of a "musical picture" by one of the foremost Russian composers, Anatol Constantino-vitch Liadoff. It bore the title of "Baba-Yaga," and it was described as being based upon a Russian folk tale. There were further elucidations in the program. It seems that Baba-Yaga is a sorceress or demon who lives in the

woods. In this particular case pictured by Liadoff, the sorceress "went down into the court, whistled—and before her appeared a mortar, pestle and broom. Baba-Yaga set out seated in the mortar, urging it on with the pestle and rubbing out the traces with the broom. . . . Soon new life stirred in the forest; the trees creaked and the dry leaves cracked." This was the first performance of the piece in Boston and it was thoroughly enjoyed.

Sibelius' second symphony and "Tangier: A Night in a Moorish Cafe," from Humperdinck's "Moorish Rhapsody," are also on the program.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Mischa Elman Returns an
Applauded Soloist.

Admirable Performance of Sibelius'
Second Symphony.

The program of the 12th symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Liadoff's "Baba-Yaga": A Musical Picture after a Russian Folk Tale, op 56, first time in Boston; Sinding's second symphony in D major; Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra, op 21, Mischa Elman soloist, and Humperdinck's "Tangier: A Night in a Moorish Cafe," from the "Moorish Rhapsody."

Sibelius' symphony, a puzzle when first played here, better understood when repeated last year, gained a cordial and appreciative hearing yesterday.

It no longer need be said that the composer's writings are saturated with the dominant spirit of the Finns, his countrymen, rugged, long-suffering, grimly persevering in their love of liberty and freedom.

In a peculiar sense his music is characterizing, not of the progress of simulated action upon a stage, but in an abstract way of a national drama, of the brooding modes of thought and life of a people sequestered in a bare, bleak country, in which summer perishes as a flower, and is caught in the grip of winter, isolation and darkness.

Sibelius is aggressively, implacably individualistic. He sings as an epic poet of aspiration, of stern, fierce and unrelenting courage, of rebuff and the melancholy of despair, but of the undaunted determination of final triumph. It is the spirit which permeates the book of national legend, the Kalevala.

There is not a passage of frankly sensuous appeal, unless the plaintive but noble song of the oboe in the second movement be cited as exception. The composer's palette of harmonic and of orchestral color is seldom radiant. It mirrors the dark hues of his native moors and fens, shot through at times

The Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon brought, for the most part, its expected interest and its expected pleasure. The unexpected lay in the little Russian piece, Liadoff's "Baba Yaga" that Mr. Fiedler added to the announced programme. Baba Yaga, it seems, is a witch, who rides the air in a mortar with a pestle for a propelling force. She squeaks and she creaks. Therefore does she lure the Russian composer making orchestral sketches out of instrumental timbres. Mr. Liadoff knows the trick, and his musical grotesque had its amusing pungency. Of the expected surely, was the inability of Humperdinck to write musical impressions of Tangier and a Moorish café in any but the conventional fashion. His imagination has its rare qualities; but it is not Oriental. Expected, too, was the fineness of tone, the warmth of expression, the songful voice, the multi-colored shadings that Mr. Elman gave to his playing of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." He sought effects with his audience, he sought "manner; again, as was to be expected. The listeners liked both; the expert were not so sure that the effects respected the matter and the spirit of Lalo's music; or that too much thought of the audience is good for a young violinist. Sibelius' symphony in D major brought its expected satisfactions too, and Mr. Fiedler disclosed the fabric of the music with endless pains and endless exactitude. It has its bare and abrupt power; it has its bleak beauty; it has its voice of passionate struggle; it is tense and terse. It is austere music and Northern music. It needs warming; it needs more humanity.

by the wash of reflected light, as that of the moon upon fields of ice.

There is much of short, sharp and vehement declaration and retort, and Mr Fiedler punctuated such passages in the brass effectively. Whether the music is of affirmation or of denial is tremendously assertive, virile and masculine; even in the moments of melancholy it is an exalted grief.

The last movement is weakest in continuity and structure. The apotheosis is approached as by a spent and weary runner, but elsewhere there is little to be called labored.

It is not music to excite rapture or rhapsody, but music to hear with growing respect for its spirit, and for the workmanship which has expressed it.

Mr Elman has returned with a little more aplomb, a little more assurance and self-sufficiency. Suffusion of talent is sometimes an impediment in the advance toward a career.

Technical feats are still like a breath of air to this extraordinarily endowed young player—to be taken without a thought. He bows with the same commanding breadth, and his tone retains its peculiar and characteristic virility, but the very facility with which he plays is tainting his brilliance of style with insincerity. He is less the artist than when he came, although he is

perhaps even more overwhelming as a performer upon the violin. He was recalled a half dozen times at least by an audience that would eagerly have demanded more.

The Liadoff revealed a piquant sense of color, and of sharply contrasted effects. There are Russians who have depicted an oriental atmosphere of more luxurious abandon and more languorous beauty than the mild-mannered Mr Humperdinck, but his picture with the droning bassoons and the lethargy rousing finally to life and sense is colorful, fanciful music.

Mr Fiedler was at home in the selections of the day, and the orchestra played with fine spirit.

SYMPHONY WINS GREAT PRAISE

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—Rarely if ever has the Boston Symphony Orchestra been in more magnificent form than last night when it gave the first of its third pair of concerts at Carnegie Hall. A program of much dignity and charm had been compiled by Mr. Fiedler for the occasion. It contained nothing at all sensational unless a selection from "A Moorish Rhapsody" of Humperdinck deserved to have that adjective tacked on to it.

There was something distinctly humorous in the idea of so placid and discreet a composer as the creator of "Koenigkinder" being attempted, so to speak, from fairyland into the unvirtuous Orient. The concert opened with an admirable rendering of the andante from the "unfinished" Schubert symphony.

The place of honor in the scheme had been reserved for Beethoven's seventh symphony, one of the master works of music, as beautiful in its own way as anything conceived by mortal man. The reading of this work by Mr Fiedler and his followers had breadth and charm. Every shading, every delicacy was respected without one single moment's loss of power.

A special attraction of the concert was the appearance for the first time since last season of Mischa Elman. The work which he interpreted was the familiar "Spanish Symphony" of Lalo. He played it with assurance, taste and skill.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York.

THE concert (of last night in Carnegie Hall) was one of the most reposeful, most aristocratic in its elegance and elevation, most soothing and uplifting in its content, that has been heard this season. It began with the slow movement of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, put on the programme in memory of one of the

orchestra's good friends, James J. Higginson. We do not know whether this particular movement was a favorite of the friend, but if it was it is a pity that he could not hear it as it was played last night. Seldom has the Boston orchestra done anything quite so flawless in its finish. It was a peaceful, serene, lovely performance. There was no reaching out after effects. Everything fell into its place with the inevitableness of a perfect art. The phrases were all as transparent as crystal, as rich in color as bubbles. The movement made a profound effect and attuned the audience to the still more exquisite performance which was to follow it.

The second number on the list was Beethoven's seventh symphony. It is a composition which sings with a perennial freshness and has an undying charm. When it is played as it was last evening it is one of the most ravishing of all musical delights. The perfection of balance of tone in the orchestra and the consequent clarity and airy lightness of each phrase were things to be cherished in the memory for many a long day. Mr. Fiedler made no attempt at a strongly personal interpretation of the music. He devoted his attention to securing an entrancingly clear and lovely general result and to adhering as closely as possible to the letter of the score in every nuance. It was a joy to hear such a performance of such a piece. [The New York Sun. Trans. Jan 13/11]

Trans. 11 + 1 Dec 24:10 Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

THE collocation of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" on the programme for the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening is amusing. Really, Mr. Fiedler has put the two pieces into one pair of concerts at the request of the committee that is supervising the meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association here next week. More fancifully the gap that separates the "Jupiter" symphony and "Ein Heldenleben" is wide, and the tone-poem with "Zarathustra" marks the departure of Strauss along paths whereon all who admired his earlier music did not care to follow him. Yet Strauss cherishes Mozart and excels in the conducting of his music. Certainly the first performance of "Ein Heldenleben" under Mr Fiedler made a remarkable incident in his career as a conductor here; while the virtuosity of the band should share in the "Jupiter" symphony. The assisting singer is Mme. Jomelli of the resonant voice and large style, and her numbers are Saint-Saëns's hymn to Pallas Athena, written for out-of-door performance at a summer theatre in France, and the familiar air—it will soon be hackneyed—from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Sibelius' Symphony

Port "Gloriously Rude"

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 12th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was an occasion of unusual interest, not only on account of the appearance of Mischa Elman, the violinist, but still more so by reason of the orchestral pieces.

Liadoff's "Baba-Yaga," a musical picture after a Russian folk-tale, was played for the first time in Boston, and the mighty second symphony of Sibelius completed the first half of the programme. Liadoff's sketch was for its excuse the Russian folk-tale or one of the many Russian folk-tales of Baba-Yaga, the witch with a fancy for men's flesh. There is the portrayal of her start on the ride with her mortar, pestle and broom. Liadoff has written a piquant and fanciful scherzo, cleverly orchestrated. The piece is very short and entertaining.

Sibelius' second symphony is certainly one of the great masterpieces of modern music. There is no more virile music written today. The performance was superb in the appreciation and the rendering of the composer's thought, in the sympathy and understanding of his very individual style. In this work Sibelius is gloriously rude. His protest against fate is elemental.

He has orchestral imagination to a degree unsurpassed by any contemporaneous composer. He is partly the writer of music which is the reflection of nature under sullen northern skies. Then the man speaks for himself and for a great race, with the utterance of the early gods.

After this symphony the composition so admirably played by Mr. Elman was not in itself impressive. There one was always conscious that Lalo, another of the "Symphonie Espagnole," would not dare to tax the attention or the thinking power of his audience for one second beyond the point of being entertaining. Sibelius, with the grip of a giant, the manners of a bear, glooms by himself, magnificently, overwhelmingly.

His symphony will be some time in gaining its way to general popularity. It is too original and tremendous in its mood to exert universal appeal, and the color is too sombre. Tenderness is too intense; revolt too savage, uncompromis-

ing. Superficial picturesqueness is lacking.

There are composers who invent themes, and there are composers whose themes are thrust upon them. Sibelius is one of the latter, and contrary to some gifted melodists, he has to an exceptional degree the ability to make the most of his material. Extraordinary passages abound in the course of the transformation, which short but potent melodies undergo in the first movement. To mention only one, the cry of the violins, with the second theme over pounding kettle drums. There is hardly anything more hypnotic in music than the persistent plucking of the cellos and basses, very softly, which introduces the melancholy theme of the bassoons and is the accompaniment of most of the second movement; and there is nothing sweeter, cleaner than a contrasting passage in the major key which follows later.

The ineffable song of the oboe is heard suddenly, like a voice in a storm, in the flying movement which is a sort of scherzo. When this is remembered, and the lordly, barbaric, battle-drunk finale, with its stupendous peroration, words are futile, impossible. Nor could Mr. Fiedler be over-praised for the masterly breadth and greatness of his reading.

Mr. Elman gave an excellent performance of the Lalo concerto. He has never played more expressively, with more brilliant authority, though his violin or himself might have been in better condition. He is indeed a phenomenal virtuoso, who has fulfilled early promise. He was recalled more often than any soloist thus far this season. Humperdinck's "Tangier: A Night in a Moorish Cafe," a piece without the slightest color or imagination or distinction, brought the concert to an end.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME
IS INTERNATIONAL
Ador ————— *Don J. '11*
MISCHA ELMAN PLAYS
A SPANISH SYMPHONY

Sibelius and Humperdinck Represented—Liadoff's Russian Folk

Picture Also Given.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Liadoff—Baba Yaga, a Russian Folk picture.
Sibelius—Symphony in D major, No. 2.
Lalo—Symphonie Espagnole, for Violin and Orchestra.

Soloist, Mischa Elman.
Humperdinck—"In a Moorish Cafe."

An interesting programme, in which, if the soloist was, as usual, the chief attraction, at least he appeared in a work in line with the symphonic character of the rest of the programme. Mischa Elman seems to be growing a trifle conscious of his strength. There is not always the constant care in phrasing or shading which marked his earlier performances. His broad bowing, phenomenal in one so young, is too frequently in evidence; he plays with his technique like a giant who is thoroughly well aware of his strength.

Of the title—"Spanish Symphony"—only the first half is true. It is certainly Spanish, and it is certainly not symphonic. It is more thoroughly a violin exhibition, with an obliging orchestra in the background playing an accompaniment, than even a concerto ought to be. The Finale deals with fandango and Saltarello rhythms in a manner which makes the Spanish omelette very palatable. The first movement is very free.

You may break, you may shatter the form if you will.

But the scent of the Garlic will cling to it still.

The finale has a striking carillon effect that reminds one of the "Three Blind Mice" of the time-honored round, but this moving organ-point is not used with the skill that Bizet displays with a similar subject in his "Suite Arlesienne."

In this work the soloist is not obliged to abnegate himself, as he must often do in a real symphony or concerto. There is no need of his sinking into the ensemble. He is almost continuously in the lime-light, and every detail of his wares is displayed.

Perhaps the most impressive part of Elman's work was the broad G-string playing in the finale, but the grace and caprice of the first movement must also be acknowledged. The andante displayed real feeling and expression. The Scherzo and intermezzo of the symphony were omitted.

The great brilliancy and power displayed in the finale brought an ovation to the young artist that was very remarkable for these afternoon concerts. He was recalled over and over again, until it seemed as if the applause would never cease.

The phenomenal technique certainly deserved the tribute, although we would like to see young Elman growing more visibly in a classical direction, for we had hoped that in him the world might find a successor to Joachim.

We confess a fondness for Sibelius and his symphonic thoughts. In common with all the Norsemen in music, this Finlander is both earnest and melodic. He does not believe that intensity and emotion should abolish tune. We believe that this North-

ern music is to have a great future, in fact, that the Finnish is only beginning—paradoxical as that may seem. The chief fault of the symphony is that it is too fragmentary. Some may also object to its sombre character, but to us this mood seems very fitting in the work, and many of its themes are very noble. Sometimes there is a monotony in its scoring. There are alternate trumpet blares and bassoon growls, accompanied in either case by trills on the kettledrum. But there are majestic rhythmic effects and grand climaxes, besides some touches of melody that seems to have caught the very essence of Norse folk-song. Musically this symphony was the best part of the concert.

Humperdinck was represented by an unfamiliar work. "Tangier: In a Moorish Cafe," is a movement of his "Moorish Rhapsody." It is not as Moorish as some of St. Saens' Algerian pictures, but 'twill serve. There have been many errors about Oriental music scattered through the classical repertoire. Beethoven's "Turkish March" and Mozart's sonata movement marked "Alla Turca," are both about as Turkish as the Czar of Russia. The Chinese melody that Lachner uses in his "Turandot" overture is more akin to American "rag-time" than to anything Chinese. The languor and dreaminess of the Orient are caught up by very few European composers. In this case there are dance tunes and a prominent march rhythm. The bassoons are very prominent and were very well played. A peculiar climax at the end led three times into kettledrum explosions. The work is not representative of the highest vein of Humperdinck.

The programme was decidedly an international one. To the Finnish, Spanish and Moorish works there was added a Russian one. "Baba Yaga," by Liadoff, is a musical picture derived from a Russian Folk-tale, and the composer has endeavored to keep the narrative characteristics prominent in his music. Baba Yaga is a witch and naturally there was much "diablerie" in the music. As in Dukas' picture of sorcery, there is a good display of the bassoon, although not nearly so attractive as the bassoon work evolved by the Frenchman. There is a picture of the witch's flight, and the final pianissimo indicates the vanishing point. The xylophone is prominently used in this uncanny score. The tone-picture is short but graphic. The opening whistle of the witch, the gathering of her paraphernalia for flight, her dash into space and her disappearance in the air, gave something of a thrill even in these aeroplanic days. It was a "bassoon" afternoon, these grotesque and sombre instruments being prominent in almost every composition. Therefore a special word of compliment may be directed to them, for they were excellently handled.

The reviewer pleads guilty to near-sightedness! The excellent violin obligato playing in Strauss' "Heldenleben," last week, was by Mr. Noack, not by Mr. Wittek. It was brilliant enough to deserve correct record.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7

- I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro vivace

FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Le Chasseur Maudit," ("The Wild Huntsman")

SAINT-SAËNS,

- a) SYMPHONIC POEM No. 1, "Le Rouet d'Omphale" op. 31 ("Omphale's Spinning Wheel,")
- b) SYMPHONIC POEM No. 3, "Danse Macabre," after a poem by Henri Cazalis, op. 40

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Jan. 21/11
TWO OLD-FASHIONED TONE POEMS
AND ONE GENUINE

Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" and
"Rouet d' Omphale" in Their Contrast
to Cesar Franck's "Le Chasseur Maudit"
—Saint-Saens's Elegant Parlor Magic
and Franck's Sincere Romanticism—
Schubert's Symphony in C Major, with
Its Enjoyable Detail

However one may regard the length of Schubert's Symphony in C major, all are agreed that it is long. As it was played yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall its length was less than usual a subject of controversy. In general, its structure is lucid enough; the Scherzo is, of course, always unqualifiedly a delight; the andante con moto would be interesting if for no other occupation than watching for the workmanship that is unmistakably Schubertian—a certain wooing of minor phrases in the wood wind, or the frank melody which recurs for the second violins. The first and last movements are monumental. And they were played yesterday afternoon by Mr. Fiedler and his men in a style that made clear their architectural pattern. That pattern is Gothic in the sense of its charm inhering chiefly in its detail. As with the minister front, so with this imposingly patterned work of Schubert. The spectator (or the auditor) sees the mass and the large elements of the design—the towers, the buttresses, the transepts, the apse; yet the parts which arrest and gladden attention are the smaller items of delicate craftsmanship—finial, mullion, tracery, ornate niche, capital, and sculptured fruit and foliage. The Symphony in C major abounds in such beauties, and though they do not dim the grander proportions of the work, or belittle it with finical detail, they make it, after all, the greater pleasure to the listener not to watch the spinning-out of musical thoughts, and to wait for the growth of orchestral climaxes, but to follow the music measure by measure, enjoying this bit and that bit, living, as we say, in a hand-to-mouth fashion, unphilosophically, to be sure, and most pleasantly. For a hundred voices of melody are singing through the first movement in the figurations of accompanying violins; arpeggiated rock across the four strings in sparkling song, as sunlight glints off unquiet water; puffs of a wood wind instrument on a single note glide out from a tonal mass into solitary notes, leading into adroit transitional material; or in the andante the strings answer a repeated horn note which

soliloquizes pensively: rasping strings work up to a frenzy to fall on blank silence, picked up by the plucked strings of violoncellos to trail off into a legato close. This last sequence has been used over and over by other composers, whether consciously or not does not matter. Schubert designed it, and few have improved on the design.

In the Scherzo the sense of form is inescapable, but it is also filled with admirable and rewarding detail. The clambering tunes for the violins, and the phrase which causes the cellos to scramble are a joy. The Finale gets up into the epic scale. It is a masterpiece in its union of melody and rhythm. Here is no experimentation with strange instrumental timbres; here is no searching out of queer devices for effect. It is rich melody finely expressed and borne on in its development by a succession of rhythms the cumulative force of which is irresistible. The spinning triplets in the accompaniment; the repetitions of the big octave shouts of all the strings; the impetuosity of the tempo; in fine, the movement of the thing finally seizes one bodily. We are, by the end of the symphony, as though caught up and borne away across the saddle of a galloping horse. All these are the excitements of the Symphony in C Major, yet it is music of largeness and serenity, too; with all its beauty of detail it still has the simplicity of directness. Schubert was sure of his means and was using them with no unsteady hand. For the Finale, at least, he was guiding the whirlwind and directing the storm.

There is no special reason why Saint-Saens's "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Macabre" should not stand on a programme of the Symphony Orchestra, and there is no special reason why they should. It must be a long time since the "Danse Macabre" has occupied such a position, yet curiosity concerning it was very quickly satisfied and not much even of this emotion would survive a repetition of this slab-sided old "Tone Poem." Its devilry is very polished. One might, without too great a stretch of terms, call it French. Mr. Witek's violin performed a few solo phrases of fetching characterization with the huskiness, even the hint of rasping harshness which he gave to the tuning of Death's fiddle; the xylophone rattled its bones, the strings and wind began the grotesque measures of the dance. All was decorous. All was polished elegance. It was parlor magic; diablerie in evening dress; very, very tame. It may be possible to play the "Danse Macabre" so as to start shudders. It may not be possible. It was not done yesterday and the probabilities are strongly against its being done without an orchestra concealed in dead of night under the tombs of a churchyard lighted by beams of a struggling moon from behind tempest-driven clouds. That might do.

"Omphale's Spinning Wheel" was another case in point. The finish of this work is exquisite. Not only is the theme, as we are informed by the programme note, "conspicuous by its elegance"; it is set off against an interchange of whirling phrases tossed here and there among the stringed instruments with precisely the same effect on the hearing as the blurr of whirling spokes on the eye-sight. A more exact psychological parallel in descriptive music would be a long quest. And when the violoncellos and basses begin mightily but impotently to heave under this spinning music, the effect is that of a powerful body netted and snared in a strong web of silken strands again just the mental image to be suggested. All this is beautifully done, and yet . . . well, for one thing, the tapering end, mounting to a high note for the violins, might be that of a violin solo composed for use in Sunday evening church services whilst the collection plates go round. Both the "Danse Macabre" and this irreproachable "Rouet d'Omphale" are most damnably "the correct thing." And that is all that ails them.

They had their rebuke, not from any reviewing ink (and certainly not from any weariness caused by vain repetitions), but from another, and genuine Tone Poem also by a French composer which stood on the same programme. César Franck may be known by greater works than "Le Chasseur Maudit." It contains passages which are beautiful and daring; it also contains measures and phrases as to which surprise is felt that they should have been allowed, by such a careful craftsman, to remain where they are. The splendid curse intoned by the bass tuba ends, each time, on a note that is disappointing if not commonplace and in anti-climax. Yet the piece as a whole stimulates, and not only so, but satisfies. Its opening measures cause the eye to conjure up broad meadows cooking under the kindly glare of a summer sun at noonday, Sabbath calm, and the mystery of remote horn calls. Bells chime richly over an attuned orchestra. The hunt spurs across this quiet, abrupt and impetuous. Horror and doom sound in the wood winds and basses at the pronouncement of the curse. Then begins the infernal chase with all the wealth of orchestral imagery that the graphic imagination of César Frank can conjure. Wild shouts sound among the strings; sudden gusts; twists, turns, the rout, the full career; always an irresistible onward movement, headlong and blind. We are caught up and whirled away like the lost souls which Dante saw urged on by the furious blasts of hell. Saint-Saëns's diablerie is to this as a boy's false face is to the countenance of a tragedian.

What is the meaning of this difference? Both these composers are Frenchmen.

Their styles have many traits in common. Both have the elegance, the fluency and the finish of the Gallic artist. Yet they are as unlike as suavity and earnestness. Their lives may partly explain: Saint-Saëns, prosperous, gladdened by the quick recognition of his talents, with swift rewards for facile work; Franck, obscure, toiling patiently to guide the stumbling fingers of pupils, rising at dawn to snatch the early hours for the composition into which he put the passion of his heart. The minds of the two men still further explain. Saint-Saëns never falls beneath a certain level of competence; and he never rises above a certain altitude of inspiration. The list of his works is long. They are all excellent. They are hardly any of them inspired. The list of César Franck's works is short. And there is hardly one of them that is not inspired. And the shortness of the list is both a perpetual regret for the fee which the world must pay for imposing too laborious a life on this artist, and a prize of those which we have for a richness and a concentration which might not have been theirs had not the vision of this seer and mystic been forced to turn inward for the idealism which it sought. Saint-Saëns is the Tennyson of composers, César Franck is the Matthew Arnold.

L. P.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS SYMPHONIC POEMS

Franck's "The Wild Huntsman"
Given at the Thirteenth
Public Rehearsal.

TWO PIECES BY SAINT-SAENS

Danse Macabre and "Omphale's
Spinning Wheel" Pleasing
Part of Program.

Herald Jan. 21/11
By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C major, No. 7. Schubert
"The Wild Huntsman" Franck
"Omphale's Spinning Wheel" Saint-Saens
Danse Macabre Saint-Saens

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem illustrative of Buerger's ballad has been played here at least three times and was last heard at a symphony concert seven years ago. The other compositions were more familiar to the audience, although the Danse Macabre has not been performed at a symphony concert for many years. Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for including it in his program, nor was the dignity of the concert impaired by his action. This danse is an admirable work, picturesque, imaginative, conceived in a truly ironical and Macabre spirit. When it was played in London 30 years ago, at a concert given by the composer, the critic of the Daily News described it as "horrible, hideous, and disgusting," and added: "The piece is one of many signs of the intense and coarse realism that is entering into much of the musical composition (so-called) of the day." It is a good thing to look over the criticisms written when compositions now classic and admired were heard for the first time. Future generations will have an opportunity of thus smiling, at the expense of solemn judges of 1911.

Saint-Saens writing his four symphonic poems had this advantage over many that have followed him: he took his art seriously, but did not insist on his success in translating line by line into tones an argument or printed text. Note the irony of his preface to "Omphale's Spinning Wheel." He frankly admits that the spinning wheel was chosen only as a pretext for rhythm and the general form and character of the piece. "Those who are interested in examining details" can hear in one section Hercules groaning and endeavoring to break his bonds, and in another section Omphale mocking his efforts. The composer did not prescribe to himself preposterously. It was as though he said to the audience: "My dear friends, here is a piece and I have given a title to it. Find in it what you please, but remember it is, first of all, music."

I doubt if in the catalogue of symphonic poems of this genre there is a finer, more exquisitely worked composition than this tribute to Omphale's power of fascination. It has the traditional characteristics of French music: grace, rhythm, and, above all, clarity. There were brave men before Debussy in France, and some might say that Debussy is not an Agamemnon; yet, the composer of "Pelleas and Melisande" has the instinct for delicate and significant instrumentation; he secures charming results by apparently simple means. The better French composers, knowing the resources of the orchestra, unlike the inferior French and too many Germans, do not use all the instruments because they are at hand. To the unintelligent student a page of Saint-Saens's

scores looks thin; but to the ear each instrument outside the quartet has significance; when it is used it is effective.

Franck's "Wild Huntsman" is not one of his great works. The opening is impressive, and there are a few dramatic moments up to the judgment pronounced by a voice from heaven against the sacrilegious count and his crew; but the description of the Infernal Hunt is only labor, vexation. Franck was a mystic, a man dreaming of divine pity and beneficence. He could not understand the demoniacal, and when he attempted to express it in music, as in this ride and in the music of Satan and other evil spirits in "The Beatitudes" he failed dismally, writing in a Meyerbeerish manner.

The pieces by Saint-Saens were played according to the best traditions of the orchestra. Mr. Longy was especially fortunate in his expression of Omphale's mockery and Mr. Witek gave out Death's dance tune with the appropriate mordancy. The wood-wind and the strings vied with each other in the performance of Schubert's symphony, that vast storehouse of ravishing melody. All in all the concert was one of the pleasantest of the season and the audience showed lively appreciation.

The program of the concerts next week will include these pieces: Gernsheim, tone poem "To a Drama" (first time); Reger, variation and fugue on a merry tune by J. A. Hiller; Saint-Saens, concerto for 'cello, A minor (Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist); Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser."

TONE PICTURE IS SYMPHONY FEATURE

Brilliant Performance of
Schumann's Work De-
lights Large Audience.

Journal Jan. 21/11
Schumann's wonderful tone picture of old Vienna—in which Schumann fancied he saw the gay capital on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube "more clearly mirrored than ever"—is the feature of this week's Symphony program. This is the lyrical Viennese composer's seventh symphony, the one in C major, which Boston has been hearing off and on, and with ever-increasing pleasure, for wellnigh half a century.

It was one of Mr. Fiedler's successful presentations two years ago this month, and the performance yesterday afternoon was equally successful—sympathetic, brilliant and so enthusiastic that the audience gave one of those unusual demonstrations of delight that end in the hundred members of the virtuoso orchestra standing up to receive the applause.

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman," which has not been played here since 1904, and two Saint-Saens pieces, the long popular "Omphale's Spinning-Wheel" and the "Danse Macabre," back again after a long absence from Symphony programs, complete one of the most attractive concerts of the season.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

George — *Jan. 21/11*
Schubert's C Major Symphony and Three Modern French Symphonic Poems Make Up the Program.

The program of the 13th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon included a symphony by Schubert, No. 7, in C major, and three symphonic poems. They were Cesar Franck's "The Wild Huntsman" and "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and the "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens.

Rarely this year has a purely orchestral number elicited such general and prolonged applause as did this symphony of Schubert's yesterday afternoon. It pleads eloquently for simplicity, for clarity and for true euphony in music. There is within it a wellspring of sweet waters. There are streams of melody, fresh, spontaneous and gracious. It is a font of vernal song.

There is also to be heard the note of personal victory. This symphony is sometimes called No. 10. One annotator calls it No. 9. It was Schubert's last. He began it in March and in November he died.

Previously the symphonic form had baffled him. It was too sustained and long-breathed for the span of his inspiration. His was the genius for the short song, the sudden flash of imagination, that could dash off, surrounded by merry-making friends at a table in a tavern, a lyric of imperishable beauty, as the "Hark! Hark! the Lark."

Had he been content to produce songs fluently, even as a master, he would have been a lesser artist. He persevered and this symphony, one of the treasures of all romantic literature, was the result, although he did not live to hear it performed.

With what directness and spontaneity he makes his points of contrast, of emphasis, of quiet emotion, ravishing cantilena, or of dramatic exultation!

Into the precise and formal elegance of classical forms he infused the ardor, the imaginative and enkindling glow of the young romanticism. It is essentially lyric and perchance therein lies the basis of its distinction, although the definitions of the "romantic" school are legion, even to contending that its music causes surprise.

Schubert made the orchestra sing as a pulsating, vibrant human instrument. He asks even the trombones to intone an independent, well-defined melody in the second division of the first move-

ment. Thus began the progress of these stately instruments up to the scores of Strauss, where they are bidden to play with the agility of a piccolo.

It is this lyric impulse from within, to sing of nature, of the hearts' emotions, of simple joys, of sorrow, even of gentle melancholy, that betokened the rising romanticists; Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron in literature, as Schubert, Schumann and Weber in music.

Therefore every note of this symphony is to be sung. The orchestra often had to supply its own impetus yesterday in this belcanto, what scope for infinite gradations of nuance in the slow movement. As it was, the euphony of the instruments as they sang together was rare and wondrous—the finesse with which Mr. Longy played the exquisite opening phrase, and with which Mr. Grizez repeated it.

Here is truly symphonic music. The themes have distinction and nobility of profile. There is fecundity and resourcefulness of invention. There is a clear and emotional sense of orchestral color and contrast, and Schubert was a pioneer in the offsetting parts of his wood choir one against another.

Cesar Franck, the mystic, the man of religious fervor, was not such a one as should take deep joy in the desecration of the Sabbath by the wild huntsman of legend, nor even to write graphically of the curse upon him, or of the demons' pursuit of him. The music portraying the hallowed peace of the countryside is true to nature. The diabolical music has been better done by Berlioz in his "Damnation of Faust," and by Bossi in the "Hell" of his "Paradise Lost."

It is said that Hercules, returning to Thebes, spent with toil, fell into a sickness then raging, and attempted the murder of his friend, Iphitus, or as some say, attempted to steal the sacred tripod from Apollo's temple at Delphi, for the which he was condemned to slavery for three years.

He entered the service of Omphale, queen of Lydia, and learned to spin wool with her hand maidens, while she wore his lion skin and carried his club. Who shall not say she is the prototype of the English suffragette?

Instead of making her a coquette in the smooth-tongued oboe, had Saint-Saens made her a dauntless, fearsome and terrible person, who would even storm the house of lords or a London squadron of police, his symphonic poem might have been at least imposing. It was brilliantly played, as was the familiar "Danse Macabre."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adol. 21 *87th* WITH NO SOLOIST

SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT,

BOTH CLASSICAL AND GAY

Works of Schubert, Cesar Franck and St. Saens Presented in Man-

ner Above Criticism.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Schubert. Symphony in C major.
Franck. "Le Chasseur Maudit."
St. Saens. "Rouet d'Omphale."
St. Saens. Danse Macabre.

It was throughout a splendid concert and presented an orchestral programme that was classical in its beginning and sensational in its ending, but which was without any unsolvable mysteries and which made no extreme demands upon the grey matter in the brains of the auditors. Schubert's symphony was shorn of a little of its "divine length" by avoiding some repetitions and it gained by the process, but it is still rather too reiterative for the modern auditor.

In the work one can trace the influence of Beethoven upon the composer. The use of the trombones, in the coda of the first movement, is one case in point, and the four accented notes which play so important a part in the finale, is another. The four-noted figure is wonderfully close to the same idea in Beethoven's violin concerto. The trombones, however, are in advance of anything written for them by Beethoven; only Mozart had used these instruments so effectively before Schubert's time. They have practically an "obligato" and for the first time in musical history.

The Hungarian influence upon Schubert is also traceable in the chief theme of the slow movement. Let it be remembered that if Beethoven had died at the same age as Schubert the latter would have been reckoned the greater symphonist of the two. This last symphony of Schubert is one of the greatest "ifs" of musical history. If Schubert had lived, it seems to say, he would have become the greatest of the symphonists.

The performance was of a high order, of course. Technically criticism has long since become mute regarding the Boston Symphony Concerts. One can only speak, here and there, of points of reading, of "tempi" or "nuances."

But the performance was a remarkable one even for our orchestra. In the first movement Mr. Fiedler disregarded the "ma non troppo" attached to the "allegro," and took it at a desperate speed. The trombones at the Coda played nobly. It is like the clash of swords, the alternation of tenor and bass trombone, in this ending.

The slow movement was finely read throughout, and shaded most delicately. The oboe here deserves especial praise, although all the wood-wind deserve encomium.

The third movement was again whipped up to a furious pace, but the figures were clear nevertheless. The great speed of the finale is called for by Schubert himself. It makes the violin triplets of the chief theme almost unplayable, but the artists of our first violin department almost achieved the impossible here, and Mr. Fiedler brought out the figure of four accents grandly. As a consequence this melodious old work received an absolute

ovation. Mr. Fiedler was recalled twice, the orchestra was obliged to rise in response, and it was evident that the whole modern school has not obliterated Schubert. No symphony this year has received such applause.

The "Rouet d'Omphale" was very delicately shaded. In listening to the attractive whirling figure one could exclaim with Ophelia: "Oh, how the wheel becomes it!" It ended with a pianissimo that passed the inaudible point, on solo violin.

Cesar Franck is not a Berlioz. His accursed huntsman is what the Germans call a "Sonntagsjaeger", and is under a ban because of his breaking the Sabbath. We may imagine him somewhat like the German hunter in the English drawing-room, after the fox-hunt, when an Englishman just from the African jungle complained that there could be no sport without the element of danger. "Ach so?" spoke up the other, "you want daincher in hunting. Come hunt with me. Only last week I shot my brodder-in-law in the stummok!" The hunting of the "Chasseur Maudit" was equally dangerous, yet Franck has managed to give the picture without too much spice. He is not such a colorist as St. Saens, and it was very interesting to contrast the two Frenchmen in somewhat similar veins of supernatural music.

The picture of this "Franck tireur" was gloriously played, from the hunting-calls of the beginning to the spice of the ending. It made the best impression of all of the three modern symphonic poems. Of course the music pointed a moral, which may be stated as follows—

Let huntsmen all remember, Sunday
Is not quite fitting for a gun day.
It is a most disgusting habit
On Sunday e'en to shoot a rabbit.
He who on that day hunting goes
Will soon be chased by piccolos
And fierce trombones and basses-double
Will give him every kind of trouble.

The piccolo was finely played, in this; the muted horn gave its dismal and baleful tones; the trombones were mighty in denunciatory phrases; in short it was a reading in which every point was well brought out and Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra may be proud of it.

St. Saens' "Danse Macabre" is always a good specimen of modern orchestral tone-coloring. To mention only a few of the points, there is the bell tolling midnight, upon the harp; there is Death tuning up his violin, with the upper string E-flat instead of E, to make a sinister dissonance; there is the despised xylophone, the instrument of wooden sticks, which pictures the knocking together of the bones of the dancing skeletons better than anything else could do; and there is the crowing of the cock, squeakily imitated upon the oboe. All good points and, at the time of their invention, practically new.

Aside from the tone-coloring there is some very effective counterpoint in the number, showing that polyphony extends even beyond the tomb, or at least into it. Not a point was lost in the interpretation. Mr. Witek played the violin obligato with much breadth, and the xylophone rang out with surety.

It was just the kind of a programme in which the various tone-colors ought to be allowed to stand forth without any repression, and the virility of the interpretations gave the chief charm to the most enjoyable orchestral concert we have heard for many a month. At the close Mr. Fiedler was again recalled enthusiastically.

SYMPHONY MEN WIN LAURELS

Performance of Schubert's Great Work Appreciated

Schubert's big C major symphony was the most exciting thing that occurred at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon. It was played with a finish, a precision and a nice adjustment of details that is rare even for the Boston Orchestra, and the audience showed clearly that it appreciated the fact. Three of the most vivid of the modern French symphonic poems formed the second section of the programme.

The C major symphony is Schubert's one titanic effort. In it the nightingale is turned eagle; the over youthful romanticist is become master of classic forms on a huge scale. The symphony is famous as having been refused performances in Schubert's lifetime on account of its extreme difficulty, and even today, with our orchestras trained to the demands of Strauss and Rachmaninoff it remains a test. It is Schubert's most considerable achievement in the old forms, barring perhaps, a few of the quartets.

For Virtuoso Orchestra

The C major gains something of the heroic inspiration of Beethoven, and looks forward to Brahms in its fusing of hot romantic fervor with the old classic restraint and control. But all this cannot be shown in its true proportions except by an orchestra of the very first order, such as Bostonian never tire of proclaiming is maintained in only one city in America, and by a conductor whose care and patience have no limit. We are in the habit of making all our comments on the Boston Orchestra in the superlative degree, but the performance of yesterday seemed to out-Herod Herod. The faultless blending and shading of the difficult wood-wind

parts, in the first movement, the final nicety in the "keying" of the andante, which is ruined if its tempo is a shade too fast or too slow; the ravishing sensuousness of the trio of the scherzo; the full-blooded virility of the final movement, as though Hercules were scaling Olympus; all these Mr. Fiedler emphasized with a balanced sympathy and a perfection of control over his band that the audience was not slow to appreciate. Both he and the orchestra were obliged to rise in response to its applause.

The three symphonic poems were Cesar Franck's "Le Chasseur Maudit," and Saint-Saens' "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Macabre." Franck, the past master of absolute music and the apostle of Bach among the vagaries of the Republican French, is in a queer role, depicting in programme music a weird German spook ballad. The result is what might be expected. In the earlier part, which is static scene painting, he is the exalted, masterful artist that has left so deep an impress on the modern French school; in the latter part, in which the wild huntsman is pursued and captured by the fiends of hell, he is a little lacking in inventive resource, a little too overpowered by the sense of obligation adequately to describe the affair. But the music is masterly in orchestral sonority and finesse, and, like all the work of the great French teacher, contains not one insincere note.

Grotesqueness Lacking

The Saint-Saens' familiar poems showed again the peculiar deftness and finish which seems to be the French contribution to all art. The spinning wheel of Omphale was imitated by Mr. Fiedler's men with delightful delicacy. The skeleton dance was hardly so satisfactory. Mr. Fiedler seemed unwilling to give it that unrestrained accentuation of rhythm and contrast that undoubtedly cheapens it, but still comes nearer expressing the composer's idea of grotesque caricature.

The programme was one of those "ordinary" ones which do not extend the rush line to Gainsborough street, but do make the judicious think a second time and bless their luck.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY

SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pathetic."

Other selections announced later.

Soloist:

Miss JENNIE GERVILLE-REACHE.

Of Manhattan Opera Company, New York.

It was just the kind of a programme in which the various tone-colors ought to be allowed to stand forth without any repression, and the virility of the interpretations gave the chief charm to the most enjoyable orchestral concert we have heard for many a month. At the close Mr. Fiedler was again recalled enthusiastically.

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

FRIEDRICH GERNSHEIM, TONE-POEM, "To a Drama"
(First time in Boston)

MAX REGER, VARIATIONS and FUGUE to a Merry Theme by
J. A. Hiller (1770,) op. 100 .

SAINT-SAËNS, CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA,
in A minor, op. 33

WAGNER, OVERTURE to the Opera, "Tannhäuser"

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

FRIEDRICH GERNSHEIM, TONE-POEM, "To a Drama" op. 82
(First time in Boston)

MAX REGER, VARIATIONS and FUGUE on a Merry Theme by
J. A. Hiller (1770,) op. 100

SAINT-SAËNS, CONCERTO No. 1, for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA
in A minor, op. 33
Allegro non troppo
Allegretto con moto
Come prima

WAGNER, OVERTURE to the Opera, "Tannhäuser"

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Transcript
GERNSHEIM REDISCOVERED; REGER
HEARD AGAIN

A Tone-Poem, "To a Drama," in the Musical Fashions of the Hour—Reger's Ingenious Variations and Puissant Fugue—Music That Irritates and Music That Sways—Mr. Warnke Plays Saint-Saens's Concerto—Otherwise, a Day of Sonorities

MR. Fiedler rediscovered Gernsheim at the Symphony Concert; the audience rediscovered the Reger of the Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme; Mr. Warnke played the most elegant of concertos for violoncello, Saint-Saens's, and every one stayed and took their joy of the sonorities with which the conductor and the band clothed the overture to "Tannhäuser." Altogether, it was a day of the sonorities and the intensities in which Mr. Fiedler so honestly delights. Gernsheim's tone-poem by way of prelude to an imaginary or an undeclared melodrama is richly scored; the music has its intensities of struggle and longing, its sonorities of apotheosis. For three years it has been easy to recall the mighty and sweeping voices of Reger's fugue and some of his variations do not lack his acrid melodic intensities. As for the overture to "Tannhäuser," Mr. Fiedler flung himself whole-heartedly upon it. The Pilgrim's chorus at the beginning was a song of a host; the revels of the Venusberg shrilled and Mr. Fiedler would have no mere dalliance in that excited cavern; while in the finale the spirit not only routed the flesh but overwhelmed and consumed it. Even the trombones "brought out" those few measures toward the end that are the crux of conductors and connoisseurs. The rest hardly heard them in the whole effect; but there they were yesterday and plainly audible. With them Mr. Fiedler had his little triumph as a virtuoso conductor; but the appeal of the "Tannhäuser" overture to an audience that at the end of a long concert heard it rapt, depends upon larger things than trombone passages. One of the French reviewers wrote the other day that public taste in Paris seemed to be turning toward music that "signified" more than imaginative play with instrumental timbres and bizarre harmonies. The overture to "Tannhäuser" so "signifies" to the dullest of understandings. The most "superior" of us do rise to it. The music is melody made emotion and picture; the orchestral voices are the voices of a concentrated drama. It will outlive much of Wagner's

other music; for time is beginning to sift even him.

The play that moved Gernsheim to write his tone-poem "To a Drama" was certainly not "The Taming of the Shrew." If there was any play at all, except in Gernsheim's imagination, it was a grave, impassioned, poetic piece. Yet out of Shakspeare's farce comes the "motto" for it. "You bid me make it orderly and well according to the fashion of the time," the tailor tells Petruccio of the rejected garment. So Gernsheim has made his tone-poem and neither Mr. Nikisch, in Berlin last October, or Mr. Fiedler here and now in Boston, has rejected it. Gernsheim has turned his seventieth year; he has been writing music for thirty; on occasion at the Symphony Concerts and elsewhere this town has heard some of it. Gernsheim's music is not "troubling," as the French say, and it is hardly individual enough to be long remembered. Perhaps, even, he wrote the tone-poem to show that he, at seventy, and long labelled "academic," can "keep up with the times." The course of these imaginary dramas that inspire to tone-poems and symphonic prologues is already a convention. The music bears the heroic protagonist upon the stage and compasses him with heroic atmosphere; he battles mightily; he longs and loves; he expires in orchestral stress; there is lament and apotheosis. The middle way lies open to the composer. He does not need to particularize as Strauss does with his heroes, and so irritate the lovers of the old ways in music. Yet he may please the new since he is willing to write tone-poems—and most of all he may satisfy those that cherish the happy mean even as does he. Behold, then, Gernsheim's tone-poem. Nobody, with any pretence to an imaginative ear can miss the sequence of the drama. The hero is more gentle than forbidding. He longs and loves with a suave ardor. He does not battle blatantly, he is not glorified stridently. The music springs fluently from itself; the "ideas" are easily recognizable, easily followed; there are happy contrasting passages; the orchestra is agreeably sonorous, the instrumentation is rich and warm. It neither disdains nor courts the new in harmony and instrumental coloring. Gernsheim has made his tone-poem "orderly and well according to the fashion and the time." No more than conductors will audiences reject it. Only the cynics will call it "ultra-modern" music made easy.

—
Reger's variations are not "ultra-modern" or any other sort of music made easy. He spares not himself; he spares not his hearers; and he writes according to none of the contemporary codes, but by his own lights and no other. Strauss "derives" plainly enough from Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. The sources of the more individual Debussy have been found, they say, in Russian and certain old French streams. Reger,

the apostolic Riemann avers, expresses his own individuality in a language that comes from a deep study of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. By this the learned doctor probably signifies that Reger prefers to write "absolute music," that his contrapuntal skill and imagination are endlessly fertile and sometimes imaginative and that he chooses to put his new wine into the stout bottles of old forms. Even to edit Bach is not to think musically as Bach thought. It might be hard to specify the details of Reger's kinship with Beethoven, and the restless and irritable voice of his music is far from the sober and contained voice of Brahms. The truth is that Reger is Reger, and therefore are there Regerites and anti-Regerites, neither of whom may express themselves temperately. Perhaps, indeed, the Variations and the Fugue will serve very well as a reflection of the man.

The orchestra plays over the theme. There is no mistaking it; the measures are innocently pretty, innocently tuneful; in the conventional phrase, they have a "certain charm." The listener may even wonder how Reger happened to pitch upon them in the forgotten pages of Hiller's operetta, written a hundred and forty years ago. Reger, however, is a burrowing soul; as Hiller's little melody did not escape him no more shall aught that he can draw from it elude him. Could Hiller hear these variations and the overwhelming fugue that ends them, he must marvel at the offspring that Reger has ushered into the world from them. To the work, then, and to the hard and strenuous work, for Reger does not take his orchestral or any other writing easily. He composes by an effort that, fortunately for his prolific bent is tireless. There are eleven variations in all, and they are sedulously diversified. Two, at least, are largely conceived, sonorous of voice, tumultuous of movement, full of Gargantuan counterpoint and not without a rude power over the chosen material. Others run swiftly, almost lightly, as of counterpoint and rhythm at play with itself. Others still run gently and musingly, as though Reger were smoothing and softening his voice. The rest are songful, seeking even the accents of passionate feeling. They gain them in Regerian fashion. Try as he may, his songful music lacks sensuous beauty. It wants warmth and glow. There is a sharpness in it that suggests a mood willed, almost commanded, a touch of bitterness as of a mood that cannot express itself. In spite of himself or because he is himself, Reger makes such music a little acidly. After all a composer may not sing by ingenuity. The hearer is stirred, but harshly. He feels the Reger in whose spirit is always imitation. Yet the variations are seldom mere contrapuntal and academic ingenuity. A stringent, a strident, a hard imagination has fashioned them; but it is also an imagination that disdains mere instrumental coloring for its own sensuous sake. Reger is too austere, severe and self-centred for such pleatings.

He prefers, as the painters say, to work in line, in black and white, in counterpoint and fugue.

The Fugue releases the composer, releases his audience, sets Reger free for the power that is in him, sways his hearers to it. The sweep of the music is magnificent; the elasticity of it is nearly superhuman; the contrasting, the contesting, voices spring out of it; rise, subside, gather themselves, upleap again with new power, new intensity, new amplitude. Reger is as disdainful of mere sequences as he is of sensuous instrumental coloring. His Fugue thrusts and smites its way along as though it were hewing out its course with each swing of the composer's arm; the climax surges and bursts in a tumult of sonorities. Even the organ must swell them. Ingenuity may have fashioned this music; complexity may often weave it; but imagination holds the reins and fiery energy whips it forward. They say that one of the aims of the music of our time is a new power. The old forms, in Reger's faith and practice may speed it, swell it, intensify it. Every man who would express himself in any art has the moments and the tasks in which the spirit drives; when he writes, for example, because he must, when the creative rhapsody, as the old poets would have it, is upon him. So Reger's fugues—and this is the masterpiece of them—sound. Perhaps, even, he was born for them.

Another sort of ingenuity fashioned and fills Saint-Saëns's concerto for violoncello that Mr. Warnke played after the intermission. Astutely, he has considered the limitations of the instrument. Saint-Saëns is no man to fight it, no man to force it and the virtuoso to do his will. He knows a better way—in the way of suave persuasion, of smiling disguise. It is the singing voice of the violoncello that pleases those who hear, when the voice is not forced, and the composer keeps it singing smoothly, elegantly. The 'cello has its orchestral voice, deep-toned, mournful, ominous, poignant and shadowy; but Saint-Saëns's 'cello is singing for the drawing-room in tempered, caressing voice. Of course the 'cellist is a virtuoso, with right to the display of his virtuosity. But display is too rude a word for Saint-Saëns's design. He sets him the tasks of finesse—refinements of accent, delicacies of rhythm, subtleties of contrast, light play with fugues, not caperings, but charm. And the orchestra is the companion, and not the adversary, of the solo instrument. They link arms, they chatter suavely; they have even their little dance together. It is the 'cello gone a-courting. The concerto is music for Mr. Warnke, and again, as many times before, he was the violoncello of the fine, clear, edgeless, supple, unforced tone, of the technique that persuades and does not worry his instrument, of the feeling that smooths and caresses its voice. The Symphony Orchestra likes to

be "different"; and the big tone and the big effect are very much out of fashion with its virtuosi. Mr. Witek, Mr. Noack and now Mr. Warnke would have none of them. H. T. P.

NEW MASTERPIECE HEARD IN BOSTON

Tone Poem by Gernsheim Played
for First Time in America
by Symphony Orchestra.

THEMES CLEARLY DEFINED

Harmonization Is Neither Too
Old Fashioned Nor Is It
Too New Fangled.

Herald Jan. 28/11
By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"To a Drama," tone poem, op. 82... Gernsheim
Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme
of J. A. Hiller... Reger
Concerto for 'cello No. 1... Saint-Saëns
Overture to "Tannhaeuser"... Wagner

The tone-poem by Gernsheim, who is now in his 72d year, was brought out in Berlin last October by Mr. Nikisch at a philharmonic concert. The performance yesterday was the first in Boston, and probably in the United States. A symphony, piano concerto and violin concerto by Gernsheim have been played in Boston, but the composer is best known here by his "Salamis," which has been sung several times by the Apollo Club. He is a thoroughly equipped musician, who has played the piano, taught, conducted and composed, always in a highly respectable manner. He has his reward, for he has been named Professor and sits as a member of the Senate of the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin. "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

And this new composition is highly respectable, professorial, senatorial. The themes are clearly defined and contrasted, now vigorous, now suave. The harmonization is not too old-fashioned and not too new-fangled. The thematic

development shows sound technical knowledge. The instrumentation is solid, varied, free from extravagance. Everything is as it should be in the best of works by a highly respectable and respected professor. The ears of the hearers are at times soothed, at times roused, never annoyed or stabbed by unaccustomed sounds. The sitter in the seat of the scornful must admit that "To a Drama" is the work of a worthy composer; but he has no curiosity to know whether Prof. Gernsheim had any particular drama in mind, and if a drama did suggest the music he has no curiosity to see it. For there is no inspiration in this music. It is carefully made, neatly put in a package, tied so that it will not become undone and handed to the customer with a smile and a bow. And yet this music is not unpleasant to hear, and in the midst of Reger's variations there was a kindly, yes, appreciative thought of Prof. Gernsheim, senator in Berlin.

For the variations of Max Reger on a little inoffensive 18th century theme of J. A. Hiller are the abomination of desolation. I know of no music, modern or ancient, that is more exasperating and more tiring. In all of Reger's works for the orchestra there is something pretentious, something bumptious that is maddening. There is no disputing his contrapuntal skill. Would that he had little or none at all. For what use does he put it to in these orchestral compositions? There is neither beauty nor grandeur; there is no emotional appeal; there is nothing to inspire a mood, enjoying which the hearer might possibly forget Reger until some peculiarly ugly or dull page would arouse him from his reverie. The fugue yesterday with its speed and din and roar of organ provoked hearty applause. It should be remembered that this fugue came after a long and sandy stretch of variations, and if it had not been half so impressive it would still have been a relief.

The variations and the other orchestral works by Reger recall a dream of De Quincey after the Malay amongst English mountains knocked at his door. The hearer might exclaim with the Opium Eater: "I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids... and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud."

Even a 'cello concerto brought balm. Saint-Saëns's is not only the most endurable of these concertos; it contains charming things: as the second theme; as the exquisitely dainty minuet with a Watteau flavor. Mr. Warnke displayed beautiful tone, fine phrasing, and the facility that is expected of a 'cellist of his high reputation. Nor playing measures of sustained melody did he lapse into sentimentalism so dear to players and lovers of the instrument.

There will be no concerts next week.

The program for Feb. 10-11 will be as follows: Handel, overture in D major; Haydn, symphony in E-flat major (B. & H. No. 1); Scharwenka, Concerto in F minor, No. 4 (first time in Boston); Smetana, symphonic poem "The Moldau." Xavier Scharwenka will be the pianist.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Warnke Plays Saint-Saens
'Cello Concerto.

Gernsheim's Tone-Poem Performed
For First Time in Boston.

The program of the 14th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: "To a Drama," tone-poem, op. 82, by Friedrich Gernsheim (first time here); Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of Hiller," op. 100; concerto for 'cello and orchestra by Saint-Saens, played by Heinrich Warnke; the overture to "Tannhauser."

Pieces by Gernsheim have been appearing in Boston for some time at the rate of one a decade, or such a matter. As long ago as 1875 Ernst Perabo performed a concerto for piano and orchestra with the Harvard musical association. The present tone-poem does not exhibit any very searching vitality in the choice of themes or the development of them. The composer has given a tolerable sonority to undistinguished musical ideas by means of much blowing of brass and beating of drums. Hollow fury rather than the semblance of terror is his reward.

There is a grateful adagio, serene and immune from the prostration of violence and of instruments of percussion. Here there is songful melody and a warmth and richness of coloring.

Ceaseless Volubility.

Hiller's modest and diminutive theme is a humble text for the formidable discourse which Reger expounds upon it in the Variations. The theme itself, both from the natural significance of its own naive melody and from that of the context of the operetta from which it is taken, would apparently suggest playfulness or a light and pretty fancy.

Saint-Saens, the colorist, would have kept the "merry theme" for a time at least in its childhood. Even the ultra-sophisticated Debussy would have embellished it with some exquisite conceit or fairy-like imagery.

Reger loads it down with the bombastic display of his own colossal invention and his ceaseless volubility. Like a child grown old before his time, this innocent little tune is beaten into

a handful of shapes and sent clamoring with merciless insistence through the orchestra. When the tune ceases to inspire a new variant the composer manufactures one.

There are moments of peace and of modest retiring speech to which Reger does not frequently commit himself. The second variation has the suggestion of delicacy and the fifth reminds at times of the melodic graces of Puccini. By the time the appalling fugue is reached, the "merry theme" has probably attained its majority. The intricacy and elaboration of the contrapuntal plan are amazing, and the sheer immensity of the climax to which it ascends is breath-taking. Hiller would doubtless experience the shock of mild surprise to observe what marvel is here unfolded from his gentle tune.

The orchestral performance was an exceedingly brilliant one, and this piece is no task to undertake lightly, or without first partaking of food and drink. The applause was vociferous, and Mr Fiedler properly shared it with the members of the orchestra standing.

Saint-Saens' Concerto.

Saint-Saens' concerto for 'cello is typical of much of his writing for orchestra. There is a disparagement in the value of ideas which he cleverly conceals by the ingenuity and brilliance of his orchestral dress and the suave appeal of his style.

There are the melodies of broad and luscious curve in this concerto which are beloved of cellists, melodies with rhythmical as well as melodic identity. But with them are passages purporting to show the technic of the solo instrument that are frankly contrived and inconsequential music.

Mr Warnke played the songful passages with tonal beauty and with musical taste. His performance of florid passages had fluency. There were several deserved recalls.

There was sincere enjoyment of the "Tannhauser" overture, nor is it unworthy of a place on serious programs because it is played at the "Pops," and is blended in the consciousness with the injunction to eat, drink, smoke and be merry. It is a model pattern of the dramatic overture. It portrays the triumph of a regenerated knight, as does the opera.

WARNKE SOLOIST AT THE SYMPHONY

Young 'Cellist Heard to Advantage in Saint-Saens Concerto.

There was a home soloist at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon and the warm, romantic tone of Heinrich Warnke, the orchestra's young 'cello leader, was heard to rare advantage in the Saint-Saens concerto first brought to the Symphony programs a dozen years ago by Mr. Warnke's desk mate, Alwin Schroeder. The piece favors Mr. Warnke's beautiful lyric style better than any other which he has played here since he made his debut with the Volkmann concerto four years ago. He was rather nervous, but the audience greatly enjoyed both his tone and his technic. He shyly took several recalls.

There was a novelty on the program, a tone poem by Frederick Gernsheim, entitled "To a Drama," which on this occasion probably had its first American performance. It made a fair impression. Some of the themes are expressive and melodious.

So far as the orchestra is concerned the features of this week's performance are the splendid fugue in the Reger variations on a theme from Hiller's operetta, "The Harvest Wreath," and the overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser." Here the orchestra played yesterday in its most brilliant manner. There was an ovation for Conductor Fiedler and his men after the Reger number. The orchestra finally had to take the applause standing.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Heinrich Warnke, the admired first 'cellist of the orchestra, will be the soloist at next week's concerts on Friday, the 27th, and Saturday, the 28th. He will play Saint-Saens' concerto for 'cello in A minor, which is generally considered, by all odds, the best and most popular concerto for this instrument.

The novelty will be a tone poem, entitled "To a Drama." It is by Friedrich Gernsheim. Gernsheim is now 71 years old. His second symphony, opus 46, was played here at a Symphony concert as long ago as 1882. "To a Drama" was published in 1910, and brought out by Mr. Nikisch in Berlin last October. Gernsheim is a member of the Senate of the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts.

One of the great successes of Dr. Muck's second season here was Max Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme" by J. A. Hiller. Each season since it was played here requests have come for a repetition.

The program will end with the "Tannhauser" overture. The order will be as follows: Gernsheim, tone poem, "To a Drama" (first time in Boston); Reger, "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme" by J. A. Hiller, op. 100; Saint-Saens, concerto for 'cello and orchestra in A minor; Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser."

FIEDLER LEADS TRIBUTE TO MEN

Applauds Players at Symphony Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

A superb performance of Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme," was the distinguishing feature of the 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The variations themselves amply merit the German adjective of "kolossal," and they were played with astonishing virtuosity. No wonder that Mr. Fiedler himself applauded his men, as they rose with him to acknowledge the ovation of the audience.

These variations are deservedly the most popular of the works of Reger known in this city. The subject is the song of Lieschen from the second act of Hiller's operetta, "Der Aerndtekrantz," a theme which furnishes the composer ample opportunity for varied and lengthy treatment. In these variations Reger is often positively winning by reason of the grace and lyric freshness of some of his music. In the final pages he twists his melody into a subject for a fugue, a lengthy subject, which might well become unwieldy in weaker hands, and this fugue is simply a marvel of tone-building, of technical achievement, glorified by constructive talent of the highest order.

The climax of the fugue, built over the pedal point which has already become famous, is one of the wonders of modern music. True, it is probably the result of beer, of a vision of all-conquering sound that comes in an alcoholically inspired moment, and fortunately captured. But the sheer glory of that sound is worth a concert of listening. As if Aladdin had rubbed his lamp, behold a mighty palace of tone rear itself before one's very eyes! Only a German, we feel persuaded, a German with magnificent Munich beer, could have penned that stupendous, "kolossal" page. The performance was one of the best given by Mr. Fiedler and his men since the arrival of the conductor in this city. The applause spoke more eloquently than any words of the appreciation of the listeners.

Frederick Gernsheim's tone-poem, "To a Drama," was heard for the first time here. The composer, aged 70, is now living in Berlin. His E-flat symphony

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was played at a Symphony concert in 1882. He studied with Moscheles, Hauptmann, Richter and other men of that generation. Hence, taking into account its origin, the composition heard yesterday is creditably modern, albeit with a classical contour which stands it in good stead, and a measure of formality more suggestive of something purely symphonic than a tone-poem in free form. Mr. Warnke, the second concertmaster of the 'cellos of the orchestra, played Saint-Saens' cello concerto in A minor; played the bravura passages rather roughly, sang the graceful melodies with much warmth and feeling and treated the work in a musicianly manner. The concert came to an end with the "Tannhauser" overture which was rapturously received.

MR. WARNKE SOLOIST
AT THE SYMPHONY
Adv. Jan. 28/11
SHOWED HIMSELF ARTIST
OF THE FIRST RANK

Tone Poem by Gernsheim and Variations by Max Reger Works of Breadth and Power.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Friedrich Gernsheim. Tone-poem "To a Drama."
 Max Reger. Variations and Fugue to a Merry Theme.
 Saint-Saens. Concerto for violoncello and orchestra, in A minor.
 Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
 Wagner. "Tannhauser" overture.

A concert that was thoroughly symphonic and dignified in its character from first to last. Gernsheim has been composing for a long time (he is over seventy), but this latest work seems to show that "age cannot wither" his symphonic powers. This work has been hailed in Germany as the most successful that has yet been produced by the veteran. It is naturally not in the wild modern school, but it is sufficiently free and it is instrumentated in a manner that shows that the composer has not neglected to study the advanced scores. The tone-poem contains good material, well developed and never incoherently presented. It is in a legitimate style, a proper compromise between the old classical and the modern intense vein. It is at first intentionally fragmentary, but as it unfolds it shows itself a work of long breath. Some of its furious climaxes and sharp interruptions seem to indicate a tragedy or at least a drama after the old Greek method, but we are glad that the music

proved to be neither "Much Ado About Nothing" nor "Love's Labor Lost." There were pauses big with fate, tuba and trombone staccato gasps, pathetic melodies bitten off brusquely, but the impression was not mere blood-and-thunder, but noble and earnest. Such a work may be a model in these days when we more frequently hear musical strainings than strains of music.

Max Reger's orchestral variations are something quite different from the crabbed and ascetic exhibitions of learning that he sometimes puts forth. But there is learning here that is stupendous nevertheless. This set of variations resembled a hornet, since its greatest power was in its end. We wish that Browning could have heard this fugue. He would certainly have revised his "Master Hughes of Saxe-Gotha." Too many imagine that the Fugue is a lemon that has been squeezed thoroughly dry at least a century ago, yet here is a modern who builds a fugal movement that is new, powerful, and sufficiently according to rule to satisfy even the martinets. It seems therefore that not the fugue, but the fugal writers, have given out.

The fugue is the very flower of counterpoint. Every device that skill has invented in tone may be employed in it. Repetition of any device, that refuge of the helpless, is forbidden in its measures. But, because of its intricacy, it generally appeals only to the chosen few who can understand the complicated pattern. But this fugue seems to be a neutral ground on which pedagogue and neophyte can meet; it appeals to the public as well as to the "cognoscenti." Its final organ-point is tremendously powerful and makes a climax that might almost wake the dead.

But there were other things besides this overwhelming climax in this remarkable composition. There was occasionally geniality even amidst the sapient skill constantly displayed. Too often Reger deliberately takes figures of unheard-of ugliness, seemingly quite impracticable for good music, and forces them to become correct tonal works, as if to say—"Nobody else could have done this!" But in this composition there is no such deliberate freakishness. It is too long, however, and at times it seemed as if one were playing the old game of "Button" turned into—"Theme, theme, what instrument's got the theme?" If old Hiller could have heard what was done to his innocent tune he would have demanded his melody back from its tormentor, but it was such exciting music at the close that the conductor was twice recalled and the orchestra obliged to stand up. It was gloriously performed.

Boston might almost be called "Violoncelloville," for our city has always had eminent players upon this instrument within its walls. In paleolithic times there was Wulf Fries; in later days we had Fritz Giese, who at one time was probably the best violoncellist in the world; Lee Schulz, Carl Barth, Alwyn Schroeder, form a list of which any city may be proud. Mr. Hein-

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He at once set himself to earning this greeting. Excellent bowing, commendable breadth, especially in C string passages, an expressive and sympathetic tone, absolute surety of intonation, good attention to ensemble, steadiness in high position work, these were some of the points to commend. The work itself is not the greatest of violoncello compositions although it is melodic and well-contrasted. In spite of its unexciting character, Mr. Warnke was called out three times after he had completed it.

There is nothing to say at this late day about the "Tannhauser" overture. It remains as gigantic a work as when we first heard it in Harvard Symphony days. It was grandly performed. We were comfortably satisfied to hear Virtue on the trombones triumph over Vice on the piccolo; we enjoyed again that Pilgrim's theme of brasses caught in a violin rain-storm without an umbrella. The orchestra gave the ending in a manner which enabled the residents of Chelsea and Roslindale to get a good idea of the work without leaving home. Altogether this was the most "fortissimo" concert that we have recently heard, but as the loud effects were all in place we may end by singing—a la Schumann—"Ich grolle nicht."

(First time.)

MAX BRUCH,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN No. 3.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 7.

Soloist:

Mr. WILLY HESS.

217

Hall.

908-09.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

ICERT.

BER 21, AT 8 P. M.

mmme.

Spring Song).

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Conductor.

ICERT.

BER 21, AT 8 P. M.

mme.

Spring Song).

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HANDEL,

OVERTURE in D major

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major

SCHARWENKA,

CONCERTO for PIANO and ORCHESTRA, in F minor,
No. 4, op. 82
(First time in Boston.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Moldau"

Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used

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Xaver Scharwenka



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Symphony Hall.

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OVERTURE in D major
(Arranged by Franz Wüllner)

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major (B. & H., No. 1)
I. Adagio; Allegro con spirito
II. Andante
III. Menuetto: Trio
IV. Allegro con spirito

XAVER SCHARWENKA, CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE No. 4, in F minor,
op. 82

I. Allegro patetico
II. Intermezzo (Allegro molto tranquillo)
III. Lento mesto. Allegro ma non troppo
(First time in Boston.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Moldau" (No. 2 of the
Cycle "My Country")

Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used

Xaver Scharwenka



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Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used

Trans. Feb. 11, 1911
MR. FIEDLER MAKES A LIGHTSOME PROGRAMME

Haendel and Haydn for a Classical Beginning, Mr. Scharwenka's Amiable Concerto for a Middle Piece and Smetana's Transparent Tone-Picturing for End—"Il Trovatore" at the Opera House, with Mr. Slezak in Assorted Voice, Mr. Amato as Opulent as Ever of Tone and Mme. Rappold for a Competent Leonora—Care for the Old Opera Too

UNLIKE some conductors of symphony concerts, Mr. Fiedler has the courage of a programme that shall make light entertainment. Of course, there are many pieces, and classic pieces withal, that are meet for such a purpose. They surreptitiously slip them among severer music; he has dared more than once to fill a whole concert with them. He did so again yesterday afternoon, and, so to say, killed three musical birds with one stone. First, he made his light programme; second, he did the annual duty that symphony orchestras and their conductors should do by Händel and Haydn; and third, he made known here Mr. Xaver Scharwenka's new concerto for pianoforte, and after many years brought back the pianist himself to play it. Precedent at the Symphony Concerts bids the conductor choose each year a symphony from Haydn and an orchestral piece—overture, concerto grosso or suite—from Händel. Mr. Fiedler, like Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck once before him, picked the symphony in E-flat from the series that Haydn wrote for Salamon's concerts in London, and chose from Händel an overture in D that from time to time, and as the composer's habit was with music that he liked, served him for the three distinct purposes of three different occasions. These he yoked for the first half of his programme. The second began with Mr. Scharwenka's concerto and ended with Smetana's tone-picture of his Bohemian river, "The Moldau," which is pleasantly fluent and transparently pictorial music.

The audience, in turn, had its particular joy of each of these pieces. Give Händel unedited to an orchestra of modern dimensions, and between the multiplied strings, woodwinds, and brass, he becomes very sonorous indeed. Have him previously reinforced by modern editing, as a certain Franz Wüllner has edited this overture in D, and his voice becomes larger and statelier still. Let the music begin with a full-voiced prelude "majestically," as it did yesterday and continue with a stoutly built and long-breathed fugue, and the effect is of the weaving, with sweeps of the hand,

of a huge pattern in tones. The figures of the "majestical" prelude seemed to stride across the orchestra, and Händel tossed about the four voices of his fugue as jugglers toss their cannon-balls. It was as ample, ordered and flowing as his full-bottomed wig, and outside its energy, no more interesting. Both prelude and fugue had, besides, the curiously impersonal quality, as it seems nowadays, of Händel's music. Listen to Bach and the imagination believes that it detects individual and intimate emotions in the organist and choir-master who was composer, too, and without a suspicion that he was to be of the "great masters." Mozart is Mozart; Haydn has usually his naive and homely savor. Händel, on the other hand, is the disembodied, the universal, the changeless pomp and power of sound. No one seems even to think of him intimately or off parade. His music forbids such belittling fancies. He seems always to have written it ceremonially.

Thus, Haydn, coming after him, seemed more than usually playful, chattering and naive, though he did try his hand at pomposities of sound in the drum-roll and the rumbling basses of this symphony in E-flat. He was not very whole-hearted or persistent in this excursion from his familiar paths, and by the time he has reached his second theme in his allegro, he has his strings and his woodwinds chattering gaily. If Händel loved the power of sound, Haydn loved the play of it. The wind often blows through Händel's music in gusts or gales; the sunshine flecked now and then with the chance shadow of a passing cloud plays through Haydn's. His slow movement paces its serene way from variation to variation, altering its rhythm as a man might vary his step to his musings. The minuet, again as usual, is the composer's little bow to the elegant company that has deigned to hear him and in the finale he is at play with sound again, that these same hearers may depart smiling at the sport. A shrewd old man was "papa" Haydn; he had his "peasant cunning" in the measuring of his audiences. He had another sort of cunning, too, that cropped curiously and amusingly out of the performance yesterday. Haydn's music is very easy to an orchestra accustomed to read Strauss, Debussy and Reger on the moment. The virtuosi of the platform at Symphony Hall know the bright, light, supple quality of euphonic tone that Haydn's music exacts. Therefore, they take their ease with it, until some such slip as that of yesterday sets them smiling at their own carelessness. And Haydn's music is very transparent.

Mr. Scharwenka's concerto is a concerto to trust and, if the listener is not too exacting, to like besides. It is a music to trust because it almost always takes the anticipated course. The melodic ideas appear where there is reason to expect them; they are developed in orderly fashion; in

due place are the cadenzas, in due place the tutti, in due succession the contrasting passages; while repetition and reminiscence bind the whole together. Mr. Scharwenka has no mind to hardy rebellion against the concerto form or evasive experiments with it. If he suspects that it is antiquated and blinding, his recourse is the lightness of the musical material that he encloses within it. True, he labels his first movement "allegro patetico" as though he were going in quest of grave and racking emotions and the broken utterance of them. In reality he has written an extended piece of moody but not very deep-running music that is "grateful" to pianist, pianoforte and orchestra, that is mellifluous throughout and that falls pleasantly upon the listening ears—as much more amiable than pathetic allegro. The slow movement is prettily graceful, rippling along from suggestion to suggestion of elegant old dance measures; while the finale, once a graver introduction is done, is vivacity itself, almost to the vein of operetta. Mr. Strube in his concerto for violin and violoncello took refuge from the perils and limitations of the chosen form by the writing of light music. Mr. Scharwenka has done likewise with a concerto for piano, and written, may be, more lightly than he himself at sixty, could play his own music. In these days, when the concertos become longer and longer, severer and severer, and more and more abruptly and harshly daring, he has been content to write amiably, "gratefully." The pianists, and all their audiences but the youngsters, will like his music.

The Moldau itself did not flow more smoothly in Smetana's succeeding music. The other day, when Mr. Fiedler tried Gernsheim's music "To a Drama," someone said it was the modern tone-poem made easy. By the same token Smetana's "Moldau" is modern tone-picturing made transparent. The dullest imagination may not miss a detail of the course of the stream in the music. The rivulets of tone rise and coalesce; they flow past the forest where are the huntsmen; past the meadows where are the dancers. They expand in broad reaches; they boil in rapids; they course by the ancient citadel; they recede till eye and ear can follow them no more. Through all this journey the music has flowed as steadily as variedly out of itself. The learned say that when the musical development and the imaginative scheme are thus fused, then does a tone-poem fulfill its dual end. Smetana's scheme was modest and musical. His execution of it is simple and musical. A happy completeness crowns the whole.

FOURTH CONCERTO BY SCHARWENKA

Herald Feb. 11/11
Played in Boston for the First
Time at the 15th Sym-
phony Rehearsal.

COMPOSER IS THE PIANIST

Orchestral Part of the Program
Presents Handel and
Haydn in Succession.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted, and Xaver Scharwenka was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture in D major.....Handel
Symphony in E flat major (B. & H.
No. 1).....Haydn
Concerto in F minor, No. 4, for piano...Scharwenka
Symphonic poem, "The Moldau"....Smetana

Mr. Scharwenka has now played twice with the Boston Symphony orchestra in this city. It was on Feb. 7, 1891, that he played his first concerto. The one he played yesterday afternoon was his fourth, and during the performance some wished—and they were friendly disposed toward this excellent musician, celebrated teacher and genial man—that he had remained faithful to his first love.

The fourth concerto, F minor, is in three movements. The first is long and elaborately constructed, but as a whole it is not conspicuous for freshness of ideas, either in thematic material or in the development. The second and third movements will undoubtedly delight audiences for some time to come.

The opening of the second, an intermezzo, with its archaic flavor and piquancy, at once pleases by its prettiness, but after the middle episode, its return does not make the same effect; yet the return was inevitable, according to the laws of orthodox construction. Is it possible then that the prettiness of the first section so quickly fades?

The third movement after a dirge-like

introduction has the character of a tarantella, and there is a motive that an operetta composer might well envy.

As a whole, the concerto contains little except passages of prettiness and piquancy. In spite of the carefully worked development of thematic material in the first movement, there is little that stirs the hearer, little that is truly emotional expressed in an original or individual manner.

The word, "reminiscent," applied to music, does not always convey a just idea. That which excites memories of music written before is often a resemblance in mood, due to harmonic progressions and orchestral coloring. There are pages in this first movement that are thus reminiscent, and there are moments when it is impossible for the hearer not to think of Wagner and of lesser composers.

Mr. Scharwenka has changed little in appearance since he last visited Boston, but his playing is more staid and at times tentative. There was not the old-time dash, the glittering brilliance; nor was this to be expected. It is enough to say that Mr. Scharwenka gave a dignified performance; that he played modestly; that after the second movement he was loudly applauded and at the end recalled several times.

The purely orchestral program does not call for extended notice. The overture by Handel contains a slow movement distinguished by the pomp peculiar to that composer, and a fugue that is like countless pages written by him and others of his period—correctly put together and uninteresting.

Haydn's symphony in E flat major has been played at these concerts three times, and not only twice, as stated by the program book. It is conspicuous for the gaiety of its second theme in the first movement, the variation for the solo violin in the Andante, and the finale, which used to be a favorite with our maiden aunts who were addicted to playing arrangements for four hands—and, indeed, this finale is thematically charming.

Smetana's "Moldau" wears well. The opening is still a fine example of "water music."

The program for next week will include Wagner's Prelude to "Lohengrin," Strauss's "Don Quixote," Beethoven's piano concerto, played by Mr. Busoni, and Busoni's suite from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot."

PLAYS OWN CONCERTO

Scharwenka's Work at
Symphony.

Works of Haydn and Handel Given by the Orchestra.

Globe Feb. 11, 1911

The program of the 15th symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Handel, overture No. 1 in D major (arranged by Franz Wullner, the father of the lieder singer); Haydn, symphony in E flat major; Xaver Scharwenka, concerto for piano No. 4, F minor, op. 82, first time in Boston, played by the composer; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Vltava" ("The Moldau"), second in the series "My Country."

This overture by Handel, even as the one to "The Messiah," which it resembles in the recurring rhythmic figure of alternately long and short notes, is a memento to the influence upon the development of musical form exerted by one who began his career at the French court as scullery boy.

Lully's form of overture, consisting of a grave movement followed by a rapid one, became the pattern for those of Handel, as of all those of his time. Yesterday the sturdy dignity of the unvarying polyphony and the crisp incisiveness and logical sequence of the fugue were still wholesome models for modern ears.

If the public of Haydn's day had threatened to have none of him as a composer, either because on the one hand, perchance, he wrote in strange idioms and new forms, or because he wrote respectable, but somniferous music on the other, no doubt he could have earned his living in some theatre as a drummer. Early in their youth, the children of every German tympanist are taught to laugh heartily at the story of the boy Haydn, who once improvised a drum for practice by stretching a cloth tightly over a meal basket, and belaboring the same with such good will as to nearly ruin the upholstered chair beneath it.

Haydn retained his fondness for the drums and this symphony is known in Germany as the "Pauken wirbel," the "drum roll," named from the roll of the tympani in the first bar, and yesterday beautifully played.

This symphony is to be enjoyed purely as music. Here is a typical Haydn minuet of a tidy, precise and well-ordered cheerfulness. Here, too, is a first theme of the andante, an embellished form of a bald Croatian folk-tune that denotes the composer's trait of treating folk-songs and dances.

For the historian of musical form here are further signs of development associated with Haydn—the definite boundaries of the divisions of the movements, the clearness in the system of keys, increased importance of the coda and the use of the slow and stately introduction to prepare the mind for serious attention.

It might be an interesting experiment to play the minuet of this symphony with one-half the strings used yesterday and without doubling the wood-

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wind. Haydn thought himself luxuriously supplied in London with Salomon's orchestra of 40.

To hear Haydn performed with a full modern symphony orchestra leaves much of the aristocratic aloofness, the naivete and delicacy of outline of his music to be imagined. Yet Mr Witek's exquisite playing of the variation upon this Croatian air supplied the moments of all the work which seemed most apt and appropriate. Here was the antique grace, the quaintly formal elegance which marked the etiquette and the dress of the period.

Mr Scharwenka is a worthy and estimable pedagogue of the piano who directs a conservatory in Berlin, and who some years since dwelt in New York, likewise to impart instruction there.

His fourth concerto, performed yesterday by himself and for the first time in this city, is a vast and extensive composition. The composer performed the three movements with much equanimity and aplomb, and when at length he had finished and had wrung the hand of Mr Fiedler, also that of Mr Witek, there did not appear any inevitable or plausible reason why they should have been performed upon the program of the Boston symphony orchestra.

There are a few themes with identity and character. The development of them is unduly prolonged for the vitality and inspiration of the work is sparse and nebulous. There are several climaxes attained through a series of throes and shudders. There are melodic passages which curve in ingratiating scrolls, but yesterday did not tempt one to find sentiment or passion within them.

At times in the orchestra there is effective use of thematic material and evidence of tonal contrast. In the intermezzo there is a tinkling passage in marked rhythm which may be called pretty and neat. In the last movement there are pages which George Cohan might fancy for his next Broadway show. Neither these delights, nor the reminiscences of other tunes cannot offset the dreary measures of vaporous embellishment through which the piano meanders.

Mr Scharwenka played with exactitude and precision, as a teacher might have demonstrated an academic point to his class. There was no variation of nuances, no revelation of pianistic color, no intimation that the piano could be made to sing nor was there the suggestion that any moment was the inevitable and spontaneous voicing of emotional thought. Both the composition and the performance were oftenest soporific and characterized by pedantry.

Smetana's tone poem is imaginative and spontaneous music.

NOTED PIANIST IS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal Feb. 11/11
Scharwenka Renders His
New Fourth Concerto Before
Large Audience.

Xaver Scharwenka appeared as both soloist and composer at yesterday's Symphony concert. It was another example of history repeating itself. The distinguished pianist made his debut with the Symphony Orchestra twenty years ago under similar conditions, playing his own concerto, No. 1, in B flat minor. Now he returns, playing his new fourth concerto, in F minor, which is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

The concerto has been called Schumannesque. It is romantic in spirit, melodious, and here and there brilliant. It is the work of a sound and mature musician; and sound and scholarly is Mr. Scharwenka's playing. The concerto is especially interesting on account of its excellent orchestral part. The soloist and the orchestra are equally prominent. This is an advantage to the soloist when the orchestra is so efficient as the one here in Boston. In the second movement of the concerto, with its suggestion of the old gavotte, piano and orchestra are blended most skilfully. This movement won the greatest applause yesterday. Mr. Scharwenka's playing was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. It was artistic in the highest sense of the term.

Two rather unfamiliar numbers, Handel's overture No. 1, in D major and Haydn's symphony in E flat major, comprise the first part of this week's program. The symphony has not been played here for a score of years. Both of these old-fashioned compositions are spirited and tuneful. The last number on the program is Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau."

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1911
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His scoring, though thick, is modern. The piano often amalgamates with the other instruments, there is careful attention to symphonic structure, the themes are well contrasted and often developed with ingenuity.

The second movement is in the character of a gavotte and there is a sentimental reminiscence from the movement which went before. The simplicity of this gavotte may well be suspected, and when it is not affectingly simple it is cheap. The finale has a portentous introduction which grows into a jubilant tarantella. The material does not justify the means. The tarantella would be better written for two pianos. The themes are without pronounced distinction or originality. The orchestration is too thick, especially in the scoring of heavy chords.

But this concerto, largely on account of its admirable performance, was enjoyed. It was to be expected that Mr. Scharwenka would play his own work with conviction and authority, but had the music been less interesting than it was, the performance would have been a triumph for him. He sometimes overtaxed the resources of his instrument, but he played with the splendid mastery of one to the manner born, and he earned his applause.

SAINT-SAËNS,

WAGNER,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, in A minor, op. 33

OVERTURE to the Opera, "Tannhäuser"

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

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Symphony Hall.

1910-11.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CONCERT.

FEBRUARY 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

EM, "To a Drama"

(Boston)

and FUGUE to a Merry Theme by 770,) op. 100

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To hear Haydn performed with a full modern symphony orchestra leaves much of the aristocratic aloofness, the naivete and delicacy of outline of his music to be imagined. Yet Mr Witek's exquisite playing of the variation upon this Croatian air supplied the moments of all the work which seemed most apt and appropriate. Here was the antique grace, the quaintly formal elegance which marked the etiquette and the dress of the period.

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Sonata's tone poem is imaginative and spontaneous music.

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Feb. 11/11
at Symphony Hall.

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1910-11.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CONCERT.

FRIDAY 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

EM, "To a Drama"

(Boston)

and FUGUE to a Merry Theme by 770.) op. 100

SAINT-SAENS,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA,
in A minor, op. 33

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "Tannhäuser"

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

SIBELIUS,

a) VARSANG (Spring Song).

b) FINLANDIA.

(First time.)

MAX BRUCH,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN No. 3.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 7.

Soloist:

Mr. WILLY HESS.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to the Opera, "Lohengrin"

STRAUSS,

"DON QUIXOTE" (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale:) Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, op. 35

(Violoncello Solo, Mr. WARNKE; Viola, Mr. FERIR)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in C minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, No. 3 op. 37

BUSONI,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA. "Turandot"
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Chickering Piano used.



FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

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| WAGNER, | PRELUDE to the Opera, "Lohengrin" |
| STRAUSS, | "DON QUIXOTE" (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale:) Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, op. 35 (Violoncello Solo, Mr. WARNKE; Viola, Mr. FERIR) |
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| BUSONI, | SUITE for ORCHESTRA. "Turandot" (First time in Boston) |

Soloist:

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Chickering Piano used.



Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

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| BEETHOVEN. | CONCERTO in C minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, No. 3 op. 37 |
| BUSONI. | SUITE for ORCHESTRA, "Turandot" (First time in Boston) |

Soloist:

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Chickering Piano used.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

A STIMULATING SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Feb. 18, 1911
The Remarkable Playing of the Orchestra
—Strauss's "Don Quixote" Performed
Again to Admiration—The Prelude to
"Lohengrin" for Mr. Fiedler's Better
Wagner—The Gay and Fanciful Busoni
of the "Turandot" Music, and the Cool,
Impersonal, Detached Busoni of Beet-
hoven's Early Concerto—"Tosca" with a
New Tenor at the Opera House

THE first half of the Symphony Con-
cert, yesterday afternoon, was
"Richardian" and the second half
"Busonian." That is to say, the
first two pieces were of the two composers
that some Teutonic wits like to call Rich-
ard I. and Richard II. From Richard
Wagner came the Prelude to "Lohengrin,"
and Mr. Fiedler conducted in it with an
imagination that he hardly brings to frag-
ments of the latest music-dramas, while the
strings and the horns made the music beau-
tiful, for its tonal quality, to hear. From
Richard Strauss came "Don Quixote," the
masterpiece that Mr. Fiedler restored to the
concerts last spring and that, after six
years of neglect, richly deserved the pres-
ent repetition. The conductor and his men
played the variations with a perfect clar-
ity, through which shone the ironic,
the pictorial, or the characterizing quality
that Strauss would give them. They made
the introduction characterization in tones;
they wrought the pitying tenderness of the
end. If the performance had not quite
the élan of last spring, when conductor
and orchestra were highly keyed to their
task, it unfolded the mental power, the emo-
tional beauty, the supple fusion of means
and ends, that make "Don Quixote" of the
heights of music in our time. The rest of
the concert, which filled the full two hours,
was Mr. Busoni's. As pianist, he revived
Beethoven's concerto in E minor, which
he played with the perfections of an en-
tirely comprehending and an entirely cool
detachment. He sat Sphinx-like before the
pianoforte. He seemed less a man than a
sublimated musical mechanism doing its
perfect work. As composer, he and his au-
dience heard four pieces from his inciden-
tal music to Gozzi's fantastic Chinese com-
edy, "Turandot." They were so original, in-
teresting and amusing that those who
smiled over them regretted the omission
of the other four. Mr. Busoni is not a
glorified mechanism when he composes.
He feels, imagines.

The second balcony held its hun-
dreds, who had come to hear Mr. Busoni
and perhaps "Don Quixote." The expert,
between the pieces and the intermission,
chattered as their way is, of composers,
pianist and conductor, and drew their
comparisons between the performance of
"Don Quixote" last April and the per-
formance that they had just heard. They
weighed Mr. Busoni as virtuoso; they
were gay over his oriental music. Yet
nobody had a word for the orchestra. It,
as usual, was taken for granted. Yet
the band of the Metropolitan, virtuosi,
too, and practised in operatic music, and
the orchestras of the great German
opera houses with their superlative
union of tone and expression, could
hardly have surpassed the performance
of the Prelude to "Lohengrin." The
strings were as finely-voiced as the mu-
sic, they were luminous as the track on
which the Grail descends to earth and
then mounts to Heaven. They were as
ethereal as Wagner's tender imaginings.
The euphony of their tone was softly
radiant. The horns added their mellow,
flowing voices. The brass followed with
its rich sonorities. The middle passage
of the strife of earth has been played
with more tumult, but with less impas-
sioned tonal splendor. Wagner, in pages
of wordy rhetoric tells how he would
have the Prelude to "Lohengrin" music
of vision. The band yesterday saw it
with and for him.

The orchestra passed to "Don Quixote."
The mere technical exactions of ultra-mod-
ern music, they accomplished in it as they
usually accomplish them. Their hearers,
unless they knew the score, were probably
unaware that these difficulties existed. They
accomplished, besides, another and a finer
thing. Strauss in his variations would
suggest in tones the ten episodes of the
Knight and his esquire that the programme
specifies. (For "Don Quixote" is honest
"programme music" that assumes rightly
that the listener knows the programme.)
Strauss unfolds, characterizes, distin-
guishes these episodes both by large and
expressive mood and by adroitly vivid de-
tails. Intricate indeed is the warp and
woof of the music, freely as it seems to
run; yet the orchestra and Mr. Fiedler
caught each of these details, made them
audible to the audience, gave them each
its due significance, and yet never once dis-
torted the whole fabric of the music or
stayed its course. And when the moment
came, as in the Knight's speech about
honor and glory, as in his night vision, as
in the piteous music of his death, they at-
tained to the glowing or the poignant beau-
ty of tone that is of Strauss's purpose.
Here were the feats of an orchestra that
adds to virtuosity imagination; that is cap-
able of mood and passion. It seemed,
again, to be at play with Mr. Busoni's gay
music; yet it is music that is queerly baf-

fling to play, and remote in its Oriental substance and rhythms from familiar courses. Mr. Busoni sought a tang in it. The orchestra amplified his suggestion.

They are fortunate who can hear "Don Quixote" or write of it temperately, whether to praise or blame. Those that will have none of the music seem to bear it a sort of personal hatred. Those that thrill to it may hardly speak of it without a personal emotion. It is not that Strauss has taken the driest, barest, and most hackneyed of musical forms—"Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale," as the proudly reticent title runs—and wrought into it, and made alive in it, the figure of Cervantes's Knight, the tale of his adventures, the tender transfiguration of his death, as the composer has read, imagined, and felt it. It is not that here is music that is obedient to every law of established form, yet makes that form, supple or vivid to its purpose, so that musical development, the reflected image, and the delineative and the emotional purpose of both go hand in hand. It is not that "Don Quixote" is a masterpiece of orchestral skill and orchestral imagination. There indeed is one of its lesser titles to place among the finer musical achievements of our time. The greater titles lie in the impassioned beauty, when sound glows with emotion as coals glow with their heats, of the music in which the Knight keeps his nocturnal vigil by his arms and dreams the dreams of an idealized chivalry; in the noble eloquence of the passage in which he speaks to Sancho of honor and chivalric obligation; in the delineative image of the passage in which the cherished fancies of the reading Knight become as ghostly phantasmagoria and he is mad; in the pity, the tenderness, the quiet exaltation in which he makes a good end. For as he died, he knew that his chimeras were but the apparitions of ideals and knew that it was good to pursue such figments and to be loyal to them, though men laughed.

All this is one side of "Don Quixote"—the side on which Strauss has written some of the most beautiful, the most passionate of all his music. The other is the side of the variations that record the adventures—the ironic side. For Strauss sees and feels them and makes his hearers see and feel them not as mere fantastical humors for the passing smile of the detached bystander, not as mere musical narrative for the momentary interest of the hearer. The Knight believed and trusted and despaired, and in Strauss's music more than once is the pity of his moods. The Knight knew not that his delusions were delusions, but Strauss and we through him may feel the irony of his plight—not to mockery but to sympathy. The variations are alive with the vivacity of delineation and suggestion; but from moment to moment comes the undertone that quivers as it tells. The music is

transmuting music; it is of Don Quixote as Cervantes limned him and Don Quixote as our generation, by the intellect, the imagination, the emotion of Strauss, sees him. The music more idealizes as it depicts.

Mr. Busoni was more interesting as a composer yesterday than he was as a pianist and there is more interesting music in these days than Beethoven's concerto in C minor. It is formal in the eighteenth-century fashion, though Beethoven's hand has begun to make those forms a little more full-bodied and pliant. It runs an amiable course, making animated and pleasantly shaded tracery of sound through the first movement, singing musically and straightforwardly through a second, and then running gracefully and gayly forward to the end. The pianoforte sings; the pianoforte ornaments; once in a while, it catches the tones of the eloquent voice that Beethoven was to give it. There is little mood in music and as little individuality as was possible to so vigorous a temperament as even the youthful Beethoven's. It is a classic by grace of its place among his "collected works." Mr. Fiedler was wise to cut it and no doubt Mr. Busoni played it in the true vein. The performance was flawless in its clarity, its precision, its proportioned flow. The sense and the control of design in it was of Mr. Busoni as pure intellect. The quality of tone, the graduation, the pace, the polish of it were as immaculate of it. The sublimated mechanism of it all was of Mr. Busoni, the speckless virtuosi. He never overdid, or underdid, and the poise of the performance was as perfect as its sublimated mechanism. It was also as cool and detached as it could well be. There was not a personal emotion, mood, or suggestion in it. An eighteenth-century audience would have taken its cool, poised, detached pleasure in it. But we, as Molière said for his own time, are the people of today—a nervous, emotional lot. Does Mr. Busoni succeed with us because when he chooses as pianist he can be so "different"?

As composer, Mr. Busoni was not at all impersonal or detached. In fact, he was very gay, fanciful and generally amusing. Now, Turandot was a cruel and haughty princess of China, who set her suitors riddles to guess. When they failed to guess them, as they usually did, she passed them over to the executioner, when one did guess them and propounded her a riddle that she could not guess, pride struggled with admiration; passion was born of both and they lived happily, presumably guessing riddles ever after. Gozzi in the highly artificial Venice of the eighteenth century made a highly artificial comedy with of all this; and Schiller adopted it. To the original play, Mr. Busoni wrote his incidental music, and since the comedy is seldom acted promptly made it a concert-suite. Out of the eight numbers, Mr. Fiedler chose a sort of pictorial prelude, the music of the chief sonata, pitty-pat-

tying about; the music of the proud and glamorous and passionate and exotic Turandot and highly colored and joyous finale. He denied us the music that echoes out of the woman's chamber or of Turandot hovering by night around the suitor's bed on the chance that he murmur the name and estate that he conceals. The more the pity; for the music was very amusing to hear, and it could evidently turn sensuous. Mr. Busoni has chosen his Oriental melody, adhered to them, decked them in insistent oriental rhythms, clothed them in chinking progressions, and arrayed them in bright orchestral colors. The music is exotic to the ; it cheerfully makes its own way in its own fashion. It brings Oriental atmosphere and to spare; it has its flashes of humorous characterization over the eunuch, a moment of passion, pride and fate were Funandot. The rest was gay, and modern music so seldom is.

H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Busoni Heard as Pianist
and Composer.

Brilliant Orchestral Performance of
Strauss' "Don Quixote."

Yoko Feb. 18/14
The program of the 16th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin"; "Don Quixote," by Strauss (cello, Mr. Warnke; viola, Mr. Ferir); Beethoven's piano concerto No. 3, C minor, op 37, Mr. Busoni soloist, and four movements from Mr. Busoni's suite "Turandot," originally composed as incidental music to Gozzi's fairy play.

This suite was performed for the first time in Boston. Unfortunately the program had continued for two hours when it began, and the audience was restive. The senses of both players and hearers would have been keener had it begun the program, and Mr. Strauss need not have suffered embarrassment in following with his "Don Quixote."

Turandot was the name of a Chinese princess. Smitten by her great beauty, it is said that scores of youths desired to win her. Wooers were not forbidden, but all must subscribe to a test not unknown in legends of one beautiful princess—always a princess—and a platoon of sighing swains, namely, the winner must guess three riddles propounded by the princess. If he

should fail, ergo, off went his head.

Mr. Busoni's suite is in eight numbers or episodes. The first is the city gate, with the grinning heads of those who guessed badly perched high as ghastly warning. The second is dedicated to Truffaldino, a gentleman whose function it was to oversee the doings of the eunuchs. The third is the pompous entrance of the emperor into the hall, and the fourth that of the princess herself. The fifth affords a glimpse into the women's apartments, while in the sixth we hear within the chambers of Turandot the sound of harps and flutes, of women's voices and of dancing.

The riddle has been solved by Kalaf in the seventh, but Turandot is reluctant and obstinate. Kalaf retaliates by offering to withdraw his claims if Turandot will guess his name correctly. In the eighth he is guarded and in his sleep he murmurs "O, unhappy Kalaf." The princess reconsiders and after masquerading in mourning in playful vengeance, is guided by her heart and accepts the first conditions of the wager.

The first, second, fourth and last episodes were performed yesterday. In these was suggestion of the orient in the choice of mode, melody and rhythm. The theme of Turandot's march is said to be an adapted Chinese melody. Turandot enters to a colorful and impressive accompaniment to womanly caprice, cruelty and passion, and the composer's preference for music of sensuous beauty is well known. The new piece was well played and elicited applause for Mr. Busoni.

In his list of works Beethoven's C minor concerto, with the "Eroica" symphony, the "Pathétique" sonata and other compositions, falls before 1803, or in what has been termed the first of the three periods of his activity. The concerto reveals an economy in modulation and a strict regard for form. The last movement is held definitely to forecast the approaching transition into the second period, but there is lacking the sweep of vision, the masterful versatility and resource in the treatment of his subject, and the profound and tragic seriousness of style which identified later works as by the signature of his own hand.

Mr. Busoni approached the Beethoven with respect and reverence. He played with a clear sensing of symmetry and proportion which might have allotted movement, period, phrase and figure its just, predetermined and unswerving value, and would do so again. His playing creates the impression of abstruse mentality and of omnipotent and dauntless technic. There were moments of softness when beauty of tone and an emotional thought crept in. Mr. Busoni was recalled four times.

The feature of the program, aside from its merciless and unfortunate length, was the performance of the "Don Quixote." The playing of the orchestra was as the playing of a masterful artist imbued with the technic of a virtuoso and the imagination of a poet. Mr. Fiedler conducted with indisputable and welcome sympathy and insight, as well as with initiative. Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir played creditably, and Mr. Longy's incomparable art was revealed.

Here Strauss is not merely the stupendously clever technician. He has made the visionary knight an aspiring romanticist and not a caricature. He has written with a noble seriousness as well as with genial humor.

BOSTON HEARS BUSONI'S MUSIC

Part of a Too Long Program
of 16th Rehearsal of the
Symphony Orchestra.

PIANIST IS THE SOLOIST

Plays Extracts from Suite from
the Music to Gozzi's
"Turandot."

Herald Feb. 15, 1911
BY PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mr. Busoni was the pianist. The program was, as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
"Don Quixote": Fantastic Variations.....Strauss
Concerto No. 3, C minor, for piano.....Beethoven

Extracts from the Suite from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot".....Busoni
Only four of the eight movements from Busoni's suite was played, and yet the concert was too long. The prelude to "Lohengrin," beautiful as it is, might well have been omitted. Busoni's music was played for the first time in Boston, and it would only have been fair to him if the whole suite, with its contrasts, had been heard. As it was, marches succeeded each other, and as all the music was necessarily exotic in character, the monotony of the march movement was without relief. The "Nocturnal Waltz," "Dance and Song," "In the Women's Apartments" and the march, "Altoun," were not played.

This music was written by Mr. Busoni for Gozzi's dramatic fable "Turandot," known to some through Schiller's version, a "tragi-comic fairy tale."

The story is of a beautiful and haughty princess in China, who did not wish to wed, and so her suitors were given three riddles to guess. Many thus lost their heads, but at last the Oedipus appeared. Mr. Busoni has said that the themes of his score are borrowed from oriental melodies, and he therefore believes that he has improved upon "conventional theatrical orientalism."

Music that is composed for the theatre often loses half its effect when played in a concert hall. This is true even of Bizet's suites taken from the music to "L'Arlesienne" and of Faure's suite, derived from his music to "Pelleas and Melisande." It may be said of Busoni's music, heard yesterday, that it is distinguished chiefly by its entertaining instrumentation and its oriental atmosphere. This music might justly be called amusing. It was a mistake to produce it when "Don Quixote," a series of variations, was played at the same concert; but the composer was present as the soloist and the opportunity to pay him a compliment was therefore not neglected. It might be well before the season closes to perform the whole suite. Yesterday Mr. Busoni was called out after the "Turkish finale" and warmly applauded.

He had already given pleasure by his performance of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, which had not been played here for many years in any important concert. The concerto is a favorite with some European pianists, possibly on account of the finale, which is delightful from beginning to end as an example of Beethoven in light and playful mood, showing a gaiety that is at once contagious. Mr. Busoni's performance of the first two movements was characterized by fluency, a fine sense of proportion and a faultless and highly polished mechanism rather than by warmth and spontaneity. Yet it should be remembered that only the middle movement calls for any marked expression of sentiment, and the sentiment of this Largo is contemplative, not deeply emotional or passionate.

The performance on the whole was a fine exhibition of highly developed and well controlled technic. Yet there is this to be said: Mr. Busoni did not attempt to modernize the music in any manner. He let it speak in its own way, with its archaisms, its old formulas. When the language of Mozart was heard in Beethoven's music; the pianist was Mozartian in the interpretation. There are a few passages in the concerto that hint at the greater Beethoven, as in the coda of the first movement and in the still effective and at that time surprising enharmonic change in the finale. These passages were brought out by Mr. Busoni unostentatiously, but in memorable fashion. The most salient feature of his performance was the brilliance of the last movement.

It was a great pleasure to hear "Don Quixote" again, for it contains some of

Strauss's noblest and inspired music. There are few more eloquent pages than those in which Don Quixote is supposed to reason concerning the ideal and those that portray his death. These pages are enough to put Strauss with the immortals. Yet there are some who ignore this music and dilate on the "absurdity" of imitating sheep and employing a wind machine. They seek for eccentricity and that which is bizarre and have no ears for the strains of solemn and pathetic beauty.

The performance was on the whole one of the most noteworthy of the season. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler was occasionally didactic in his interpretation, as though he wished to explain this or that variation to the audience, but in view of the general and great merit of the performance this objection might well be considered hypercritical.

Mr. Warnke's interpretation of the violoncello part was masterly in every way. The technical difficulties were surmounted with ease; the tone was varied and beautiful; the different sentiments were fitly expressed, and the music of the death scene was played with true emotion. Mr. Ferir in tone and interpretation stood side by side with Mr. Warnke, and the orchestra played magnificently.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the rehearsal and concert March 3 and 4 will be as follows: Mandl, Overture to a Gascon Comedy (first time here); Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela" (first time here); Berlioz, "Childe Harold" Symphony; Weber, overture to "Euryanthe." Mme. Kirkby Lunn will sing an aria and a group of songs.

BUSONI IS SOLOIST AT THE SYMPHONY

Remarkable Program Holds
Large Audience En-
thralled.

Herald Feb. 15/11
This week's Symphony concerts may be described as marking the climax of the season. With a soloist of the magnitude of Ferruccio Busoni, and with two such orchestral numbers as the prelude to "Lohengrin" and Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" leading the program, the attractions proved sufficient yesterday afternoon to put up the "No More Seats" sign early. The outlook is that the same enthusiastic conditions will prevail tonight.

Busoni comes this time not only to

play Beethoven's third piano concerto, but also to hear the first performances in Boston of his suite for orchestra, taken from the music that he wrote for Gozzi's "Turandot." He played the concerto with rare breadth and beauty of style, with the utmost skill and sympathy. However his personality may strike the spectator, his playing deserves to be described as unaffectedly impressive. The impression it gives is that of a brilliant and powerful artist, who, while not utterly sinking his individuality, at the same time shows all the characteristics of the true interpreter. His playing evoked hearty applause that lasted until he came back to bow several times.

Busoni's suite also held the interest of the audience, though it was the last number on an unusually long program.

Turandot is a Chinese princess who sends to his death every suitor who cannot answer three riddles which she propounds. Prince Kalaf, an exile, eventually wins her. The story invites high oriental coloring, which the composer has not been loath to furnish. One of the themes is an adaptation of a Chinese melody and another is said to be the oldest known Arabian song. The suite was enjoyed, and unquestionably the enjoyment would have been keener if the hour was not so late.

Strauss's wonderful tone picture, "Don Quixote," was sympathetically played by the orchestra. The soloists, Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir, who interpreted the music representing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, won special applause for themselves. Wagner's lovely "Lohengrin" prelude put the audience in fine humor that lasted all the afternoon.

"DON QUIXOTE" BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 15/11
Brilliant Performance of
Strauss' Tone Poem

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: Prelude to Lohengrin, Wagner; tone poem, "Don Quixote," Richard Strauss; piano concerto in C minor, Beethoven; Suite for orchestra, from incidental music to Gozzi's fairy tale, "Turandot," Ferruccio Busoni. Mr. Busoni was also soloist of the occasion.

The feature of this concert was the performance of Strauss' tone-poem, a performance of extraordinary eloquence. Every detail of the score, though held exactly in its proportion to the whole, was exposed with a clearness that was microscopic, and every one of those incredible details was electric with meaning. The orchestra itself might have composed the music!

The performances of the soloists were of very exceptional quality. Mr. Warnke gave a memorable reading of the cello part, and Mr. Ferir, the first violist, distinguished himself equally. For that matter, there were many instrumentalists yesterday whose names are not known to fame who merited the most honorable mention. It was not without justice that Mr. Fiedler, after being repeatedly recalled, compelled first his soloists and then his men to bow with him.

Mr. Busoni played the Beethoven concerto in a perfectly masterly manner. The concerto is old, but it was good to hear it once more, or it would have been good if Mr. Busoni were not unfortunately one of those people who are capable of doing whatever they can conceive. The pianist's technical mastery was as irritating as his solid musicianship, his immovable authority. He can color his tones, but he prefers to draw in black and white. He could, one imagines, be a magician of the keyboard, but he prefers to "do stunts."

Busoni, the composer, explained when the "Turandot" music was performed in New York, that he employed real oriental tunes, taken from collections, in order to obtain genuine "local color." Mr. Busoni's orchestration is even more annoying than his playing. It is hard, and solid, and brilliant and noisy. The material is mixed with a scientific hand. Sometimes it sounds well, but oftenest it strikes sounds like a concoction, a recipe. The pianist was applauded for his playing, and recalled. The composer was obliged to return to the stage after the performance of the suite, and bow his acknowledgments.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ON TRIP.

The Symphony orchestra is away the coming week on its fourth southern trip. The usual concerts will be given in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, and the third and last concert of the season in Hartford on Monday evening, the 27th. The interesting feature of the trip will be the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven in Baltimore with the assistance of the Baltimore Oratorio Society and a quartet consisting of Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Miss Janet Spencer, Daniel Beddoe and Claude Cunningham. This work was given a year ago this month in Baltimore with such success that there was a demand for its repetition this season. Mr. Warnke will be the soloist in Philadelphia, Mr. Schroeder in Washington and Ferruccio Busoni in the other cities.

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY TICKETS

2 seats for remaining nine Saturday evening concerts, located middle of floor; price \$10 each. GEORGE P. BULLARD, 201 Devonshire Street. Telephone Fort Hill 2700.
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SYMPHONY

Chas. Science 24.19.11

The intellectual duel goes on between France and Germany. The weapons used by the French are violins, flutes, trumpets, and other melody making implements authorized by international regulations; those used by the Germans are the legitimate ones, together with a few others which the laws of nations do not recognize. The headquarters of the contending generals are the Paris conservatory on the one side, and the music schools of Munich and Berlin on the other. The battlegrounds are many: now the Teutonic forces exalt their standard right in the Gallic citadel; now the Debussyite hosts capture German city after German city. The opposing camps move about with exceeding swiftness. Victory is constantly winging her flight from one side of the border to the other. Sometimes a music festival will convene on the northern side, with intent to arbitrate the questions at issue, but nothing ever comes to settlement.

The combatants recognize no neutral territory; their diplomats are not even conversant with the Monroe doctrine. The theater of war extends to America; and in America the conflict goes on with about the same undecisive gain and loss as on the home soil. The whimsical thing about it all here is that the identical battalions must do service for both parties. Max Fiedler martials his men under the French banner on Thursday and under the German on Friday. So he becomes a shadow fighter, and of course is invariably a conqueror.

Mr. Fiedler added a wind machine to his ordnance on the German day, and he further violated the rules of civilized warfare by the employment of muted something or other (was it tuba?), and then he allowed the music to be called variations, when in truth it was a concerto for cello and orchestra, with Mr. Warnke as the solo cellist. Well, when Strauss is the composer and "Don Quixote" the title of the piece, are we not to expect some irregularities in the fighting methods?

Mr. Busoni, of Italian name but of German musical proclivities, played an

early Beethoven piano concerto and afterward listened to the performance of an orchestral piece of his in popular vein, "Turandot." Mr. Busoni was very kind not to bring with him a tremendously recondite musical work either to play himself or to have Mr. Fiedler perform. Only light subjects should come up for discussion after Richard Strauss, humorist, has held the platform for a half hour, because the humor of Richard Strauss is such a serious thing that a little brightness and fun are distinctly needed to counteract it.

Program of the sixteenth Symphony concert: Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin;" Strauss, "Don Quixote;" Beethoven, concerto in C minor, for piano and orchestra, No. 3 op. 37; Busoni, suite for orchestra, "Turandot," first time in Boston. Soloist, Ferruccio Busoni.

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Adm. 24.18.11
SCORES SUCCESS AS

PIANIST AND COMPOSER

Four Marches From His "Turandot" Suite Were Excellently Played by the Orchestra.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Wagner.—"Lohengrin" prelude.
Strauss.—"Don Quixote." Theme with variations.
Beethoven.—Piano concerto in C minor. No. 3.
Pianist, Ferruccio Busoni.
Busoni.—"Turandot." Suite for Orchestra.

Modern in almost every part was the programme of yesterday afternoon, with only a rather conservative piano concerto to hold it within bounds. Yet, in spite of its modernity, there was nothing very vague or very perplexing about the concert. It showed that even the radicals of music can speak intelligibly, if they will. Of course there was nothing mystifying about the "Lohengrin" prelude. That critics should ever have held this music to be extreme, or forced, remains incredible to the suffering reviewer of the present. It is melodic, expressive, and as full of good resolutions as a New Year's day. That our orchestra played this excellently

goes without saying. It was a good "anti-pasto" to the more indigestible dishes that were to follow.

In "Don Quixote" we had two excellent soloists who pictured the knight and his esquire beautifully. Mr. Warnke played the violoncello obbligati and Mr. Ferir the viola ones perfectly. The interpretation of "Don Quixote" was a splendid one. Whenever there is a great Strauss work to be given, and Mr. Fiedler wields the conductor's baton, one may be sure of a great musical treat. Therefore the bleating of the sheep, the whistling winds that fanned Don Quixote's aeroplane, the quaintly demure bassoon discourse of the two monks, and many other points, deserve commendation and enthusiasm. But not even the excellent orchestra and the superb reading can quite reconcile us to the ramblings of the work or convince us that absolute genius is speaking in its tones. It is intensely interesting as a study of instrumentation and bold modulation. Certain very fitting points have been evolved from the great intellect which Richard Strauss undoubtedly possesses. It is a most poetic touch to simplify the theme of Don Quixote as his mind grows clearer; it is very fitting, too, to have the hero individualized upon an instrument—the violoncello—and to have Sancho Panza represented upon another—the viola. One would never have thought, however, of putting the burly esquire upon this instrument, for the viola is the instrument of dreamy melancholy and brooding. The bassoon or even the contra-bass would have seemed more fitting to Sancho, but the end justifies the means, and the result is not ineffective.

We were glad to see both Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir called out after the performance, for their difficult parts were the most effective portion of the various obbligato effects with which this composition bristles. Only the solo work of the finale is somewhat diffuse. Don Quixote dies a lingering death, without, like Charles II., apologizing for it. There was much applause at the end of the variations and the excellence of the performance may account for at least some of this.

Then Beethoven, like a poultice came, to heal the wounds of Strauss. Ferruccio Busoni is the lion of the pianoforte. But he proved on this occasion that he need not always be leonine. The Beethoven C minor concerto was certainly a conservative choice for a debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra. We wish that he had chosen that finest of all concertos, Beethoven's G major, the fourth. But he certainly made the classical C minor concerto as effective as we have ever heard it. Nothing was exaggerated, nothing made bombastic. Even the cadenza which he chose, in the first movement, was the comparatively simple one which Beethoven himself composed. The clean, clear form of the work was balanced in masterly fashion, and the ensemble was as near perfection as we may ever hope to hear it.

All through the performance one felt

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the sense of surety; one knew that the artist was well within his powers. The largo, with its broad stateliness of emotion was given with becoming dignity, although one could not avoid recognizing a relationship between it and Gounod's "Salve Dimora." But as we felt sure that Beethoven had not taken it from the opera of "Faust," this did not disturb our serenity.

The final rondo was crisp and dainty, and was given in the most unaffected manner possible. In short everything was authoritative in this performance and its classicity was all the more pronounced because of what had preceded and what was to follow it. The pianist was recalled several times with spontaneous heartiness.

And now, having made a triumph in one character, Busoni sought to conquer in another field. Four marches from his "Turandot" suite were given by the orchestra. "Turandot" as set by Schiller has always been a favorite subject in Germany, and Weber gave it with a real Chinese melody in its overture, while Lachner gave to it an imitation one. Busoni uses an Italian text for his topic and employs several actual Oriental tunes, one of them Chinese. But after all it would be folly to expect the true Chinese flavor in such a work, and the pentatonic scale is not much employed in it. Play the scale from C to C and omit F and B and you have the most used scale of China.

Busoni may be Italian by birth, but he has fallen into line with the most extreme Teutons and is now "Plus royalist que le Roi." He rivals Reger in bending the impossible into musical shape and in doing miraculous musical feats in composition. He has here used some material that is difficult to treat with our harmonic system, yet he has succeeded in bringing forth something that is brilliant and effective.

Of course it was rather a handicap to have four marches as foils to each other, particularly when more than one of them had that rhythmic reiteration which is characteristic of much eastern music.

The drums were employed in rapping out these rhythms a good part of the time, but there was piquancy in each of the numbers all the same, although two marches would have been better than four, at the end of a programme of a little greater length than usual. The two last numbers, "Turandot" and the joyous finale, were the best of the set. In the finale, the sorrowful funeral march, with a brighter theme stealing in gradually and finally overwhelming everything in its triumph, made a very artistic contrast. In the matter of instrumentation Mr. Busoni belongs to the most advanced school and handles a large orchestra with power and effect. At the end of the short Suite Mr. Busoni was recalled to the stage and received recognition as a composer in addition to his preceding recognition as a great pianist.

MODERN "CELLO" MUSIC

Returning from a long trip last week, the Boston Symphony Orchestra celebrated one of the most successful concert tours in its history. And it is good to say that one of the particular triumphs came with Strauss' "Don Quixote," so remarkably interpreted by Mr. Fiedler, the orchestra and the soloists. Mr. Warnke, the solo 'cellist, gave a performance in this and other cities which was almost a revelation of the possibilities of this part. What by the way, if a glorious day is upon us, when, as now we talk of this or that opera star in a famous role, we shall discuss a 'cellist as Don Quixote, or the sensational success of a tuba player as Sancho Panza. This sounds new, but so did the flying machine only a few years ago, and Strauss is changing the musical map at least as rapidly and as successfully as the Wright brothers are exploring the firmament. Indeed, where is there greater opportunity for creative impersonation, for the artistic expression of psychology, than in this same 'cello part provided by Strauss? All, and more, than 'cellist ever dreamed before, is in those lines. A 'cello concerto of tomorrow, perhaps, was the primary purpose of the composer when he sat down to compose "Don Quixote."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HANDEL,

OVERTURE in D major
(Arranged by Franz Wüllner)

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major (B. & H., No. 1)
I. Adagio; Allegro con spirito
II. Andante
III. Menuetto: Trio
IV. Allegro con spirito

XAVER SCHARWENKA, CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE No. 4, in F minor, op. 82

I. Allegro patetico
II. Intermezzo (Allegro molto tranquillo)
III. Lento mesto. Allegro ma non troppo
(First time in Boston.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Moldau" (No. 2 of the Cycle "My Country")

Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used

the sense of surety; one knew that the artist was well within his powers. The largo, with its broad stateliness of emotion was given with becoming dignity, although one could not avoid recognizing a relationship between it and Gounod's "Salve Dlmora." But as we felt sure that Beethoven had not taken it from the opera of "Faust," this did not disturb our serenity.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

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Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used



2625 B

MADAME KIRKBY LUNN

NOTARY PHOTO E.C.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| RICHARD MANDL, | OVERTURE to a Gascon Comedy (First time in Boston) |
| BERLIOZ, | SYMPHONY No. 3, "Harold in Italy," op. 16 I. Harold in the mountains. Scenes of melancholy, of happiness and of joy. Adagio. Allegro II. March of the Pilgrims chanting their evening prayer. Allegretto III. Serenade of a mountaineer to his beloved. Allegro assai. Allegretto IV. Bacchanale of the Brigands. Reminiscences of the previous scenes. Allegro frenetico (Viola Solo, Mr. E. FERIR.) |
| ELGAR, | a) "WHERE CORALS LIE" b) "SABBATH MORNING AT SEA" (From "Sea Pictures" a Cycle of five Songs for Contralto, op. 37) |
| SIBELIUS, | "THE SWAN OF TUONELA," Symphonic Poem, op. 22, No. 23 (First time in Boston) |
| GLUCK, | ARIA, "Divinités du Styx," from "Alceste," Act I, Scene 7 |
| WEBER, | OVERTURE, to "Euryanthe" |

Soloist:

Madame KIRKBY-LUNN



2625 B

MADAME KIRKBY LUNN

ROTARY PHOTO E.C.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4. AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RICHARD MANDL,

OVERTURE to a Gascon Comedy
(First time in Boston)

BERLIOZ,

SYMPHONY No. 3, "Harold in Italy," op. 16

I. Harold in the mountains. Scenes of melancholy, of happiness and of joy. Adagio. Allegro

II. March of the Pilgrims chanting their evening prayer. Allegretto

III. Serenade of a mountaineer to his beloved. Allegro assai. Allegretto

IV. Bacchanale of the Brigands. Reminiscences of the previous scenes. Allegro frenetico

(Viola Solo, MR. E. FERIR.)

ELGAR,

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OVERTURE, to "Euryanthe"

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harold ———— Male. 4. 1911
MR. FIEDLER MAKES A ROMANTIC PROGRAMME

Weber and Berlioz for Familiar Music;
Sibelius and Mandl for Unfamiliar—
Euryanthe and Harold, Gascon Swag-
gerers and a Swan of a Finnish Hades
in One Afternoon — Mme. Kirkby-Lunn
for the Singer

IF Mr. Fiedler were accustomed to "unify" and label his programmes for the Symphony Concerts, he might have called that of yesterday "romantic." The longest piece upon it was Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," born of the romantic Byron, imagined by a no less romantic composer and accomplished in the romantic Paris of the romantic thirties. A new overture—"To a Gascon Comedy" by the half-Parisian, half-Czech and wholly unknown Richard Mandl—began the concert. It was sonorously big, persistently changeful, and both are romantic ways. Weber's overture to his opera "Euryanthe" ended the concert, and the music is all romantic flourish and glow. A piece by Sibelius separated Mme. Kirkby Lunn's songs and air—a tone picture of the swan that swims upon the waters that wash the Finnish Hades. It was of romantic imagining, in spite of its incisive reticence of execution. Two of Mme. Kirkby-Lunn's pieces were the songs that Elgar calls "Sea Pictures"—music of romantic, if of rather inarticulate and laboring mood. The other was the apostrophe of Alceste to the divinities of another river of Hades, when she descends in Greek legend and in Gluck's opera to give herself for her dead spouse. By Gluck's own words, it is music that should picture changing emotions; and by so much, classic of opera though it has now become, it may plausibly be romantic, too.

In all this romantic music, the Weber of the overture to "Euryanthe," perhaps, had the best of it. The true romanticist has his sense of form and style, and Weber's overture is impeccable on that score. The true romanticist would animate his chosen form and heat his chosen style with the fire of passion. After ninety years almost, it still glows in the opening measures of the overture, in the transition to the warlike rhythms, in the chivalric voice of the close. The true romanticist loved mystery, and it still whispers through the middle passages of the overture. Again he loved the voice of darksome evil; it is in Weber's music on due occasion. Above all, the romanticist loved a kind of fiery energy that burned away all constraints ex-

cept those of his own choosing, that could splinter into brilliance or burn with a white and steady flame. Weber's overture is ardent from beginning to end. It has many voices, and one, soft and clear, is the voice of tender emotion. Time does not tarnish or weaken the music. It still engrosses, transports. The listener does not reflect upon it; and he is minded to reflection over Berlioz's symphony. The overture seems spontaneous; the symphony is too deliberately schemed. Weber's music has a modern richness; Berlioz's is wearing thin.

The allegretto of the marching pilgrims and of their chiming bells is still ingenious and fanciful tone-picturing, reiterating its images. It might pass today for an "impression of Italy." The ensuing serenade of the mountaineer is another "impression" as ingeniously wrought in imitation of Italian piping. On the other hand, the "orgy of the brigands," with which the symphony ends, and in which Berlioz believed he had written "something rather violent," sounds tame enough to our sophisticated ears. The youngest composer can outdo it in orchestral tumult; there is no suggestion in the melodic ideas or in the handling of them of the monstrous and the foul revelries of Berlioz's earlier "Fantastic Symphony." And in the first movement "of melancholy, happiness and joy," goes a like tameness. The Fantastic Symphony is warm with glowing imagination. The symphony of Harold is chilled at the outset by an artificial scheme. Berlioz might well have written his impressions of an Italy that he knew most imaginatively through his Virgil, his Shakspeare and his Byron. The music would probably have been ampler and more ardent than the amiable tone-picturing of marching pilgrims and the serenading shepherd. He preferred, being romantic, to tie himself to the mooning Harold of his viola, plaintively weaving his arabesques about the symphony itself. Now the viola lures the ear when it is such an instrument as was Mr. Féir's yesterday and when it is played as he played it. Not even the oboe may compass a more melancholy voice, may so drip the sad sweetness of its tones. To hear was an exotic pleasure. The attendant Harold vanished; the symphony receded into an orchestral background against which Mr. Féir was playing a very intermittent, a highly fragmentary concerto for viola. No doubt Berlioz conceived the symphony, as his custom was, upon a duly psychological plan. His Harold of the viola was to lead us through his musical Italy and we were to muse with him along the way. The music was to keep the symphonic form and yet bend it to the psychological scheme. The scheme has withered; the "impressions" remain, and about them twines the plaintive viola.

The romantic music out of our own time was diverse enough. Mandl baffled even the most learned and resourceful of pro-

grammists. Moravia cradled him; he still lives; Paris has heard some of his music and scoffed; German cities have liked it better. Mandl has also read plays and books of exuberant, swaggering, amorous, generally forth-putting Gascons—doubtless the comedy of Cyrano, the tales of d'Artagnan, and the adventures of Tartarin, who ought to have been born in Gascony, though Provence, according to Daudet, mothered him. He liked these fellows; he imagined a comedy peopled with them; and forthwith he sat down to write an overture for it. They clamor, swagger through the music; they fight, they win, and all to the richness of modern orchestral sonorities, the breadth of modern orchestral cantilena, the snap of modern orchestral rhythms. The overture is clanging, glowing music, as obvious as those it sings, as full of the pomps of sound as they—of whatever pomps they affected. When it is done the curtain ought to rise on Cyrano's cadets and him leading them. The music is as broad as Coquelin's face, as unctuous as his acting. Mandl lived not in Paris for naught.

The romanticism of Sibelius in "The Swan of Tuonela" is the romanticism of Boecklin's pictures. The music is tone-picturing and nothing else. The shadowed voice of the English horn, the echoing viola, the deepening violoncello, the uncanny obbligato of the violins, now picked, now touched with the back of the bows, the long melodic line that vanishes at last into nothingness, the melody itself; all summon the dark waters, smooth and still. Above them, on either hand, are the black cliffs of the river of Hades under as smooth and as black a sky. Upon the black waters swims the white swan; yet less swims than parts them in the unparted silence. Down the stream it floats—the melodic line. Now it stirs its arching neck—the faint curvings of the melody; now it spreads its white wings—the deepening of the melodic voice. The eye can no longer follow it; the dark, the stillness are everywhere, and the music dies with the vanishing swan. Boecklin could make the picture in line and color; Sibelius has made it in tones. With instruments he has written the music of silence; with diversified orchestral colors he has written music that is black save for the moving white line. There is rhythm, yet the music barely stirs. Small as the piece is, it is of uncanny perfection. The analyst may search the means.

Beside such music the Greek Hades was only of the opera house, and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn was no sombre and mysterious Sibelius, but a very tangible and comely figure of the concert room who dropped curtseys, in lieu of bows, to an applauding audience. Not for nothing is she an eminent English alto; she has curtsied a little more deeply before Their Majesties in their time. Her voice has its deep toned and deeply colored contralto richness and

smoothness. She has made it pliant enough to circumvent the verbal and the musical intricacy of the "Sea Pictures" that she chose from Elgar—the song of the coral and the song of the "Sabbath morning at sea" in Mrs. Browning's most clumsy and inarticulate verse. To set such lines as

The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

is a musical feat, to sing them a vocal tour de force. It is easy to forgive composer and singer both for the heavily accented "the" before "intent." There was no other way. English contraltos cultivate these "Sea Pictures." They were written for Clara Butt; and all her sisters have sung them. No doubt Sir Edward meditated long over them; no doubt he was as exalted as his admirers like to believe he always is. Yet the sum of them is very exacting music to the singer and very dull music to the hearer. Orchestral detail relieves them; the richness of a contralto voice lifts them out of the ooze of sentimentality. Better one air of the Gluck of "Alceste" than a whole cycle of the picturing Elgar. "Divinités du Styx" runs a long gamut of contrasting emotions. Gluck changes the pace with an unpardonable modernity for 1787. There is passion in the music; there was a modicum of it in Mme. Kirkby-Lunn's tones. And he had not half Elgar's means. A good workman, in opera as everywhere else, does not quarrel with his tools.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES TWO NOVELTIES

Mandl's Overture Performed for
the First Time in the
United States.

Harald *Made 4/11*
BY PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama Mandl
Symphony, "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
Two sea songs.....Elgar
"The Swan of Tuonela," Legend.....Sibelius
"Divinités de Styx".....Gluck
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber
Mandl's overture and the little symphonic poem of Sibelius were played for

the first time in Boston, and the overture, I believe, was performed for the first time in the United States. The musical dictionaries say nothing about Mandl. A Moravian by birth, he studied at the Vienna Conservatory and about 1886 went to Paris for further study. Some of his music has been performed in Paris; an operetta was produced at Rouen; his symphonic poem, "Grise-lidis," performed not long ago in Vienna and Munich, was warmly praised. In a prefatory note to the score of the overture played yesterday the composer says: "When I read years ago an old play in which the hero was a Gascon

knight, a prototype of an amorous, imaginative swaggerer and blagueur, the idea came to me of writing an orchestral piece in a joyous, lyrical, exaggerated style based on this long-forgotten chivalric drama. But I can say with Dumas the Elder, the overture first came "Twenty Years After."

Mandl has well characterized this overture, which is entertaining. He has caught the spirit of the bombastic, amusingly mendacious type; there is the boasting, the fanfaronade; but the amorous side of the Gascon Knight is not so well portrayed, nor does the composer, as one intellectually superior to his subject, stand apart and look critically on his creation. There is a certain "Gemeinheit" in this music, a certain coarseness, gross vulgarity which is foreign to types quoted by Mandl; for Cyrano, d'Artagnan, and Tartarin of Tarascon, the Provençal, were never vulgar. Mandl employs a huge orchestra, but the chief result is boisterousness. His instrumentation is for the most part thick, and when he uses an instrument for a determined effect it seldom is allowed to speak clearly and unhampered.

The piece of Sibelius refers to the legend in the "Kalevala" of the swan that moves majestically and sings on the broad river of black water and swift current that surrounds Tuonela, the Finnish Hades. We think nobly of the swan and wish him a more impressive song. The song that Sibelius imagined is given for the most part to the English horn. A mood is certainly at once established, and an appropriately gloomy, dismal one; but the composer's imagination soon failed him and the swan quickly becomes tiresome, a prosaic bird, whereas he might have much to tell of Death, the slayer of heroes.

Mr. Ferir's playing of the viola in the music given by Berlioz to the melancholy, misanthropic Harold was the feature of the performance. The tonal beauty, the unflinching accuracy, the musical phrasing and the controlling art—these were above ordinary and conventional praise. He played a viola made by Gasparo da Salo, a famous instrument, of which he may be justly proud. By his display of art Mr. Ferir even succeeded in making the motive which was prophetic of Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre" sound

less common. As for the symphony itself, it must stand below the earlier one, the still amazing "Fantastique," but it is nevertheless an admirable composition.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang for the second time in Boston at a Symphony concert. She was more successful on the whole in the songs by Elgar than in the great air of Alceste, although she declaimed the characteristic first measures of the tragic aria with dramatic intensity. Her voice is a fine one; she sings as a rule with skill; but there is little true, deep emotion in her interpretation. If she were a more emotional singer the songs of Elgar would probably not appeal so strongly to her. Her devotion to Elgar is only surpassed by that of Mrs. Micawber for her spouse. It is not easy to think of Mme. Kirkby Lunn forsaking Elgar and his sea songs under any condition. Sir Edward has written an orchestral description of London, and a song, "Sabbath Morning at Sea." Why does he not write a grand orchestral fantasia, "A Sunday in London," in G minor, Adagio, Lugubriemente?

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, symphony in C minor, No. 1; Tchaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wagner, Siegfried Idyl; Sinigaglia, overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" (first time in Boston). There will be no soloist.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe *Made 4/11*
Mme Kirkby-Lunn Appears
as the Soloist.

Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" Played
For First Time in Boston.

The program of the 17th symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Richard Mandl, overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama (first time in Boston); Berlioz, "Harold in Italy"; Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela" (first time in Boston); Weber, "Euryanthe" overture. Mme Kirkby-Lunn, the soloist, sang "Where Corals Lie" and "Sabbath Morning at Sea," two songs from the cycle of five by Elgar, called "Sea Pictures."

"The Swan of Tuonela" of Sibelius, announced last season but heard here yesterday for the first time, is another legend from the Finnish national epic the "Kalevala." The music of Sibelius already performed, the "Finlandia," the "Saga" and particularly the second symphony, denote him an epic poet.

There were traits which marked these compositions that were apparent yesterday—the unswerving individuality, the brooding seriousness, the noble melancholy. There was a fine sense of proportion and withal a grave and elegiac beauty in the use of melody.

The mournful song of the swan which plies the dark silent waters of the river of Tuonela is sung by the English horn. There is significance and there is repose in these measures. Both the solo and the orchestral parts were admirably played.

Richard Mandl is too recent a name for the dictionaries. The program book is not without information about him, however. His music has been heard in Paris.

His overture performed yesterday for the first time in Boston is a piece of light and ingratiating fancy. There is a striking contrast of movements. There is color and animation and a happy use of dance rhythm.

Berlioz requires four long movements to narrate experiences suggested by Byron's Harold, whose melancholy he would set forth through the tones of a rare Stradivarius viola for which Paganini asked him to write music.

The use of the recurring theme as in his "Fantastique" symphony is clever, and his descriptive music often picturesque, as the flippant and tawdry air of the oboe over a drone bass in the mountaineer's serenade to his mistress; but the pages devoted to the march of the pilgrims are dull and monotonous.

The somber tone color of the viola is expressive in the music of the hero. The long series of arpeggi is more exacting than grateful. Mr Ferir gave the lyric passages emotional value and the florid portions flexibility.

Mme Kirkby-Lunn's voice is a typical English heroic contralto of imposing proportions and dark quality. At times it has an appeal of beauty in its sheer opulence of tone. Again it will sound constricted and marred by unvocalized breath.

The singer's enunciation elided all the words of a phrase, and her phrases betrayed labored breathing. Mme Lunn is not highly adept at the coloring of tone to the emotional thought, and, had she been, she could scarcely have relieved the mediocrity of Elgar's songs. The purity of architecture of Gluck's music demands a more lofty and a purer style.

There was applause for Mme Lunn, for Mr Ferir and for conductor and orchestra.

NEW DELIGHTS IN SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Viola Solo Playing of Mr. Ferir Makes Him Hero of the Occasion.

There are new and old delights in this week's Symphony program. As a result the audience at the rehearsal yesterday afternoon was one of the happiest of the season.

Two orchestra novelties mark this seventeenth of the twenty-four programs. One, an "Overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama," by Richard Marl, a Moravian with Gallic tendencies, contrasts strikingly with the poignant pathos of "The Swan of Tuonela," a part of a symphonic poem by the renowned Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius. Mandl's name is new to Symphony concert patrons, but this spirited and melodious overture will serve, for one thing, to keep it in pleasant memory. The Sibelius novelty proved to be a characteristic work, gloomy but poetical—a genuine Scandinavian masterpiece.

The big orchestral feature of the concert, however, was the brilliant performance of Berlioz's romantic "Harold in Italy" symphony. Mr. Ferir played the viola solo music in an artistic manner that made him the hero of the occasion. The entire performance of this tuneful, highly colored work, so much beloved of all the musical romanticists, was thoroughly enjoyable.

The soloist this week is Mme. Kirkby Lunn, the English contralto, who last was heard here as Kundry to the fine English production of "Parsifal" given by Henry W. Savage. Her numbers, "Where Coral Lies" and "Sabbath Morning at Sea," from Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and Alceste's air, "Divinites du Styx," from Gluck's "Alceste," were well applauded yesterday.

SYMPHONY FEATURE

adv: "CHILDE HAROLD"
Mch 4, 1944
FERIR'S PLAYING OF THE

OBLIGATO VERY GOOD

Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" Another Novelty — Mme. Kirkby Lunn Vocal Soloist.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Richard Mandl—Overture to a Gascon Comedy.
Berlioz—"Harold in Italy." Symphony.
Elgar—Two Songs from "Sea Pictures," Op. 27.
Sibelius—"The Swan of Tuonela."
Gluck—"Divinites du Styx" from "Alceste."
Weber—"Euryanthe." Overture.
Soloist—Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

Nominally Mme. Kirkby-Lunn was the only soloist, but those who know the "Childe Harold" symphony will remember that it contains the finest solo ever composed for the viola, and when they are told that Emil Ferir played this "obligato" they will understand that there was another soloist and a very good one. Of course, this symphony was the great orchestral work of the concert. In spite of all that the Strausses and Mahlers have done old Berlioz does not fade much by comparison, nor does his contemporary, Franz Liszt. There were evidently heroes before Agamemnon.

The constant introduction of the viola melody as Childe Harold himself, is one of the best of "leit-motif" ideas outside of Wagner, and this melody seems to us more natural and more inspired than the "Love-theme" which Berlioz treats in a similar manner in his "Symphonie Fantastique." The theme is also finely suited to its instrument. The viola is the melancholy, brooding instrument of the orchestra, and is the embodiment of the sadness and yearning that are in Childe Harold.

Such an orchestral device as the union of harp and horn to give the effect of a deep-toned bell is one of which Wagner himself might have been proud, while the frenzy of the final orgie cannot be excelled by any of the moderns. The horn was occasionally too loud in the bell effect, and there was less of surety in the finale than usual, but for all this it was one of the most effective performances of the symphony that we have ever had, and Mr. Ferir deserves especial praise for a noble performance of the great viola part.

Mandl is a name that one does not find in the musical dictionaries, but Mr. Philip Hale has discovered that he studied at the Conservatory at Vienna and from about 1886 made Paris his dwelling-place, where he studied instrumentation with Delibes and evolved an opera. This overture is for the tremendous orchestra which your true modern requires even for a Slumber-song. The work has something of the Gascon swagger in its chief theme. It is often tumultuous, boisterous or bombastic. Its subordinate theme is clear and tangible melody. It was not altogether a convincing work although it was not a musical puzzle. It was interesting in its complex scoring, but that is becoming quite a natural thing to expect nowadays; we have numbers of orchestral experts who can swing the heaviest orchestral forces and produce the most complicated orchestral scores.

The other novelty of the concert was by Sibelius. Without giving the story of the pursuit of the magical swan, the composer depicts the melancholy solitude of the river of death and the mysterious bird upon it. The English Horn is the chief instrument of sadness, in the orchestra, and it is here beautifully used in portraying the swan-melody, with muted strings and a deep roll of drums to increase the sombre

character of the picture. The sadness of the north is in almost every measure, and there was too little of contrast in the composition, but one must remember that it is a single movement from a symphonic poem of four parts. Heard against the other portions of the work it might make a different impression, but by itself we found it as dark as a coal-bin by midnight. Even as it is there are masterly touches in this score and we are glad that this was not, in fact the "swan-song" of Sibelius.

We consider Elgar's sea-pictures to be his most poetic work, even if not his most ambitious one. Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang the beautiful "Where Corals Lie," and the yet more impressive "Sabbath Morning at Sea," a setting of Mrs. Browning's impressive poem. She was not in her best voice and there was some effort at the climax of the latter of the two songs. But in Gluck's great "Divinites du Styx" she gave a broad and dignified interpretation. The singer was recalled several times and responded with several graceful English curtsies, very different from the concert bow of the American artist.

Weber's "Euryanthe" overture was broadly played and with the theatrical contrasts which suit so well to the music of this composer who seldom was able to shake off the flavor of the foot-lights. The contrast of the chief and subordinate themes was very well brought out and there was refreshing vigor in the martial and triumphant portions of the work. We could not help noticing the pure and resonant tones of the kettledrums; it proved that this humble instrument can do much more than give mere thumps and thuds.

TWO SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKETS

FOR SALE—Good seats on floor. W. C. S., Box 3075, Boston. (A):

for VIOLIN in F minor, op. 20

estival" OVERTURE

ist:

NOACK

252

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HANDEL,

OVERTURE in D major

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major

SCHARWENKA,

CONCERTO for PIANO and ORCHESTRA, in F minor,
No. 4, op. 82
(First time in Boston.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Moldau"

Soloist:

XAVER SCHARWENKA

Baldwin Piano used

253

254

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 1

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE-FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet"

WAGNER,

"Siegfried Idyl"

SINIGAGLIA,

OVERTURE, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"

(First time)

255

256

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1 in C minor, op. 68

I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro

II. Andante sostenuto

III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso

IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo ma con brio

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE-FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet" after
Shakespeare

WAGNER,

"A SIEGFRIED IDYL"

SINIGAGLIA,

OVERTURE, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" ("The
Squabbles of the People of Chiozza") op. 32
(First time in Boston)

GREAT PERFORMANCE OF BRAHMS' SYMPHONY

COMPOSER'S C MINOR

PLAYED ANALYTICALLY

Arr: ————— M. d. 12. 11

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" Also on the Programme.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Brahms. First Symphony, C minor.
Tschaikowsky. "Romeo and Juliet" overture.
Wagner. "Siegfried Idyll."
Sinigaglia. Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte."

Although this opinion is not shared by the general public, the present reviewer is always glad when our magnificent orchestra is heard without the assistance of any soloist. But the line of waiting ones on Huntington ave. shrinks perceptibly when this is the case.

The concert of yesterday afternoon was of exceptionally enjoyable character. It was modern without being erratic; rich in romance without shattering every trace of musical form; full of varied orchestral coloring without straining after experimental combinations.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when Brahms's first symphony was held to be too complicated for the auditor to comprehend, but that is all changed now, and concert-goers look down from the tangled heights of Strauss, Reger, Mahler, Elgar, D'Indy, etc., and wonder how they ever could have thought this shapely work incomprehensible.

Yet we think that Brahms first came properly into his own in Boston when Dr. Muck woke us all up with a memorable interpretation of this work, a few years ago. The performance on this occasion reached the same remarkable height. Mr. Fiedler has a habit of playing such works analytically; that is he brings every little sub-theme clearly to notice so that, in the words of the saintly bore in the "Pipe of Desire"—"Nothing is wasted!"

There were some liberties taken with the tempo, but these were to the advantage of the interpretation. The glory of this symphony is its finale, which is as great as any symphonic finale of Beethoven. The first movement is great music, but the finale is sublime. How the glorious folk-song was sung in this! There was virility and power in every note. Mr. Fiedler con-

ducted the work without score, from memory. At the close of the splendid performance the greatest enthusiasm burst forth and continued loud and long until the orchestra had risen and the conductor bowed again and again.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture is held by some of his admirers to be his best orchestral work. Without going as far as this, we can certainly recognize it as one of the best outcomes of this much-set theme. "All the world loves a lover," and here there were two of them ready to the hand of the composer. Therefore they have been translated into music all the way from Gounod's treacle to the French parody of "Rhum-et-Eau en Juillet." Tschaikowsky has been very responsive to the fighting side of this subject. There are "alarums and excursions" in many of the measures of the work, and Mercutio and the fiery Tybalt, and the feuds of the Montagues and Capulets are emphatically portrayed.

Nevertheless one can easily identify Romeo, and his love-theme combines the two most melancholy instruments of the orchestra—the viola and the English horn. The battles of the two factions were made the most of by Mr. Fiedler and it was the Kettle-drum's busy day. The great Brahms work dwarfed the romantic overture somewhat, but it was applauded to the point of recalling the conductor nevertheless.

The "Siegfried Idyll" is Wagner's "Sinfonia Domestica." He did not, to be sure, parade his household before all the world. He did not use all the forces of the modern orchestra to illustrate the nursing-bottle and the walls of the baby. He wrote a simple score and a tender development of themes, a sweet suggestion of Peace and Tranquility, with a heart-felt poem, and gave the whole, with its initial performance, as a birthday surprise to his wife. It was long before he would consent to allow the world to share in the enjoyment of this work, before he allowed its publication. Which shows that even in commercial enterprise the moderns have advanced beyond Wagner, who was once thought an adept in getting the utmost possible for his wares.

The delicacy of the work seemed rather fragile after the combats of Shakespeare and Tschaikowsky, for the "Siegfried Idyll" is as quiet as Romeo and Juliet were turbulent, and there were a few blurs in the pianissimo effects. None-the-less another recall was given by the unusually responsive and ebullient audience.

Sinigaglia is among the "still living" of the musical biographies. He is one of the few good instrumental composers of Italy. In this overture he pictures (a la Goldoni) the squabbles of the fisher-folk of Chiozza, a village not far from Venice. The overture is for an orchestra of average dimensions, but with the "battery" well represented. There is naturally much bustle and activity in the development of

the work, and the themes themselves are characteristic.

In Chiozza the fishermen speak, or rather gargle, a strange dialect, chiefly in their throat, and they are somewhat bacchanalian in habits and generally sociable and convivial. Something of the last-named quality is found in Sinigaglia's overture, which has been performed in all the leading capitals of Europe. It is a magnified light opera overture, but made of better material than one finds in this school. It is full of swiny rhythms, and as chattering as Mozart's "Magic Flute Overture." In fact it seemed to us the work of a Mozart who had become modernized. It leaned somewhat to the folk-style, was well-scored, and made a genial ending to the most successful purely orchestral concert that we have heard for a long time.

IMPRESSIVE PIECE BY BRAHMS GIVEN

Symphony Orchestra Deeply
Interests Audience at the
18th Public Rehearsal.

WAGNER IDYL IS DELICATE

Sinigaglia's Overture Played
for the First Time on a
Concert Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was no soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 in C minor.....Brahms
"Romeo and Juliet," overture.....Tchaikovsky
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte".....Sinigaglia

The audience was deeply interested in the first three compositions, although they were familiar. Many left in the pause between Wagner's Idyl and the overture. This overture was played for the first time at a Symphony concert.

It had been performed at a promenade concert, however, but it was probably unknown to the great majority of the hearers.

When Mr. Gericke was conductor of the orchestra, he usually began the concert with an overture, and more than once complained of the paucity of these pieces. His standard was so high that he would not in the later years include one of the better overtures of Auber, and he was unwilling to repeat season after season the overtures that are always in stock. But what would conductors do without the "Leonora No. III," the "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" of Beethoven, and the three overtures of Weber, which are to the concert hall what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to the opera house?

Sinigaglia wrote the overture to Goldoni's comedy with the title that might be Englished as "The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza." The composer, born in Turin in 1868, studied for some years in Vienna after he left the Conservatory of his native city. In Vienna he saw much of Goldmark and Dvorak. It is said that the latter awakened in him an interest for folk songs as thematic material, and thus "Rapsodia piemontese" and the "Danze piemontesi" on folk themes were inspired. In Boston the composer is known by chamber music heard at concerts of the Flonzaley and Kneisel quartets and by his Rhapsody for violin.

Goldoni's comedy is a simple story of a quarrel that arose among gossiping women while their husbands were putting their fish just caught in baskets. There is a general row. Even lovers say ugly things. At last the magistrate brings peace, and fiddling and dancing, eating and drinking crown the reconciliation. Sinigaglia's overture is as unpretentious as the comedy, and as full of agreeable chatter. There is an attempt to catch the spirit of the little drama, not to set music to a succession of scenes. I do not know whether the overture was composed as a prelude to a performance of the comedy. The music would well serve the purpose; but, according to report, the overture was first heard in the spring of 1907 at a concert led by Mr. Toscanini at La Scala, Milan.

The music is characterized by the requisite liveliness, bustle; the instruments gossip among themselves, and finally raise their voices. The composer fortunately does not give epic proportions to the squabble. Although the score calls for a snare drum, triangle, cymbals, Glockenspiel, these instruments are employed discreetly, or, it might be said without paradox, quietly.

The overture is in true comedy spirit, as is the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." The two lovers are not treated as though they were Paolo and Francesca, and the good people of Chiozza do not take up arms, nor is the tocsin sounded. The themes are not salient, but there is Italian vivacity that gives life to the sound workmanship. The

overture deserves its popularity.

There are beautiful things in the Siegfried Idyl, which was delicately played and with fine color effects, but Wagner's birthday gift to his wife is long-winded. Not because he had so much to say in thankfulness, affection, congratulation, but because he said it so many times. In poems and romances lovers are represented as demanding the frequent iteration of amorous assurance. In music these repetitions soon become wearisome.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of Brahms's symphony, which contains remarkable pages, as those of the first movement, passages in the second, and the marvellously poetic introduction to the final allegro. Mr. Apthorp thinks that this introductory episode may have been suggested to Brahms by the tones of the Alpine horn, "as it awakens the echoes from mountain after mountain on some of the high passes in the Bernese Oberland." The thought is not too fanciful, and this impression is made on all that have heard the horn whether in the Oberland or high up in the Canton Vaud. Brahms's fondness for Switzerland is well known, and he had visited that country before the Finale was performed. In this introductory Adagio there is a lyric flight and at the same time an imaginative force in superb decoration that are seldom found in the purely orchestral compositions of Brahms.

Tschaikowsky composed his "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia under the eyes and subject to the criticism of Mily Balakireff. Furthermore he revised the fantasia after the first performance, which was unsuccessful. "Romeo and Juliet" may be fairly reckoned among Tschaikowsky's most important compositions; it stands above the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, and as a well rounded work of art is to be preferred to "Manfred." In "Romeo and Juliet," with all its variety of episodes, there is irresistible continuity; there is intense dramatic feeling that does not turn into the merely theatrical or sensational; nor is such a nobly sensuous song, in which love exults even in death, easily found elsewhere in music that is absolute or wedded to a text and situation.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strauss, tone poem "Macbeth" (first time here); Gabriel Faure, suite from the music to "Pelleas and Melisande"; Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala"; Beethoven, symphony in C minor, No. 5.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BACK.

The Symphony orchestra returns from its fourth southern trip this morning, having given the last concert of the season in Hartford last evening. The usual success has attended this series of concerts, and as the season draws to an end the promise of the early fall that it would be the most successful of the history of the orchestra seems to be fulfilled. The prin-

cipal features of this last trip were the performance in Baltimore of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the performance in Philadelphia and New York of Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote." It would be difficult to find words of more enthusiastic praise than were given to the orchestra by the New York critics after they had played Strauss's difficult tone-poem. The symphony for this week's concerts will be Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," with Mr. Ferir as the solo viola. The novelties will be an overture by Richard Handl and Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela." The soloists will be Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, who will sing two of Elgar's "Sea Pictures" and the aria, "Divinites du Styx," by Gluck. *Herald Feb. 28.*

SYMPHONY PROGRAM MOST ATTRACTIVE

Work of Orchestra Arouses
Audience to High Pitch
of Enthusiasm.

Journal — *Feb. 11, 1911*
At the close of the performance of Brahms's first symphony yesterday afternoon the Symphony Orchestra was applauded until, after bowing several times all by himself, Mr. Fiedler called to the players to stand up. The final movement of the symphony brought out an exhibition of orchestral virtuosity that raised the large matinee audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

The program this week is one of the most attractive of the season and it is entirely for orchestra. The Brahms symphony is offered for the first time since Conductor Fiedler made his initial bow in October, 1908; and yesterday, as at the concerts of two seasons ago, it was read without a score. This is a feat which Mr. Fiedler seldom performs, but it is evident that few works have taken hold of him so powerfully as this vigorous and remarkably melodious symphony. The result is a performance at once respectful and affectionate, brilliant and beautiful—rivaling the recent interpretations of the "Tannhauser" overture and Strauss's colossal fantasia, "Don Quixote."

But equally polished and sympathetic was the performance of Tschaikowsky's superb overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," which has not been on a symphony program for nearly four years. Nor were the multifarious beauties of "A Siegfried Idyl," the more familiar Wagner piece, slighted; nor was the true comic spirit of Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," played here for the first time.

This vivacious work was introduced to the public several years ago by Toscanini. The third quarter of the symphony season thus ends with even more than the usual brilliancy.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Overture by Sinigaglia For the First Time.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Brilliantly Played.

Globe ——— *Mch. 11, 1911*
The program of the 18th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Brahms' first symphony; Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia; Wagner, "A Siegfried Idyl"; Sinigaglia, overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzette."

This overture was played for the first time in Boston. It was composed for the comedy "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," written by Goldoni in 1760. Chiozza is the name of a small village near Venice inhabited by fisher folk. One summer Sinigaglia was engaged as clerk to a magistrate who held court in this village and thus was able to observe at close range the squabbles and volubility of these fishermen and their wives. There is a pair of lovers whose soft addresses make graceful phrases for oboe and violins, and a breathing space for the villagers.

The piece bristles with chatter and provincial vivacity. It goes with much the same zest and lightness as Smetana's overture, "The Bartered Bride." The contrasting theme has the characteristic Italian suaveness of outline. The overture was brilliantly played.

Brahms was at work on his first symphony for 10 years, and was 43 years old when it was first performed. One might reasonably suppose a composer's first symphony to be a work of youth, of a few feverish years or months of ardent and spontaneous imagination.

On the contrary, this is sedate, restrained, deeply serious and introspective. It is as though the composer had altered and remodeled, and had been slow to permit his judgment to accept what may have been the utterance of his fancy. The first movement was much changed before attaining its present form.

The symphony has been called dry and tedious. Nevertheless, when played at Cambridge, with Joachin conducting, in 1877, as Brahms' thesis for a doctor's degree, it is said to have been vociferously acclaimed by the English, and their delight in music, both serious and profound, is well known.

Romantic ardor is to be missed in the slow movement and spontaneity

and lightness of touch in that substituted for the scherzo, but the last movement is laid out on a broad scale. It ascends to a climax of orchestral passion. There is within it a depth of emotional thought. While the hearer may miss the facile turn of invention and the sudden surprises of fancy which pique attention and interest, there is a sane and sound reasonableness, a lucidity in musical thinking and in orchestral expression, that makes for wholesome musicianship.

The last movement was played with understanding and with splendid power. Mr. Fiedler was recalled and shared the applause with the men.

It was with his "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia that Tschaikowsky at once attained the first rank as a tone poet. In characterization and in the beauty of its love music it surpasses "The Tempest," which succeeded it, although it scarcely equals the "Francesca da Rimini," the next of the group, which has been considered his finest piece of program music.

The best music inspired by Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" cannot be said to have been written for the stage. Tschaikowsky has avoided the pitfall of making his work an intermittent love duet. Individual profile is given the characters. Friar Laurence is recognized as an active force in the drama and the grave-voiced woodwind speak of him in the opening measures.

Balakireff was the godfather of the work and Tschaikowsky may have owed to a suggestion from him the exceedingly graphic disintegration of rhythmical accents by which he suggests the sword thrusts of the feud-embittered Montagues and Capulets. This portion was played yesterday with superb fire and abandon.

In the sensuous beauty of the lovers' music, Tschaikowsky is for the moment himself imbued with Italian grace, passion and longing, and has added the note of foreboding melancholy.

In many weeks there has not been more delightful orchestral playing or more sympathetic conducting than was yesterday displayed in the Siegfried Idyl. If pure loveliness is immortal, then this exquisite tribute to the sublimated beauty of motherhood must remain imperishable.

Next week the program will be as follows: Strauss, "Macbeth" (first time in Boston); Faure, suite, "Pelleas and Melisande"; Goldmark, "Sakuntala"; overture, Beethoven, fifth symphony.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. ——— Mch. 11, 1911
THE ORCHESTRA HAS AN AFTER-NOON TO ITSELF

The Pleasures of Familiar Music and of a Concert Without a Soloist—The Italian Contrasts of Sinigaglia's Light Overture and of Tschaikowsky's Impassioned "Romeo and Juliet"—The Russian's and the Italian's Italy—The Wagner of "A Siegfried Idyl" Beside the Brahms of the First Symphony—The Illuminating Fiedler and the Coloring Players

MR. FIEDLER and the Symphony Orchestra had an unusually applause audience at the concert of yesterday afternoon. At the end of Brahms's symphony in C minor, which led the programme, it recalled the conductor twice and finally brought the band to its feet. The house warmed to Tschaikowsky's glowing fantasia "Romeo and Juliet," and heard Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" as gladly. Then, seemingly, though the concert was shorter than Mr. Fiedler sometimes makes them, its attention and appreciation were exhausted. Departures were unusually numerous before the "brilliant overture" with which the conductor likes to "round off" his programmes, and Sinigaglia's piece had hardly the applause that it deserved. The audience knows what to expect when the overture to "Tannhäuser" or to "Oberon" or to "Egmont" finishes the concert, and stays accordingly. With an unknown piece, it is less resolved. Besides, the title of Sinigaglia's overture is forbidding. The imagination does not exactly warm to a prelude to "The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza," though it was Goldoni who named his comedy and Sinigaglia had no choice when he would write an overture to it. The conductor and the orchestra thus had the concert to themselves, and no one, unless it were some of the inveterate curiosity-seekers of the second balcony, seemed to miss a "soloist," a species that has been unusually plentiful this year. Except Sinigaglia's overture, moreover, all the music was familiar and plainly grateful to those that heard. Once more, too, there were signs of the new appreciation of Brahms that Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler have gradually developed. Time was when the audiences of the Symphony Concerts applauded his music because it was safe and dutiful so to do. Now, under the emotional vitality that the two conductors have restored to Brahms's symphonies, the listeners applaud because the music

really moves them. At last, here in Boston, Brahms is escaping from his injudicious and pedantic friends.

Sinigaglia is one of the rare Italians who deliberately shuns the opera house and cultivates the music of the concert-room, and in the overture to Goldoni's comedy, he has written Italian music to an Italian play. Tschaikowsky, like Hugo Wolf and Rimsky-Korsakoff, was one of the composers of a more northern race whose imagination often turned southward. Hugo Wolf, they say, had never set foot in Spain, and his Spanish songs and his Spanish opera, "Der Corregidor," were feats of unmixed imagination. Tschaikowsky, however, knew his Italy at first hand. He paid long visits to it; he delighted in Italian air and light, in the life around him as it was, in the variegated past that all else recalled. For him there were passion and glow in it all. He set himself to the writing of an orchestral fantasia that might serve as an overture to Shakespeare's tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." According to the title and the records, it was born of the poet's play. Quite as much, and more intimately, it sprang out of his Italian imaginings and, maybe, his Italian memories. Sinigaglia knows his Italy at first hand, takes it for granted as most of us do our own dwelling places. Tschaikowsky, in spite of his visits, imagined his Italy, and perhaps the two points of view play in the music of the two composers that the programme set side by side.

Goldoni's comedy is a gay little piece. The "Chiozzotte" of the title are the fisher-folk of a Venetian village. They sit in the sunshine and chatter, and there are amorous interchanges. A cloud, as it were, obscures the sun, and there are voluble quarrels and amorous bickerings. The cloud passes, with a pacifying magistrate for the sun-god, and there are feasting, dancing and kisses. Sinigaglia's music catches the general course, the pervading mood of the comedy. It runs simply and none too formally. The melodic ideas come and go, and no one thinks twice about them. They make orchestral chatter even as the "Chiozzotte" chattered; the instrumental choirs gossip; gossip instrument for instrument their more intimate interchanges; it is possible to hear the wooing lovers. The squabble begins; and the orchestral voices are very voluble, very high pitched; the melody of the lovers is entangled in the general bickering; the merry chatter returns and the overture is done. The music is light and bright; playfully invented, neatly colored; it has gayety and humor; Italian accent is in it—the accent of gabbling life in the sunshine, taking the day, the hour for itself, and thinking it none the worse if a momentary quarrel give tang to it. Goldoni's "Chiozzotte" of 1760 are also Sinigaglia's Italians of 1908.

Tschaikowsky's Italy is the Italy of romantic imagination—the land of glowing passion in its due environment. Hear the

melody of the lovers as it rises against the dying din of the brawl, the melody that Tschalkowsky once destined for a duet in which their voices, with the instruments, should sing their passion. It is languorous with the star-lit softness of Italian nights; it is still with their deep stillness; there is less ecstasy than longing in it. The music is less of the fires of Shakspeare's lovers than of the composer's visions of Italian nights and the passion that they feed. Shakspeare's verse speaks out; Tschalkowsky's music keeps its mystery. And so, with the music of the warring households. Stripped of Shakspearean glammers what are these troops of Montagues and Capulets but what the magistrates nowadays—and doubtless in a medieval Verona too—would call common ralers and brawlers, gang against gang. Tschalkowsky in his music summons another glamour. He hears them as the disturbing voices of his Italian nights, as the echoes, so to say, of the figures that he has seen in pictures of the Italian renaissance; he sees them still phantom-like coursing the high wall of some alley to fling themselves into the brawl upon the piazza. Again, when he would write his musical epilogue of a tragedy ended, because fate will not pity, his is an elegiac mood, the mood of one who sits under a crumbling column, in the still afternoon light, who looks across the hills with their olive trees, who hears a faint piping that is all of the life that once peopled it. He is melancholy at fate that spares not. Now Shakspeare's Romeo is frenzied Elizabethan wise; Tschalkowsky's is only mournful. "After 'Romeo and Juliet'" goes Tschalkowsky's title to his fantasia; "after the Italy of my visions" would be the truer designation. Sinigaglia's Italian accent is of prose and chatter; Tschalkowsky's of poetry and passion.

Perhaps Mr. Fiedler was making a programme of interesting juxtapositions, for the other two items of it set Wagner and Brahms side by side. Only the Wagner was the Wagner of "A Siegfried Idyl," which, after all, is only a pleasurable trifle, and the Brahms was the Brahms of his first symphony, which, as every one knows, and somewhat to weariness, is a very serious "work." In both the orchestra and the conductor shone. Mr. Fiedler is not remarkable for reticence; but for once he recalled that "A Siegfried Idyl" was not in intent or execution, a concert or an operatic piece. An orchestra in a concert-hall may not play it as Richter's little band played it on the stairs of Cosima's villa for the Christmas morning that was also her birthday; but it can, and yesterday it did, keep the due proportion, make the music as intimate, as whispering almost as Wagner designed it. The idyl runs in gentle little melodic curves that seem always ruffling into trills; it seldom speaks in more than half voice; it is all softness of accent. Wagner remembers happily and does not re-state forcibly its fragments of

his music-dramas. He would merely suggest them to the mother and of the son whom he likes to fancy has quickened him with them and given them new meaning. It was this intimate, this musing voice, this lightness of detail, this softness of accent that Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra attained in their performance. They kept the music all soft glow, and yet never made it pulpy, as the way, too often, of German sentimentality is. For "A Siegfried Idyl" is a very sentimental piece—else it would not be so long. If Wagner had not chosen to lead the little orchestra that first played it he would surely have listened holding Cosima's hand.

Mr. Fiedler's conducting of Brahms's music is illuminating and vitalizing. Of course, he was expository. He would have us know, for example, beyond any mistaking that the chief theme of Brahms's finale has its resemblance to the chief theme of Beethoven's finale in the Choral Symphony. He was resolute that we should not miss the briefly mysterious passage for oboe and violin that insinuates itself into the slow movement only, to die out of it again. He was sedulous of expository emphasis, and of so revealing an accent that sometimes he sharpened his string tone over much. But Mr. Fiedler, as he has proved with Schumann, is sensitive and skilful to "open up" seemingly thick instrumentation, to give it clear voice, luminosity even, and eloquence too. Brahms's writing for orchestra is oftener closely and thoughtfully knit than it is thick, but his music gains by the freer spacing, the warmer colors that Mr. Fiedler seeks to give it. There is gain also in the rhythmic life of the music upon which Mr. Fiedler laid such stress. He was eager to keep it moving, curving. He made the little intermezzo before the finale almost rippling. The pedants—Brahms himself was not one—would surely have shaken doubting heads over some of his modulations of pace, his crescendos and diminuendos, his persistent quest for changeable force of tone and suppleness of movement. But Brahms, their Brahms, so played is no longer crabbed. Like Dr. Muck before him, Mr. Fiedler gives emotional sweep and largeness to the finale, finds a reticent and contemplative passion, but a passion no less in the second movement. In spite of the extremists on both sides, Brahms felt as well as thought, when a discerning conductor and a responsive band release him. He may lack tonal color; but if he does, the orchestra yesterday gave it to him—the strings, the horns, the clarinets, the trombones. There was brightness as well as shadow in the instrumental voices, glow as well as depth. The strings accented, the clarinets warmed, the horns were of manifold beauty. There was reason to suspect that Brahms, the unsensitive, theoretically, to instrumentation, really awaited an orchestra of imaginative virtuosos.

H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 1

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE-FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet"

WAGNER,

"Siegfried Idyl"

SINIGAGLIA,

OVERTURE, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"

(First time)

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H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 1

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE-FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet"

WAGNER,

"Siegfried Idyl"

SINIGAGLIA,

OVERTURE, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"

(First time)

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

R. STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Macbeth"
(First time in Boston)

G. FAURÉ,

SUITE, "Pelléas et Mélisande"

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE to "Sakuntala"

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5

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SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, March 12, 1911
at 8 o'clock

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

CONCERT

IN AID OF

PENSION FUND

Soloist

SIGNOR FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO

Who gives his services with the kind permission of Henry Russell, Esq.,
Managing Director, Boston Opera Company

Also Assisting

THE MALE CHORUS OF THE CECILIA SOCIETY

PROGRAMME

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Liszt | Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes" |
| Puccini | Aria from "The Girl of the Golden West" |
| Wagner | Overture, "Tannhäuser" |
| <hr/> | |
| Tschaikowsky | Suite for Full Orchestra, "Nutcracker" |
| Ponchielli | Aria, "Cielo e Mare," from "La Gioconda" |
| Nicolai | Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" |
| Johann Strauss | Waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube" (Male Chorus and Orchestra) |

CONSTANTINO TO SING WITH SYMPHONY

Appearance at Pension Fund Concert Sunday a
Reciprocation of Courtesies.



FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO,

Who Will Sing at the Symphony Pension Fund Concert Sunday Night.

George Mch. 10/11
The appearance of Mr Constantino, the genial Spanish tenor of the opera, as soloist at the Symphony pension fund concert Sunday night at Symphony hall, is a felicitous reciprocation of courtesies between the two principal music interests of the city.

A year ago Mr Constantino graciously and gratuitously proffered his services, as did Mr Russell his consent, but arrangements for the season's concerts had then been made.

Mr Constantino will sing two arias, that in the third act of "The Girl of the Golden West" in which Johnson tells of his love for Minnie, and the

exquisite air, "Cielo e mar" from the second act of "La Gioconda," in which Mr Constantino, as Enzo, has many times addressed his golden notes to the moon-kissed waves upon which rides his frigate Hecate.

There will also be the interesting prospect of hearing Mr Fiedler turn the Symphony orchestra for the moment into an opera band in these excerpts for the theatre from Puccini and Ponchielli.

The purely orchestral numbers, to be of a popular character, are as follows: Liszt's "Les Preludes," Tschalkowsky's "Nutcracker" suite and the overtures to "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Tannhauser."

LIGHT MUSIC, PENSION FUNDS AND RECIPROCATION

Trans. Mch. 9/11
A Memory of Vienna and an Impending Incident—"The Sacrifice" Repeated—"Tristan" and Those That Hear—Verses for Miss Farrar—The Unsung Bass-Drummer—Mr. Amato as Scarpia at the Opera House—The Programme for Mr. Clement's Concert—Miss Garden's New Adventure—Wolf-Ferrari's Operatic Trifle

YEARS ago, when the Opera House at Vienna used to give an annual performance to increase various charitable funds for its employees, it mounted a very light opera—an operetta even—in which its eminent singers disported themselves in parts very unlike those that they ordinarily undertook. Opera singers did not take themselves so seriously in those days as they do now; they had even a saving sense of humor, and if these performances in Vienna and in other German cities were not exactly finished, they were highly amusing. The Symphony Orchestra, when it would increase its Pension Fund, can hardly turn to operetta. Its functions and distinctions are instrumental, not vocal. Tonally, it may caper to Strauss, to Debussy and to the rest of those troublesome ultra-moderns, who like to pull the instruments about as though they were so many puppets for their fancy or their feats; actually it sits and plays with the gravity that befits an exacting task to be done to high standards. When it would be light and amusing, its only outlet is to choose its music accordingly. Sometimes, and wisely, it decides to be so at its Pension Fund Concerts, and thus next Sunday evening, it will have its sport—and make ours—with such music as Tschalkowsky's dances in the ballet of "The Nut-Cracker" and Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz. It is the orchestra's nearest approach to the old custom of the Vienna Opera House.

In its way, the Pension Fund is one of the distinctions of the Symphony Orchestra. Its existence sets the band apart from the other American orchestras that have none and affiliates it with the great European orchestras with which it ranks. The fund is a sign of the permanence of the orchestra, of the assured future that those who control it would give the men and so be assured in turn of their best abilities and their full loyalty. The fund is token, too, since twice each year the public helps to swell it, of the dependence of the orchestra upon those that week after week and year after year listen gladly to it. To found an orchestra, to meet its deficits, to carry it to higher and higher standards is but half the task—for munificent wealth, ambitious of the arts,

ambitious of the community whence that wealth has sprung. The other half of the task falls to those that receive these things. They must give their support when they see that they are good, they must make the atmosphere in which they can flourish. Every Friday afternoon and every Saturday night the reciprocation that makes the Symphony Concerts possible fills Symphony Hall. Twice every year, it can fill it again at the concerts for the Pension Fund—the return to the men for their share in the glories of the orchestra. In an earlier day, the Pension Fund existed for accumulation. Now, when the orchestra has flourished thirty years, it exists, quite as much, for disbursement. The more the need that the two should keep pace.
H. T. P.

CONSTANTINO HEARD IN SYMPHONY HALL

Journal Mch. 13/11
Wins Acclaim at Popular
Concert for Orchestra's
Pension Fund.

It isn't often that the Symphony Orchestra gives a popular concert, but when it does give one it's what a former President would call a "corker." Such a concert it gave last night at Symphony Hall in aid of the orchestra's pension fund. Nearly every seat was taken.

There was a two-hour program, overflowing with tuneful delights, and there was a popular soloist—Florencio Constantino. It was the famous tenor's first experience in Symphony Hall, and the acoustics bothered him a bit in his opening number, the beautiful "Cielo e Mar" from "Gloconda," but his nervousness quickly disappeared, leaving him free to display his happy style and his extraordinary mastery of both the grave and the light forms of lyric song. After the air from "Gloconda," he gave as an encore the duke's lively song about belles and posies, from the first act of "Rigoletto," in tones as tinkling as those of the Glockenspiel heard later in the charming Tschalkowsky suite. Afterward the pride of the Boston Opera House sang the impassioned air from the last act of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West"—the song Johnson sings as he awaits the noose—and this he had to give over again. Then, to

cap the climax, he sang "La Donna e mobile," from "Rigoletto," in brilliant style. The orchestra rewarded him with a giant wreath, decorated with the Spanish colors, and the audience acclaimed him after each song.

There was an unusual number in the shape of Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, performed by the orchestra and a male chorus composed of members of the Cecilia Society. The celebrated waltz was originally given in this way. The Apollo Club revived the original form a few years ago. This selection was also greatly enjoyed.

Enthusiastic applause was the rule throughout the concert. The orchestra played Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," the "Tannhaeuser" overture, Tschalkowsky's "Nutcracker" suite and the overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The "Nutcracker" number made a particularly pleasing impression, and Mr. Nagel, who played the Glockenspiel, and the admirable trio of flutists were compelled to make bows all by themselves.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Mr. Fiedler is making the experiment of giving a program of popular music at the concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra, which is to take place in Symphony Hall on next Sunday evening, March 12. As already announced, Mr. Constantino of the Boston Opera company has been good enough to offer his services as soloist, which were gladly accepted by the orchestra. Mr. Constantino will sing the aria of Johnson, from the last act of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," and the popular aria from "La Gioconda," "Cielo e Mare."

The male chorus of the Cecilia Society has also given its services, which will be employed in a performance of Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz. This waltz was written originally for male chorus and orchestra and it was some years after it was published in this form that it was arranged for orchestra alone. The waltz was not received with much favor when it was first heard in Vienna. With the male chorus of the Cecilia Society the waltz will be given in its original version.

The principal orchestral numbers will be Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"; Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" overture, Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the ever-popular "Nut-Cracker" suite of Tschalkowsky. It will be remembered that two years ago Mr. Fiedler played the "Nut-Cracker" suite at a pension fund concert, and it aroused such enthusiasm that last year he put it on one of the Symphony programs and since has led it in a considerable number of cities the orchestra has visited. It is always received with much favor.

SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT

Constantino as the Soloist
Receives an Ovation.

Sings Airs From "La Gioconda" and
"The Girl of the Golden West."

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, gave a concert for its pension fund last night. The orchestral numbers were as follows: Liszt, "Les Preludes"; Wagner, "Tannhaeuser" overture; Tschalkowsky, "Nutcracker" suite; Nicolai, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture; Johann Strauss, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," with the male chorus from the Cecilia society.

Mr. Constantino of the opera was the soloist. His numbers were Enzo's air, "Cielo e Mare," from the second act of "La Gioconda," and Johnson's air from the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West." The audience practically filled the hall and there was abundant applause. Mr. Constantino was particularly enjoyed. His appearance as the soloist of the concert and the excellent qualities of his singing combined to furnish the feature of the evening.

It was the first time the genial tenor of the Boston opera had sung with the Symphony orchestra. His tendering of his services gratuitously for this concert, held to increase the orchestra's endowment for its aged members, was a courtesy which drew prompt appreciation from the large audience.

Mr. Constantino first sang the air from "Gioconda." In reply to rousing applause and the presentation of an enormous laurel wreath with colors, he added "Questa o Quella," from the first act of "Rigoletto." By this time the tenor and his audience were thoroughly en rapport, and he sang the Puccini air with a beauty of tone, a self-effacement, an abandonment in the character and a note of tragic passion such as he has not attained at the opera, where costume, setting and the general theatrical environment were his aids.

Then a storm of applause ensued. Mr. Constantino appeared, bowing and smiling. It was his evening to entertain. The members of the audience were his guests and he repeated the air. The applause continued with unabated persistence, and there were more bows and more applause which was not to be denied.

The tenor returned to the platform and changing the expression of his countenance from that of a man about to be lynched the next moment, to that of the rake-helly duke of "Rigoletto," in his satirical musing upon the kin-

ship of woman and the tickle breeze, sang the favorite "La donna e mobile," to the ill-concealed delight of his audience, who broke forth into applause at the instant recognition of the orchestral prelude. The evening was a justly deserved and lavishly awarded ovation for Mr. Constantino.

The laudable purpose of these pension fund concerts is now generally known. This is no time for eulogy of this superb orchestra, nor for critical comment upon the manner of performance of the program. The numbers were frankly and appropriately chosen for their popular appeal, and have been heard many times and with pleasure.

It may, therefore, be pertinent, even on this occasion, to inquire why some of them, which have been wholly acceptable as known, should be at times whipped into paces exceeding even the virtuosity of these players, and certainly adding no new thing to their beauty.

The orchestra was warmly and insistently applauded. "The Preludes" and "The Nutcracker" suite found particular favor. Mr. Nagel deserves a word for his graceful manipulation of the celesta in the latter. The male chorus sang sturdily.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

A concert of popular music played by the entire Symphony orchestra under its own conductor is out of the ordinary. The program arranged for the first concert in aid of the pension fund of the orchestra in Symphony Hall tonight should make a wide appeal. Only once in many years has the orchestra given a popular program; that was five years ago at the concert given in aid of the sufferers from the San Francisco disaster.

The committee of the pension fund institution was fortunate to enlist the services of Mr. Constantino of the Boston opera company as soloist. He and Mr. Russell, the director of the Boston opera, fell in readily with the suggestion and Mr. Constantino's presence must necessarily add interest to the concert. He will sing the tenor aria from the last act of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Cielo e Mare" from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

The orchestra will have the assistance of the male chorus of the Cecilia Society and with it give Johann Strauss's waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," written originally for male chorus and orchestra.

The concert will begin with Liszt's "Preludes." Then will come the Puccini aria followed by the "Tannhaeuser" overture, the ever-popular "Nut Cracker" suite of Tschalkowsky, the Ponchielli aria, Nicolai's popular overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and finally Strauss's waltz.

News of Music

THE concert of the Symphony Orchestra, last evening, for the profit of the Pension Fund was less interesting than such occasions, in previous years, have usually been. Though this town—opera house or no opera house—hears none of Wagner's music except occasional scraps of it at the regular Symphony Concerts, Mr. Fiedler put only one such piece on his programme yesterday—the overture to "Tannhäuser," the most familiar of them all. The other items were pieces traditional to "popular" programmes, like Liszt's tone-poem "Les Préludes"—it is easy to wonder why since the music is no more than sonorous rhetoric—and Nicolai's overture to his folk-opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which Mr. Fiedler carried to such a racing end that even the virtuosi of the orchestra could hardly keep pace with him. There were amends in interest and in execution in the suite of dances from Tschalkowsky's ballet of "The Nut-Cracker," which Mr. Fiedler has happily rediscovered for this town, and once more the tinkle of the celesta for the Sugar-Plum Fairy, the exotic languors of the Arabian Dance, the miniature and piping clatter of the Chinese episode, the rough-and-tumble of the Trépak, the bright rhythms of the Dance of the Mirlitons and the sensuous curves of the final waltz renewed pleasures that ought to be still more familiar. Ballet-music, which can be as truly imaginative as a symphony or a tone-poem has yet to come into its true place at the Symphony Concerts regular or occasional. Curious and interesting to hear as well was the "Blue Danube" waltz as Strauss originally wrote it for orchestra and male choir. The men of the Cecilia assisted the band in this piece, and at the invitation of the committee of the orchestra in charge of the Pension Fund concert, Mr. Constantino, the familiar tenor of the Boston Opera House, sang five operatic pieces, each of which brought him prolonged and boisterous applause. He might have been better accompanied, since Mr. Fiedler is not expert in Italian song, and he has certainly sung much better. The upshot of all these things was an audience, the numbers of which must have surely increased the Pension Fund—presumably the main thing—but which differed significantly from those that such concerts usually attract. It was the miscellaneous assemblage of an idle Sunday evening and the fine public of the Symphony Concerts themselves was conspicuously absent.

Company, New York.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Constantino and Cecilia Chorus
Win Hearty Applause.

Herald — *Mar. 13/11*
A program of music that was not only of the highest quality, but was also distinctly popular in its appeal, the presence of Florencio Constantino of the Boston Opera Company as soloist and the assistance of the male chorus of the Cecilia Society combined last night to make the Symphony pension fund concert in Symphony Hall an occasion that was notable even in a long series of famous concerts.

The hall was filled to its limits with an audience that plainly expected to be pleased. That it was not a whit disappointed was evidenced by the liberal and hearty applause bestowed on Mr. Fiedler, the Symphony players and Mr. Constantino. The genial opera tenor was in a happy frame of mind and had his best singing voice with him. He evidently came with the intention of giving his hearers the utmost pleasure he could, and he succeeded.

His first selection was the aria, "Cielo e Mare" from "La Gioconda," and in response to vigorous plaudits he sang another song. In the second half of the program he sang an aria from "The Girl of the Golden West," and after it generously responded twice to clamorous recalls.

The chorus from the Cecilia Society took part in the last number of the evening, joining with the orchestra in a production of Johann Strauss's "The Beautiful Blue Danube" that will be long remembered by those who heard it.

The purely orchestral numbers were received with almost as much enthusiasm as were those in which the soloist and the chorus appeared. They were: Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"; Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture; Tchaikowsky's suite for full orchestra, "Nutcracker"; Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Symphony Hall: Pension-Fund Concert

THE Symphony Orchestra has deferred unusually long, this year, its two annual concerts for the profit of its Pension Fund, and the first is set for Sunday evening, at eight, in Symphony Hall. Of the just and beneficent purpose to which the fund ministers, of the support from the audiences of the regular concerts and from the miscellaneous public that it deserves, much has been said many times in this place. Yet less the purpose than the anticipated pleasure of concerts assembles audiences for them, and accordingly Mr. Fiedler and the committee in charge of the fund have made a programme of light or well-liked music; the suite of dances from Tchaikowsky's ballet

of "The Nutcracker"; Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser," Nicolai's to his operatic comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Preludes," and Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz in its original form as a piece for men's choir and orchestra. The Cecilia will provide the chorus, and at the invitation of the committee, Mr. Constantino, the tenor of the Boston Opera House, will assist. His pieces are Johnson's monologue from the third act of Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West" and Enzo's invocation of sky and sea in the second act of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

PENSION FUND CONCERT OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Adv. — *Mar. 13/11*
Star Features Were Solos of Constantino and Singing of Strauss' Waltzes by St. Cecilia Male Chorus.

The first concert of the current season, for the benefit of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra, occurred last night, and was attended by an audience which filled Symphony hall. Not in years has our learned orchestra, in the midst of their busy season, accorded us the privilege of listening to a programme so "popular" in every sense of the word. It was an evening when artificiality and profundity were exiled, and when lightness, relaxation and charm held sway. On the programme were: "Les Preludes," Liszt's symphonic poem; the Tannhauser overture; portions of Tchaikowsky's "Nut-Cracker" suite; overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and most interesting of all, the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes, presented in their original state—for male chorus and orchestra, members of the Cecilia society assisting. Mr. Constantino performed the graceful act of volunteering his services as assisting soloist, and was heard in arias from "La Gioconda" and from "The Girl of the Golden West."

If, to the great majority of mankind, life were as turbulent and as moving as Liszt has stated it in "Les Preludes" we might as well give up the ghost now, for to endure such conflict and such violence for more than 10 minutes—not to speak of three score years and ten—would be incredible. Lamartine's rather tame words which form the nucleus for this tone poem might not have suggested to other minds such a tempest as is here portrayed. Mr. Fiedler's reading was superb. The sharp contrasts, the marvellous crescendo leading to the middle section, the prodigious climaxes were portrayed as our orchestra alone can picture them.

That the great Tannhauser overture, now one of the most popular works of its kind, should ever have been denounced as

ugly, strained and impossible music seems incredible. But even that prince among critics, Fetis, the elder, with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause called it "an ill-harmonised chorale tune, without a single spark of melody in the whole production." Mr. Fiedler's reading bore the stamp of originality, and although he took it in the strictest of tempi, one never felt the want of flexibility or suppleness.

We can conclude complacently that no orchestra at any time has ever approximated the perfection and the finish with which our band plays this overture.

Last night was a particularly strenuous evening for the "hardware" department. Kettle-drums, cymbals, castanets, bells, gongs, glockenspiel and tambourine labored heavily to produce the requisite amount of noise. Our virtuoso kettle-drummer especially should receive extra salary for overtime and for his splendid work. There were many soloists beside Sig. Constantino. Everyone seemed to have a solo and even Mr. Nagel's Celesta came for its turn in the Tchaikowsky suite.

Sig. Constantino received a great ovation. Encore followed encore; nor was the audience content until they had heard "La donna mobile." Never has the famous tenor appeared in concert to greater advantage.

The statement that the Strauss waltzes were first performed here some years ago by the Apollo club is an error. In antediluvian times the Orpheus Musical society sang them in German. The "Beautiful Blue Danube" is undoubtedly the jolliest male chorus that has ever been penned. Many of the puns and witticisms of the original German version suffer by translation, but the music is ever the same—rollicking, frolicking and irresistible. The men of the Cecilia society filled the bill quite satisfactorily.

Thus ended a concert which should add many dollars to a worthy cause and a concert which will go on record as the most genial that we have had for many a day.

G. S. M.

RECALLS FOR CONSTANTINO

Post — *Mar. 14/11*
Tenor as Soloist at Pension
Fund Concert

There was tremendous enthusiasm last night at the Pension Fund concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, when Florencio Constantino of the Boston Opera Company sang as assisting soloist, and received an ovation after every one of his solos.

There was a big audience, and this audience soon became very demonstrative. The programme, in addition to Mr. Constantino's part in it, consisted of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"; the "Nut-Cracker" suite for orchestra of Tchaikowsky; the overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai; the "Blue Danube" waltz, sung by the male singers of the Cecilia Society.

Mr. Constantino's solos were the big aria from the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West," and the aria, "Cielo e mare," from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." In addition to these songs, the tenor sang two arias from "Rigoletto," the air which occurs at the very beginning of the first act, and the famous "Donna e mobile." The popular singer was greeted with salvos every time that he appeared, and in no instance was he recalled less than five or six times in succession. Constantino seemed to enjoy this as much as anyone else. He was in excellent voice and he sang with the utmost gusto. The music served to display various qualities of his voice, such as the light and sweet tone which he produces so beautifully in the "Donna e mobile," and the more dramatic qualities with which he infuses Puccini's air. There are few tenors, moreover, who can give a better interpretation of Ponchielli's fine aria, the best thing in that composer's best opera. The audience not only applauded, but shouted its approval.

Only a few know that "The Blue Danube" waltz was originally composed by Strauss for male chorus, that Strauss had no idea of the "hit" his waltz was going to make, and that it was not until some years later that the waltz was tone. The entire programme was such as to make a particular appeal to the man in the street, while preserving the line between good and common music. Mr. Fiedler gave a graphic performance of Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Preludes," which was disconcertingly modern when it was composed, but is now appreciated by everybody. The Tannhauser overture, which, as few masterpieces, has stood the test of time, came in for a big share of the plaudits. So did the pretty and graceful music of Tchaikowsky—music which one would never associate with the master who wrote the great tragic tone-poems, "Manfred," "Francesca da Rimini" and the "Symphonie Pathétique" which will be played here later in the season.

Former Pension Fund concerts have presented Wagner, Richard Strauss, Beethoven programmes, and these programmes have been much appreciated; but for last night Mr. Fiedler had determined to give a programme of semi-popular music, and the attitude of the audience certainly showed how great was its appreciation of the music of gifted and generally "understood" composers, interpreted as it was by an organization of virtuosos.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, "Eroica."

MACDOWELL,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Lamia" (after Keats.)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

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|-------------|---|
| R. STRAUSS, | <p>TONE POEM, for FULL ORCHESTRA "Macbeth" (after Shakespeare's Drama,) op. 23 (First time in Boston)</p> |
| G. FAURÉ, | <p>SUITE from Stage Music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, "Pelléas and Mélisande" op. 80 I. Prelude: Quasi Adagio II. "The Spinning Woman" Andantino quasi allegretto III. Molto Adagio</p> |
| GOLDMARK, | <p>OVERTURE to "Sakuntala," op. 13</p> |
| BEETHOVEN, | <p>SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67 I. Allegro con brio II. Andante con moto III. Allegro: Trio IV. Allegro</p> |

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

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STRAUSS' "MACBETH" AT THE SYMPHONY

Adm. *Made 8.11*
SYMPATHETIC READING

BY CONDUCTOR FIEDLER

Audience Burst Into Applause Over

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—

Goldmark's "Sakuntala."

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Strauss. Tone-poem. "Macbeth."
G. Faure. Suite. "Pelleas and Melisande."
Goldmark. "Sakuntala" overture.
Beethoven. Symphony in C minor. No. 5.

Again an entirely orchestral programme, and one which ought to have satisfied every cultured auditor, even without any solo displays of any kind. Of course, the chief interest centred in the Strauss number, which, although not of his later works, has as yet not been heard in Boston. "Macbeth" was Strauss's first step toward the free and gigantic tone-poems which gradually replaced his classical forms of instrumental music. It was composed before "Don Juan" and directly after his free symphony "Aus Italien."

It is not a series of pictures, as the Italian symphony, and not nearly so objective as the series of tone-poems which began over a year later (1888) with "Don Juan" and continued until the culmination in the "Symphonie Domestica" in 1903. "Macbeth" was written in 1886-7, and was not intended to be a sketch of the events of the Shakespearean tragedy, but a portrayal of the dark and brooding character of the Scottish chief, its vacillation, its ambition, and the catastrophe which finally fell upon it.

Naturally the composer felt the need of the feminine to contrast with the masculine character, and the "ewig-weibliche" is also present. Lady Macbeth is represented by some expressive measures on flutes and clarinettes. But "Macbeth" is not one of the favorite works of Strauss. It is perhaps too purely a translation of moods, and one looks in vain for the familiar events that crowd the tragedy.

The Lady Macbeth theme at first rather tepid, is subsequently treated with great tenderness, suggesting anything but the dauntless heroine of Shakespeare. As regards Macbeth himself, it is Macbeth the warrior, and Macbeth the lover, that we have here, but not a trace of Macbeth the murderer. The ambitious side of the character is well suggested by turning his motive into a marchlike form in the cen-

tral portion of the work.

Strauss uses the woodwind in the deepest depths, a la Tschalkowsky, in certain passages that give premonition of the evil that is coming upon the pair, and contrabassoon and bass-clarinet are occasionally prominent. When one thinks that this great score was achieved by a young man of 22 years of age it becomes phenomenal. It at once goes beyond the symphonic poems of Liszt. The subtle changes of the Macbeth theme, (which first enters at the very beginning of the work,) the treatment of the contrasted Lady Macbeth measures, the astounding polyphony, cause us to rank this with the remarkable works of musical history.

It is one kind of precocity to write a minuet at five years of age, as Mozart did, but it is another, and a higher kind, to achieve a permanent orchestral work in young manhood, as Mendelssohn and Richard Strauss have done. But Mendelssohn stood still after his precocity, while Strauss went on, perhaps even too far.

Mr. Fiedler is steeped in Strauss to the very eyelids, and one may be sure that everything will be made as intelligible as possible when he directs a Strauss work. It was so on this occasion. Every point was brought out so that the complex score became comparatively clear. All the orchestra played excellently, the trumpets especially so. We have spoken of certain resemblances to Tschalkowsky in this work; the character of some of the martial touches of Macbeth suggested the savagery of the finale of the Tschalkowsky fifth symphony vividly.

Faure's Suite has been heard before in these concerts. It is far less elusive than Debussy's treatment, but it is poetic and interprets the text well, all the same. The pathos of the prelude is very fitting to the picture of the weeping girl in the forest, the timid one who does not care for the crown she has lost or for the dignity which comes to her. But the menacing premonitions which Maeterlinck has woven through his play, the ever-present voice of the sea, is not absent either. But it was like painting black upon black to add the melancholy of Melisande to the gloom of Macbeth.

The Spinning Woman, the second movement, portrays that part of the play where Melisande is spinning in a dark room with Pelleas beside her, and where little Yniold has the first presentiments of coming evil, as his "little mother" hushes him to sleep. An impressive monotony is here produced by the reiterations of the strings against the plaintive oboe melody. That instrument of innocent tenderness was beautifully played on this occasion, and the short movement was the best of the three which constituted the Suite.

The death-scene of the finale also achieves the pathos of the play, or rather intensifies it, for Maeterlinck wrote much in outline and always left something for music to fill in. It would be heterodox to say that Debussy's perfect union of tone

to word has been attained, yet we may confess to thoroughly enjoying this suite, which we cannot say of every part of Debussy's music. Yet, coming directly after "Macbeth," the Faure suite seemed to fall of part of its effect although it was excellently read and performed.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" presented another phase of this concert with its display of three different species of modern music. At times it seems big with fate, but there is nothing in it which the trained auditor cannot easily grasp, which is apt to make him very contented with himself and to cause him to prize the overture the more, for there are still some concert-goers who do not hold the belief that only that is great music which they cannot understand at all. Nobody can miss the five-noted figure (a, B flat, c, d, c) that bubbles up continually during the work, and the gloom that is in parts of the overture is not too overwhelming to remain attractive.

The impressive orchestral trills were well given, and the triumphant end, well punctuated with kettle drum, was as powerful as lungs and bows could make it. The horns and trumpets had some work to do at a furious pace, but they achieved the perilous passages without a break.

It is impossible to read anything new into Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It came after the three diverse modern styles chronicled above, with a power that proved that some points of formal classical music are unapproachable even by the roar of modern license, and remain imperishable. Every detail of the four movements was well brought out although the Finale was whipped up to very great speed. The contra-basses deserve especial mention for their work in the Scherzo, which they gave clearly, although it borders upon the impossible. The variations of the second movement and the Trio of the third were especially well-done by the strings, but we have come to recognize that our string orchestra is almost super-human in all matters of ensemble and shading and technique. At the reprise of themes in the first movement Mr. Fiedler dallied somewhat with the tempi, in a new and very "adagio" manner. It was a keen pleasure to see the audience burst into great enthusiasm at the end of the second and fourth movements. After all Beethoven is not abolished yet!

STRAUSS WORK BY SYMPHONY

Post-McK. 11
Early Tone Poem "Macbeth" Feature of Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

A curious audience gathered yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra's first performance of Richard Strauss' early tone poem, "Macbeth," and the remainder of a programme of more than ordinary interest.

"Macbeth" was composed in 1886-7. It has been played in this country in Chicago in 1901 and 1906. It was the first of the great orchestral works in which Strauss gave free rein to what was within him. The score is dedicated to Alexander Ritter, who was the friend and the guide of Strauss' eager youth, whose influence upon the composer "was in the nature of a stormwind." Through Ritter Strauss first became aware of his modernity.

Wild and Tempestuous

It may be said that in his most advanced music, Strauss has never written more extravagantly than in this early work, this wild and tempestuous upheaval, inspired by the play of Shakspeare. Already the musical anarchy is abroad.

The scoring is usually of extreme brilliancy, though there is a certain thickness, over-solidity, not characteristic of the later Strauss. There is felt the influence of Brahms, and in a smaller degree, Wagner. There is over-development of material. Yet the sheer audacity of the piece is breath taking, and Strauss, in his first symphonic poem, has taken a prodigious leap from the orchestral composition which preceded the F minor symphony.

He writes with headlong vigor. One can fairly feel the shaking off of the shackles of classicism, with a splendid, all-conquering fury. "Macbeth," at a jump, is almost a full-fledged symphonic poem. Here and there, perhaps, the composer feels it necessary to construct after the scholastic manner. He uses too many notes, but this copiousness is the effervescence of a torrential temperament and a technic already stupendous. Even now Strauss' orchestral virtuosity is seen to be a vehicle, not an end. He is an adept, a tyrant with his tools in the shaping and the disintegration of his musical phrases. Take the theme which is marked "Macbeth." It is the thought of a man who has learned rules to break them, and the theme with the quotation from Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, after reading of the letter in the first act, is also very original in the tonality.

Music Becomes Apoplectic

More conventional, and after the Brahms manner, is the singing melody given to the flute and the strings, with an arpeggiated accompaniment. Strauss

takes these themes, and the fine militant phrase of the opening, which was hurled out like a defiance of heaven and its hosts, throws them into his witches' caldron, and brews. What a brew! At times the music becomes almost apoplectic, as if the orchestra would explode from inside with excess of volcanic energy. There are splendid incisive passages, and there are noble pages of noble vision that foretell the composer of "Tod und Verklarung." This is particularly so at the end, which is stirringly suggestive of death and the pomp of departure.

The tone-poem was applauded, but it was evident that the majority had applauded that ebullition as one might praise a roaring express train, seen approaching and then departing. The three movements which compose the suite that Faure arranged from his incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" followed—twilight music of the most exquisite beauty and simplicity. Faure wrote music, presumably, only when music was inevitable as the intensification of a mood—music that might well echo through the silences of that singular drama.

Ends With Beethoven

Still more pleasure, it seemed, was taken in the performance of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. A little of this overture is now felt to be commonplace, but for the rest there is the most gorgeous, exotic, yet naive tone-painting. In this overture Goldmark stands near the great Russian, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the purple and gold of his scoring does not fade.

Mr. Fiedler concluded the concert with a fine performance of the Beethoven 5th symphony. The tone of the orchestra was often very rough in the course of the afternoon, but the concluding performance of the symphony left little to be desired. And the work of Beethoven jutted out like a great rock that dwarfed much of what had gone before.

STRAUSS' "MACBETH" His Earliest Tone Poem Is Played First Time Here.

More Psychologic Than Pictorial in Material and Development.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Strauss, "Macbeth," tone-poem op 23, after Shakspeare's drama, first time in Boston; Faure, suite "Pelleas

and Melisande"; Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala"; Beethoven, 5th symphony.

Performances of Strauss' early tone-poem, "Macbeth," have been strangely infrequent in this country. It was played for the first time in America by what was then the Chicago orchestra, when Theodore Thomas was conductor, Oct 25, 26, 1901. It was played by the same organization, known then as the Theodore Thomas orchestra, Frederick Stock conductor, at the concerts Oct 12, 13, 1906.

For a youth of 22, who had not long since began to give his style a wider tether than the fixed form of classic models to which he adhered might allow—for Strauss was reared upon Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—this is a work laid out on a large scale, revealing subtlety and penetration in analysis, discrimination in the choice and rejection of subject matter, logic and a sense of proportion in its development, and even at that time a prophecy of the colossal technic and amazing fertility of invention which were to come to their full flower in the later works.

Meager Suggestion of Program.

Strauss, in this instance, as he has done in all the other tone-poems which followed, gave but meager suggestion of a "program." He wrote the name of Macbeth over one theme and over another the quotation beginning "Hie thee hither" from act 1, scene 1 of Shakspeare's drama, what he has left undone, others have undertaken, and the work has not lacked for analysts who would dissect and divulge its scheme.

Heard even as absolute music there is the suggestion of grim, tragic conflict. There is the rude shock of contending forces, of ruthless onslaught; it might be between opposing legions or perhaps the evil and good in a strong man's soul.

What is "Macbeth" but the latter? The force of Shakspeare's tragedy has been questioned when it was compared with "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello." The true tragic hero is a great man, great because of various sources of power inherent within him, but with a moral nature pregnable through one weakness.

Macbeth is emphatically such a one. A common and reasonable interpretation of the drama makes the witches merely the theatrical and visible manifestation of the ambitious strivings of Macbeth's own soul.

The past tense in certain lines by Lady Macbeth shows that her lord had long cherished royal ambitions, even before the fateful and enkindling prophecy of the weird sisters.

Lady Macbeth Theme.

Strauss has indicated no other characters than Macbeth and his wife. There is no apparent narrative in tones of the murder of Banquo or of the king, and there is no assured reference to the witches. However, it would be interesting to know the significance of the uncanny, eerie, well-nigh ghastly color of woodwind with which the composer returns to the resolute, unrestrainable, upmounting theme emblematic of Macbeth's ambition, first announced in the beginning of the work. It is developed with the

suggestion of a ruthless struggle. Lady Macbeth is introduced in a theme in the wood wind which breathes a strange and compelling fascination, and Strauss considers her not as a shrew nor as wholly lacking the attributes of her sex, but as a woman of philosophical and shrewd calculation and of great will.

Macbeth's love for his wife is represented by what seems the weakest thematic material of the work. Then, it is, after these forces have been pictured in the soul of the hero—his overleaping ambition and his affection for his spouse, although the drama makes him regard her with disquietude rather than with passion—that the composer, by the subtle use of a harrowing yet alluring color in Macbeth's theme, seems to introduce a new factor into his consciousness. It may have been the prophecy of the witches, which is Shakspeare's starting point for his drama and its motive force.

Compact and Consistent.

Strauss then resumed the struggle with greater desperation. There is again recurrence to the syncopated and expressive theme of irresolution which is always surmounted or routed by the vigilant and grimly persistent theme of the hero.

These germinal ideas are melodic rather than rhythmic and foreshadow the marvelous gift for keen characterization by guiding motives which was to mark the later tone poems.

The work is compact and consistent because of the congruity of material. Strauss has kept to the psychological struggle of moral forces within Macbeth's soul, and apparently has not emerged to the surface to depict the physical acts of violence to which they led in the drama.

The work evidently suffered from lack of rehearsal. The performance revealed roughness, particularly in the brass, which is not characteristic of this orchestra.

Faure's exquisite music of poesy and tragedy was played by the orchestra with fine appreciation.

Mr. Fiedler gave an effective reading of the Beethoven and was recalled. There will be no orchestral concerts here next week.

SYMPHONY IN 19TH REHEARSAL

Strauss's Tone Poem "Macbeth" Is Played for First Time in Boston.

THE WORK IS TEMPESTUOUS

Little Appreciated as a Concert Piece—Rest of Program Well Received.

March 18, 1911

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was no soloist. The program was as follows:

Tone poem "Macbeth".....R. Strauss
Suite from stage music for "Pelleas and Melisande".....G. Faure
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven

Richard Strauss's "Macbeth" was played for the first time in Boston. It was first played in the United States at Chicago under Theodore Thomas's direction in 1901, and there was another performance in Chicago about five years ago. The tone poem has never been a favorite concert piece, and it seldom appears on a European program. There are some who say that Strauss himself is vexed because it is not appreciated. This may or may not be true. Composers, like poets, novelists, and parents, are not always sound and discriminative judges of their own works.

"Macbeth" is the first of the series of tone poems by Strauss. It was composed before "Don Juan," although it bears a later opus number, and at Munich, in 1886-87, when Strauss was an assistant conductor. It was revised at Weimar, where it was first performed, under the composer's direction, in October, 1890. He had been brought up in a rigorous school, and nourished on Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Later he became acquainted with the music of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms.

It was through Alexander Ritter that he was led to the knowledge of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, and he dedicated to Ritter this "Macbeth," which is the first of his peculiarly characteristic works; for "Aus Italien," composed in 1888, is a mixture of the old and new styles. There are some who find in "Macbeth" rather than in "Don Juan" the Strauss of the latest compositions. I cannot agree with them. "Don Juan" is more brilliant and audacious; more sensuous, more imaginative and dramatically emotional. It may be said that this is so on account of the subject. It might more justly be said that it is by reason of the treatment.

Strauss gives no "program" to his music; but he writes "Macbeth" over

his first and chief motive, and this quotation from Lady Macbeth's first soliloquy is published in the score as a commentary on another theme which has an important part in the development of the composition:

He thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

But the professional analyzers have been busy. Dr. Seidl informs us that Strauss's subject is the madness of relentless cruelty; that this poetry is "strong, ruthless, incisive"; that it is "psychological" music, not narrative. Mr. Hermann Teibler has gone still further; he has written a pamphlet in which the reader is told what every page of the composition "means"; thus, a certain progression of quarter notes and leaps for strings, clarinets and oboes represent respectively the hero's "heroic determination and his cruelty"; a motive for other instruments is "characteristic of soul torturing conflict," etc., etc. Sunbeams from cucumbers; and the crop of cucumbers grows larger each year!

There is nothing in the music that suggests the three witches, the ghost of Banquo, the apparitions, the sleep-walking scene. There is no music that can be called descriptive or panoramic. The composer evidently intended to portray in music Macbeth's character and the influence of his wife over him. This may be reasonably inferred from his own indications.

The performance yesterday did not allow full understanding of the music. There were passages that evidently needed more rehearsal, as in the march movement. A work like this even when it is performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra demands more diligent preparation. Mr. Fiedler's unfortunate habit of exaggerating the pace of any allegro, however the word allegro may be modified, too often brought unsteadiness and confusion. Passages that should have been clear were almost smeared, and the character of the musical thought was not respected. Mr. Fiedler, like Job's horse, saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha." He is inclined to goad his brass to madness, and Mr. Kloeppel, the admirable first trumpeter, has been out of the orchestra for some time on account of sickness.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether an ideal performance would induce the hearer to believe in the inherent greatness of the work. That "Macbeth" has been neglected by conductors is not inexplicable, for as a whole this music is sombre without great significance, and its coloring is monochromatic. The chief themes have not a distinguished profile; that given to Lady Macbeth, for example, is singularly inexpressive. The very robustness of the music—for "Macbeth" is robust rather than robust—becomes monotonous and

depressing. Only at the end, in the final measure, the funeral speech, do we recognize the later Strauss in his glory.

The performance of the other works gave much pleasure to the audience, especially that of Goldmark's overture and the second movement of the symphony; yet to some the feature of the concert was the opportunity of hearing again the exquisite music of Gabriel Faure to Maeterlinck's tragedy, for Debussy is not the only one who has expressed the strange melancholy with which "Pelleas and Melisande" is charged.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the concerts on March 31 and April 1 will include Enesco's Suite for orchestra (first time in Boston); Tchaikowsky's violin concerto (played by Miss Kathleen Parlow), and Schumann's symphony in D minor.

Miss Carolina White will sing airs from Catalan's "La Walla" and Boito's "Mefistofele" at the concerts of April 7 and 8.

There will be one other soloist this season, Mme. Rider-Kersey, soprano.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

YOUTHFUL STRAUSS AND PLAYFUL DONIZETTI

Strauss's "Macbeth," for the First Time Here, at the Symphony Concert—A Curiosity of Young Strength—Faure's Underservedly Neglected Music to "Pelleas and Melisande"—Beethoven and Mr. Fiedler—The Pleasures of "Don Pasquale" as Fore-Piece to the Russian Dancers

BY report Strauss has long regarded "Macbeth" as the hapless and neglected child among his tone-poems. It was the first piece that he wrote in the species when he was barely twenty-three. In a few years it was performed and applauded in sundry German cities. Meanwhile he was writing other, more interesting and more mature tone-poems that quickly displaced "Macbeth." It fell out of orchestral repertoires; it lay on the shelf while conductors, the world over, were making speed to play its successors. It became "early Strauss" and it began to be treated as a curiosity. When conductors do play it, Strauss has complained, they spend no such pains upon it as they do upon "Zarathustra" or "Don Quixote." Therefore he repines and cherishes "Macbeth" only the more. Yet, as some prying cynics have noted, he does not include the piece in concerts of his music at which he himself conducts.

These auguries were fulfilled at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon when

"Macbeth" was played for the first time in Boston or anywhere in America outside Chicago, where Theodore Thomas in the nineties discovered the piece. Mr. Fiedler had undertaken to rehearse it in three days, and the preparation had seemingly proved more exacting than he anticipated. The orchestra was plainly insecure in the music; it slipped audibly in the march; it fell into roughnesses of tone beyond even the roughness that Strauss is often seeking. The conductor himself was in none too good case. Time and again, when Strauss is most intricate in the other tone-poems, Mr. Fiedler has made the structure and the purely musical contents transparently clear, while at the same time he has abated not a whit of the delineative, the characterizing, the dramatizing, the dramatic and the emotional purport. Now, "Macbeth," like all of Strauss's earlier tone-poems, is a masterful union of musical development and expressive significance. The musical structure is irreproachable; yet at every turn the music fulfils Strauss's "programmatic" design. Mr. Fiedler failed on both scores. He blurred the music as music; he did not discover much that it is easy to believe it would impart. Moreover, as is usual with the conductor, when he is not at ease with himself, his music and his band, excess came upon him. He over-spiced; he over-emphasized; he was content with mere vehemence of pace and sound. The whole piece seemed clouded.

It is difficult to characterize "Macbeth" heard in such circumstance. Strauss has not attempted to follow the course of Shakespeare's tragedy or to suggest particular scenes in it. He has ignored all Scottish suggestion; he is concerned with nothing in the play but Macbeth and, as incidental foil to him, Lady Macbeth. Macbeth is a rude warrior in a rude time; he is a strong man, loving power, consumed by ambition. Yet he is sensitive, too; he can be irresolute; he can fall into wild frenzies; he cherishes his wife, and her affection for him can play upon him. All this Strauss tries to suggest in his musical ideas and in the development, contrast and combination of them. After a few measures of introductory tumult Macbeth strides upon the musical scene, but with no such impression of an individualized and vivid figure in tones that the similar introduction of Don Juan and the Hero of "Heldenleben" yield. At due interval comes the warmer and gentler suggestion of Lady Macbeth. There is sinister music for the Macbeth consumed by scrupulous ambition; frenzied music for the Macbeth torn by fear and remorse; wild music for the Macbeth who would wreak his fury upon whatever object is nearest to him; softened music, as of Lady Macbeth, comforting yet goading, and a curious end that is as meditative lament for the dead warrior. He has worn himself out upon the tortures of his own spirit; the tragedy shall close in pity. The pervading atmosphere is sombre, ruthless, tumultuous.

The trumpets scream; the wood-winds are hollow-voiced; the strings are sharp. Until the tranquil close it is wild music.

In spite of Strauss, the interest of "Macbeth," after twenty-five years, is an interest of curiosity. The music of the tone-poem spurs to wonder that at twenty-three Strauss could have written with such command of his means, such assurance of power and pifancy. Already he is master of his chosen form. He can invent his musical ideas significantly of the character, and of the moods and the traits he can suggest. Out of these ideas, he can write music that evolves itself out of itself, that nowhere seems arbitrary or forced; and that yet follows exactly the course that he has set for it; that summons the atmosphere in which he would clothe it. Already he can combine and contrast his musical ideas in a closely-knit and clearly suggestive polyphony. Already he is searching out and utilizing his resources of instrumental color. Already he can fuse all his means to the desired end. "Macbeth" is a youthful tour de force. A maturer Strauss would not be so unrelievably sombre, so insistently strenuous, so resolutely wild. He would have given the music more varied and less persistently clanging voice. Yet, even then, he had the vitality that to this day drives "Macbeth" home. The tone-poem interests, holds stirs. The listener sits before it as he might sit before the exercises of some sinewy musical athlete who is conscious of the fulness and the suppleness of his strength, and who rejoices in all that he may accomplish with it. Perhaps the music of "Macbeth" is a little inhuman music. It is evidently made out of a mind resolved to its task as to a feat. It is not sensuous. It lacks the humanity, the passion, the exaltation that were to come.

The rest of the concert traversed familiar ground. By this time, Debussy's opera, "Pelléas and Mélisande" has become so completely the accepted musical vesture for Maeterlinck's play that the incidental music of Fauré to the piece has fallen into undeserved neglect. Mr. Fiedler revived it yesterday, and the orchestra played with due beauty of subdued tone and finesse of phrase. In a sense, it was easy to differentiate it from Debussy's. The opera follows the drama in its minutest course; it would read out of the hearts and the minds of the personages what they may not or dare not speak, and the sum of these reiterated whisperings shall make its atmospheric quality. Fauré is concerned only with the general mood and mystery of the play. He approaches it as a piece of the theatre. Therefore he makes his music readily and wholly understandable; it has even its moments of obvious effect. He writes simply, he uses subdued instrumental colors; he seeks tenderness. His music is less of Maeterlinck's drama than of the moods it awakes in the spec-

tators. It is written as though it would hold them within the play, while the curtain is lowered, or prepare them in momentary pause for the speech or the incident that is to come. It is incidental music sublimated.

Thus far in the concert, the audience had listened with decorous interest and decorous applause. It had its unfeigned joy of all the rest—of Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala" and of Beethoven's fifth symphony. It applauded the conductor at every pause, and after the overture, he called the band to its feet as part and parcel of its deservings. Goldmark's music holds its own well; and it is hard to believe that it was written in the sixties. It is still lush music, rich in melody, though it is a little saccharine, warmly colored, of a certain richness, with a touch of display in it. It never puzzles; it is never austere, never mysterious. The ear sinks deep into it. As hitherto this winter with Beethoven, Mr. Fiedler manipulated the fifth symphony little and so kept it in its own sufficient eloquence. The admiring Berlioz could not have complained of the transition from the scherzo to the finale. It was mysterious, expectant, thrilling when the due moment came. Mr. Fiedler had his joy of the rushing tumults of the finale; he emphasized to his heart's content the reiterated phrase of the slow movement; he spared not a contrast of the first allegro. His clarity opened Beethoven's music. His emphases were usually of it.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES NOTABLE PROGRAM

Journal

Boston heard for the first time, at yesterday's Symphony matinee, the "Macbeth" tone poem by Richard Strauss. It is the oldest of these famous tone poems, having been written twenty-five years ago, after the composer's epoch-marking Italian journey. Although the tone poem, "Don Juan," bears a younger number, "Macbeth" is the oldest of all, and it is the last to be performed here. "Death and Transfiguration" and "A Hero Life" were heard earlier in the season, and not for the first time; while "Don Juan," which has enjoyed the largest number of performances, was last given at the beginning of the season of 1909-10.

"Macbeth," like the symphonic fantasia, "Aus Italien," which preceded it, reveals the transition period of Strauss's career as a composer. It has both the melodic charm that von Bue-

low admired so much and the rude, weird power that characterizes Strauss's later compositions. The performance yesterday lacked the virtuoso assurance that usually distinguishes the playing of the Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, to do the work and the orchestra justice, might repeat "Macbeth" before the season is over.

The orchestra was at its grandest in the fifth Beethoven symphony, which was last performed here when the glorious work reached its centennial celebration, in December, 1908. Mr. Fiedler, conducting without a score, brought out all the varied beauties of the classic composition with loving care. The third movement, with its wonderful colorings, was especially enjoyed by the usual large matinee audience. But the performance was splendid, as a whole.

The suite taken from the music that Gabriel Faure wrote for the Maeterlinck play, "Pelléas and Mélisande," and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture complete this week's program, which is remarkable for the fact that three of the four composers represented in it are still in the land of the living.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Richard Strauss's "Macbeth," which Mr. Fiedler has long promised to perform here in Boston, will be the novelty of the program for Friday afternoon, the 17th, and Saturday evening, the 18th. This is the only tone poem of Strauss which has yet to be heard in Boston. It was played on Oct. 26, 1901, by the Chicago orchestra under Theodore Thomas. The work has no explanation or guide aside from the word "Macbeth" written over one of its themes and later over another theme the words "Lady Macbeth" and a quotation from the tragedy. It was written in 1887, and although its opus number is 23 and is later than that of "Don Juan," which is 20, it was written a year before the latter.

Another interesting number on the program will be Gabriel Faure's suite, "Pelléas and Mélisande," incidental music written by him from Maeterlinck's play of the same name and preceding by some years Debussy's opera. It was first performed in Boston at a concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra. The other numbers will be Goldmark's overture, "Sakuntala" and Beethoven's symphony in C-minor.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

MACBETH is the overlooked and neglected tone-poem of Strauss. Nowadays—or indeed at any other time—it is rarely performed anywhere, and in all probability it has not been heard in America since the Chicago Orchestra played it in Theodore Thomas's time. Yet Strauss, by report, cherishes it and Mr. Fiedler thinks so well of it that for two seasons he has purposed to make it known here. Accordingly he has made it the first number on his programme for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Written

In 1887, Strauss's tone-poems; but he did not publish it until three years later he had revised the music. Mr. Newman, in his monograph on Strauss, praises the piece. "Macbeth," he says, "is all psychology and no action. . . . Strauss makes no attempt whatever to cover the whole ground of Shakspeare's drama; no other character is introduced but Lady Macbeth, and she is really kept in the background of the picture while absolutely nothing 'happens,' not even the murder of the king. The whole drama is enacted in the soul of Macbeth; apart from the comparatively few bars that depict his wife, the score is entirely concerned with the internal conflict of the three main elements of his character—his ambitious pride, his irresolution, and his love for Lady Macbeth. There is nothing here that is not pure 'stuff for music,' as Wagner would have said. The musical texture of the work is extraordinarily strong and well-wrought; already the young man of twenty-two makes Liszt seem like an amateur in comparison. For the first time in the history of the symphonic poem, in fact, a musical brain of the best kind, endlessly fertile in ideas and with a masterly technique, is cultivating the form. The score, youthful as it is, already shows the rich polyphonic structure that is characteristic of Strauss, and beside which the homophonic, lyrical style of Liszt seems decidedly thin." The remaining items of the programme are the Suite that Fauré arranged from his incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande," unduly neglected nowadays beside Debussy's opera Goldmark's glowing Oriental overture, "Sakuntala"; and Beethoven's fifth Symphony which better suits Mr. Fiedler's love of orchestral eloquence than some of the rest. *Trans. M. H. 11, 1911*

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Sun March 11
Anton Wittek Plays the D Major Concerto of Paganini at Last Matinee.

The final matinee concert of the regular series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The record of the season closed with the "house sold out," words ever dear to the heart of the manager of public entertainments. The programme was changed at the last moment because of the pernicious activity of grip. Alwin Schroder, the cellist, was to have played Tchaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," but the common winter and spring enemy of mankind laid hands upon him and he was compelled to give up his opportunity to appear once more before his New York admirers.

Fortunately the orchestra was able to supply an acceptable substitute in Anton Wittek, the concert master, who was the solo performer on Thursday night. He chose for yesterday afternoon the familiar concerto in D major of Paganini, dear to violinists because of the opportunities it provides for display of tone and technic.

Mr. Wittek's playing had noteworthy features, though there were moments of uncertain intonation in the passages in double stops.

The orchestral numbers were the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyl" and Beethoven's fifth symphony. It is hardly necessary to make note of the fact that these numbers were played with beauty of tone and with excellence of ensemble. It may be added, however, that Mr. Fiedler's reading of the prelude suggested victory for the rules of the Mastersingers rather than for the progressive and romantic ideas introduced by Walter and received with joy by Hans Sachs.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

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| GEORGES ENESCO, | SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9 (First time in Boston) |
| TSCHAIKOWSKY, | CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, No. 2 |
| SCHUMANN, | SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120 |

Soloist:

KATHLEEN PARLOW

In 1887 "Macbeth" is chronologically the first of Strauss's tone-poems; but he did not publish it until three years later he had revised the music. Mr. Newman, in his monograph on Strauss, praises the piece. "Macbeth," he says, "is all psychology and no action. . . . Strauss makes no attempt whatever to cover the whole ground of Shakespeare's drama; no other character is introduced but Lady Macbeth, and she is really kept in the background of the picture while absolutely nothing 'happens,' not even the murder of the king. The whole drama is enacted in the soul of Macbeth; apart from the comparatively few bars that depict his wife, the score is entirely concerned with the internal conflict of the three main elements of his character—his ambitious pride, his irresolution, and his love for Lady Macbeth. There is nothing here that is not pure 'stuff for music,' as Wagner would have said. The musical texture of the work is extraordinarily strong and well-wrought; already the young man of twenty-two makes Liszt seem like an amateur in comparison. For the first time in the history of the symphonic poem, in fact, a musical brain of the best kind, endlessly fertile in ideas and with a masterly technique, is cultivating the form. The score, youthful as it is, already shows the rich polyphonic structure that is characteristic of Strauss, and beside which the homophonic, lyrical style of Liszt seems decidedly thin." The remaining items of the programme are the Suite that Fauré arranged from his incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande," unduly neglected nowadays beside Debussy's opera Goldmark's glowing Oriental overture, "Sakuntala"; and Beethoven's fifth Symphony which better suits Mr. Fiedler's love of orchestral eloquence than some of the rest. *Trans. M.W. 11, 1911*

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Sum. May 26 '11
Anton Witek Plays the D Major Concerto of Paganini at Last Matinee.

The final matinée concert of the regular series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The record of the season closed with the "house sold out," words ever dear to the heart of the manager of public entertainments. The programme was changed at the last moment because of the pernicious activity of grip. Alwin Schroder, the 'cellist, was to have played Tchaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," but the common winter and spring enemy of mankind laid hands upon him and he was compelled to give up his opportunity to appear once more before his New York admirers.

Fortunately the orchestra was able to supply an acceptable substitute in Anton Witek, the concert master, who was the solo performer on Thursday night. He chose for yesterday afternoon the familiar concerto in D major of Paganini, dear to violinists because of the opportunities it provides for display of tone and technic.

Mr. Witek's playing had noteworthy features, though there were moments of uncertain intonation in the passages in double stops.

The orchestral numbers were the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyl" and Beethoven's fifth symphony. It is hardly necessary to make note of the fact that these numbers were played with beauty of tone and with excellence of ensemble. It may be added, however, that Mr. Fiedler's reading of the prelude suggested victory for the rules of the Mastersingers rather than for the progressive and romantic ideas introduced by *Walter* and received with joy by *Hans Sachs*.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

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|-----------------|--|
| GEORGES ENESCO, | SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9 (First time in Boston) |
| TSCHAIKOWSKY, | CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, No. 2 |
| SCHUMANN, | SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120 |

Soloist:

KATHLEEN PARLOW

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

ENESCO,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

- I. Prelude a l'unisson
- II. Minuet lent
- III. Intermede
- IV. Final

(First time in Boston)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D major, op. 35

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Canzonetta: Andante
- III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120

- I. Ziemlich langsam; Lebhaft
 - II. Romanze: Ziemlich langsam
 - III. Scherzo: Lebhaft; Trio
 - IV. Langsam; Lebhaft
- } Without pause

Soloist:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

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Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW, violinist, was born at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, in 1890. Her mother, born in New Brunswick, played the violin. Miss Parlow's parents moved to California when she was five years old. She studied in San Francisco with Mr. Conrad of that city for five years and for a similar period with Henry Holmes. Her first performance in public in San Francisco was at the age of six years.

In 1905 Miss Parlow went to London, and gave a recital on March 23, 1905. On November 1, 1905, she played with the London Symphony Orchestra, and in that year she was commanded to play before the queen. Feeling the need of further study, Miss Parlow took lessons of Leopold Auer for eighteen months. In the course of this period she played in public at Helsingfors and Riga. In July, 1907, she was chosen to play at the Russian concert conducted by Glazounoff at the International Musical Festival held at Ostend. In November, 1907, she began an extensive tour of Northern Europe. She has since that year led the life of a virtuoso.

Her first appearance in the United States since 1905 was on December 1, 1910, with the Russian Symphony Society, when she played Tschai-kowsky's concerto.



KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Violinist, who plays with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow evening, in Symphony Hall.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, will play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, appearing for the first time in this city. No violinist since Elman first came to America appears to have made a more striking impression wherever she has played than Miss Parlow. She is to play the Tschalkowsky concerto. The other numbers on the programme comprise a suite by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian composer, which will be heard here for the first time, and Schumann's symphony No. 4 in D-minor. The programme will be repeated, as usual, tomorrow evening. The public sale of seats for the second of the season's concerts in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony will open at the box office, Symphony Hall, tomorrow morning. As already announced the soloist will be Josef Hofmann, who will play Beethoven's concerto in G-major No. 4, and the second half of the programme will be devoted entirely to Wagner.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans — Apr. 1, 1911

AN AFTERNOON OF VARIEGATED DISCOVERIES

Enesco for a New Composer, Miss Parlow for a New Violinist and a Symphony Without Pause — Schumann's "Bridal Song" and the Magniloquent Mr. Fiedler — The Curious Enesco and His Puzzling Suite — Miss Parlow's Remarkable Accomplishments as a Violinist and in Music Rather Alien to Her Mind and Temperament

THE Symphony Concert of yesterday was a concert of discoveries. For the first time an orchestral piece by Georges Enesco, a rising Parisian composer, was performed here by professional musicians. For the first time, Miss Kathleen Parlow, the violinist, acclaimed for months past in other cities, played here; while for rare occasions Mr. Fiedler made no pauses in the chosen symphony, Schumann's in D minor and yet held the attention of his audience unflaggingly. Usually Mr. Fiedler puts an overture on his programmes and often they contain a short "middle piece." There was neither overture nor fragment yesterday, and the austere souls of Vienna or of Leipzig might have approved the conductor's scheme—a suite, a concerto and a symphony. Doubtless they would have resented the suite, since a relatively unknown Parisian composer wrote it, and Teutonic ears have never been much gladdened by Tschalkowsky's concerto for violin. There might be even a suspicion that Bostonian ears have heard it for the present quite as often as they desire, since it has now been played for three successive seasons. Beethoven and Brahms, Mendelssohn and Dvorak, Lalo and Tschalkowsky made the round of concertos that the virtuosi of the violin patiently traverse. Four of them have been played at the Symphony Concerts this very season. Are there no others that are worth the playing, even if they are not "classic masterpieces?" It is easy to suspect that there are, and reports, unconfirmed by actual performances hereabouts, indicate that living composers do now and then write for the violin.

The purists—to return to them—would have had their fullest joy of Schumann's symphony, played, as the composer intended, without pause, but played also with an insistently robust voice that might a little have surprised him. Schumann, as every one knows, was a romantic composer, and so perhaps the romantically minded listeners and commentators have the truer insight into his music. According to them this symphony in D minor is Schumann's bridal song—music that he wrote in the

first happiness of his union with Clara Wieck, and in a rapturous excitement of creation that made him quite heedless of what the academic might think of the form and the details of his music. Listen, those romantic interpreters say, and hear in the introduction to the first movement the warm and tender voice of Schumann's affection; then, in the main body of the movement his exultation in his happiness; next in the "Romance," a return to his affectionate musing; again in the Scherzo the bright flow of life for him in these sunlit years; and in the finale, the mood of exultation again, the voice, almost, of a new power. The symphony has what we should call nowadays a "cyclic" character and Schumann is surprisingly adept in the transference and the variation of his melodic material from movement to movement. Behold, say these interpreters, the musical form imaginatively and ingeniously adapted to the turning from one face to another of his happiness.

All this "programme-making" in the larger sense is interesting and plausible; unmistakably the music is touched with a very personal emotion; and we should not be the prying children of our own time that we are, did we not try to search it out and label it. On the other hand, if Schumann was writing his bridal song in this symphony and writing it so personally, did he quite intend so vigorous a performance as Mr. Fiedler accomplished yesterday. The conductor was very sonorous, very eloquent. The first movement went in large exuberances of tone and the fourth was yet more energetic. The "Romance" was drenched in sentiment and then wrung out for the public ear; the Scherzo had like impassioned voice. Mr. Fiedler was conducting to the hilt, laying on and sparing not, missing not an emphasis, a transition, a contrast, discovering them even, moulding, modulating, brightening and darkening. Evidently Schumann had mounted to the house-top and was crying the moods of his happiness to all Germany. Now it is possible, in imagination, to hear the symphony with as intense and glowing, yet with much softer and more intimate voice. Listen to some of the phrases, some of the modulations, some of the rhythmic inflections in it, and they seem almost of the secret speech of Schumann's romantic heart.

These new Parisian composers, though they live and work in a socialistic time, are a perversely individualistic folk; and Enesco, by the token of his Suite, obstinately refuses to be classified, though every right-minded Frenchman ought to fall unresistingly into his particular category. But then, though Enesco has lived all his adult years in Paris, he is Roumanian by birth, and hints of the folk-tunes of his race may be found, by the few who know them, in his music. His Suite, since it affects academic austerity of form under more or less modern treatment, bears him toward Roger Ducasse and other young

Frenchmen who like this sort of paradoxical musical exercise. He is no ultra-modern juggler with strange and dissonant harmonies and exotic progressions; the whole-tone scale does not haunt him. Yet he is aware that such things be, and he is quite willing to borrow an interval or a modulation from them. At the beginning of the Suite, he seems to be seeking a large and austere eloquence. In the two middle movements, he seems all for subdued and suggestive expression, for atmospheric music as the contemporary Frenchmen write it. Again, in the finale, he has an exotic, a bizarre strain. Sometimes, he is deliberately simple. Again he is curiously complex. Sometimes his utterance is naked candor; again it is reticence itself. He does not seek thick, rich, blazing instrumental colors. He likes a cool, clear middle-grayness, into which suddenly, as with the brass in his finale, he will let a great flash of flaring color. Seemingly, Enesco hears the music of his fellow composers in Paris, and then writes his own. He is of none of their multifarious "chapels."

The Suite begins with a Prelude for the string choirs. They play a deep-voiced melody in stark unison, with bolder and bolder reiterations and fuller and fuller intensities. It compels the hearer to heed; it commands by a kind of astringent and uncompromising power. Its monotony impresses rather than wearies, and the ultimate sweeps of the kettle-drum over it only emphasize its nakedness. The melody dies; there is a moment of delicate transition, and the Suite proceeds in a "slow minuet." Enesco might have called it almost a "chanted minuet." The melodic ideas, ill suggested as they are by the violin and the violoncello, have their flavor of the eighteenth century. The formal course of the music is now grave and stately even to monotony. Again it seems willed and artificial contrivance. The music almost chants itself; yet upon it are woven the embroidery of very modern harmonies and the suggestion of very modern and very fine strokes of instrumental color. It is as though Enesco would write a minuet as an eighteenth century composer might have written it in a dream of the ways of music-making in the twentieth. An intermezzo grave of mood, but curiously reiterating scattered musical thoughts that Enesco never quite concentrates or correlates, prepares the way for a finale that again runs monotonously and monochromatically, except as sudden flares of different instruments, and fitful changes of rhythm and tonality break it. There is nothing archaic in this music. It is exotic, as contemporary music would be when it seeks strange climes. The listener suspects Roumania.

There are no mysteries about Miss Parlow. She is a very accomplished, a very re-

markable violinist, who had ill chosen the concerto that she played yesterday. She is indeed ingratiating to see—a very tall and slender young woman, who has just passed her twenty-first year, with a face that a little recalls those of the women of pre-Raphaelite pictures, with the long, elastic hands that are sometimes the mark of violinists, with a body that she keeps in perfect poise. Her "platform manner," as the parsons call it, is irreproachable. It is quietness itself; she neither sways to right and left, nor upturns her eyes to the heavens—or the ceiling. She has not a trick of manner; whatever excitement may be burning in her she hides under seeming calm; she would impose her "personality" upon the audience only through her playing. She is neither confident nor timid; she is wholly and quietly absorbed in her work. She has led the life of the virtuoso, said the programme-book dutifully; but no hint of the virtuoso mars her bearing. She is a virtuosa and of the first rank in her command of the technique of the violin. Tschalkowsky has not spared his exactions in his concerto. She fulfilled them, as the player should fulfil them, so that they seemed of the natural course of the music, of the normal voice of the violin. Her bowing is large yet delicate; free yet firm, exquisitely sensitive in all things. Her harmonics, her runs, her double-stopping, all the technical dexterities that the books and the pedants like to enumerate are easily and flawlessly accomplished. Not an interval in the racking cadenza baffled her; not a detail of the intricate ornament of the first movement escaped her. Her intonation was impeccable. She did nothing that was not secure. Out of this technical mastery and above all out of this sensitive and felicitous sureness of her bowing springs a tone that is beautiful to hear. She does not force it to an undue largeness; she does not subdue it to an extraordinary fineness. It is of limpid clearness, of velvety texture, of unexaggerated and undiluted sweetness and softness, of unbroken yet pliant flow, sensitive to every gradation of force, every suggestion of color, every inflection of rhythm that she would give it. An "instrumental voice" is the conventional phrase for a certain sort of coloratura singer. By her tone Miss Parlow makes the voice of her violin a human voice in its beauty as so much ordered sound, in its expressive quality of the substance and the spirit of the music that she would utter.

Yet Tschalkowsky's concerto was not altogether the wisest choice that Miss Parlow could have made. The music disclosed, of course, the range and the ease of her technical accomplishments. It emphasized her security in all that she does. In it there was the amplest room for the beauty and the felicity of her tone, for her feeling for sustained song, for her fine sensitiveness to rhythm, for the justice of style with which she accomplishes all things. She struck white fire many times

in the bravura passages of the first movement; and she made the rhythms gleam. She conducted it, so to say, with a masterful largeness of outline and with an acute sense of detail and the place of detail. Her playing of the slow movement was of sympathetically shaded song that never lost its sustained voice in excess or carelessness of modulation. The voice indeed was less instrumental than human. Through the rhythmic whirl of the finale, through its excited iterations and reiterations, she was free and bold. The music and the performance alike thrilled. Yet from end to end of the concerto, Miss Parlow lacked, as she may well lack with her young years and her young spirit, the elementary power, the passionate heats, the strain of wildness that are surely in Tschalkowsky's music. With all its technical learning and exactions, with all its marks of the expert composer, it is the one barbaric concerto for the violin. They say that a concerto may hardly know passion and wildness, since it is a concert-piece of established form for the display of an instrument and a virtuoso. Tschalkowsky has achieved the double end, and he bids the violinist play the music with the most fiery of intensities, with the wildness that shall make much of it seem as passionate and even extravagant rhapsody. For the time Miss Parlow is of too just, too poised a mind and temperament altogether to catch his vein. She apprehends it, being of penetrating mind; but she has not yet the range and the heat of emotional response and re-creation that can express it. The concentrated continence, rare indeed in youth, that makes her playing of Beethoven's or Brahms's concerto seem of a mature violinist, limit and cool her with Tschalkowsky's.

H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Enesco's Suite Played For First Time Here.

Kathleen Parlow, Young Violiniste,

elastic effect. Yet, generally speaking, Enesco's palette is monochromatic.

The last movement is more varied in texture. There is a climax of considerable power, but it is more conveyed than spontaneous. The work throughout suffers from a barrenness of musical thought which is not concealed either by ingenuity or richness of orchestral dress. The orchestra gave no beauty and significance to passages which they did not essentially possess.

Miss Parlow's Playing. Miss Parlow is a young Canadian who studied in San Francisco, later in London, and finally with Leopold Auer in St Petersburg. It is singular that in every concerto which her teacher

Ability.

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His suite reveals qualities which one would expect in the work of a Frenchman, whether he builds a statue, writes a drama or composes a symphony. There is to be found a certain reticence and suavity of expression which at times takes on the cast of quaintness, more rarely, of elegance. There is a certain finesse and fastidiousness of interior design in the leading and coordination of parts.

Some Individuality.

In following these traits, which savor of over-refinement, the work is at times supine and monotonous because of level lines, of unrelieved orchestral color and dynamics. It would seem that the composer, as it is natural for a young man, has built his suite from a close perspective of individual pages, and has failed to estimate carefully a scale of values for the work entire.

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Of the younger contemporaneous French school, whose members have fallen more or less under the spell of Debussy, his subtleties and his musical impressionism, Enesco and Dukas are as yet the first to receive notice in America to any marked degree.

It may be said that Enesco shows attempted imitation of Debussy. His thematic and melodic profile is at no time of marked distinction, yet it has identity and a certain atmosphere. He has melodic invention, as the rather austere, boldly defined melody in unison for strings in the first movement shows. It bears the traits of a sturdy folk-tune and has unmistakable vitality. When treated throughout the movement unaccompanied, its baldness unrelieved save by a few comments from the kettle drum, there is again danger of monotony.

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When Enesco writes harmonically for his orchestra in the two ensuing movements, he betrays a limited sense of nuance and of instrumental color. The skyline is drab and unbroken. There is need for sharper contrast of outline, for a more imaginative, because at times, a more obstructed view, for alternating lights and shadows for the play of tints and demitints.

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Enesco is reputed to be a violinist and yet the result of committing the first theme of the second movement to the solo violin and solo violoncello in octaves is not fortunate to either instrument.

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Brockton School Cadets
BROCKTON, March 31—The fluency drill of the high school took place at the armory today, with a guard mount by Gerald Keith and a battalion and review, with Maj. Harold in command. Following the was dancing, the patronesses Horace A. Keith, Miss Mabel and Miss Florence Deedy.

Yet Tschalkowsky altogether the wisest low could have in closed, of course, of her technical emphasized her security. In it there was the beauty and the for her feeling for fine sensitiveness to of style with which things. She struck

Very Low Fares to California
Rock Island Lines

Tickets on sale March 10 to Call on S. L. Parrott, 283 W. St., for full information.

In the bravura passages of the first movement; and she made the rhythms gleam. She conducted it, so to say, with a masterful largeness of outline and with an acute sense of detail and the place of detail. Her playing of the slow movement was of sympathetically shaded song that never lost its sustained voice in excess or carelessness of modulation. The voice indeed was less instrumental than human. Through the rhythmic whirl of the finale, through its excited iterations and reiterations, she was free and bold. The music and the performance alike thrilled. Yet from end to end of the concerto, Miss Parlow lacked, as she may well lack with her young years and her young spirit, the elementary power, the passionate heats, the strain of wildness that are surely in Tschalkowsky's music. With all its technical learning and exactions, with all its marks of the expert composer, it is the one barbaric concerto for the violin. They say that a concerto may hardly know passion and wildness, since it is a concert-piece of established form for the display of an instrument and a virtuoso. Tschalkowsky has achieved the double end, and he bids the violinist play the music with the most fiery of intensities, with the wildness that shall make much of it seem as passionate and even extravagant rhapsody. For the time Miss Parlow is of too just, too poised a mind and temperament altogether to catch his vein. She apprehends it, being of penetrating mind; but she has not yet the range and the heat of emotional response and re-creation that can express it. The concentrated continence, rare indeed in youth, that makes her playing of Beethoven's or Brahms's concerto seem of a mature violinist, limit and cool her with Tschalkowsky's.

H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Enesco's Suite Played For First Time Here.

Kathleen Parlow, Young Violiniste, Displays Remarkable Ability.

globe — *Apr. 1, 1911*
The program at the 20th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Enesco, suite for orchestra, op. A (first time); Tschalkowsky, concerto in D major for violin, Kathleen Parlow, soloist; Schumann, symphony in D minor, No. 4, op. 20.

Enesco's suite was played for the first time in Boston. His name is strange to these programs. Of his compositions known heretofore in this city, two were brought forward by Mr. Longy, the symphonie for 10 wind instruments at a concert of the club

bearing his name, and the Roumanian Poeme as long ago as 1902 by the Orchestral club. Mr and Mrs Mannes introduced this season a sonata for violin and piano.

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In following these traits, which savor of over-refinement, the work is at times supine and monotonous because of level lines, of unrelieved orchestral color and dynamics. It would seem that the composer, as it is natural for a young man, has built his suite from a close perspective of individual pages, and has failed to estimate carefully a scale of values for the work entire.

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declined to play because of its great difficulty, although it had been dedicated to him, was the one in which she should make her American debut with the Russian symphony orchestra in New York last December, and her first appearance here.

Miss Parlow's performance was in many ways extraordinary. Her technical equipment and facility is marvelous; her musical sense keen, and her authority as an interpreter indisputable. Her playing is wholly without ostentation or display. She bears none of the prepossessing insignia of the virtuoso, but her musicianship is sincere and self-evident.

She encompassed the tremendous technical difficulties of the concerto with true mastery, not as feats for the exploitation of precocity, but the league-striding cadenza, for example, as rhapsodical flights of exalted and poetic speech.

Her appreciation of style is clearly defined. Her bowing in bravura is virile and essentially masculine; her cantilena in the slow movement was ravishing, both for its fineness and elasticity and for its boldness of nuance and its sweeping passion. Her sense of rhythm is secure and vital and would doubtless have permitted her greater liberties in rubato had the accompaniment been conducted in any degree worthy of her performance. She was applauded with great enthusiasm and recalled no less than six times.

Schumann's symphony profited in clarity and expressive power by its revision. The orchestra played it with great beauty of tone.

KATHLEEN PARLOW SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal Apr. 1, 1911
Violinist Renders Tschai-
kowsky Concerto In
Masterly Style.

One of the two young women who have proved the sensations of the season, Kathleen Parlow, the violinist, made her first appearance in Boston at the Symphony matinee yesterday. The other, Carolina White, the dramatic soprano whose old schoolmates from Allston crowded the Opera House when she sang in "The Girl of the Golden West," will be the Symphony soloist next week.

Miss Parlow—a tall girl, decidedly English in her appearance—chose the Tschalkowsky concerto in D major, one of the most difficult pieces in the violin list. It requires courage as well as talent to undertake it at all, and she

played it in masterly style. The soloist, a native of Calgary, in Western Canada, made her debut in San Francisco when she was only 6 years old. She studied at the Golden Gate and then in Russia with Leopold Auer, the famous violinist to whom the concerto was dedicated, and who declined to play it for some years on the ground that it was beyond human ability.

It is interesting to recall that another celebrated pupil of Auer, Mischa Elman, made his debut with the Symphony Orchestra in the same concerto. Maud Powell, the queen of violinists, is the only other woman besides Miss Parlow who has ventured to play the piece here.

Miss Parlow's performance, while not perfect, was powerful and at times brilliant. It revealed rare skill and understanding, a true virtuoso capacity and temperament, and it aroused great enthusiasm. It was a prodigious feat for any young violinist to perform, but only the mature artist can hope to give complete expression to so bristling and baffling a composition. The orchestral support was splendid.

Georges Enesco—a new name on Symphony programs—is represented this week by a suite for orchestra, a work whose general smoothness is interrupted in the third movement by one of the most discordant spasms ever thrust upon an unsuspecting public. It gave yesterday the strange and almost staggering impression that the orchestra had gone to pieces.

The concert closed with a suave performance of Schumann's beautiful fourth symphony.

SYMPHONY PLAYS SUITE BY ENESCO

New Work by Young Roumanian
Composer Worthy of a
Repetition.

MISS PARLOW IS VIOLINIST

Herald Apr. 1, 1911
By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows:

Suite for orchestra, op. 9.....Enesco
Concerto in D major for violin.....
Tschalkowsky

Symphony in D minor No. 4.....Schumann
Enesco's name was not unknown here before yesterday. His "Poeme Roumain" has been played here by the Orchestral Club; his symphony for wind instruments was produced by the Longy Club, and a sonata for violin and piano was played here in last December by David Mannes and his wife. The composer, now in his 30th year, has high reputation in Europe as a violinist.

A Roumanian by birth, a son of a farmer, who, although he knew that the boy was a musical prodigy, was wise and did not dream of exploiting his talent, Enesco first studied at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna and afterward at the Paris Conservatory. At each school he took first prizes. His early compositions at once won recognition. His piano quintet was played in public when he was only 16 years old, and when he was 17 his "Poeme Roumain" was performed at a Chatelet concert led by Colonne. The leading composer of Paris admired him; influential women of the nobility were his staunch friends. This season his symphony, this suite, a violin sonata and the symphony, or diction, for wind instruments, have been performed in New York. He cannot say that an opportunity has been denied him at home or abroad.

Enesco's music that had been played here did not leave a fixed impression. As a boy at Vienna, he was influenced by Brahms. In Paris he studied composition with Gabriel Faure, and associated with men who did not bow the knee to the Viennese god. In this suite there is a revelation of a personal note, decided individuality. Whether this individuality makes a strong appeal is another matter.

The first movement is a prelude in unison for strings. The monotony is somewhat dispelled by the introduction of a kettle drum. The theme itself has not a profile of great significance. This prelude leads into a minuet which is a singular compound of archaic thought and modern expression.

The chief motive, again, is not conspicuous. It does not seem at first that the announcement of it by solo violin and solo violoncello is fortunate, for the latter part of the motive is written ineffectively for the instruments; yet this was no doubt done deliberately, and, paradoxically, to gain an effect of old world character. The harmonic treatment is interesting, especially that of the middle section. The coloring is cool, but fine. The intermezzo that follows has perhaps the most character of the four movements. The finale, with its ground bass, is rather exotic in tonality. The originality of this music is perplexing. There is the form that is dear to the academicians; there are harmonies of the modern school; there is no attempt at emotional display; there is no evident desire to impress, to startle. The first movement barely escapes the reproach of dullness. The second and third interest the hearer

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at the time and are remembered. The Suite is well worthy of a repetition.

Miss Parlow, a young Canadian, studied in San Francisco and, after playing in London with great success in 1905, took lessons of Leopold Auer for a year and a half. Having gained an enviable reputation in European cities, she played in New York last December and was at once hailed as a great violinist. She has certainly commanding qualities: an unusually full and rich tone, remarkable accuracy, technique that is solid and also brilliant, a broad and authoritative style. She played yesterday afternoon with modesty, dignity, yet with a calm consciousness of her indisputable ability. She is certainly a violinist of uncommon parts. Perhaps when she is older she will put more of herself into Tschalkowsky's music and show the rarest art of an interpreter, the emotional treatment of music, the raising of it by force of the imagination to the highest level, so that the music is as though it were created anew. It is to be regretted that the orchestral accompaniment as conducted by Mr. Fiedler was pedestrian and at times slipshod. Miss Parlow was enthusiastically applauded.

Schumann's Symphony, a nobly romantic work, with pages of haunting tenderness, again gave great pleasure.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschalkowsky, "Manfred" symphony; Sgambati, "Te Deum Laudamus"; Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No. 3. Miss Carolina White will sing "Ebben? me Nandro lontana" from Catalani's "La Wally," and Marguerite's Prison Song from Boito's "Mefistofele."

KATHLEEN PARLOW'S SUCCESS

Record Apr. 1, 1911
From Louis C. Elson's Review in The Advertiser

The chief attraction of the concert yesterday afternoon was undoubtedly the young soloist, Miss Kathleen Parlow, who appeared here for the first time. Miss Parlow, although born in Canada, has lived in San Francisco long enough for us to claim her as an American. She has been a pupil of Leopold Auer, who brought forth Mischa Elman, and who is a formidable rival to Sevcik in the quality of the pupils that he is launching.

Miss Parlow, young, slender and graceful, made a good impression by her stage

presence even before she had played a note. But her performance of the Tschalkowsky concerto was something noteworthy. The work is the one which Hanslick attacked so bitterly. These fierce critical anathemas are like chickens that generally come home to roost, and one by one Hanslick's diatribes are building him an unenviable monument.

Miss Parlow gave an unwonted charm to the concerto. It is a long work, too long for what it has to say, but on this occasion it had more than usual life and power. Not that Miss Parlow's tone is as broad as that of a Mischa Elman, but it is of such a sympathetic quality that it has the appealing power of a human voice. The absolute surety too, is an element of success in this young artist's playing; the intonation is impeccable, the bowing free and elastic, the skips flawless, the runs clear, the double-stopping well-balanced, the harmonics especially pure.

Nevertheless we wished the young artist a better work for her debut. The Tschalkowsky concerto does not rank with the Beethoven (no violin concerto does that) or with the Brahms, or with the Bruch G minor, nor yet with the Mendelssohn concerto. One can say this and yet not agree with the vituperation of Hanslick. At the end of the work Miss Parlow was recalled half-a-dozen times with the wildest enthusiasm. That she made a popular success cannot be doubted. When she gains in breadth she will take rank with the very greatest on her instrument. It is greatly to her credit that she does not "play at the galleries," she does not try to win applause by too much personal display, but allows the thought of the composer to speak for itself.

New Composers on the Symphony Program.

Season of Opera in English by
the Aborn Company.

Concerts and Recitals— Current Gossip.

The program of the Symphony orchestra this week announces two names which are new to its concerts—George Enesco, the young Roumanian composer, and Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, both of whom have arisen to prominence in New York this winter.

Mr Enesco's suite for orchestra, op. 9,

will be played for the first time in Boston; Miss Parlow will make her first appearance in this city, in Tschalkowsky's concerto in D major, No. 2.

Although a Roumanian, born at Cordareni Aug 7, 1881, Enesco has passed the greater part of his life in, and owes his musical education to, Paris. He carried off the first prize for fugue and counterpoint at the Paris conservatory in 1897 and a first prize for violin two years later. Faure was his teacher in composition.

He wrote his "Roumanian Poem" for orchestra at this period, which was played in public. It was played in Boston by Mr Longy and the Orchestral club Jan 7, 1902, for what was probably the first time in America.

He has composed in large and small forms. A number of his works for orchestra have been brought out in Paris at the Colonne concerts.

His symphonies for two flutes, oboe, english horn, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons was played for the first time in Boston by the Longy club Feb 8, 1902, and by the Barrere ensemble in New York the past season.

In their first recital here this year, Dec 13, Clara and David Mannes played his sonata for violin and piano in E minor (op. 6), for the first time in America. The symphony in E flat was brought out by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony society the 17th of last month for the first time in this country. It is in three instead of the orthodox four movements, and was found to bear the traits of the modern French school in the use of color.

The new suite to be played here this week was given its first hearing in America Jan 3 of this year by Gustav Mahler and the New York Philharmonic society. The score is dedicated to Camille Saint-Saens. It begins with a prelude for the string choir in unison, which is followed by a slow minuet, a slow intermezzo and a brilliant finale. A solo violin and solo violoncello are employed in the latter.

Enesco is said to play the violin and the piano equally well. He now holds the position of court violinist to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, a patroness of music and literature. She is said to have been a pupil of Rubinstein and Clara Schumann, to have composed symphonies and other orchestral pieces, and an opera, "Master Manole," and to have written more than 30 books. The queen is also said to play the organ and the harp, and to conduct orchestral concerts in the palace at Bucharest.

Kathleen Parlow made her first appearance in this country the first of last December with the Russian symphony orchestra, New York, in the Tschalkowsky concerto which she will play here.

Miss Parlow is a Canadian by birth. Her career began 15 years ago. She was then 5 years old, and fondled her first violin as most children do their dolls. She began study at once, and at 7 she was giving three concerts in a year in San Francisco, whither her family had moved. Her programs were nothing if not pretentious, for even then she was playing Bach's chaconne.

A rich patroness sent her to England to study. When 15 she heard Elman

play and immediately wanted to study with his teacher, Auer, of the St Petersburg conservatory.

Again a friend made it possible, and with her mother she went to St Petersburg, where she spent nearly three years. She knew Glazunow and played his concerto under his direction at Ostend. Miss Parlow has toured through Germany, Holland and Belgium. The New York reviewers have praised her playing with unusual ardor.

The program on Friday and Saturday will include Schumann's symphony in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.

The Symphony Orchestra in New York

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave what was announced as its "fifth and last" concert at Carnegie Hall last night. Of course it was expected that the wideawake people who attend the concerts of the Boston Orchestra would accept the announcement as being made in a Pickwickian sense. For is there not to be a concert by the same organization next Saturday afternoon? And are the lovers of orchestral music in New York not expecting to hear the Boston orchestra over and over again, next season and the season and seasons after, no matter what it cost to maintain the hundred or more orchestral concerts provided by local organizations? Yea, verily. Local patriotism is a great thing, but appreciation of the Boston Orchestra's playing is a greater. Whereby New York demonstrates the provincialism with which all the other cities in the country delight in charging it.

The programme last night was in no sense sensational, and seemed designed to effect the laudable purpose of displaying Mr. Anton Witek, the concert master of the organization, who was brought forward in the most dignified manner possible, since it fell to his lot to play the Beethoven violin concerto. The Boston gentlemen are not disposed to sensationalism of any kind (which may, possibly, explain their permanent popularity in New York), and Mr. Witek kept up the lovely and profitable tradition, playing in a sound, musicianly manner, with a tone of great beauty and in a style which disclosed both admirable training and taste. As for the other numbers of the programme—Brahms's first symphony and Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," the quality and homogeneity of the tone developed by the orchestra in them and the rhythmical crispness of the playing, to speak of nothing else, could scarcely be dwelt upon without reflecting upon our local organizations, which are so admirable that they put a strain upon the phraseology of praise occasionally. And there are those who forbid us to be unpatriotic. [The New York Tribune.]

An immensely brilliant performance of Strauss's luxuriantly imaginative and graphic tone poem "Don Juan" closed the concert; one of those works upon the threshold of his later style that have so much more musical inspiration and so

much more real imagination than his later and more literal productions in programme music. Between these two stood upon the programme Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Mr. Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, who has not before been heard here as a solo performer. Mr. Witek's accomplishment and skill as a musician have been evident all this season to intelligent observers of his playing at the first desk of the violins. His interpretation of the concerto confirmed this impression; a finely musical interpretation, appreciative of the poetry and elevation of the work, authoritative, and reposeful. It was met by many manifestations of approval on the part of the audience. [The New York Times.]

History repeated itself at the last of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's evening concerts, which occupied Carnegie Hall last night. The repetition consisted in the record of crowded auditorium which has come to be the happy state of these concerts all the time. The programme was of a kind to give great delight to all those musical enthusiasts who do not regard it as the mark of superior intelligence to regard with scorn the sonata form. . . . The performance of Brahms's symphony served several purposes, but perhaps no better one than its evocation of the demonstrative approval of the audience. The inner brotherhood of New York's musical connoisseurs can be found gathered together at the Boston Symphony concerts, and it is a joy to observe the certainty with which it proclaims its opinions. It was well pleased with the performance of the Brahms symphony. It was a beautiful piece of orchestral delivery, so clear, so exquisitely balanced, so noble in tonal quality and so delicately graded that it was not till it was all over that one wondered just what was missing. And then perhaps there was only a doubt as to whether Mr. Fiedler had not done wisely in sacrificing brilliant dynamic climaxes and the pulse of a temperamental utterance to that suave nobility of instrumental speech and that reposeful proclamation of the melodic message of the composer.

The solo performer was Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, whose playing of the Beethoven concerto gave no small pleasure. Its merits were chiefly in the domain of tone and clarity. The quality of tone which the player drew from his violin was very sweet, pure and penetrating, though at no time imposing in breadth or size. His finger board technique was almost impeccable and his bowing had an inexhaustible resource of grace and delicacy of touch. His reading of the music was simple, unaffected and dignified. It probed no great depths and it soared into no cloudless heights. There is more feeling in this music than Mr. Witek found in it, yet there were respect and an artistic attitude in his reading altogether praiseworthy. Perhaps one might summarize the performance by say-

that it was cool and perfectly poised, polished and almost flawless in detail, but nevertheless subjective with the subjectivity of a very cool and contemplative spirit. [The New York Sun.]



KATHLEEN PARLOW
VIOLIN SOLOIST

The Symphony Orchestra is returning wisely to its old ways with its concerts for the Pension Fund, the second of which is now announced for the evening of Sunday, April 9. A large part of the programme will fall to the music of Wagner, the most neglected of all eminent composers in opera house and concert-room here, in spite of a hungry and applauding public; and the assisting virtuoso will be Josef Hofmann, the pianist, who, like Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Elman, has proffered his services to the orchestra. Since his own concert last November and his appearances at the Symphony Concerts, he may count again upon a sufficient and admiring public here. He will play Beethoven's concerto in G-major.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW WITH THE SYMPHONY

YOUNG VIOLINIST PLAYED

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S D MAJOR

Work Had More Than the Usual
Life and Power—A Suite by
Enesco and Schumann's D Minor

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Georges Enesco. Suite for Orchestra.
Tschalkowsky. Violin Concerto in D major.
Soloist, Miss Kathleen Parlow.
Schumann. Symphony in D minor. No. 4.

The chief attraction of the concert yesterday afternoon was undoubtedly the young soloist, Miss Kathleen Parlow, who appeared here for the first time. Miss Parlow, although born in Canada, has lived in San Francisco long enough for us to claim her as an American. She has been a pupil of Leopold Auer, who brought forth Mischa Elman, and who is a formidable rival to Sevelk in the quality of the pupils that he is launching.

Miss Parlow, young, slender and graceful, made a good impression by her stage presence even before she had played a note. But her performance of the Tschalkowsky concerto was something noteworthy. The work is the one which Hanslick attacked so bitterly. These fierce critical anathemas are like chickens that generally come home to roost, and one by one Hanslick's diatribes are building him an unenviable monument.

We cannot, to be sure, rank Tschalkowsky's violin concerto with his piano concerto in B-flat, but on the other hand, no one can discern the utter vileness which Hanslick ascribes to this display work. Wagner, Bruckner, Tschalkowsky, and many other geniuses have received the lash of this musical Thersites. But now Hanslick is fading, while the stars seem not to have been plucked from their orbits by his efforts.

Miss Parlow gave an unwonted charm to the concerto. It is a long work, too long for what it has to say, but on this occasion it had more than usual life and power. Not that Miss Parlow's tone is as broad as that of a Mischa Elman, but it is of such a sympathetic quality that it has the appealing power of a human voice. The absolute surety too, is an element of success in this young artist's playing; the intonation is impeccable, the bowing free and elastic, the skips flawless, the runs clear, the double-stopping well-balanced, the harmonics especially pure.

The cadenza of the first movement was a fine exhibition of virtuosity, but a trifle

too long-drawn-out. In the Coda of the second movement Miss Parlow gave some fine G-string work and resonant pizzicato effects. In the finale she displayed the characteristic Russian figure that forms the basis of the movement, all the way from the G string to high harmonics upon the E string.

Nevertheless we wished the young artist a better work for her debut. The Tschalkowsky concerto does not rank with the Beethoven (no violin concerto does that) or with the Brahms, or with the Bruch G minor, nor yet with the Mendelssohn concerto. One can say this and yet not agree with the vituperation of Hanslick. At the end of the work Miss Parlow was recalled half-a-dozen times with the wildest enthusiasm. That she made a popular success cannot be doubted. When she gains in breadth she will take rank with the very greatest on her instrument. It is greatly to her credit that she does not "play at the galleries," she does not try to win applause by too much personal display, but allows the thought of the composer to speak for itself.

Georges Enesco is a new name in the musical biographies. This young Roumanian, (he is not yet 30 years old), is a product of the Paris Conservatory, and Massenet and Faure had the chief guidance of his precocious talent in composition. Of course, he is not in Grove's Dictionary,—few people are until they are dead. His Suite is of course in the modern vein, but not in the thorny paths of D'Indy nor in the foggy roads of Debussy. He is not afraid of melody and sometimes dares even to take a conventional cadence. The scoring is not heavy, and Enesco does not endeavor to expand the unambitious Suite-form into a symphony.

It begins with a unison melody as Prelude, which does not quite attain that impressive unison effect that Bizet used in his Prelude to the Suite Arlesienne. After the Prelude come a Minuet, an Intermezzo, and a lively Finale.

The unison prelude is Oriental enough to be warbled in a Mosque or a Synagogue; its quaint recitative character seemed decidedly novel in a symphony concert. It was however, not unimpressive, especially when the strings were combined with a mysterious roll of the kettledrums, towards its close. This led into a slow Minuet which was a strongly original number with some complex rhythmic effects that must have tangled the feet of the dancers. The Intermezzo, which followed, was most lofty in its beginning, but soon grew fragmentary.

The Finale was full of the sharpest contrasts, with sudden flaring-up of the brass that were startling and effective. This part, and the Intermezzo, showed that Enesco has not entirely escaped the influence of Debussy. He has given here a very interesting work without demanding a tremendous modern orchestra. It is a Suite that may prove still more interesting on a second hearing. Enesco is likely to be one of the important modern composers.

Mr. Fiedler is one of those who adore Schumann and his reading of the fourth symphony gave proof of this. It is simply astounding to think that there was a time when all England was in hue and cry against this composer, and when even Germany listened rather doubtfully to his "apologists." At present we can only wish that we had such melodists and such poetic thinkers instead of our orchestral giants, our phenomenal score-manufacturers.

Schumann always wrote best when he was happiest, and this symphony is one of the products of his happiest year, 1841, when he had won his wife, and when he was creating the most beautiful "Lieder" that had ever been heard in the world. His B flat symphony and his D minor symphony, twin works, were the voices of happiness and triumph, and they were pioneers in the domain of musical expression in this epic form. The Romanza, with its treatment of subjects of the Introduction, was at first hampered by the attempt to use guitar in the orchestra, but this hopeless attempt was discarded in the subsequent revision of the work. In his use of thematic transference from one movement to another Schumann stands fully the equal of Beethoven, and the use of subject matter in the last movement that is found in the first also, is only excelled by the similar treatment of Brahms.

How weak it all seems in orchestration, when compared with our modern Richard! Only, the ideas are so beautiful that one does not even think of the orchestration, while in some modern works we think of nothing else.

The reading, as already intimated, was a most elastic and sympathetic one; the obligato for violoncello, in the second movement, was expressively played by Mr. Warnke; the hearty applause and recall which followed the work showed plainly that Schumann is not becoming dimmed by the orchestral splendors of the ultra-moderns.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

IN a single winter, in American concert-rooms, Georges Enesco has been discovered among the rising French composers and Kathleen Parlow among the rising violinists, and next week at the Symphony Concerts we in Boston may hear the music of the one and the playing of the other. Mr. Enesco is a Roumanian by birth and a violinist by profession, who has lived his adult life and made his reputation in Paris. In recent years, he has been less the violinist than the composer, and he has written symphonies, concerti, other orchestral pieces, and chamber music that have been heard and applauded in Paris and that are now making their way elsewhere. At mid-winter Mr. and Mrs. Mannes played here his sonata for piano-forte and violin, and it was the music of a composer who has an individual and a spirited voice. Later in the winter his Orchestral Suite was played in New York and warmly received. It is this piece, built upon Roumanian folk-tunes, but reared in very French fashion that Mr. Fiedler will

Here. Miss Parlow, in turn, is the young violinist, who came to New York almost unheralded last autumn, and who has quickly made her way by the pure force of her own talents. She is in her twentieth year, a tall, slim Canadian girl; who studied in Europe with Auer and who gained her first reputation in England and in Germany. Here in America, in orchestral concerts and in recitals of her own, she has proved herself a remarkable violinist—a mistress of the technique of her instrument, who commands the secrets of tone, who is sensitive to musical design, who is quick of responsive emotion. Since Mr. Elman came first to America, no violinist has been so well received. Enesco's suite will begin the two Symphony Concerts; Tschalkowsky's concerto for violin, with Miss Parlow will continue them; Schumann's symphony in D minor will end them, and Mr. Fiedler's Schumann has usually been good to hear.

On Thursday evening, in Sanders Theatre, the Symphony Orchestra will continue its series of concerts in Cambridge, with Brahms's symphony in C minor and Goldmark's glowing overture to "Sakuntala" for the purely orchestral numbers of the programme. Between them stands Grieg's concerto in A minor for pianoforte and orchestra, with Miss Overstreet, a protégée of Colonel Watterson, to play the solo part.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCESTRA.

The debut here at his week's Symphony concerts of Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, of whom so much has been heard recently, will serve to give a fillip to the interest of the dying season. When the list of soloists for the season was made out last spring it was known that Miss Parlow was coming to America and her name was not included, but so astonishing has been her success in New York, comparable only with that which Mischa Elman enjoyed, when he first came to America, that Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, specially engaged her to appear. Miss Parlow, so to say, is the artistic sister of Elman, for she, too, is a pupil of Leopold Auer, the great Russian master. Hearing Elman, when he was giving his first concert in London, decided Miss Parlow to go to St. Petersburg, where she studied for several years. Miss Parlow is a native of Calgary, in the province of Alberta, Can. She made her appearance in London in the spring of 1905, when she was not yet 14, and made such a deep impression with various noble dames there that they enabled her to continue her education. The following season she played once or twice in London and then, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, she went to St. Petersburg, where she finished her preparatory work under Auer. Two years ago she started her career as a virtuoso and made everywhere in Germany and England and Russia an extraordinary success.

Earlier this season, quite unheralded, she came to New York and made her debut, with the Russian Symphony Society. The next day musical New York knew that a great violinist had arrived. Since then she has played in New York a number of times and whether it has been a concerto by Tschalkowsky, Brahms, Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Bruch, or whether it has been in recital, the same success has been her fortune.

MISS PARLOW WITH SYMPHONY

Young Violinist Pleases in Tschalkowsky Number

Perk ———— April 11

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 20th public rehearsal of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, introduced to a Boston audience Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, and this was the programme: Suite for orchestra, opera 3, Georges Enesco (first time); violin concerto, Tschalkowsky; symphony in D minor, Schumann.

Miss Parlow is an unusually gifted and interesting violinist. Her performance yesterday was surcharged with conviction and electric vitality. The Tschalkowsky concerto has been more characteristically presented, though this was not entirely the fault of the virtuoso. Had the conditions under which she performed been better, however, the music of Tschalkowsky would still have had a refinement, a slenderness, which is not one of its inherent qualities.

The first movement has seldom been presented so poetically. The performance was exceptionally grateful to the ears by reason of this freshness and refinement, and the new enthusiasm of the player. Miss Parlow was thrillingly in earnest, and few violinists now on the stage play more contagiously. Her performance this evening should be still more pleasurable, for it is probable that the finale will then be heard with more effect.

The music of Enesco was heard for the first time at a Symphony concert. The suite heard yesterday is in many respects a remarkable work. It is in archaic vein. The young men of today, the youth who frequent the musical circles of Paris, seem to take diversion in bringing all their technic and their ultra-modernity to bear upon music which attempts the naïveté of other times. Enesco has done a similar thing in this suite, and in at least two movements he has done it astonishingly well.

There is remembrance of other days in the severe archaic strains of the prelude, written for the strings in unison, and the bare melody, without enriching harmony or pulsing rhythms, is splendidly strong and proportionate in its outlines. This monologue for strings is not only beautiful as admirable as music; it

is poetic thought, and its effect is very cleverly enhanced, at the last, by the sudden entrance of the kettle-drum on a low G—a pedal point over which massive harmonies are strikingly defined. But the finest movement of the suite is the following menuet. This menuet does indeed echo with the thought of sweet and forgotten things. As a feat in orchestration and harmonic writing, it is a masterpiece. The most delicate, and suggestive, and original effects follow each other with a smoothness and a spontaneity which many a famed composer might well envy.

The menuet is perhaps a little lengthy, as though the composer had dwelt overlong upon a happy thought, but if there is this fault it may be forgiven, for such grateful music is too seldom met with.

The following intermezzo was at a first hearing rather forced and lugubrious. The finale has a spirit of exuberant humor, even extravagance, although the musical material is rather slight. Technically the piece is a fine bit of by-play, and throughout the suite the instrumentation is very effective, whether on account of its rich, subdued tones, as in the menuet, or its flashing play of color, in the finale. The suite proved well worthy of a hearing, and it was well received.

Mr. Fiedler gave a sympathetic reading of the charming and romantic symphony of Schumann.

Y, in E minor, No. 4.

O for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E No. 5, op. 73, "The Emperor"

E to "Rosamunde"

dist:

ECIO BUSONI

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-II.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"Manfred" SYMPHONY, op. 58, after Byron's
Dramatic Poem

- I. Manfred's Wanderings and Despair. Lento lugubre
Moderato con moto. Andante. Andante con duolo
- II. The Fairy of the Alps. Vivace con spirito. Trio: L'istesso
tempo.
- III. Pastorale: Andante con moto
- IV. The Palace of Arimanes; Invocation to Astarte; Manfred's
Death. Allegro con fuoco. Andante con duolo. Tempo
primo. Largo

CATALANI

WALLY'S AIR, "Ebben? Ne andrò lontana," from
"La Wally," Act I

SGAMBATI,

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS" for ORCHESTRA and
ORGAN, op. 28
(First time in this version in Boston.)

BOÏTO,

MARGUERITE'S PRISON SONG "L' Altra Notte,"
from "Mefistofele," Act III

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonora," No. 3, op. 72

Soloist:

Miss CAROLINA WHITE

Steinway Pianoforte used.

Special Notice.

Because of Good Friday the next public rehearsal will
be on Thursday Afternoon, April 13.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN AFTERNOON OF TSCHAIKOWSKY'S

Frank "MANFRED" *Apr 8, '11*

His Byronic Music Revived in Eloquent Performance — The Lurking Perils of Deliberate "Masterpieces" — The More Personal and Poignant Tschaiikowsky of the Final Symphonies — The Disappointments of Miss White's Singing — The Other Pieces of the Day

Outside the music and the performance of Tschaiikowsky's "Manfred," the Symphony Concert of yesterday was not especially stimulating. The revised version of Sgambati's orchestral setting of the Ambrosian canticle, "Te Deum Laudamus," is not one whit more interesting than the original. Sgambati has added wood and brass instruments to his strings and he uses the carrying or the sustaining organ more freely. Thus the resulting body of tone is more sonorous and rich—square-toed and austere in the plain song that begins the setting and coldly ceremonial in the "solemn andante" that concludes it. Few, indeed, are the congregations and the choirs the world over that do not in some measure "feel" this canticle of praise. Its energy of rhetoric, its diversity of adoration, alike move them. Yet, seemingly, it has left Sgambati, who at best is a dry soul, altogether cold. He made the setting, by all accounts, to please himself. He might have been writing it mechanically "on commission." As some said, who cared not for Tschaiikowsky's magniloquent "Manfred" and who heard Miss White's Italian operatic airs wearily, Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, that ended the concert, was the only "real" music of the afternoon. "Real" music it certainly is, and Mr. Fiedler, as his way is with eloquence that he would make yet more eloquent, spared not in rhetorical pauses, in sharp contrasts, in bursts or whispers of sound, in fast or slow pace, in the significant isolation of choirs. The overture may not need all this manipulation; but it bears it unshaken. For a century it has spoken for itself as a drama concentrated into a formal overture, until those that hear may not resist the power and the passion of its tones. The succeeding generations of composers have boasted of their new freedom. They have used—and abused—it in their dramatic overtures, in the preludes to their operas. They have still to excel—perhaps to match—the Beethoven of 1806 and with only a dull and barren drama to kindle him.

In turn, Miss White's singing was a sorry but not unexpected disappointment to those that had heard and admired her a few weeks ago in "La Fanciulla del West" at

the Opera House. There, as the Girl, she was the dominating and energetic figure of a swift, changeful, highly-colored melodrama in which the interest of the audience was concentrated upon the play, the orchestra, the setting, upon any and all things except the quality of the singing. So long as Miss White characterized her personage—and she certainly did—so long as she flung out Puccini's short phrases with sufficient and various emotional energy and sustained his brief passages of continuous song, she did all that could be reasonably asked of her. The trappings of an opera house, the bustle of this particular opera, the pervading theatrical atmosphere hid the rest. Singing two arias, though they do come out of Italian operas, at a Symphony Concert, is another thing. No drama, no settings, no theatrical bustle and atmosphere, no variously excited audience aid there. The singer must depend on the inherent interest of the music she has chosen, upon the quality of her voice, upon her naked skill in singing, upon a just mean of musical and emotional expression. Miss White's pieces were not happily chosen. The Wally's air from the end of the first act in Catalani's like-named opera seems touching and even beautiful music as Miss Destinn used to sing it at the Metropolitan in its place in the opera and the drama—when the girl, high-hearted yet regretful, quits her father's house. Yesterday, sung to a piano accompaniment, since no orchestral score was obtainable in this country and detached from the opera, the air lost much of its touching significance. Sung as Miss White sang it, with little of the warmth of voice, the vocal distinction and the designing and ordering skill that the music exacts, it lost still more of its beauty. And we are as far as ever from knowing why every Italian musician, from Mr. Toscanini downwards, admires Catalani's music and yet can so seldom gain hearing for it.

Miss White's second piece, Margherita's sorrowful and distraught musings in the prison scene of Boito's "Mefistofele" was more wisely chosen. Yet it, too, lacks poignancy of accent outside its due place in the opera. The audience needs to know the part, to have followed the tale, of this woeful and stricken Margherita. It will not imagine in the concert-room unless it receives a more kindling emotional spark than Miss White could give it. The plain truth is that the technical exactions of the music put it far beyond her present skill, and she seemed to have little notion of the pathetically wan bravura passages in which, imaginatively, Boito has written Margherita's madness. A disappointed audience heard her in both pieces coldly. Somehow the Symphony Orchestra is usually unfortunate when it picks its "soloists" in deference to local sentiment, pride and encouragement. It does not please its audiences thereby.

Tschaiikowsky took his "Manfred" very

seriously. He had a temperamental liking for Byron's poem; he could readily and passionately imagine himself as another Manfred; and Russian poets and composers were still Byronic when the rest of Europe was smiling reminiscently at the word and at the moods and manners, literary and musical, that it connoted. As some will have it, Tschalkowsky was more sincerely Byronic than was Byron himself. Anyhow, he set about the writing of his "Manfred" as to the making of a masterpiece. Balakireff, whom he trusted, had suggested the poem to him for music, had even sketched a programme. Tschalkowsky himself needed little stimulus to imagine himself as Byron's hero wandering with portentous air and clouded brow through the solitudes of the Alps. He could be disillusioned and defiant, lugubrious and magniloquent. He could rail at fate and invoke the solace of Alpine spirits. He could glorify nature and abase men. He could run the hysterical gamut from despair to resolution, from resolution to elation and back again and believe that each mood was a mighty passion. He was not averse to "intense" atmospheres, dark as Erebus, bright as water in the sunshine, lurid as subterranean flame. Where Byron may have posed and calculated, Tschalkowsky was excitedly sincere. Like Schumann, he believed in "Manfred."

So the Russian set himself to his masterpiece but, like most such compositions, when they are deliberately projected, it suffers from an excess of calculation and pains. He imagined diligently, he invented laboriously, he elaborated endlessly. In the long first movement he has achieved, and in presentable symphonic form, his musical picture of the boding, distraught, tortured Manfred, of his conflicts of aspiration and despair, of his relentlessly perturbed soul. The ingenious commentators, meditating as long as Tschalkowsky over the music, now discover endless programmatic suggestion in its details of musical material and of orchestral treatment. The mere listener is content with it as the voice of black moods, of fitful despair, of futile longings, of restless reactions that are of Tschalkowsky's as well as Manfred's soul, but that lack the poignancy of the music of the later symphonies, when the Russian was writing out of his own heart and to no Byronic programme; when he had no need in the devouring intensity of his emotions to be deliberately magniloquent. There are mouthings in his "Manfred" music; there are not in his fifth and sixth symphonies. The middle movements are sedulous tone-picturing—the torrent in the sunshine out of which the Alpine spirit emerges; the sights and sounds of the high mountains as Manfred sees and hears them until his own despair extinguishes every emotion but its own. Faithful to his task, Tschalkowsky exhausted his imaginative and executive resource upon them. The scene by the torrent teems with instrumental suggestion; the scene of the musing

Manfred is most adroitly designed in the creeping of his despair upon it, as though Fate were stalking him among the crags. Yet it all seems willed, all contrived. Come, let us make and hear a masterpiece. Come, too, and let us be as graphic and sulphurous as our orchestra may in the subterranean palace of Ahrimanes, and let the spent Manfred die at last in the ghostly peace of remembered happiness and welcomed death. It is all very vividly done, but it lacks the verity, the humanity of emotion and impression that make Tschalkowsky's later symphonies search and thrill. In them he is himself; in "Manfred" he is playing a part, albeit he was temperamentally inclined to it. He is trying too hard, and there was reason to fear that Mr. Fiedler might yesterday fall into the same pit. He did not. As he almost always is in music of such excited, romantic, and magniloquent cast, in impassioned contrasts, in swelling phrases, in clamor and whisper, in black or bright detail, he was steadily eloquent. He comprehended, imagined, felt the piece, felt his band, fused them both in the welter of Tschalkowsky's music and ordered it to power and passion besides. H. T. P.

'MANFRED' GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

Tschalkowsky's Work Heard Here After Six Years at 21st Rehearsal.

"TE DEUM" FOR ORCHESTRA
Herald — April 8, 11
Sgambati's Paraphrase Played Here for First Time—Miss White in Opera Arias.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Caroline White, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"Manfred" Symphony, Tschalkowsky
Air from "La Wally," Act I, Catalani

Te Deum for orchestra and organ, Sgambati
Margarite's Prison, air from "Mefistofele", Bolto
Overture to "Leonora" No. 3, Beethoven

Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" had not been played here since March 11, 1905. He composed it at Balakireff's solicitation; it might be said command; for though Tschalkowsky was often at sword's points with Balakireff and at times wrote contemptuously about him in his letters, he nevertheless appeared to stand in awe of him. He composed "Manfred" according to the program drawn up by Balakireff, and that made him unhappy. "No!" he wrote to Taneff: "It is a thousand times pleasanter to compose without any program. When I write a program symphony, I always feel I am not paying in sterling coin, but in worthless paper money." He groaned in spirit while he composed the symphony. We find him wondering whether the labor was worth while. "My 'Manfred' will be played once or twice and then disappear; with the exception of a few people who attend symphony concerts, no one will hear it." And he thought of the happier lot of the successful operatic composer. He wrote to his publisher—for, strange to say, Tschalkowsky and his publisher were on friendly, intimate terms: "Even were 'Manfred' a work of the greatest genius, it would still remain a symphony, which, on account of its musical intricacy and difficulty, would be played only once in ten years." After the rehearsals he was sure that "Manfred" was his best symphonic work; but later he had a high opinion only of the first two movements and placed the other two among his poorest compositions.

We have all heard too much of Tschalkowsky's music during the last 10 years for the reasonableness of our judgment concerning its merits and for the composer's own reputation. His musical speech is too familiar; his mannerisms have been dinned into us. What wonder if some are weary of Tschalkowsky's endless repetitions of a phrase, given to successive instruments or groups of instruments; of his sentimentality; of his passion that is often only hysteria? His piano concerto has been played at these concerts six times within the last 10 years; his violin concerto has been heard the same number of times within the same period. It might be said that Tschalkowsky's music is too personal in expression to endure such familiarity.

"Manfred" has been more fortunate in this respect. Six years have passed since it was performed at these concerts; to the majority of the audience the work was comparatively fresh; to many it was unknown. The symphony shows indisputable talent; there is marked individuality; there are also weaknesses, dull stretches, pages that seeking to be impressive are dangerously near bombast.

Let the ingenious analyses be forgotten with the fine phrases of commentators. We are informed that in the first movement Tschalkowsky endeavored "to portray

the soul of Manfred." It was Mr. Barrie who replied to a "character actor" who insisted that everything could be expressed facially: "Then will you kindly go to the back of the stage and express it in your face that you have a younger brother who was born in Shropshire, but is now staying in a boarding-house on the South Coast!" In spite of the program "Manfred" is on the whole an imposing composition with lofty thoughts; truly emotional passages, as those associated with Astarte; brilliant pages, as in the second movement; and the suggestion of free out-of-door life, as in the Pastorale. But in no one of his works does Tschalkowsky so clearly show the influence of Berlioz.

The performance was enthusiastically applauded, and the manner in which the last movement was played richly deserved the applause. Mr. Fiedler gave the most impressive reading of this movement that has been heard here. There were sluggish moments in the first movement, and there was a certain rigidity in the performance of the second, which should have been more capriciously sparkling and fantastical. On the whole, the performance should be ranked among the conductor's best.

Sgambati's paraphrase of the plain song Te Deum had been heard here in the arrangement for organ and orchestra of strings. The version for full orchestra and organ ad lib. was played yesterday in Boston for the first time. The composition is short and sonorous, carefully worked and without any quality of striking distinction.

Miss Carolina White sang for the first time at these concerts. Not long ago she made a successful appearance at the Boston Opera House in "The Girl of the Golden West." She then pleased by her dramatic intelligence and fervor, and sang the music that falls to Minnie with the appropriate dramatic expression. It was not easy to judge at that time of her vocal art, for the music gives little opportunity to a singer. Her selections yesterday were not well suited to a Symphony concert, and she was handicapped in the air from "La Wally," for, as the orchestral parts were not at hand, she was obliged to sing with a piano accompaniment played by her husband, Mr. Longone.

The two arias demand the dramatic situation for their full effect. Miss White sang them with considerable force; but as a singer, pure and simple, she disappointed even those who were most kindly disposed toward her. The voice itself is a fine one, full of color and character.

The program of next week will be as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead"; Chadwick, Suite Symphonique; Gilbert, Comedy overture on Negro Themes. The pieces by the two Americans will be played for the first time in Boston. The public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, instead of Friday afternoon.

CAROLINA WHITE SINGS AT SYMPHONY

Noted American Prima
Donna Warmly Applauded
By Large Audience.

Carolina White, the only American prima donna chosen to take the leading part in one of the three famous productions of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," returned to her native city yesterday to appear as soloist as the Symphony rehearsal. She will also be heard at tonight's concert.

It is only fair to Miss White to say that she was heard to better advantage when she sang at the Boston Opera House, even on that memorable and trying night when she made her debut there at short notice. Yesterday, particularly in the first number, "Ebben? Ne andro lontana," the doleful, but yet beautiful, air from Catalani's "La Wally," sung as the ill-fated heroine bids good-by to her childhood home, there was unnecessary forcing of tones. Miss White has a singularly powerful, as well as lovely voice, and there is no need of pulling out all the stops even in Symphony Hall. Besides, a piano accompaniment of itself should counsel moderation. Many effects yesterday were obscured or utterly lost. No doubt the song will go much better tonight, as is often the case when the singer is appearing in Symphony Hall for the first time. But even under the most favorable conditions a piano accompaniment would fail to do justice either to singer or song.

The accompanist in the air from "La Wally" was Miss White's husband, Paul Longone, a young conductor attached to the San Carlo Opera House in Naples.

The soloist was heard more favorably in the familiar air from Boito's "Mefistofele," "L'altra notte in fondo al mare," the sad, sweet song which Marguerite sings in prison. In this instance there was a fitting orchestral accompaniment.

Miss White has much to favor her. She has a prepossessing appearance; she has marked artistic intuition; she has the finest soprano voice heard in Boston in many a year—a voice of wide range, large power, rare beauty. A singer of great promise! The audience yesterday was friendly and recalled her several times.

The program opened with an impressive performance of Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" symphony. At the close of it the audience applauded until the orchestra stood up to be thus complimented for the ravishing lyric tones of the pastorate, the cataractic brilliancy of

the Alpine scene and the dramatic might of the finale. The combination of organ and orchestra in the last movement of the symphony enables the prodigious Russian composer to produce awe-inspiring effects. The performance was wholly worthy of the wonderful work.

There was splendid sonority in the Sgambati "Te Deum" and in the "Leonore" overture of Beethoven.

MISS WHITE AS SOLOIST

BY OLIN DOWNES

Carolina White was the soloist at the 21st public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. Miss White, gorgeously garbed, sang an air from Catalani's "La Wally," and Marguerite's Prison Song, "L'altra Notte," from the third act of Boito's "Mefistofele." Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" symphony was the nub of the programme. Sgambati's "Te Deum Laudamus," as orchestrated for full orchestra, was heard for the first time in Boston, and the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven brought the concert to an end.

The performance of Tschalkowsky's symphony was on the whole very effective, and at the end the orchestra was obliged to rise en masse and acknowledge the applause. Mr. Fiedler's performance was in some respects uncommonly impressive. The last movement of the symphony has seldom been heard to greater advantage. Here, indeed, was the spirit of Berlioz. In fact, no production of the modern Russian school (if Tschalkowsky can now be called modern) displays more conspicuously the influence of Berlioz than this symphony. It is, in fact, a Russian "Childe Harold." If the work were exclusively the production of Tschalkowsky, how it might be praised! But it is not. Berlioz, not Balikereff, is the inspirer of this work, from the beginning to the end. Yet Tschalkowsky clothes the theatricalism, the strenuous modernity of the madcap Frenchman, with a wealth of invention, of creative genius, for which Berlioz would have given him his hat, if it would have done any good.

The last three movements of this symphony are incontrovertibly Berlioz-Russianized. The orchestration, indeed, is a tour de force. But above and beyond all this, and in spite of conflicting influences, shines the genius of Peter Illytch. The "Manfred" symphony remains one of the great works in modern orchestral music.

Miss White sang for the first time at a symphony concert. Her triumphs

in opera are now well known. She is, first of all, and foremost, an opera singer. She sang in such a manner yesterday afternoon, and her performance was remarkable. It was not that Miss White still suffered from an attack of laryngitis, of which she had been the victim earlier in the week, or that she lacked the requisite technique to do justice to her selections.

It was simply that this was a concert stage and that Miss White sang with the brilliancy and authority, and exaggerated emotion, supposed to be necessary on the platform. In the pretty air from "La Wally" she was heard to good advantage. Her voice is fresh and her tone production, generally speaking, excellent, but Miss White has still much to learn as an artist. The air from Boito's "Mefistofele," the music of the mad Marguerite, which Verdi would not have scorned to write, lacked the true pathos and simplicity, to say nothing of its execution. The passages of ornamentation were not the expression of a distracted mind, there were feats in bravura. They were not intended so by the composer. There could have been much more tone simplicity, much better delivery, as when the passages, articulated passage which follows the high A, near the first of the aria, were totally unrecognizable to the listener. Tradition may sanction such treatment. It is not intelligent or artistic. There was cordial applause for Miss White.

Sgambati's "Te Deum" proved a musically and effective piece of writing. Mr. John Marshall was organist. The Beethoven "Leonore" overture was brilliantly performed.

At the concerts of next week two compositions by American composers will be heard for the first time in this city: George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," and Henry F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes."

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Carolina White Appears as
the Singing Soloist.

Revival of the Tschalkowsky
"Manfred" Symphony.

The program of the 21st public symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Tschalkowsky, "Manfred" symphony; Sgambati, "Te Deum Laudamus" for orchestra and organ; Beethoven, "Leonore" overture No. 3; Catalani, Wally's air from "La Wally," act 1; Boito, Marguerite's prison song

from "Mefistofele," act 3; Carolina White, soloist.

Taine, the litterateur, has called Byron's "Manfred" a twin-brother of the greatest poem of the age, Goethe's "Faust." Goethe said that Byron had taken his "Faust" to himself and had extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humor. "Manfred," like "Faust," has inspired the setting down of many notes upon music-paper, and has appealed to those who had a pretty taste for melancholy. It is curious that Berlioz did not take "Manfred" to his arms as a theme crying for an orchestral orgy of tone. He and Byron both had brains whirling nearer to the abyss of madness than possessed of sanity. Berlioz did write a symphonic-poem of the wanderings of Childe Harold, who was a variant of Manfred, and both were shadows in slight metamorphoses of Byron himself, as were all the doleful, morbid heroes in his gallery, the Giaour, the Corsair, Sardanapalus, Cain, Tasso and the rest.

It has been said that Schumann, in his "Manfred" overture, caught the adoration, the passion of the character. He would not have known the true tang of Byron's confession: "I will work the mine of my youth to the last vein of the ore and then—good night. I have lived and am content." Tschalkowsky might have found such words within his own heart, and he has probed the agony of the character.

Balakirev, the founder of the modern Russian school, wrote vividly after a definite program, in a descriptive poem, an instrumental tale. He had outlined a musical scheme for an orchestral work upon Byron's neurotic "Manfred," and had long meditated upon it, yet felt Tschalkowsky the more apt in temperament to undertake it. He became the inspiration of this, as of the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia-overture. It was to him also that the symphonic poem "Fate" was dedicated.

Tschalkowsky took his suggestion of a theme indicative of Manfred's character and personality to be used throughout the work, a fixed musical idea such as Berlioz used in his autobiographical Fantastic symphony of an artist's life. Tschalkowsky followed Balakirev's plan throughout, except that he reversed the order of his second and third movements.

The work is broadly conceived, with a deep understanding of the capacity for anguish of man's soul and executed with a vivid imagination and a keen sense of dramatizing values. The music pertaining to Manfred is strongly expressive of the ceaseless tumult of emotions, the frenzied adoration of the phantom Astarte, the violent presentiments for the future, the haunting remorse for the past.

The passage indicative of the maid herself is of exquisite beauty, and of the suave Italian melody in which Tschalkowsky's muse could be both skilled and spontaneous. The picture of the witch might have been more uncanny and eerie to a writer of the north country, but the music of the waterfall is as finely feminine in grace as are the falls of our Yosemite. The pastoral is again Italian in its serenity and was ennobled in Mr. Longy's art.

The last movement is of great span.

The previous thematic ideas are revived and contrasted not only with contrapuntal but with dramatizing skill.

The apotheosis at the close to Manfred's soul as though the hero were translated to the inheritance of wings and immortality sounds strangely like the heavenly proclamation of forgiveness to Marguerite.

Miss White gave pleasure by the purity, power, wide range and admirable natural qualities of her voice, by her evenness of phrase in sustained song, and her facility in more florid passages. In the art of interpreting emotional thought, of employing variety of accent and of tonal color for dramatic purposes, there are yet effects in which she will doubtless grow more adept.

Catalini's air went better than that of Bolto, where there was not sufficient differentiation between Marguerite's remembrance of physical pain and wretchedness and her escape from it in the piteous rhapsodizing of a delirious brain.

Sgambati's Italian brethren of the operatic school might bathe their souls with profit in the chastity and majestic serenity of style which characterizes his "Te Deum Laudamus." It was played by strings, wood-wind, brass and organ. Heretofore it had been played here by string choir and organ, as originally written.

The playing of the orchestra disclosed the superior qualities which characterize its musicianship. The concert next week will be on Thursday afternoon.

MUSIC AND Globe Apr 2 1911 MUSICIANS

Miss White Soloist
With Symphony.

Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" to
Be Revived.

"Lohengrin" in English—
Recitals—Notes.

The soloist at the Symphony concerts this week will be Miss Carolina White, who recently appeared twice at the Boston opera house as Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West" and was justly admired for the purity and expres-

sive beauty of her voice and for her ingenuous and spontaneous characterization of the part.

Miss White has been a member of the Chicago opera company this season, and as such sang Minnie in the company's production of "The Girl" in Chicago, and recently in that of Wolf-Ferrari's comic opera, "The Secret of Suzanne," at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, in its first performance in America.

Here Miss White will sing the aria from Catalini's "La Wally," "Ebben? ne andro lontana" and the aria of Marguerite's delirium in the prison from the third act of Bolto's "Mefistofele."

The principal orchestral number will be Tschaikowsky's program symphony after Byron's dramatic poem, "Manfred," which has not been played here since March, 1905. Performances of it are comparatively infrequent because of its great technical difficulties and its time of duration, which when played entire is an hour or more.

Tschaikowsky was indebted to Mill Balakirew for the suggestion and outlined program for a work upon Byron's poem, which Berlioz had been indisposed, through advanced age, to accept. Balakirew prescribed a recurring motive (the Manfred theme), which would be similar to Berlioz' idea fixe in his "Fantasique" symphony.

Tschaikowsky followed the scheme of four movements, except that he interchanged the second and third. In the first he pictures Manfred wandering in the Alps, his soul a prey to torture, his imagination mocked by the memory of the beautiful Astarte; the second, "The fairy of the Alps appears to Manfred under the rainbow of the mountain torrent"; the third, a pastorale, the simple, peaceful life of the mountaineers, and the last the subterranean palace of Arimanes, who in Byron's poem is the Ahriman of the Zoroastrian creed, the personification of all that is evil and malignant. Manfred appears in the midst of a bacchanale. The phantom of Astarte predicts the end of his misery. His death follows.

Tschaikowsky made the first sketches of his work in April, 1885, at Maidanovo, a village not far from Moscow. The score was completed in September at the same place.

Sgambati's "Te Deum Laudamus" for strings and organ will be heard for the first time at a symphony subscription concert. It was played in November, 1904, at a concert for the pension fund.

Giovanni Sgambati, prior to Wolf-Ferrari, the foremost of the modern Italians who have looked across the Alps and attuned their muse to the art of the Germans, is a professor of piano in the St Cecilia academy in Rome. Within the past few years he has been pianist and director of Queen Margherita's quintet. Sgambati has created a free piano school in Rome and has gathered a circle about him not unlike that at Weimar in Liszt's time.

His name has thrice appeared on the symphony programs. As long ago as Nov 1, 1890, Mr Tucker played his G minor piano concerto with the orchestra (Mr Lang had played it previously in his concerto concerts). His 1st symphony was played in November, 1894, and January, 1898. The Kneisel quartet has played pieces of his chamber music

here as follows: Quartet D flat major, October, 1894; quartet C sharp minor, November, 1896, October, 1902, and November, 1909; the piano quintet in F major, February, 1904, and in B flat major, Nov 8, 1910.

The program Friday and Saturday will include Beethoven's "Leonora" overture No. 3.

Mr. Fiedler to Revive Tschaikowsky's "Manfred," and Miss Carolina White to Sing at the Symphony Concerts—The Minor Recitals

AGAIN, outside two minor recitals and the semi-private concert of the Apollo Club, the Symphony Orchestra has the new week to itself. Its journeyings, moreover, are virtually finished for the season, and Mr. Fiedler has time and energy for the rehearsal of some of the larger pieces that he announced last October. One of these, Tschaikowsky's symphony, "Manfred," is to be performed at the concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, and it is highly colored and large-voiced romantic music of the sort to which Mr. Fiedler is temperamentally inclined. "Manfred" is a "programme" symphony—or, as Tschaikowsky preferred sometimes to call it, a symphonic poem—suggested by Byron's "Manfred." The general scheme and divers episodes of the poem lend themselves readily to musical treatment, and the subject attracted Tschaikowsky, with his predilection for the writing of music of struggling man battling for his ideals and stricken by fate. The better if this contest passed in pictorial and fantastic surroundings, and "Manfred" from the Alps to the palace of the Magi yielded him plentiful stimulus on that score. The composer tolled long over the music through some of the best years of his life, and he has written it largely, passionately, richly and pictorially. None the less his "Manfred" is seldom performed, and when it is revived, as Mr. Fiedler will revive it next week, it comes usually to the audience as a new piece. The other orchestral numbers of the programme are Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture for a classic and Sgambati's revised and amplified version of his "Te Deum" for orchestra. For further interest Miss Carolina White of the Chicago-Philadelphia opera company, who was heard here as a singing-actress in Puccini's "La Fanciulla," will try her fortunes as a concert singer. As a singing-actress in a declamatory part she did well, and seemed a singer who should please no less in a concert. Evidently she is best schooled in modern Italian music, and she will sing at the Symphony concerts Margherita's lament in the prison scene of Bolto's "Mefistofele" and an air from "La Wally," the opera by Catalini that has its devoted partisans, but that has never really established itself in the theatre.

MISS CAROLINA WHITE THE SYMPHONY SOLOIST

PRIMA DONNA'S DEBUT

IN CONCERT WELCOMED

Great Performance by the Orchestra of Tschaikowsky's Difficult
"Manfred" and "Leonora" No. 3

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Tschaikowsky. "Manfred" Symphony.
Catalini. Aria from "La Wally."
Sgambati. "Te Deum Laudamus."
Bolto. Aria from "Mefistofele."
Beethoven. Overture to "Leonora," No. 3.
Vocalist, Miss Carolina White.

"Manfred" as set by Tschaikowsky is not so much a symphony as a symphonic poem. It carries out a personal idea (or a personification) as definitely as "Childe Harold," who was turned into a viola by Berlioz. Of course Manfred is dyed in a deeper gloom than Childe Harold, but he has his musical figure, in quite as definite a manner, which grows forth in the depths of the woodwind, in the true Russian manner of dejection. There is, of course, also an Astarte figure, but, although both are impressive, neither of them are so appealing as the two figures in Schumann's "Manfred" overture.

There is the Spirit of the Alps, also, which appears to Manfred in the rainbow of the waterfall, but here again the witchery of Schumann's "beautiful spirit with the hair of light" is not achieved. The episode of Alpine life seems to us better than the Schumannesque treatment of spoken voice against English horn. The finale, in the hall of Arimanes is at times beyond the Schumann treatment, and the first movement, too, even if the themes in themselves are not as graphic as those of Schumann, has a grandeur which places this symphony on a very high level. The work is very long, but not too long for the music-lover, for Tschaikowsky has something to say at almost every point of the colossal composition. It is furiously difficult, but that was not very noticeable in the great performance of yesterday afternoon.

Perhaps comparisons with Schumann in this work are not quite fair. Schumann was moved by "Manfred" as by no other poem. He wept when he read it. Not even Goethe's "Faust" made such a deep impression upon his emotions. If we leave Schumann out of the question altogether, Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony becomes an incomparable work. We must note also that Tschaikowsky's passion does not lead him away altogether from

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melodic thoughts. This is the truest phase of modern music; form is treated rather freely, but beauty is not discarded. Some modern composers seem to imagine that in order to express mental torture they must torture all their auditors.

That Tschalkowsky has brought forth a rather spasmodic and highly nervous Manfred may be frankly admitted. It is not the high philosopher, who says—

"Grief should be the instructor of the Wise:
Sorrow is knowledge."

Manfred's agonies of remorse take on an earthquake character in the end of the first movement.

If ever there was iridescent music it is found in the second movement of this symphony. Playful skips, shimmering flute figures, spraying-like runs, all combine to picture the fairy of the waterfall. But this movement was played in too careful a manner. The vagueness disappeared. It was as if one had attempted to take a rainbow to pieces.

The third movement gave an adequate picture of Swiss pastoral life, although the hunter was not as clearly in evidence as he might have been, Tschalkowsky contenting himself with a general portrayal of rustic enjoyment. The oboes did excellent work here.

We could not quite see the necessity of a fugato in Hades (in the last movement), unless it be intended to intimate that many contrapuntists have gone there. The piccolo was of course prominent at this fashionable winter resort. But the climax of the Finale was most majestic, and the organ blended its tones with the orchestra magnificently. All in all this symphony was very impressive and splendidly scored. It received great applause, and after two recalls Mr. Fiedler allowed the orchestra to rise and acknowledge the enthusiasm.

Miss Carolina White had already made a very favorable impression in Boston in the new Puccini opera. It is always a crucial test for an operatic star to forego all the advantages of costume, scenery and dramatic action, and appear in the white light of the concert platform. Miss Farrar has always been somewhat of a disappointment under these circumstances, and so has Mme. Calve, and others that could be mentioned.

Miss White had only piano accompaniment to her first number, which was an added handicap, although the instrument was well-played. Nevertheless the young vocalist won a triumph. She sang with breadth and with a sympathetic quality of tone, although a suspicion of tremolo was more than once apparent. In her second number, the prison-song from Boito's "Mefistofele," the orchestra gave the support. The strong contrasts of this aria were finely brought out and the climaxes given with a fervor that aroused enthusiasm on the part of the audience, for Miss White was recalled several times with much heartiness. With operatic adjuncts there would have been still greater results.

Sgambati's "Te Deum" is an effective work. The organ is blended well with the

orchestra, the "Cantus Firmus" is very telling upon the violins, while the constant pizzicato of the contra-basses is of a very impressive character. The counterpoint is good, flowing and unforced, and the work is attractive from first to last. We are glad to see the organ used in connection with the orchestra. The instrument sounds finely in Symphony Hall and its effect is enhanced by union with the orchestra. It has made a few obstreperous breaks in the recent past, but on this occasion it behaved in a commendable manner, and Mr. J. P. Marshall played it with excellent balance.

The concert ended with Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, the noblest of all dramatic overtures, except possibly a couple of Wagner's. We prefer the above title to the prosaic "Leonora No. 3," which suggests a tug-boat or a fire engine rather than a great musical work. That possibly Beethoven did not write it third of the series would not invalidate its title. Mr. Fiedler read this with all the strong contrasts that the composition demanded. There is a delirium of joy in the final triumph of virtue over vice, which was taken in a frenzied manner, and needed to be. No! It was not taken too fast!

The trumpet calls were very steady and effective. They are not very difficult, judged by modern standards, even though very important. In fact, Beethoven never wrote an extremely difficult trumpet passage, for that instrument was at low ebb during his lifetime. The trumpet was much more brilliantly used both before and after the so-called "classical" epoch.

The third "Leonora" overture made a fiery ending to a concert that fairly bristled with orchestral difficulties. But our orchestra has passed the point where technical difficulties are apparent to the general auditor. If only our orchestra could make a European tour! What a waking-up London, Paris and Berlin would have!

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Island of the Dead"

CHADWICK,

SUITE SYMPHONIQUE, MSS.
(First time in Boston)

GILBERT, HENRY F.

COMEDY OVERTURE on Negro Themes, MSS.
(First time in Boston)

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The third movement gave an adequate picture of Swiss pastoral life, although the hunter was not as clearly in evidence as he might have been. Tschaiakowsky contenting himself with a general portrayal of rustic enjoyment. The oboes did excellent work here.

We could not quite see the necessity of a fugato in Hades (in the last movement), unless it be intended to intimate that many contrapuntists have gone there. The piccolo was of course prominent at this fashionable winter resort. But the climax of the Finale was most majestic, and the organ blended its tones with the orchestra magnificently. All in all this symphony was very impressive and splendidly scored. It received great applause, and after two recalls Mr. Fiedler allowed the orchestra to rise and acknowledge the enthusiasm.

Miss Carolina White had already made a very favorable impression in Boston in the new Puccini opera. It is always a crucial test for an operatic star to forego all the advantages of costume, scenery and dramatic action, and appear in the white light of the concert platform. Miss Farrar has always been somewhat of a disappointment under these circumstances, and so has Mme. Calve, and others that could be mentioned.

Miss White had only piano accompaniment to her first number, which was an added handicap, although the instrument was well-played. Nevertheless the young vocalist won a triumph. She sang with breadth and with a sympathetic quality of tone, although a suspicion of tremolo was more than once apparent. In her second number, the prison-song from Boito's "Mefistofele," the orchestra gave the support. The strong contrasts of this aria were finely brought out and the climaxes given with a fervor that aroused enthusiasm on the part of the audience, for Miss White was recalled several times with much heartiness. With operatic adjuncts there would have been still greater results.

Sgambati's "Te Deum" is an effective work. The organ is blended well with the

orchestra, the "Cantus Firmus" is very telling upon the violins, while the constant pizzicato of the contra-basses is of a very impressive character. The counterpoint is good, flowing and unforced, and the work is attractive from first to last. We are glad to see the organ used in connection with the orchestra. The instrument sounds finely in Symphony Hall and its effect is enhanced by union with the orchestra. It has made a few obstreperous breaks in the recent past, but on this occasion it behaved in a commendable manner, and Mr. J. P. Marshall played it with excellent balance.

The concert ended with Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, the noblest of all dramatic overtures, except possibly a couple of Wagner's. We prefer the above title to the prosaic "Leonora No. 3," which suggests a tug-boat or a fire engine rather than a great musical work. That possibly Beethoven did not write it third of the series would not invalidate its title. Mr. Fiedler read this with all the strong contrasts that the composition demanded. There is a delirium of joy in the final triumph of virtue over vice, which was taken in a frenzied manner, and needed to be. No! It was not taken too fast!

The trumpet calls were very steady and effective. They are not very difficult, judged by modern standards, even though very important. In fact, Beethoven never wrote an extremely difficult trumpet passage, for that instrument was at low ebb during his lifetime. The trumpet was much more brilliantly used both before and after the so-called "classical" epoch.

The third "Leonora" overture made a fiery ending to a concert that fairly bristled with orchestral difficulties. But our orchestra has passed the point where technical difficulties are apparent to the general auditor. If only our orchestra could make a European tour! What a waking-up London, Paris and Berlin would have!

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Island of the Dead"

CHADWICK,

SUITE SYMPHONIQUE, MSS.
(First time in Boston)

GILBERT, HENRY F.

COMEDY OVERTURE on Negro Themes, MSS.
(First time in Boston)

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL NINTH, 1911

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

CONCERT

IN AID OF

PENSION FUND

PROGRAMME

Beethoven - - - - Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"

Beethoven - - - - Concerto in G major, No. 4, for
Pianoforte, Op. 58

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Rondo: Vivace

Wagner { Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"
Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"
"Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walküre"
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried"
Overture, "Rienzi"

Soloist, JOSEF HOFMANN

(Who kindly gives his services)

Steinway Piano Used

HOFMANN IS GIVEN CUP BY SYMPHONY

Journal
Ovation for Polish Pianist
at Pension Fund
Concert.

Josef Hofmann, foremost of the younger pianists, and those who heard him play Beethoven's fourth concerto and two encore pieces, including the titanic Rachmaninoff prelude in G minor, all have cause to keep green the memory of last night's pension fund concert in Symphony Hall.

An ovation was the popular tribute to the little giant of the piano after the concerto; and the orchestra publicly contributed the customary wreath. Then, after the encores and during the intermission, the Symphony players invited the Polish prodigy to their room back of the stage and further honored him with a beautiful loving cup. Otto Roth of the first violins made the presentation speech. It was a fitting testimonial from the great orchestra to the great artist.

Hofmann's playing was a superb exhibition of absolute artistry from beginning to end. Ravishing beauty of tone, power and brilliancy of technic and a rare interpretive talent that revealed the music in the clearest of lights characterized the performance of the concerto. There were no distracting mannerisms; no tossing of head and waving of hands after the fashion which some pianists seem to have copied from the prestidigitators. It was art of the highest and purest order, full of power and beauty and understanding; and it gave the large audience the greatest possible pleasure. The Rachmaninoff prelude, the first encore piece, was a blazing burst of virtuosity, and audience and orchestra rose together to demand more. The enthusiasm was reminiscent of the palmy days of Joseffy and Paderewski.

It was a Beethoven-Wagner program. The first number was Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont." After the piano numbers came the Wagner pieces, beginning with "The Flying Dutchman" overture and continuing on through the Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," the "Ride of the Valkyries," the forest scene music from "Siegfried" and ending with the thrice popular overture from "Rienzi."

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The last opportunity of the season for the general public outside of the regular patrons of the Symphony orchestra to hear the orchestra under Mr. Fiedler will come this evening at the second concert in aid of the pension fund. The public which the Symphony orchestra reaches at its regular concerts is necessarily limited for few "rush" seats are sold for the season for the rehearsals and only a comparatively few seats are for sale for the Saturday evening concerts. Next year there will be over 20 former members of the orchestra receiving pensions and the drain on the capital will increase each year. The only method the orchestra has of adding to its principal is through the two concerts it gives each season, for the sum total of the annual dues that the members pay is not nearly sufficient to pay the pensions. In order to avoid drawing on the principal the income must be increased each year, at least in proportion to the increased number of pensions.

One of the pleasant features of these concerts is the generous help the orchestra has always received from great artists. Among those who have appeared in the past as soloists have been Paderewski, Elman and Mmes. Melba, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich and Samarroff. At the first concert this year the orchestra had the co-operation of Mr. Constantino and at the concert tonight Josef Hofmann gives his services. The program will begin with the "Egmont" overture of Beethoven, which will be followed by his Concerto for piano in G-Major No. 4. The second part of the program will be devoted to Wagner, and comprise the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," the "Ride of the Valkyries," the "Waldweben" and the overture to "Rienzi."

SYMPHONY AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Symphony Orchestra, which returned from its fifth and last southern trip Saturday evening after giving its usual series of successful concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, leaves again this afternoon at 3:30 by special train for Springfield to give its only concert of the season there. The orchestra returns again after the concert by special train.

There are but two other out-of-town concerts remaining this season, one in Providence Tuesday, April 4, which will be the fifth concert there, and one in New Bedford Monday evening, April 10.

Mme. Carolina White of the Chicago Opera Company, who has been engaged as soloist for April 7 and 8 in Boston, will sing an aria from Catalan's "Le Wally" and Marguerite's prison song from Bolto's "Mefistofela."

WAGNER AND MR. HOFMANN FOR THE PENSION FUND.

From — *Apr. 10, 11*
Wagner's Music in Concerts and the Peculiar Conditions Here in Boston—Pieces and Performance Last Night—Mr. Hofmann's Penetrating and Beautiful Performance of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto

Poor Wagner must not only be limited to the concert-room in Boston, but he must also have his music reserved for the most part for the two concerts that the Symphony Orchestra undertakes annually for the increase of its Pension Fund. Even at them the choice of pieces, and especially of operatic fragments, is narrowly circumscribed. Dr. Muck, who had long been an operatic conductor and who had ordered many performances of Wagner's music-dramas at Berlin and Baireuth, would make no excerpts from them in which the action on the stage or the setting of it was significant. Wagner's music, he held, was insistently of the theatre; most of it had its true life, its true power and beauty there only. In the concert-room he would play only the preludes and the overtures, and the orchestral glorification of the dead Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung." Mr. Fiedler, who has never been an operatic conductor, shares these scruples, but he is a shade more liberal in the application of them. He will play "arrangements" for the concert-room authorized by Wagner himself, like the "Waldweben" from the second act of "Siegfried," even though there be no sunlit forest, no yawning cavern and no fluttering bird on the stage. He will even go so far as the "Venusberg music" in "Tannhäuser," perhaps because he knows from experience that all the arts of scene painter and stage manager, dancers and mimes are but poor and pale beside its tonal passion and picturing.

There, however, Mr. Fiedler also stops. His own belief and practice and Dr. Muck's as well would be wholly justifiable, wholly laudable, were Wagner's operas—or even three or four of them—duly represented here each year as they are in every musical capital and nearly every musical township in western Europe. Wagner wrote for the theatre. Only in the theatre is his music wholly and characteristically itself. Yet before his later music-dramas were established there, he sanctioned and encouraged the performance in concerts of fragments. So long as Boston is in like case with the European cities that then heard these excerpts, in lack of Wagner on its operatic stage, even the austere artistic consciences of conductors might relax enough—and pardonably—to play them at the Symphony Concerts. They need have no doubt of the approval of the audiences.

As it was, the second part of the concert, last evening, for the profit of the Pension Fund, fell to Wagner's music, within these limits of choice—to the overtures to "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman," to the "Venusberg" music from "Tannhäuser," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and "The Ride of the Valkyries," permissible, presumably, because it is the introduction to the third act of "Die Walküre." Except the "Waldweben," all the pieces were of Wagner's most familiar music and one, the overture to "Rienzi," was very early and, except in its clanging instrumental sonorities, very un-Wagnerian Wagner. The orchestra played them with its wonted richness of tone, largeness of style and energy of accent. The horns outdid themselves in the music of "redemption" in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; the brass was mightily strident and sonorous in "The Ride of the Valkyries"; the wood-winds achieved prodigies of expressive and still euphonious tone in the music of Venus's cavern; and the strings were all excitement with the Warrior Maids and all brightness, hum and resiliency in the music of the noonday forest.

Of course, Mr. Fiedler overdrove his orchestra. The temptation to do so is always strong upon him at the end of the season, and the hot eloquence of Wagner's music feeds it. He took the music of the Venusberg, until the frenzy of the orgy begins to die into its languors, at such a pace that it came and went as a tumultuous blur of sound, whereby it lost much of its sensual tang and much too of its dartings and recoils of instrumental color from the sheer irascibility of even the virtuosi of the orchestra to do more than "keep up." His passion for sonorities made the overture to "Rienzi" even more coarse-fibred than it is; and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" much more thunderous than Wagner could possibly have imagined it in the thirties. As the Venusberg music was written by the mature Wagner into the earlier "Tannhäuser," so Mr. Fiedler by doubling of instruments and a general energy and exaltation would rewrite the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" in the terms of the later music-dramas. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not bear this translation well. The "Waldweben" might have been a little more closely, a little more luminously knit; and only in "The Ride of the Valkyries" did Mr. Fiedler achieve the illusion of the theatre in the concert-room, which is the life and soul of Wagner's music there, and leave some of his hearers breathless with the foolish expectation that the curtain was at last to rise, even here in Boston, upon the cloud-swept rocks of Wotan's daughters. With Wagner, Mr. Fiedler wants the instinct of the theatre.

As Wagner might have liked, the first part of the programme fell to Beethoven. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra played the

overture to "Egmont" very largely, eloquently and contrastingly. Mr. Hofmann, Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra played the concerto in G minor for pianoforte to an exceeding beauty of tone and justness of expression; and finally, many times recalled and departing from Beethoven, Mr. Hofmann played Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor and Chopin's waltz in C-sharp minor. His performance of the concerto crowned his playing here this winter, from the recital through the concerts with the orchestra. For Mr. Hofmann has the faculty that seals the conductor, the singer, or the virtuoso as an artist of discerning mind, of discriminating imagination as well as of high technical skill and of quick emotional and communicative sensibility. To each piece that he plays, to each composer whom he approaches, he brings a penetration of thought and imagination, a justice of revealing and recreating style that gives the music its particular and individual voice, so that it lives again in its own image of ordered and expressive sound.

Now, this concerto of Beethoven, written though it was a hundred years ago, and written rather carelessly as he usually composed, is curiously modern in the shifting tonalities and in the pervading freedom of form and of the relation of the orchestra and the piano in the first movement. It is scarcely less so in the slow movement that is like an intermezzo with its poetically imagined plan of the harsh and iterated orchestral interjections silenced at last by the beautiful insistence of the pianoforte upon its gentler melody. It is even a little modern in the lightly rhapsodic vein of the long final rondo. The pianist may fancy that he can make the music yet more modern if he drive it and his instrument to the utmost. Mr. Hofmann is wiser. He played the concerto with a perfect clarity, as though the varying tonalities of the first movement were the most natural thing in the world even in a concerto of 1808, as

though ejaculation and answer in the andante were a part of an ordered whole; as though the rhapsodic play of the finale was but the freedom of a mastery of form so complete that it could have sport with it.

Hearing Mr. Hofmann, the listener felt the individuality of the music and not of the pianist. He felt it still more in the warm and rich tone, the sustained breadth of deeply imagined yet reticent song that Mr. Hofmann brought to Beethoven's melody. He has searched out the richness, the glow, the fine masculinity of it. He did not sentimentalize the lovely melody of the andante, and it is so easy to do so; he did not sophisticate it in excess of modulation; yet he gave to each phrase, almost to each note, an exceeding beauty that gradually suffused the whole until the pianoforte, like some new Orpheus, had made the harsh interposing orchestra gentle and submissive to its will. Mr. Hofmann might have made the rondo glint with a hard and sparkling virtuosity. He chose to make it

like crystals of tone that catch twenty lights and half lights in delicately changeful reflections. By the blessing of the muses of music (especially at the end of a long season), the concerto in G minor does not "mean" anything but its own beautiful freedom, loveliness of voice, and crystalline shimmer of ornament. Mr. Hofmann, playing it, was as the transforming fire that melted and welded it anew into a clearer beauty of contour, of surface, of myriad reflections, that awakened anew its gently rhapsodic voice. Was it an eighteenth-century singing-teacher that told his pupils that tone and tone and tone was the secret of song? It is the secret also, as Mr. Hofmann has discovered, of piano-playing.

H. T. P.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

Three of Interesting Promise—A "Wagner Programme" and Josef Hofmann, the Pianist, for the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra—A New Piece by Mr. Chadwick at the Regular Symphony Concerts—Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" by the Cecilia and the Symphony Orchestra—Mme. Powell, the Violinist, to Come to Milton *From Apr 8. '11*

ONCE more, the Symphony Orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra with Josef Hofmann, the pianist, and the Symphony Orchestra with the Cecilia, have the concerts of the new week to themselves. On Sunday evening, in Symphony Hall, at eight, the orchestra, with Mr. Fiedler conducting, with Mr. Hofmann to play a concerto, and with a programme drawn largely from Wagner's music, undertakes its second concert for the year for the increase of its Pension Fund. On Thursday afternoon (instead of the usual Friday) and on Saturday evening in Symphony Hall befalls the twenty-first pair of regular concerts for the year, when Mr. Chadwick's new "Symphonic Suite" and a "Comedy Overture" on negro themes by H. F. Gilbert will be performed for the first times hereabouts. On Friday evening, in Symphony Hall, at the exceptional hour of 7.30, the orchestra, the Cecilia, a choir of boys and four solo singers, will perform Bach's "Passion Music according to St. Matthew"—a masterpiece unheard here in years.

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Hofmann and Wagner

OUTSIDE performances of "Lohengrin" by an itinerant company and at "popular prices," not an opera by Wagner has been represented in this town for a year. Our opera house is oftenest Italianate, occasionally Gallic, but never thus far, Wagnerian. What Wagner we

in Boston hear, unless we journey to New York to seek the admirable performances of the Metropolitan, we must hear in fragments at the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler, like most discriminating conductors, respects Wagner's intentions. Music of Wagner that has its full and vivid being only in the theatre, with all that the theatre can give it, he will not shift to the concert-room. His range of selection is limited; he must not repeat the chosen fragments too often. Hence he has played little of Wagner's music at the regular Symphony Concerts of the year. Next Sunday at the concert for the Pension Fund he will make amends. More than half the programme falls to Wagner, and the pieces chosen are the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and to "Rienzi," the Venusberg music from the first act of "Tannhäuser," the "Ride of the Valkyrs," from the third act of "Die Walküre," and the arrangement of Siegfried's musings in the forest from the second act of "Siegfried." These make the "second part" of the concert. The first falls to Beethoven—a programme after Wagner's own heart—and the chosen pieces are the dramatic overture to Goethe's "Egmont" and the concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in G major. For it, Mr. Hofmann, at his own proffer, will be the pianist. He was fain to play the piece when he appeared at the Symphony Concerts in December. Now he will have his will, and it is easy to imagine what breadth of execution and what glories of tone he will accomplish in his performance of the music. Mr. Hofmann has now conquered his place, by just title, among pianists of the first rank. He has begun the conquest of Boston, too.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S PENSION FUND CONCERT

Adapted — *all 10/11*
JOSEF HOFMANN, SOLOIST,

PLAYED BRILLIANTLY

Aroused Enthusiasm of Large Audience by His Masterly Reading of Beethoven's Concerto.

Beethoven, Wagner and Josef Hofmann—a distinguished trio—monopolized the programme of the second and final concert, last night, of the Symphony orchestra, for the benefit of its pension fund.

Wagner devotees revelled, for the first time this season, in half a programme of overtures and excerpts from the music dramas of the master. We have heard scarcely any Wagner this year. There

has not been a single representation of a Wagnerian opera—except by an itinerant company—while concert performances of his works have been rare enough. Mr. Fiedler, discriminately and sensibly respects Wagner's intentions, realizing that such music cannot receive the same vital and vivid meaning in the concert-room as on the stage. Hence, Mr. Fiedler's range of selection is limited to a few chosen fragments which are heard year after year.

The pieces chosen last night were the overtures to "Rienzi" and to the "Flying Dutchman"; the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser"; the "Ride of the Valkyrs"; and an arrangement of Siegfried's musings in the forest, the Waldweben."

To prove the statement that "one works best when he works for himself" we can refer to the playing of the Symphony men last night. So hearty and so sincere a programme,—into the spirit of which every player entered as never before during this season,—has not been heard here in years. The "Dutchman" overture's appalling climaxes and roaring avalanches of sound became almost overwhelming; the fearful and avowedly immoral music of the "Bacchanale" became doubly sensuous and voluptuous. Luckily for the orchestra and Mr. Wagner Mayor Fitzgerald was not present. More passionate, fiery and startling music has never been penned than that of the "Venusberg" scene.

For the first part of the programme there was the "Egmont" overture and the fourth Beethoven piano concerto in G.

"Egmont" is Beethoven's greatest dramatic overture. But it, too, has met its fate in the hands of the analysts, who must needs dissect every composition the moment that a composer indicates its general trend or its most marked characteristics. And this they have done ad nauseam in "Egmont." At any rate, the hero of Goethe is the hero of Beethoven—noble, magnanimous, over-confident. Mr. Fiedler's reading, when he does not over-emphasize and over-accentuate, is superb.

Last December Josef Hofmann was fain to play the Beethoven concerto, but it was unfortunately replaced by another. Mr. Hofmann is a pianist after Beethoven's own heart—broad, vigorous and strong, and, as anticipated, he played his piece with a clear, calculating logic, besprinkled here and there with an emotional appeal which lived but for a moment, and melted again into the intellectual content. He does not perform an Indian war dance at the keyboard and yet does not play with a too velvety hand. The Andante of the G major concerto is a dialogue between piano and orchestra, stormy and imperious for the latter, but soothing and placid for the former. Every chord, every tone, be it ever so humble, received its especial hue and its individual shade. Mr. Hofmann neither plays to or "at" his audience, and there is never the straining after effect or the desire to startle, which is almost universal nowadays.

A huge floral wreath and thunders of

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applause attested to the pianist's popularity. Like the soap advertisement which tells us that "he won't be happy until he gets it," so the audience felt about encores. Mr. Hoffmann added the Rachmaninoff "Prelude in G minor" and the Chopin "waltz in C sharp minor." In the latter, especially, it was pleasing to note that the graceful arabesques which follow the chief theme were not played a la sewing machine, as is usually the case.

Conductor, soloist, players and the large audience were aroused to great enthusiasm during the course of the evening. G. S. M.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Second of the Season Given, with

Josef Hofmann as

Herald Soloist.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave last night in Symphony Hall the second concert of this season in aid of its pension fund. Josef Hofmann, who kindly gave his services, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, overture to Goethe's "Egmont," concerto in G major, No. 4, for pianoforte, op. 58; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure," "Waldrauschen" from "Siegfried," overture to "Rienzi."

As is customary on such occasions, the size and enthusiasm of the audience proved that there was a public to whom this object made a strong appeal, and that a response to the appeal was neither perfunctory nor devoid of reward. Mr. Fiedler has before now offered at these concert programs of similar structure. At the one given a year ago, when Mme. Sembrich was the soloist, there were also five excerpts from Wagner, all different from those of last night.

Mr. Hoffmann has already several times this season given proof of the mature excellence of his playing, both as technician and interpreter. The concerto he choose for performance last night, though it was written at the same time that Beethoven's mind was much occupied with "Fidelio," is richer in qualities that make an instantaneous appeal than many concertos which seem primarily constructed for a display of virtuosity. The technically exacting allegro, the deeply emotional andante, the fresh and jocund rondo were all played in a masterly way by Mr. Hoffmann. He aroused the warmest enthusiasm and responded most generously with two charmingly contrasted encores.

News of Music

THE Symphony Orchestra has nearly ended its concerts for the year, in other cities than Boston. Visits to Springfield, Providence and New Bedford remain, but otherwise the field is clear for the five pairs of concerts that remain here and for which Mr. Fiedler, like his predecessors, has reserved some of his new music that requires assiduous preparation. In New York, on Saturday afternoon, at the final concert of the season in that city, Mr. Schroeder, ill with the grip, was unable to play Tschalkowsky's "Variations on a Rocco Theme" for violoncello and orchestra, as he had been announced to do. At short notice, Mr. Wittek was substituted as the "soloist," and in Paganini's concerto in D, he gave new proof, according to the Times, of his beautiful and penetrating tone, his vigorous, delicate and fluent bowing, and his entire self-concentration. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony ended the concert, and the reviewers seem more minded to praise the orchestra than the conductor in it. *Trans. Melb. 27. 1911*

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Two novelties by two Boston composers are the chief items on this week's Symphony program, the 22d of the series. George W. Chadwick will be represented by his Suite Symphonique, which has just taken the prize offered by the Federation of Musical Clubs. It has been played only in Philadelphia. It is in manuscript and is dedicated to Frederick Stock and the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago. It is in four movements.

The other novelty will be a comedy overture on negro themes by Henry F. Gilbert, late of Harvard University. This also is in manuscript and will be played for the first time in Boston. The other numbers on the program will be the Prelude to "Parsifal," and Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead."

Following the usual custom of not giving the public rehearsal on Good Friday, the rehearsal this coming week will be given on Thursday afternoon instead of Friday.

SYMPHONY IN CAMBRIDGE.

The seventh and last but one Symphony concert in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, will be given next Thursday evening, March 30. The soloist will be Miss Cornelle Overstreet, pianist. She will play Grieg's concerto in A minor. The first number on the program will be Brahms's symphony No. 1 Goldmark's overture, "Sakuntala." At the last concert on April 27 the soloist will be Alwin Schroeder of the orchestra.

HOFFMANN AS SOLOIST

Memorable Performance at Pension Fund Concert

Post — *Apr. 10/11*
BY OLIN DOWNES

A very brilliant concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Josef Hoffmann, assisting soloist, for the benefit of the pension fund of the orchestra last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Hoffmann, as is the custom of the artists who play on these occasions, had donated his services, and he made the concert memorable by his rarely poetic performance of the Beethoven G major concerto. He was rewarded with thunderous applause, and he played two "encores." There was a large audience.

The G major concerto, indeed, is now apparent as the most romantic and individual of Beethoven's compositions for piano and orchestra. It represents with especial felicity the romantic side of the composer who stood at the parting of the ways and blended, as they never will be blended again, the architectural strength and beauty of classic art and the glowing richness of color and imagination of the new age.

This concerto is best heard with a small orchestra and with a harpsichord, or with the excellent compromise between a modern piano and a harpsichord, which Arnold Dolmetsch, now, unfortunately, on the point of leaving us, presented to the public when George Proctor gave a masterly performance of the concerto, heard last night, two seasons ago in Chickering Hall. But this is not disparagement of the performance last night.

Despite the inflated orchestra and the big solo instrument, the music, which is such a compound of young poetry and lion-like virility of thought, was interpreted as only a master of music and of his instrument might hope to do.

Mr. Hoffmann, for a comparative rarity, was in the vein, and when he is in the vein few pianists surpass him. The technique of this concerto is deceptive. A glance at the pages seems to imply comparatively slight demands on the performer, and the average student views with more awe the massive passages of the fifth concerto; but let a mediocre pianist attempt to equal yesterday evening's exhibition, execute those innocent scales and prim arpeggios, and chords which, saving two or three passages, may be grasped by the hand of a child. Then, if he is reflective and self-critical, he will turn

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his back to the concert platform and retire with the G major concerto to the quiet of his studio and ponder and labor for a few more years.

The G-major concerto could hardly be presented in a more advantageous light than by Mr. Hoffmann yesterday evening. Such was the beauty of his tone and the perfection of his execution that every note was a joy to the ear. The subtle shades of expression which this composition demands as much as anything that Beethoven wrote were exquisitely perceived. It is so easy to dispel the wonderful and mysterious beauty of the slow movement, and this fragile beauty was so admirably preserved! The first movement was a perfect chain of precious musical thoughts, which reached a climax in the splendid cadenza.

No wonder that the audience was rapturous. Mr. Hoffmann added two pieces to the programme, a prelude of Rachmaninoff and the Chopin Waltz in C-sharp minor. He played the prelude more brilliantly than it has ever been played here—even by the composer himself—and he was as successful in capturing the poetry of the waltz as he had been in translating the message of Beethoven.

HOFFMANN SOLOIST,

Pianist Plays at Pension Fund Concert.

Gives Remarkable Performance as Technician and Interpreter.

Josef Hoffmann, the pianist, contributed his services as soloist at the concert given last night by the Symphony orchestra for the pension fund. Mr. Hoffmann played Beethoven's concerto in G major, No. 4.

The orchestra played Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and the following group by Wagner: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Valkyrie," "Waldrauschen" from "Siegfried" and the "Rienzi" overture. Mr. Fiedler conducted.

While there was true appreciation shown for the orchestral numbers, and justly so, the feature of the concert was naturally the performance of Mr. Hoffmann. It aroused the audience to applause which exceeded the demonstration usually made at Symphony concerts.

Mr. Hoffmann's playing combines to an extraordinary degree the virtuosity of a technician, the penetration, refinement and repose of style of a scholar,

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and the emotional and spiritual exaltation of a poet. One is puzzled whether to let his interpretative power sway the senses or to lose something of the import of his playing in admiration of his sovereignty over musical effects through pianistic technic.

This artist's judgment is unerring in his choice of style, in the manner in which he approaches a composer and his work, and in the atmosphere which he at once creates. He played the concerto with a simplicity and reverence which submerged the individuality of the performer in the spirit of the work.

There was brilliance in the florid development of the first movement, quiet, penetrating beauty, and true poesy in the romantic andante, in which Beethoven took the precaution to warn the player by a note in the score to use the soft pedal insistently except in the cadenza. In the rondo there was instant lightness, fleetness and exhilaration, which grew to a quickening intensity of brilliance in the concluding fast movement.

It would be a pleasure to speak in greater detail of the beauty and apt variation in color of his tone, of the singing of his melody, of the exquisite and elusive graduation of his nuances, of the chastily and sculptured finesse of his phrasing and the continence, yet the vast span, of his style. Here was playing that seemed to penetrate some inner, hidden and mystic shrine. There was a hallowed, a transcending spirit within it, and its appeal to those who heard was swift, sure and commanding.

Mr Hofmann was impelled by the applause to add two extra numbers, Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor and Chopin's waltz in C sharp minor. He was presented after the concert a huge laurel wreath, and during the intermission with a loving cup, a gift of the members of the orchestra.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"

RACHMANINOFF,

"The Island of the Dead," SYMPHONIC POEM to the Picture by A. Böcklin, op. 29

CHADWICK,

SUITE SYMPHONIQUE, (MS.)

- I. Allegro molto animato
 - II. Romanze
 - III. Intermezzo and Humoreske
 - IV. Finale: Allegro molto ed energico
- (First time in Boston)

GILBERT,

COMEDY OVERTURE on Negro Themes, (MS.)
(First time in Boston)

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COMEDY OVERTURE on Negro Themes, (MS.)

(First time in Boston)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 14, 1904
TWO NEW PIECES OF AMERICAN MUSIC

Mr. Gilbert's "Overture on Negro Themes" and Mr. Chadwick's Second "Symphonic Suite"—The Freshness, Spirit and Ingenuity of Mr. Gilbert's Novel Piece—The Paler Qualities of Mr. Chadwick's in Its Long Course—The Prelude to "Parsifal" and Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" for Contrast

HITHERTO, at the Symphony Concerts this season, Mr. Fiedler has played no music by American composers. Yesterday he gave half his programme to them, while both the chosen pieces were new and one of the composers little known. When he, Mr. H. F. Gilbert, found that his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was to end the concert and that Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Suite" was to precede immediately his own piece, he naturally feared lest new music by an established composer might overshadow that of a newcomer to Symphony Hall. On the contrary, Mr. Gilbert's overture held its own not only against Mr. Chadwick's suite, but against the other and the familiar items of the programme—the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal" and Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead." With hardly a departure, the audience stayed to hear Mr. Gilbert's music. It manifestly enjoyed it, and as is not the Bostonian way, it lingered applauding until it had discovered him in pleased bewilderment in an obscure seat and made him bow his appreciation. Mr. Gilbert has waited long and patiently for such reward. His way in the practice of the art of music has not been a smooth one. He is not well-to-do; he has not been able to live by music alone; he has been no tarrier at the doors of conductors or in the ante rooms of the musically or the socially influential. He has even had a faith—a rare thing in these days—and lived, worked and waited by it. He believes that in American folk-songs, in Indian tunes (if tunes they can be called), in Negro melodies, and in the balladry of the living-room and the street, is a store of musical material out of which can be recreated and developed a body of characteristically and unmistakably American music. In prefaces and the like, he has written warmly of this faith; in sundry orchestral, pianoforte, and vocal pieces he has composed according to it. He has preached and practised it, not as a "crank" who can see naught else in the world, but as a sane believer who had found in his gospel the outlet for his own expressive powers.

The Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" justifies the faith, the practice, the individual ability behind. Mr. Gilbert goes straight to "nigger tunes" for his melodic material and not to idealized and sophisticated memories and echoes of "Negro melodies." A song of the blacks of the Bahamas, another of the roustabouts sweating on the river steamers of the old days, and a "spiritual" as the Negro dialect called such tunes, provide him with his material. He has taken these tunes as they are, for what they are, and out of them he has composed an overture of becomingly modern freedom of form—a lively introduction on the Bahama theme, a slower section of soberer feeling on the roustabout song, an eloquent fugue on the "spiritual," the usual working-out, recapitulation and coda. Of course, Mr. Gilbert has used plentiful imagination and ingenuity and a due musical scholarship in his treatment of these melodies, but never to the devitalizing and the decharacterizing of them. From their first appearance to their last in the music they are Negro melodies. The "handling," however, as the painters would say, is all of Mr. Gilbert himself. The overture begins robustly, the humorous suggestion of the music is as rich as it is lively. It is of primitive folk at lusty play. The finale is of like and stronger mood, a riot of "rag-time," as the musical comedies might call it. Yet never once is this music vulgar or common. It keeps its distinctive note. The music that springs from the roustabout tune is of ampler voice and deeper mood; primitive longing is in it; while the fugue upon "the spiritual" is, as all good fugues should be, a dramatically eloquent little episode in sound. Once done with it, Mr. Gilbert is off upon all the robustness and variety of voice and mood that his material yields him, until he is ready for his rag-time revel. From beginning to end, he carries his hearers with him, answering at every turn to his will. Here, at last, is music of American folk-tunes that meets every musical test, except, possibly, that of adroit instrumental coloring, that keeps the matter, the voice, and the spirit—the difficult item—of its origin; and that interests and stirs those that hear. So far as this overture goes, Mr. Gilbert has not waited, believed or practised in vain.

The truth is that in any retrospect of the concert Mr. Gilbert's overture, unknown and unheralded as he and it were, distinctly overshadows Mr. Chadwick's new suite. Mr. Chadwick did not write it for the competition, arranged by the Federation of Musical Clubs in which it lately won a prize. Having the music finished and in hand, he merely submitted it. Yet more than once it does not escape the easy obviousness of prize music, and still more does it suggest an effort to do again what Mr. Chadwick did so interestingly, individually and stirringly in his first Symphonic Suite. That suite, last played at the Symphony Concerts in Dr. Muck's time, was rich in American spirit and American voice. The

listener might hear in it much that was of American sentiment, American humor, American jubilation, of the quick shiftings of mood that are very American, of the frankness of one feeling crowding upon another. Mr. Chadwick's melodic invention was fresh and felicitous; his development and clothing of his material alert, imaginative, high-spirited. The first suite was good to hear in itself, and it was very American music besides.

The Symphonic Suite of yesterday brought no such agreeable stimulation. Mr. Chadwick's invention of melody flags, and the slow movement, a Romance, barely escapes a rather thin and commonplace sweetness in matter and in manner. It is simplicity and sentiment carried to the perilous verge, even though the instrumental turf be velvety. The "Humoreske," the other middle movement after a pretty little intermezzo, does not much heighten the quality or the interest of the music. Neither the rattle of the xylophone nor the tinkling of the triangle, nor yet again the mockery of Debussian and Puccinlesque dissonances and progressions is in itself amusing. "The treatment is everything and Mr. Chadwick's treatment did not seem musically fresh or musically witty. He took thought and pains at his humor. In the finale, he would "jubilate" American-wise, as he did in the lusty vagabond song and the mockery of Bach in the finale of the first Symphonic Suite. The second thoughts do not match the first; the jovial, lusty, tumbling inspiration will not come. The first movement, distinctly a lyric piece, pleasantly invented, ingeniously and fancifully ordered, relieves, too early, the tameness of the whole. It is the sort of sentimental yet spirited song that American composers from MacDowell onward have sung agreeably, imaginatively. Elsewhere, Mr. Chadwick's music needs freshness, needs spirit, and, above all, brevity.

No "unifying" programmatist could explain the juxtaposition of these two American pieces, lively, robust, even gay of mood, with the two that preceded them—the prelude to "Parsifal" crying its anguish, hymning its faith, whispering its mysticism, proclaiming its splendors of ritual; and Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," music of the infinite solitude and the infinite calm of their sepulchre, of the whisperings and perchance the stirrings of their spirits, of the great longing that may quicken them, as it quickens those that mourn, of the hint of the Judgment Day that shall roll these stones away, and recalls these spirits, perchance again to the life that they have lived and rightly loved so well. Subduing his instrumental voices, taking the slow pace in the prelude that Wagner liked in "Parsifal" in his last years, Mr. Fiedler made the music sound as remote, mystic, awed and anguished as it sounds when it comes from the orchestra pit at Bayreuth. It was the prelude to "Parsifal" in its true voice and spirit; it did not

sound excited, neurotic, as too many conductors nowadays are eager to make it sound; but it did sound—and the more in contrast to Rachmaninoff's tone-poem—like music of the theatre, very carefully and astutely designed for its place there. The Russian's music gives no hint of such design and contrivance. It seems to exist of itself—as the voice of this sanctuary of dead souls, lapped by the sea, where no other sound stirs; where the air is still than silence; where the light changes not, it is so soft and clear. It is the voice, too, of the mourning that is still because it is deep; of the longing that whispers its intensities; of the mystery of ends and partings; of life that dies and may be renewed. There is no programme for it; the spirit, not the mind, answers to the music—to its grave, subdued yet noble voice; to the rich and deep monotony of its coloring; to the whisperings that pierce the one, to the lights that for an instant shade the other. Rachmaninoff has his kinship to Brahms. Not even the German's Requiem is such music of death, its solitudes and its mystery. More nearly yesterday than usual Mr. Fiedler let it speak itself.

H. T. P.

TWO COMPOSERS SYMPHONY FEATURE

Journal Apr. 14/11

Chadwick and Gilbert Are Present When Works Are Rehearsed.

Two composers represented on the program were present at yesterday's symphony rehearsal; and to this extent it was a record-breaking event.

George W. Chadwick himself conducted the first performance in this city of his "Suite Symphonique," that recently won the \$700 prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs for the best orchestral work by an American composer. The audience greeted the distinguished Bostonian warmly when he took Mr. Fiedler's place on the conductor's platform and it applauded him for several minutes when he stepped down again.

The second movement, the "Romanze," was especially enjoyed. The pure lyric character of the movement is impressive after the fashion of some of Tchaikowsky's music, and it was relished keenly for the very reason that its beauty and simplicity went straight to the heart. In fact, the suite as a whole might be chosen for a "pop" concert, its appeal is so straightforward and its emotional qualities are so

marked, yet it is distinguished by skillful and at times brilliant orchestration. The "Suite Symphonique" made a much deeper impression than the "Sinfonietta," by Mr. Chadwick, which was played by the Symphony Orchestra a year ago. The composer conducted with spirit, and the orchestra played as if the fate of musical America depended upon the performance.

Henry F. B. Gilbert of Cambridge listened to the equally joyous performance of his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," and then stepped forward to greet the smiling and applauding audience. The orchestra almost laughed outright over the fun of plunging into the orgy of jollity and rag-time, that marks the end of the piece. The overture was written as the prelude to an opera based upon Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" stories. The opera was put aside unfinished.

It was an unusual program, with rag-time at one end and the spiritual "Parsifal" prelude at the other. After the Wagner number came Rachmaninoff's somber masterpiece, the symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," which the composer conducted when he was here last season. The tone painting is wonderful, but it remains, so far as the public is concerned, a dish of musical caviar.

SYMPHONY IN GILBERT PIECE

Herald Apr. 14/11

Overture on Negro Themes by Cambridge Composer Is a Viril Work.

SUITE BY MR. CHADWICK

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
"The Island of the Dead," symphonic poem after Boecklin's picture. Rachmaninoff
Suite Symphonique in E flat major....Chadwick
Comedy Overture on Negro Themes....Gilbert

Mr. Chadwick's suite and Mr. Gilbert's overture were played in Boston for the first time. Mr. Chadwick conducted his suite. The two pieces were performed from manuscript.

Henry F. Gilbert, born at Somerville in 1888, now lives in Cambridge. He studied the violin with Mr. Mollenhauer and composition with Edward MacDow-

ell. He has been known in Boston chiefly by his songs and piano pieces, although incidental music to plays of the Irish Theatre has been performed here.

Mr. Gilbert has indisputable talent and marked individuality. As will be seen by looking at a list of his compositions, he is interested in folk-songs and in the Irish renaissance. The overture on negro themes was performed for the first time at a concert in Central Park, New York city, last August, and soon afterward played at the Pittsburg Exposition. It was originally intended as a prelude to an opera based on the Uncle Remus stories. The libretto of this opera is by Charles Johnson, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, known to students of Indian literature by his "From the Upanishads" and his translation of the "Bhagavad Gita" with commentary and introduction.

The thematic material of the overture consists of phrases from tunes published in Edward's "Bahama Songs and Stories"; a nobly romantic tune, "I've Gwine to Alabammy, Oh," sung by roustabouts on Mississippi steamboats in the old days; and a negro "Spiritual" called "Old Ship of Zion."

The first section of this overture is irresistible by reason of its frank liveliness, its appealing rhythm, its riotous good humor. The theme is well developed until the entrance of the broad and characteristic roustabout song. Then comes an admirably written and engrossing fugue built on the first four measures of the negro "Spiritual." The peroration is impressive, with a skillful use of phrases from the "Spiritual." The first theme is brought in again and there is an ingeniously exciting coda.

The overture stirred the blood of the audience. All rejoiced in hearing a new voice, a voice with something to say and an original way of saying it. The fugue did not dampen the interest of the hearers, for the old form was used with dramatic spirit. No wonder that the audience, surprised and delighted, was for once in no hurry to leave the hall. It remained, applauding, until the composer, found somewhere, appeared and modestly bowed in answer. Mr. Fiedler conducted in full sympathy. It is to be hoped that other compositions of Mr. Gilbert will be heard here at these concerts. The overture is distinctively, but not bumpilously, not apologetically, American.

Mr. Chadwick's Suite took the prize recently offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs for the best orchestral work by an American composer. The Suite was played by the Philadelphia orchestra in Philadelphia at a concert in honor of the federation March 29 of this year. But Mr. Chadwick did not write his suite for this competition. He sketched it in Switzerland and Italy in 1905-'06 and completed it in Boston two years ago.

The suite is in four movements, and the work might well be called a symphony. The first movement is in son-

nta form. It is thematically interesting; it is carefully and ably worked with fine harmonic and orchestral effects. It has the most distinction of the four movements. The second, a Romanze, a song in three verses, has a melodic expression that no doubt will make an immediate and popular appeal, as it did yesterday; but the theme is inherently commonplace; nor does the Gaelic flavor save it; the embellishments are of a bygone time, and the movement is too long drawn out. The third movement is entitled Intermezzo and Humoreske. The Intermezzo has a certain grace and is more interesting than the Humoreske, which seems to include a parody of ultra-modern French music. The humor is rather heavy, and this may be said of nearly all compositions entitled "Humoresque." The Finale stands next in structure and expression to the first movement. Mr. Chadwick was heartily applauded and recalled.

The pieces by Americans were in strong and strange contrast with the two that preceded. The Prelude to "Parsifal" is more effective in the opera house than in the concert hall, and its full contents are better appreciated in the Bayreuth theatre than elsewhere. Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem made a profound impression when it was conducted here for the first time by the composer. Mr. Fiedler no doubt appreciates the work, but he is not wholly successful in the expression of the dominating spirit of remoteness and sadness. The sea that surrounds the island of the dead was too quickly stirred.

There was not the monotonous and awful quiet that Boecklin portrayed in his famous picture. Yet Mr. Fiedler's reading was interesting in other ways, and if Mr. Rachmaninoff had not visited us it might well be called eloquent. The "Dies Irae" was brought out with dramatic force and the climax of lamentation was overpowering. The composition is a singular one. It would be interesting to know what Rachmaninoff had in mind when he wrote the stormier sections. As a whole, the concert gave much pleasure to an audience smaller than usual, but not less enthusiastic.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Curry, Symphonic poem "Atala," after Chateaubriand (first performance); Beethoven, aria, "Ah, Perfido!"; Debussy, "Iberia" (first time in Boston); Weber, Agata's grand air from "Der Freischuetz"; Mendelssohn, overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage." Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, will be the soloist.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe — *Apr. 14/11*
Rachmaninoff's Tone-Poem
Repeated at Concert.

Chadwick and Gilbert Represented
by Novelties on Program.

Owing to the fact that today is Good Friday, the 22d public Symphony rehearsal was held yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Prelude to "Parsifal," Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead"; Chadwick's Symphonic suite in E-flat major, MSS, first time in Boston, conducted by the composer; Henry F. H. Gilbert's Comedy overture on Negro Themes, MSS, first time in Boston.

Mr Fiedler is to be thanked for the repetition of Rachmaninoff's noble tone-poem. At each hearing it grips the thought and feeling keeper; it penetrates the spirit further; it declares itself a power to exalt the soul higher.

Here is music that is intensely, vitally human; yet it transports one far from the haunts, the pettynesses and the turmoil of men. Here, too, is music that is universal in its reduction of all formulas to the great verities, for it is not easy to listen merely to its technic, yet any men may hear recreated within it and made poignant the great, the serious moments of his life. Its speech transcends that of language or of tongues. Its appeal is searching, unescapable.

There are pages which are awesome, terrifying, stupendous, not by their assault upon the ears, but by the noble seriousness of their emotional thought, shrouded as by a darkly-luminous veil of grave and mystical colors. There are pages that might serve as a dirge for the dead of the nations, whose closed lips had looked away the secrets of great deeds, which had waited for a eulogy and a requiem.

Mr Fiedler made the "Parsifal" impressive and in keeping with the season. Rachmaninoff's music is in no obvious sense religious, either in source or purpose, but over it broods the eternal mystery of infinitude.

Mr Chadwick's suite was played for the first time anywhere by the Philadelphia orchestra at Philadelphia, March 29, at a special concert in honor of the national federation of musical clubs, whose prize of \$700 the composition had won.

It is in four movements. Their general temper is one of genial, at times lusty jocundity. There is alleviating venture into sentiment which becomes tender anon, as though to palliate the touches of a frank, even bucolic humor, but which does not seek to explore the depths of tragic passion.

There is a use of sharply pointed and incisive rhythms, even to frequent syncopation, and contrasting rhythms are made a source of vitality. There are but few if any quotations from an exotic or reconstructed scale, unless it be the shimmering descent of elusive chords in the humoresque, wherein the composer perchance pays his respects to Debussy.

Meanwhile he reveals a clever use of contrast which will doubtless hit the mark, for by preceding this whole-tone will-o-the-wisp by a very bald and very American piping and blaring of "Yankee Doodle" he etherealizes the more exquisitely the shimmering and elusive Mr Debussy, and perhaps takes a smart jab in the ribs at Mr Puccini the while, by the lush and fragrant passage which follows, all of which was provocative of merriment in the audience.

The first movement is perhaps the most closely knit in construction, its themes sharper in profile and their development more evenly sustained. The contrasting section gives to the cello a suave melody of warm and ingratiating curve.

The slow movement is frankly, naively songful. The chief theme played yesterday by the cello would be well suited to the haunting voice of the saxophone for which it was intended. The movement is not altogether of childlike unsophistication in its simplicity, for the horn sings a broad and masculine melody, about which the clarinet weaves embellishment with appropriately feminine grace.

Mr Chadwick as conductor appeared to make the orchestra do his bidding with ease. He was applauded during the intermissions and was twice recalled to the platform at the end of the piece.

Mr Gilbert's themes are not expurgated derivations of negro tunes, as are some of Dvorak's, but are the unblushing tunes themselves. They are made to sound with a vigor and tang which should find obedient feet in Georgia, perhaps in Boston, if they had the floor.

There is no particular attempt at development, or at the metamorphosis of figures. Shortly before the enlivening finale, which enlisted the attention of the more august statuary for the first time since the last appearance of Geraldine Farrar in her youth, there was a songful passage vouchsafing more than one leading voice and a rich palette of harmony.

Mrs Gilbert was called to the front by applause. The jaded were seen to leave the hall with a quicker, more elastic step. Anyway, there shall now be no more justice henceforth in the lament for the downtrodden American composer.

Next week the program will be Symphonic Poem, "Athalia," by Arthur M. Curry (of Boston), Debussy's "Iberia," Mendelssohn's "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," overture and also by Beethoven and Weber ("Der Freischuetz"), sung by Mme Corinne Rider-Kelsey.

Baldwin

CHADWICK'S NEW SUITE PROVES GREAT SUCCESS

Adv. — *Apr. 14, 1911*
ITS AMERICAN SPIRIT
CLEAR AND RECOGNIZABLE

Henry F. Gilbert's Comedy Overture
Also Played by the Symphony Orchestra This Week.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Wagner—"Parsifal" Prelude.
Rachmaninoff—"The Island of the Dead." Symphonic Poem.
Chadwick—Suite Symphonique.
Henry F. Gilbert—Comedy Overture on Negro Themes.

The concert of yesterday afternoon was remarkable in many respects. It began in the odor of sanctity and ended in the humor of America. The solemn was divided from the playful by ten minutes intermission. We suppose that the "Parsifal" Prelude was upon the programme in view of Eastertide, while Rachmaninoff's sombre "Isle of the Dead" was there to suit to the Good Friday mood, although Wagner's "Char-Freitags Zauber" would have been yet more in line with the climax of the Lenten season and would have been less bombastic.

We do not consider the "Parsifal" Prelude nearly as great as that to the "Meistersinger" or the overtures to the "Flying Dutchman" or "Tannhauser," but the world in general will never look at "Parsifal" through secular spectacles; the work will always derive a fictitious glamour from its religious libretto. When one thinks, however, that Wagner was anything but a believer in the dogmas he was celebrating, one can better understand the indignation of the more honest Nietzsche. Yet everyone may revel in the inspired counterpoint (quite diatonic too) of the Melody of Faith, which is not worn threadbare in the Prelude, as it is in the later parts of the opera. The Prelude received a performance in which just the right loftiness and mystery were blended. But in spite of the spirit of adoration and mystery in the work we cannot but think it an artificial and affected number, although it may be very heterodox to say so.

Rachmaninoff's stately tonal picture fitted well to follow this somewhat exaggerated loftiness, and made a much stronger impression with its repeated hearing.

The impressive rhythm which is carried

a ground bass and pictures either sweep of the oars or the ceaseless surge of the waves (probably the former) had a weird power and impressiveness. The long organ-point of the coda increased this picturesque monotony. The work is certainly one of the powerful ones of the modern repertoire, but the gloom of the northern composers is now becoming a well-known effect and requires no further chronicling.

There is, however, something besides gloom in the "Island of the Dead." There is grandeur and sustained power. There are climaxes in it that are as noble as anything in the entire field of modern music.

The work cannot at once appeal to the general public. It was but a minority that kept up persistent applause and recalled Mr. Fiedler. But we feel sure that this wonderful composition will hold its place upon the repertoire, and will yet be recognized as one of the great things that have been created in this generation. The performance was something superb. Mr. Fiedler and his orchestra deserved a whirlwind of applause for the manner in which the work was read and executed. All the instruments did well, but the brasses were especially fine. It was one of the most thrilling of recent interpretations.

When we returned from our customary stroll in the corridor the vein of the performance changed most abruptly. George W. Chadwick does not revel in the growls and sorrows of the Muscovite. His is a hearty, genial American nature, and this speaks forth spontaneously in the Suite Symphonique with which he recently won the \$700 prize of the American Federation of Music Clubs, at Philadelphia. At present we may rank Mr. Chadwick as the very head of American composition and certainly the most characteristically American. Let us emphatically say that such music as this composition is far more "American" than all the works which present Indian themes, dug out of research books, which not a single American can recognize. Here we have the clear and recognizable American spirit, and this work should be heard abroad as a proof that our native orchestral works are not merely reflections of German or French thought.

The opening movement is not the most striking of the work, but it is full of energy and power nevertheless. It has a nervous crispness which is national enough. At one point the composer shows that he is not afraid of "rag-time." Why should he be? Ragtime is only extreme syncopation. Beethoven uses it in the slow movement of his sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, and in many other works, and Mr. Chadwick makes much better use of it than Puccini in the figure of Johnson in the Girl who failed in the Golden West. The scoring of this movement and of the entire work is full enough, but not extreme, nor does the composer take an eternity to express himself, as so many moderns do.

The slow movement is a beautiful melody. Mr. Chadwick can, upon occasion, be quite as learned as any composer we

possess. His canons for organ show that the most crabbed paths of counterpoint have been thoroughly explored by him. But he has never allowed his learning to hinder him from writing delicious melodies. He does not disdain to write a tune which shall have an antecedent and a consequent phrase and a cadence that shall be according to Richter. If only some of our top-heavy American Wagnerettes would take this to heart we might have more common sense in music.

The chief theme of this Andante Cantabile is as simple and as beautiful as a folk song. There is some obbligato work for solo violin upon the G and D strings which makes a good foil to the principal tune. The velvet-toned Saxophone is prominently used in the melody. This movement won the most applause and it is the most direct and tuneful of the suite.

Then comes a little of the untrammelled American humor.

If any one would like to get the spirit of this native devil-may-care element of our make-up, let him look up Prof. John A. Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" and he will see that Mr. Chadwick's unrestrained rollick is a vein of American life that has not been much exploited as yet, but which is as characteristic as the plantation music which we sometimes consider our only typical "school" of music. Xylophone and triangle are there, and the violinists smite their strings with the back of their bows (coll 'Legno' occasionally. "Yankee Doodle" peeps forth in a most humorous fashion, both in squeaks and growls, and the xylophone gives a "ting-a-ling-a-ling" motive with persistency and effect. The finale is also most energetic. Hugo Wolf once said that the true test of a musical genius lay in the question: "Can he exult?" There is not the least doubt that Mr. Chadwick can and does exult in this work. It is a most spontaneous and characteristic addition to the American repertoire, something that is as native in music as Bret Harte is in literature. He was greeted with much applause when he took the conductor's stand, and with much more at the conclusion of the work, when he was recalled twice, very heartily.

Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert is a new name in music. It is not yet to be found in the musical encyclopaedias, but he who knoweth all things, we mean Philip Hale of the Programme-book, informs us that he was born in Somerville and is now in Cambridge. This is near enough to Boston for us to claim him as our own.

His overture is allied to the tales of Uncle Remus and is frankly popular and founded on negro rhythms and tunes. Mr. Gilbert plunges into "medias res" at once and gives a startling beginning. There is much reiteration of figures, but scarcely much that can be called development except a fugato which indicates that the plantation had temporarily entered the musical conservatory. The overture was enjoyable, although it suggested the "Pops" rather than the Boston Symphony Concerts. It evoked great applause.

Both the American works were badly placed in coming after the infinite grandeur of Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead."

News of Music April 10, '11

NOW that the programmes for only two pairs of Symphony Concerts remain to be announced, it is time to take from a dusty pigeon-hole the "partial list of works intended for performance" that the conductor and the manager issued last autumn. Of course, no opera house and no orchestra ever fulfilled to the foot of the letter each and every item of its prospectus, and no reader with any sophistication takes the list so literally. The conductor in his study, the manager in his office, plan largely and variedly in the summer, only to find that the pressure of the winter defeats or embarrasses him at many a turn. Pieces announced are "reluctantly deferred" to another season; pieces unexpectedly discovered or recalled demand, for one reason or another, immediate performance; of the music of the chosen composers, a second piece seems more characteristic than that originally announced. To scrutinize Mr. Fiedler's prospectus and the twenty-two programmes that he has made thus far is to see that he has kept as close to it as conductors usually do. He and his men, with their fifty concerts here, their five "trips" to New York and their recurring visits to cities in New England have much to do. Even Mr. Fiedler's energy could hardly accomplish all that he announced. Thus, the performance of Liszt's "Dante" symphony, unheard for a quarter of a century in America, has been postponed to the concerts next October commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the composer. There is not now time, there has not been time in the course of the season, to prepare the choral part of Mahler's second symphony, and for another year that modern masterpiece or any other of the neglected composer's music will go unheard here. Mr. Fiedler has renounced his intention to play Bruckner's "Romantic" symphony, but his audiences are content to omit for a season that annual pair of concerts practically "consecrated" since Dr. Muck's time to Bruckner's lengthy and hazy music. The "chapel," as the French say, that worships Mr. Loeffler and the "chapel" that worships MacDowell will regret the seeming abandonment of "The Death of Tintagiles" and "The Indian Suite." Those who like to believe that Russian music does not begin or end with Tchaikowsky will be sorry that neither Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Amtar" nor Glazounoff's ballet music have appeared, "as announced," on the programmes. The absence of these omitted pieces, the presence of others unannounced, the general course of the programmes are all a part of the fortunes of the season and to be taken accordingly. There is, however, just ground for regret in Mr. Fiedler's neglect of Mahler's symphonies, and for his failure thus far to include Debussy's new "Ibéria" in the concerts. "Ibéria" is the most considerable and interesting orchestral piece that Debussy has written of late; other orchestras in America have been

quick to play it, and here in Boston is an unusually wide and genuine interest in Debussy's music.

The huge be-ribboned wreath, as large as a cartwheel, that Mr. Hofmann received last night at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund, was not the only gift that the band made to the pianist who had given his services for this particular occasion and whom it had come to like in the tour at mid-winter that they made together. In the intermission, Mr. Roth of the first violins, speaking for the orchestra and for the committee that administers the Pension Fund, handed Mr. Hofmann a silver loving cup duly inscribed.

The centenary of the birth of Liszt, next October, will not pass in America without the revival of some of his most interesting and most neglected music in "the larger forms." Not only has Mr. Fiedler deferred his revival of the "Dante" symphony until that time, but the MacDowell Chorus in New York is announcing a performance, for October, of "St. Elizabeth," Liszt's oratorio that most American choral societies have steadily overlooked.

Mr. Chadwick and Others

IT is a tempting, but unsolvable, puzzle to try to "unify" the programme that Mr. Fiedler has arranged for the regular Symphony Concerts of Thursday afternoon (in lieu of Friday) and Saturday evening. Now Thursday is Holy Thursday and Friday is Good Friday, and by so much his choice of Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal" might be appropriate to the days. On the other hand, All Souls' Day is six months past or six months to come. Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," might be fitting for it, but hardly for the fast days of Holy Week. Perhaps it stands on the programme by its own right of deeply imagined and gravely beautiful music. Holy Saturday, the world over, is a day of approaching festival, and with it may be assorted the other pieces of the list—Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Suite" and Mr. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture," both new to audiences here. The suite, beginning in the key of E-flat and running in an Allegro, a Romance, a Humorous Intermezzo and an Energetic Finale, is the piece with which Mr. Chadwick lately won a prize offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, which was played last month in Philadelphia and described the other day in this place. If it matches his previous "Symphonic Suite"—and it suggests a like mood and purpose—it will be interesting and very American music. Mr. Gilbert's overture lies still in manuscript, and he is of those who like to experiment with thematic material from what they believe is American—I. e., Negro or Indian-folk-music.

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American Works to Be Played at Symphony Concerts.

Works by two Americans, George W. Chadwick and Henry F. Gilbert, will be played at the Symphony concerts this week. Mr. Chadwick's new symphonic suite in E flat which he recently conducted in Philadelphia at its first performance anywhere, will be heard. It is dedicated to Frederick Stock and the Theodore Thomas orchestra. The piece was awarded the first prize in the orchestral class by the recent convention of the National federation of musical clubs. Its characteristics were noted in the Globe two weeks ago today.

Mr. Gilbert has been identified with the Wa-Wan press movement of Newton Center, and the American music society. He has composed piano music and songs, among the latter his enlivening "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's chest" sung by David Bispham.

According to Arthur Farwell in the Wa-Wan Press monthly, Aug. 1907, Mr. Gilbert had then written a "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," which is the work to be heard this week, and an Americanesque, compounded upon American inventions as "Zip Coon," "Kosalie, or Don't be Foolish, Joe," "Dearest Mae" and other ingredients.

The same program is to also include the prelude to "Parsifal," and Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," already gladly heard in Boston.

Following the usual custom of not giving the public rehearsal on Good Friday, the rehearsal this coming week will be given on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Gilbert's "Negro" Overture

AT the Symphony Concerts of Thursday and Saturday, Mr. H. F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" will be played for the first times in Boston. It will put upon the programmes the name of an American composer, hitherto unplaced there, who has long lived and worked in and around Boston, keeping his faith in American folk-tunes—Negro, Indian or of popular balladry—as the source out of which an American music could be written in American moods and to the responsive stirring of American spirits. This particular overture he designed for an operetta drawn from Joel Chandler Harris's stories of "Uncle Remus." For various reasons, the composition of the operetta was abandoned, and Mr. Gilbert re-shaped the overture into its present form in which it has been played already in New York and Pittsburg. He describes it as follows: "The overture is not at all in the accepted form. The thematic material I have taken from various collections of Negro folk-lore 'lifting' a motive here and there. My 'lifting' has not been very extensive, however. The Negro themes which I have employed amount altogether to but twenty measures. The whole overture is developed from this material.

"The piece opens with a light and humorous movement. The theme was manufactured from two-four measure motives which I found in that interesting book, 'Bahama Songs and Stories,' by Charles

L. Edwards. Next comes a broad and somewhat slower movement, the theme of which (eight measures in length) is a wild and mysterious sounding bit of melody. This tune, and many like it, were sung by the deckhands and 'roustabouts' on the Mississippi steamboats in the old days. It is the only theme which I have used in its complete form in the overture. It is to be found in 'Slave Songs of the United States,' by W. F. Allen and others. The original words were as follows:

For to see my mammy, Oh—
Ise gwine to Alabammy, Ah—

"Then comes a fugue. The theme of the fugue consists of the first four measures of the Negro Spiritual, 'Old Ship of Zion,' as noted by Jeannette Robinson Murphy in 'Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers.' The fugue ends in a broad and 'quasi maestoso' statement of the theme, in augmentation. It is given out by the brass instruments and is interspersed with fragments of the roustabout's song, also in augmentation. After this there is a return to the first theme and after considerable recapitulation and the development of a different ending or coda, the composition ends in an orgy of jollity and ragtime."

From. ———— April 1911

TWO NOVELTIES BY SYMPHONY

Pat ———— April 1911
Gilbert and Chadwick Con-
tributed to Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall presented a programme of unusual significance, and enthusiasm ran high: the prelude to "Parsifal"; Rachmaninoff's masterpiece, "The Isle of the Dead," after the celebrated picture of Arnold Böcklin; a "Suite Symphonique" by George W. Chadwick and Henry F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," both latter compositions played from manuscript for the first time in this city. Music of an old and a young continent and music that reflected very clearly its national as well as artistic origin. It is good to say that both of the new compositions by composers resident in Boston and in Cambridge were welcomed with great acclaim. Mr. Chadwick, who conducted his own work, was recalled three or four times. Mr. Gilbert was long in appearing, but the audience, which usually flies to the doors at the sound of the last chord, stayed and applauded until after many minutes the

composer bowed from the stage.

The "Parsifal" prelude was given a very impressive performance, and so was Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, which now seems one of the great masterpieces of modern music. This piece is superb in its proportions and in the masterly development of the material, the big lines of the structure, and the splendid continuity of the thought. Moreover, and in spite of his formal achievements,

Rachmaninoff has written as freely as though he were improvising alone before the great picture of Böcklin. The emotional current is continuous, the expression of moods that vary from human terror and protest to the most exalted hope and faith, and the loftiest contemplation. The composition is colored with wonderful richness and "atmosphere," and its form is so tremendous, so durable, that it seems as though the tone-poem should live for a thousand years. When Böcklin had finished the second sketch of his "Todteninsel," at the wish of the Countess Marie von Oriola, he wrote her that his picture "must produce such an effect of stillness that any one would be frightened to hear a knock on the door." Rachmaninoff has captured this mood with unexplainable success. A moment during the performance might have been prolonged. This was at the place where, after immense surges of tone, the orchestra subsides, a horn emerges from the mass of rich sound with a single note, sustained very softly, and then the violas take up this note, and from it commence to vibrate with indescribable effect the "Dies irae." This motive is used throughout the composition in a number of forms, and with exceeding effect.

Prize Composition

Mr. Chadwick's "Suite Symphonique" took the prize of \$700 for an orchestral composition offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, which was awarded last month. The suite was first performed in Philadelphia on the 29th of last March. The suite is in four movements, and it is on the same lines as the "Symphonic Sketches," first played here under Dr. Muck, and in which Mr. Chadwick accomplished what he has tried to accomplish in the composition heard yesterday. The "Suite Symphonique" is the pale ghost of the "Symphonic Sketches." It is hollow. The orchestration is skillful, but it does not suffice to conceal a lack of potential musical ideas. One of Mr. Chadwick's most valuable attributes has been his strong native vein of humor and a healthy, rather sentimental sentiment. In this suite the humor is either not humor or it is broad farce. The second movement consists of the smooth evolving of a theme which has superficial characteristics of Scottish folk music, mixed up inexplicably with other material in the form of an intermezzo that is oriental in character.

Mr. Chadwick probably had his own ideas and good reasons for inserting this

contrasting section, but the reason is not obvious or admissible at a first hearing. The first and third movements of this suite are labored. In the last movement there are occasionally delightful passages, but it is not the opinion of this writer that the composition increases Mr. Chadwick's reputation as a composer.

Sort of Potpourri

Next, Mr. Gilbert's comedy overture—a different story. This overture has 10 times the vitality of the work which preceded it, but, as Mr. Chadwick has dressed to the utmost advantage—at least as far as instrumentation is concerned—things which as a rule are impotent—Mr. Gilbert choking with enthusiasm and sheer musical feeling, has not been entirely happy in welding together the different sections of his overture, in balancing and juxtaposing them. It should be remembered that this overture was not originally intended as a concert number. It was conceived as a prelude to an operetta based upon the charming "Uncle Remus" folk-tales of Joel Chandler Harris, and it was—it is, to a certain degree—a potpourri of folk tunes of America. Yet this does not wholly excuse sins of omission and commission. Mr. Gilbert, thanks to Mr. Fiedler's initiative, will hear his music played and he will rapidly gain the faculty of presenting his ideas in their best light.

But it may be said that this work amply sustains Mr. Gilbert in his faith in the availability of the folk music of this country for artistic treatment, and that, in spite of its defects, it appeared to make an excellent impression yesterday. No wonder!

The humor of the opening theme is irresistible; perhaps Mr. Gilbert's humor also, is a little broad in the rollicking imitations of the theme by the brass. Yet this ripping humor, and the romance and the real pathos of the theme that used to be sung, according to the composer, by the stevedores and "roustabouts" on the Mississippi, are exceedingly potential and worthy of extended treatment. The composition is bursting with the most exuberant life and energy. Its laughter is reckless and unpolished; its poetry is of haunting sweetness. There is then the vigorous fugal treatment of the first theme in "ragtime" rhythm, and the golden proclamation by the brass when the fugue reaches its climax. This is, indeed, a splendid burst, though it could be scored with still more splendor and sonority. The recapitulation is telling, but not well proportioned, and as the overture stands, there is perhaps too much insistence upon the stirring opening theme—a theme which might well stand as it is if the rest of the overture were better balanced.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Gilbert has written a piece well worthy of a hearing on a symphony programme. It is always the case that we appreciate least what is closest to us, and so a composer who dares to employ

a tune of frankly "ragtime" quality may lay himself open to censure, but it would be interesting to compare this tune with the best folk-tunes of Europe, which are so frequently treated by European composers, and see which melodies had the most inherent strength.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 8 P.M.

The first part of the programme will be in commemoration of Mendelssohn's birthday, February 3, 1809.

Programme.

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| MENDELSSOHN, | OVERTURE to "Fingal's Cave." |
| MENDELSSOHN, | SCHERZO, "Midsummer Night's Dream," music. |
| MENDELSSOHN, | SYMPHONY in A minor, "Scotch." |
| RICHARD STRAUSS, | "Thus Spake Zarathustra." |

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

CURRY,

"Atala" SYMPHONIC POEM, (after Chateaubriand)
MS.

(First performance.)
Conducted by the Composer.

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE and ARIA, "Ah! Perfido" op. 65

DEBUSSY,

"IBERIA," "Images" pour ORCHESTRA No. 2

I. Par les Rues et par les Chemins
II. } Les Parfums de la Nuit
III. } Le matin d'un Jour de Fête
(First time in Boston)

WEBER,

RECITATIVE, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer"
and ARIA, "Leise, leise" from "Der Freischütz"

MENDELSSOHN,

OVERTURE, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"
op. 27

Soloist:

Mme. CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DEBUSSY'S "IBERIA" IN FIRST PERFORMANCE

Trans. Apr. 22/11

A Remarkable Piece Worthy of the Composer of the Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun"—The Earlier, the Later and a New Debussy in It—The Design and the Means—The Beauty of One Movement and the Vivid and Varied Suggestion of the Other Two—The Rare Qualities of the Whole—Mr. Curry's Elementary "Atala"—The Pleasures of Mrs. Kelsey's Singing

Two novel pieces stood on Mr. Fiedler's programme for the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, and they could hardly have made sharper contrast. One, played from the composer's manuscript and with the composer conducting, was "Atala," a symphonic poem suggested by the like-named, but now unread romance of Chateaubriand. Mr. Arthur Curry, a composer, pianist and teacher, long resident in Boston and its suburbs, wrote the music. The other new piece was Debussy's long anticipated "Iberia," by common consent, the musical world over, one of the important "novelties" of the year. Mr. Curry is not too well known in Boston, while Debussy is of international note and curiosity. None of Mr. Curry's previous music comes readily to mind. The list of Debussy's is illustrious. Mr. Curry's "Atala" seemed often of an extreme musical innocence; Debussy's "Iberia" was always of an extreme musical sophistication. Mr. Curry's music exposed various melodic ideas, some of which were rather happily invented; Debussy's was usually play with instrumental timbres and rhythms. The American had written meditatively and arduously a conventional piece. The Frenchman made a very intricate, exotic and "ultra-modern" piece seem wholly spontaneous. Who shall say that the conductors of the Symphony Concerts do not keep to the high precedent—it is almost a tradition now—of catholicity of programme? And who shall say that the audiences are not of as liberal mind, when that of yesterday seemed to applaud the two new pieces in almost equal measure? As for the orchestra, which has its little ways of hinting its state of mind, it showed plainly that it counted Mr. Curry's piece rather beneath its powers, while it spent its skill and imagination to the utmost upon Debussy's.

"Iberia" is worthy of the composer of The Nocturnes, "The Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Sea." Like "The Sea," it is often more stoutly written than the earlier orchestral pieces; yet it has usually

no such definite melodic contours as the recurring folk-tune gave to the recent "Rondes de Printemps." Debussy's design in "Iberia" is stouter than has sometimes been his wont; he is prone, on occasion, to use the instrumental voices more sonorously; and here and there in the final movement there are hints, or the shadows of hints, that he knows other characteristic French musical idioms as well as his own—Chabrier's for example, and Charpentier's. Debussy has stretched a large canvas for the tone-painting of "Iberia"; he has set vigorously to the task of filling it; the hand, the imagination, the means, the resulting colors and "values" are bolder, surer, and richer than they were in his earlier years. By so much, "Iberia" is of the mature Debussy. On the other hand, it is more of the cherished Debussy of the earlier years than have been some of his recent pianoforte pieces. Side by side with these bolder and richer instrumental colors and with these more decisive and pervading rhythms, go often an exceeding fineness of harmonic background and an almost superhuman delicacy in the shading, the blending and the contrasting of timbres. Again is Debussy searching and discovering the intimate secrets, the recondite possibilities of instrumental voices. By all these means he has again achieved the glamour and iridescence, the exquisite fineness of imaginative suggestion, the vague but haunting images and impressions of his earlier music. He can still translate the filaments and the breath of fancy into the filaments and the breath of sound.

In a third respect, however, "Iberia" differs in quality from either the "earlier" or the "mature" Debussy. Much of Debussy's early music seemed music of impalpable dream and of fleeting vision. It had no local habitation but in the realms of fancy, no name but dream-picture. Of such were The Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun." The later sketches of "The Sea" were not so much dream-fancies as the impressions that the wind and the waters, the skies above them and the lights playing over them, made upon the composer's imagination and then translated into tones. Like "The Afternoon of a Faun," in some respects "The Sea" was music of sublimated nature and of the composer's emotions before it. Akin are "Rondes de Printemps" because the very breath and lights and colors of the spring stir through the music. "Iberia," in contrast, is music of life. Spain lives in itself and in Debussy's imagination—lives with a myriad life. Out of this life rises an endless variety of sounds that are its voice. They kindle Debussy's imagination. He transforms them and the emotions that they awake in him into music. In the process he heightens this vitality, even thrills to it. With all its moments of exceeding delicacy, "Iberia" is more ardent than any of Debussy's preceding music—more vital. It lives not with the fitful life of dreams, but with the vivid life of

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Spain and of the sounds that are its voice. There is curious impression from it that Debussy wrote because he must.

"Iberia" is a relatively short piece, since Debussy has never cultivated the excessive lengths dear to his brethren across the Rhine and the Channel. (It is Gallic to be brief and pointed). And the music is subdivided into three sections—"In the Streets and Along the Roads," "Odors of the Night," and "The Morning of a Fete Day," though there is no pause between the second and the third of these divisions. Each section has a perceptible melodic contour; the second indeed in the song of the oboe a fairly clear one; there is besides a perceptible, though a very delicate and intricate, development of the melodic idea in Debussy's own idiom. Thereby there is form, but the structural soul of the first and the third sections is the pervading and determining rhythm. Varied as it is, intricate as it sometimes becomes, the ear follows it and yields to it. Soon it sways and kindles imagination. The pervasiveness, the decisiveness, the insistent and insinuating suggestion of these rhythms is the first clear impression, at a single hearing, of "Iberia." The second and the most lasting of all, is of the exquisite and haunting beauty—and the more as Mr. Longy played it—of the song of the oboe in the second sections, with the celesta sprinkling its little silver notes upon it, with the strings now and then lightly accenting it, with its swell into soft climax, like the momentary rising of a night breeze. It is hard to recall when Debussy has invented such a song—surely not since the days of "The Afternoon of a Faun." The sensibilities melt at the penetrating beauty of it. The voice and the contour of the melody are of an exquisite sensuousness. The breath, the fragrance, the softness and the expanse, the velvet and the silver, of a semi-tropical night are in the song that the oboe sings. Fortunate Debussy that odors may so stir his imagination. Across the voice of the oboe, singing in its still garden, float the sounds or rather the echoes of the sounds, of the distant world without. Sometimes they hush, though they cannot quite still, the song. Oftener they do but point, by contrast, its beauty. It is thrice distilled music.

The first and the third sections, in their keenest impression upon the ear and the imagination, are of the play of instrumental voices, and of harmonic suggestion enhancing them, in which Debussy delights and of which he is a unique master. He has seen the lights of Spain—the sun glaring upon red brick and yellow stucco; the afternoon wanness of bare brown plains and hills, the moonlight filling the darkest corners of the patios. He has heard the sounds of this Spain—the clatters or the languors of the dances that echo out of the doors of the taverns in the side streets by night; the notes of the bells as they ring for the mass at morning; the march of a festive troop streaming to the city along

the open road; the monotonous whirr of the life of towns as it comes to the solitary listener on the hillside above them; the crazy din of a day of popular merry-making when the aristocratic solitary shuts himself tightly within his house. He has walked the streets of this Spain—looked into grave Spanish faces, peered under Moorish turbans, caught the glance of invitation in gypsy eyes. A very kaleidoscope of impressions and the stirrings of fancy to them to be translated into a kaleidoscope of tones. And as an impressionistic picture falls upon the eye so the resulting music falls upon the ear. Or rather like a series of impressionistic lantern slides withdrawn as fast as the eye can follow them. The pervading light is high, as it is in impressionistic pictures, and the musical equivalent to it is the pervading yet changeful rhythm. As slide succeeds slide, the colors and the values are ever changing and the musical equivalents of them are the instrumental voices, now shaded, now blended, now contrasted, or again, as is the impressionistic way, merely juxtaposed for the instant. The kaleidoscope turns again, as it were, upon the pivot of the rhythm and again there is a new juxtaposition of instrumental voices and a new picture or a new echo in them. Sometimes the music glares; again it is as cool as the patio. It dances; it marches; it sings, it sighs, it clatters, it is a mere reflection even—and each for one passing instant. And that is the wonder of it; music that answers in its kind to any just test of form and means, since their purpose is to serve expression, and that is still music that imparts and points all these kaleidoscopic impressions. "Iberia" is music at the nth power of fluidity. It is of Debussy's utmost mastery and imagination with instrumental voices and their coloring. It is tonal picturing and suggestion made now of an exquisite delicacy, again of a vivid richness, and pausing for an instant at every note of the long scale between. To hear it is a sort of tonal intoxication.

Mr. Curry's "Atala" was indeed of another species. He is of the few nowadays, outside the schools, who read Chateaubriand, and the story of the Indian maid Atala, and of the fugitive, Chactas, whom she loved in the vast and silent forests of Chateaubriand's highly fanciful Mississippi touched his imagination. He was condemned to death; she contrived flight for him. They loved, but she was vowed to the Church, the missionaries of which were already in the valley. A great storm smote them as she was about to yield. A priest understands and would pardon, but already Atala is dead. The storm is, in Mr. Curry's music, an orchestrally conventional storm. The priest sounds bell and organ as it subsides. An Indian melody is designed to give the piece appropriate color. There is a happily invented and touching melody for the wandering and longing Chactas, another, not so originally imagined

for the loving Atala. Here Mr. Curry stops; he lacks the developing, the architectural faculty that is essential, granted the themes, to the advance and the up-building of a tone-poem, in which musical and emotional progress go hand in hand. Once he has set forth his melodies, he is practically done. The rest is elementary, conventional, hesitating. There is much marking of time until Mr. Curry can devise a new step forward, and then his gait is more uneven than continuous. Tone-poems that are as structurally weak have indeed been covered with the stucco of instrumental coloring; but Mr. Curry is not expert or imaginative with his orchestral voices. Again, a venture into "resident talent" has not been fortunate for the Symphony Orchestra.

Mrs. Rider-Kelsey was the singer of the day and though she has long ranked high in American concert-rooms and has sung often with the Symphony Orchestra in other cities, she appeared with it in its own hall at its own concerts for the first time. In these days of affectation and "forth-putting" on the concert stage, her quiet bearing, without a trick in it and only a momentary hint of uneasiness in new conditions, was a pleasure to watch. Her voice, again, was of the rarer soprano quality, of warm, rich, a little dark tones, without a metallic, a thinning, a merely glittering strand in them. Mrs. Kelsey's voice is a full-bodied voice, yet it does not lack suppleness. Obscure teachers discovered her, trained her, but they must also have found an innate vocal intelligence ready to ripen in her. Unlike most singers of our time, alike in opera house and concert-room, Mrs. Kelsey can sustain the long melodic line, is capable of the large sweep of song. She weaves that line out of phrases in which she very adroitly makes text and music as one. No preoccupation with the sustaining of this line and the rounding of these phrases clouds the quality of each separate tone. Mrs. Kelsey is a mistress of the larger things of the art of song; she is expert in its minutiae. She has adjusted the two skilfully; and she has ripened a natural voice of beautiful quality. The sum of all these things is beautiful singing that gives warm and unusual pleasure in its sensuous self apart from the emotions it may or may not express.

On that score Mrs. Kelsey taxed herself yesterday. One of her numbers was Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido!" the "scena" in which, by an ancient fashion of concert-piece, the singer runs the gamut of the emotions of a scorned but still loving woman, quite as though she were a character, and using the somewhat explosive vocal idiom, of "Fidelio." Now it is not in Mrs. Kelsey's voice or imagination to rage after the manner of early or late German opera. A hundred years ago, the dilettanti complained that the singer for whom Beethoven wrote the piece raged over-

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much. This cool eighteenth-century taste would have liked Mrs. Kelsey better; for she sang the music for the artistry of song and the quieter beauty it could give it. Her second number, another "scena" of Agatha's various emotions in her chamber in "Der Freischütz," Mrs. Kelsey sang in similar fashion. She disclosed, to new beauty, the intrinsic and enduring beauty of Weber's tune. She did not strike even its white emotional fire. H. T. P.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

DEBUSSY'S "Iberia," the more important new piece that Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra will play next week, was originally performed in Paris fourteen months ago. It is the second and the longest of the three "Images" for orchestra that Debussy has long had in hand. The third, "Rondes de Printemps" has been published and was played last November. The first, "Gigue Triste," is still unpublished and unplayed. "Iberia" has already been heard in New York under Mr. Mahler, and the piece was of the striking "novelties" of the present season that Mr. Fiedler has been compelled to defer until he had time for the exacting preparation the music requires. "Iberia" runs in three divisions: "Along the Byways and the Streets," "Odors of Night," and "Morning of a Fete day," and between the second and third there is no pause. The music, described in this place a year ago, is of Debussy's present matured style. It is of stouter body and more outspoken voice than his earlier pieces. The general musical design is firmer; the melodic contour clearer. Yet the music is intrinsically of Debussy in its juxtaposition of phrases, its transitions, progressions, and harmonic and instrumental coloring. Indeed he has carried both his orchestral imagination and his orchestral idiosyncrasies farther in "Iberia" than he has in much of the music that preceded it. In Paris, the piece was variously received. The original generation of "Debussylites" believed it inferior to his earlier music. The newer generation heard his present maturity in it. *Trans. Apr. 15, 1911*

The other novel piece is "Atala," a symphonic poem suggested by Chateaubriand's like-named romance and written by a resident composer, whose music has not hitherto been heard at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Arthur Curry. "Atala" is one of the romances of the Mississippi Valley in which Chateaubriand professes to describe with luxuriant imagination and word the life of a primitive folk there. Few read it nowadays; yet it is not without Chateaubriand's opulence of description and divining insight. Mr. Curry has certainly gone far afield for his "literary material." The familiar orchestral piece is Mendelssohn's overture of the Calm Sea and the Lively Voyage; and Mrs. Kelsey will sing Beethoven's dramatic air "Ah! Perfido!" and an air from Agatha's music in Weber's "Der Freischütz." In both, she

excels, and it is long since she has been heard at the Symphony Concerts.

Trans. The Symphony Concert

Two novel pieces stood on Mr. Fiedler's programme for the Symphony Concert Friday afternoon, and they could hardly have made sharper contrast. One, played from the composer's manuscript and with the composer conducting, was "Atala," a symphonic poem suggested by the like-named, but now unread romance of Chateaubriand. Mr. Arthur Curry, a composer, pianist and teacher, long resident in Boston and its suburbs, wrote the music. The other new piece was Debussy's long anticipated "Iberia," by common consent, the musical world over, one of the important "novelties" of the year. Mr. Curry is not too well known in Boston, while Debussy is of international note and curiosity. None of Mr. Curry's previous music comes readily to mind. The list of Debussy's is illustrious. Mr. Curry's "Atala" seemed often of an extreme musical innocence; Debussy's "Iberia" was always of an extreme musical sophistication. Mr. Curry's music exposed various melodic ideas, some of which were rather happily invented; Debussy's was usually play with instrumental timbres and rhythms. The American had written meditatively and arduously a conventional piece. The Frenchman made a very intricate, exotic and "ultra-modern" piece seem wholly spontaneous. Who shall say that the conductors of the Symphony Concerts do not keep to the high precedent—it is almost a tradition now—of catholicity of programme? And who shall say that the audiences are not of as liberal mind, when that of yesterday seemed to applaud the two new pieces in almost equal measure? As for the orchestra, which has its little ways of hint-

ing its state of mind, it showed plainly that it counted Mr. Curry's piece rather beneath its powers, while it spent its skill and imagination to the utmost upon Debussy's.

"Iberia" is worthy of the composer of The Nocturnes, "The Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Sea." Like "The Sea," it is often more stoutly written than the earlier orchestral pieces; yet it has usually no such definite melodic contours as the recurring folk-tune gave to the recent "Rondes de Printemps." Debussy's design in "Iberia" is stouter than has sometimes been his wont; he is prone, on occasion, to use the instrumental voices more sonorously; and here and there in the final movement there are hints, or the shadows of hints, that he knows other characteristic French musical idioms as well as his own—Chabrier's for example, and Charpentier's. Debussy has stretched a large canvas for the tone-painting of "Iberia"; he has set vigorously to the task of filling it; the hand, the imagination, the means, the resulting colors and "values" are bolder, surer, and richer than they were in his earlier years. By so much, "Iberia" is of the mature Debussy. On the other hand, it is more of the cherished Debussy of the earlier years than have been some of his recent pianoforte pieces. Side by side with these bolder and richer instrumental colors and with these more decisive and pervading rhythms, go often an exceeding fineness of harmonic background and an almost superhuman delicacy in the shading, the blending and the contrasting of timbres. Again is Debussy searching and discovering the intimate secrets, the recondite possibilities of instrumental voices. By all these means he has again achieved the glamour and iridescence, the exquisite fineness of imaginative suggestion, the vague but haunting images and impressions of his earlier music. He can still translate the filaments and the breath of fancy into the filaments and the breath of sound.

In a third respect, however, "Iberia" differs in quality from either the "earlier" or the "mature" Debussy. Much of Debussy's early music seemed music of impalpable dream and of fleeting vision. It had no local habitation but in the realms of fancy, no name but dream-picture. Of such were The Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun." The later sketches of "The Sea" were not so much dream-fancies as the impressions that the wind and the waters, the skies above them and the lights playing over them, made upon the composer's imagination and then translated into tones. Like "The Afternoon of a Faun," in some respects "The Sea" was music of sublimated nature and of the composer's emotions before it. Akin are "Rondes de Printemps" because the very breath and lights and colors of the spring stir through the music. "Iberia," in contrast, is music of life. Spain lives in itself and in Debussy's imagination—lives with a myriad life. Out of this life rises an endless variety of sounds

that are its voice. They kindle Debussy's imagination. He transforms them and the emotions that they awake in him into music. In the process he heightens this vitality, even thrills to it. With all its moments of exceeding delicacy, "Iberia" is more ardent than any of Debussy's preceding music—more vital. It lives not with the fitful life of dreams, but with the vivid life of Spain and of the sounds that are its voice. There is curious impression from it that Debussy wrote because he must.

"Iberia" is a relatively short piece, since Debussy has never cultivated the excessive lengths dear to his brethren across the Rhine and the Channel. (It is Gallic to be brief and pointed). And the music is subdivided into three sections—"In the Streets and Along the Roads," "Odors of the Night," and "The Morning of a Fete Day," though there is no pause between the second and the third of these divisions. Each section has a perceptible melodic contour; the second indeed in the song of the oboe a fairly clear one; there is besides a perceptible, though a very delicate and intricate, development of the melodic idea in Debussy's own idiom. Thereby there is form, but the structural soul of the first and the third sections is the pervading and determining rhythm. Varied as it is, intricate as it sometimes becomes, the ear follows it and yields to it. Soon it sways and kindles imagination. The pervasiveness, the decisiveness, the insistent and insinuating suggestion of these rhythms is the first clear impression, at a single hearing, of "Iberia." The second and the most lasting of all, is of the exquisite and haunting beauty—and the more as Mr. Longy played it—of the song of the oboe in the second sections, with the celesta sprinkling its little silver notes upon it, with the strings now and then lightly accenting it, with its swell into soft climax, like the momentary rising of a night breeze. It is hard to recall when Debussy has invented such a song—surely not since the days of "The Afternoon of a Faun." The sensibilities melt at the penetrating beauty of it. The voice and the contour of the melody are of an exquisite sensuousness. The breath, the fragrance, the softness and the expanse, the velvet and the silver, of a semi-tropical night are in the song that the oboe sings. Fortunate Debussy that odors may so stir his imagination. Across the voice of the oboe, singing in its still garden, float the sounds or rather the echoes of the sounds, of the distant world without. Sometimes they hush, though they cannot quite still, the song. Oftener they do but point, by contrast, its beauty. It is thrice distilled music.

The first and the third sections, in their keenest impression upon the ear and the imagination, are of the play of instrumental voices, and of harmonic suggestion enhancing them, in which Debussy delights and of which he is a unique master. He has seen the lights of Spain—the sun glaring upon red brick and yellow stucco; the

afternoon wanness of bare brown plains and hills, the moonlight filling the darkest corners of the patios. He has heard the sounds of this Spain—the clatters or the languors of the dances that echo out of the doors of the taverns in the side streets by night; the notes of the bells as they ring for the mass at morning; the march of a festive troop streaming to the city along the open road; the monotonous whirr of the life of towns as it comes to the solitary listener on the hillside above them; the crazy din of a day of popular merry-making when the aristocratic solitary shuts himself tightly within his house. He has walked the streets of this Spain—looked into grave Spanish faces, peered under Moorish turbans, caught the glance of invitation in gypsy eyes. A very kaleidoscope of impressions and the stirrings of fancy to them to be translated into a kaleidoscope of tones. And as an impressionistic picture falls upon the eye so the resulting music falls upon the ear. Or rather like a series of impressionistic lantern slides withdrawn as fast as the eye can follow them. The pervading light is high, as it is in impressionistic pictures, and the musical equivalent to it is the pervading yet changeable rhythm. As slide succeeds slide, the colors and the values are ever changing and the musical equivalents of them are the instrumental voices, now shaded, now blended, now contrasted, or again, as is the impressionistic way, merely juxtaposed for the instant. The kaleidoscope turns again, as it were, upon the pivot of the rhythm and again there is a new juxtaposition of instrumental voices and a new picture or a new echo in them. Sometimes the music glares; again it is as cool as the patio. It dances; it marches; it sings, it sighs, it clatters, it is a mere reflection even—and each for one passing instant. And that is the wonder of it; music that answers in its kind to any just test of form and means, since their purpose is to serve expression, and that is still music that imparts and points all these kaleidoscopic impressions. "Iberia" is music at the nth power of fluidity. It is of Debussy's utmost mastery and imagination with instrumental voices and their coloring. It is tonal picturing and suggestion made now of an exquisite delicacy, again of a vivid richness, and pausing for an instant at every note of the long scale between. To hear it is a sort of tonal intoxication.

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Atala is dead. The storm is, in Mr. Curry's music, an orchestrally conventional storm. The priest sounds bell and organ as it subsides. An Indian melody is designed to give the piece appropriate color. There is a happily invented and touching melody for the wandering and longing Chactas, another, not so originally imagined for the loving Atala. Here Mr. Curry stops; he lacks the developing, the architectural faculty that is essential, granted the themes, to the advance and the up-building of a tone-poem, in which musical and emotional progress go hand in hand. Once he has set forth his melodies, he is practically done. The rest is elementary, conventional, hesitating. There is much marking of time until Mr. Curry can devise a new step forward, and then his gait is more uneven than continuous. Tone-poems that are as structurally weak have indeed been covered with the stucco of instrumental coloring; but Mr. Curry is not expert or imaginative with his orchestral voices. Again, a venture into "resident talent" has not been fortunate for the Symphony Orchestra.

Mrs. Rider-Kelsey was the singer of the day and though she has long ranked high in American concert-rooms and has sung often with the Symphony Orchestra in other cities, she appeared with it in its own hall at its own concerts for the first time. In these days of affectation and "forth-putting" on the concert stage, her quiet bearing, without a trick in it and only a momentary hint of uneasiness in new conditions, was a pleasure to watch. Her voice, again, was of the rarer soprano quality, of warm, rich, a little dark tones, without a metallic, a thinning, a merely glittering strand in them. Mrs. Kelsey's voice is a full-bodied voice, yet it does not lack suppleness. Obscure teachers discovered her, trained her, but they must also have found an innate vocal intelligence ready to ripen in her. Unlike most singers of our time, alike in opera house and concert-room, Mrs. Kelsey can sustain the long melodic line, is capable of the large sweep of song. She weaves that line out of phrases in which she very adroitly makes text and music as one. No preoccupation with the sustaining of this line and the rounding of these phrases clouds the quality of each separate tone. Mrs. Kelsey is a mistress of the larger things of the art of song; she is expert in its minutiae. She has adjusted the two skilfully; and she has ripened a natural voice of beautiful quality. The sum of all these things is beautiful singing that gives warm and unusual pleasure in its sensuous self apart from the emotions it may or may not express.

On that score Mrs. Kelsey taxed herself Friday. One of her numbers was Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido!" the "scena" in which, by an ancient fashion of concert-piece, the singer runs the gamut of the emotions of a scorned but still loving woman, quite as though she were a char-

acter, and using the somewhat explosive vocal idiom, of "Fidelio." Now it is not in Mrs. Kelsey's voice or imagination to rage after the manner of early or late German opera. A hundred years ago, the dilettanti complained that the singer for whom Beethoven wrote the piece raged overmuch. This cool eighteenth-century taste would have liked Mrs. Kelsey better; for she sang the music for the artistry of song

NOVELTIES BY Post April 1911 SYMPHONY

Debussy's and Curry's Newest Works Performed

BY OLIN DOWNES

Debussy's "Iberia," the second of his "Images" for orchestra, and Arthur Curry's "Atala," symphonic poem after Chateaubriand, were performed for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. True to his praiseworthy enterprise in producing new works by native and resident composers, Mr. Fiedler interpreted from manuscript the music of Mr. Curry, now living and teaching in Newton Highlands. The soloist was Corinne Rider-Kelsey, who sang the Beethoven scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido," and the recitative and aria from Der Freischütz, "Wie nahe der Schlummer" and "Leise, leise." Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" completed the programme.

Mr. Curry completed his tone poem three years ago. It was at first his intention to write an opera upon the theme of Atala, but while looking about vainly for a competent librettist, Mr. Curry became persuaded that his subject was of doubtful value for the operatic stage. In his tone poem he has employed Indian themes to express the Indian nature and the ill-fated love of Chactas and Atala. At the last there is a pastoral and with the entrance of the organ there is the thought of the priest and his preachments. The theme of Chactas brings the conclusion.

Secures Happy Results

Mr. Curry shows surprising talent for orchestral color. In the handling of his instruments he has accomplished some admirable results. There are frequent beautiful passages in the tone poem, but the piece is not too strongly constructed. In certain passages one thinks rather of the accompaniment of a scene on the stage than of music of symphonic development. Mr. Curry does develop his

and the quieter beauty it could give it. Her second number, another "scena" of Agatha's various emotions in her chamber in "Der Freischütz," Mrs. Kelsey sang in similar fashion. She disclosed, to new beauty, the intrinsic and enduring beauty of Weber's tune. She did not strike even its white emotional fire.

H. T. P.

Ideas, or, at least, manipulates them often, with happy results, but he is prone to repeat figures and passages with somewhat redundant effect, to prepare climatic moments, which do not arrive. His work has interest and a measure of individuality, but the thematic material is hardly of sufficient hardness to stand the orchestral treatment which it receives.

The music, however, was warmly received, and the composer, who had conducted the performance, was recalled to the stage three times to acknowledge the applause.

Debussy's music made a strong impression upon many who were present. Certainly that composer has seldom turned out a more remarkable score, as far as the most rich and subtle and delicate effects of harmony and instrumentation are concerned. In this respect, in all that concerns the art of the impressionist, Debussy is skilled beyond measure. He is in the fortunate—or unfortunate—position of a man who can set down on paper absolutely any musical sound that he can conceive and almost any unmusical sound!

And unfortunately, complete expression such as this seems to coincide with a slackening of the creative power. It is not the man who completely expresses himself, who expresses most.

Marvels of Tone Coloring

The new pieces are marvels of impressionistic tone-coloring. The first is an impression of the highways and byways of Spain, in the night and the morning. The second and the third, called respectively "Perfumes of the night" and "The morning of a fete day," are faithful in spirit to their titles. Again Debussy delights in vague and exquisitely mingled sonorities, and here and again is a fleeting glimpse of that rarest of melodies which he would capture—or have us capture for ourselves. The first movement of "Iberia" is a very clever treatment of what seem to be real Spanish street cries. To this reviewer little of the music rings true.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey's interpretations were very musicianly, and her vocal performance was almost invariably of a highly creditable description. As a singer and a musician—for the two qualities are so comparatively seldom combined—she won the admiration of her audience.

The concerts of next week will be the last Symphony concerts of this season. The programme will consist of the overture, "Coriolanus," of Beethoven, of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, Wagner's "Good Friday Spell," the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe. — Apr. 22/1911
**Debussy's "Iberia" Played
 For a Novelty.**

**Mme Rider-Kelsey Heard as Soloist
 First Time at These Concerts.**

The program of the 23d public symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Arthur M. Curry, "Atala," symphonic poem (after Chateaubriand) MS (first performance); Debussy, "Iberia," (first time here); Mendelssohn, overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," and Beethoven's recitative and aria "Ah! Perfido" and the aria "Leise, Leise" and recitative from "Der Freischütz," Mme Corinne Rider-Kelsey soloist.

Debussy's "Iberia," the second number of his suite "Images," was played for the first time in Boston. It was first heard in this country during the past season at concerts of the Philharmonic society. "Ronde des Printemps," the third number of the suite, was first played here in November and December. "Gigue Triste," the first of the group, is still unpublished.

The three movements of "Iberia" are "In the streets and wayside," "The odors of the night" and "The morning of a fete day." It is said they are intended to suggest pictures of Spanish life, apparently that of the peasantry.

It is now a truism to say that in the substance and contour of his musical ideas, in their sequence and development and in their harmonic and orchestral dress, Debussy has held traditional form of little consequence in the attainment of color and atmosphere. His "Pelleas and Melisande," the "Blessed Damsel," the dances sacred and profane, and "The Afternoon of a Faun," challenged and enthralled the senses by their exquisite elusiveness, which ravished the imagery while it may have perplexed the judgment.

There were pages in them which breathed forth the fragrance that bursts through the petals of the budding rose, the pure exaltation that is born with the dawn, spontaneous, inevitable. They were created not of determination nor intent, but of inspiration.

The stars of the love watches of the night cannot sing forever and that first bloom was missed in much of the music played yesterday. Its idiom may not have been read with entire sympathy, but there are passages wherein the ability to create a subjective world out of pure fancy and make idealism by mere illusion, seems to have become clouded so that what was once spontaneous and inevitable is now contrived.

The last movement was more intelligible in profile. There were striking bits of impressionism in rhythm and there were bright and flashing scarlet daubs of color which lightened the picture; the picturesque abandon of the dancing, the strumming of the guitar, the tuning of the badly tuned fiddle, the pastoral of the piper.

Debussy has used the bells here upon three adjacent tones to lighten the emotional emphasis by sheer nervous stimuli. The music is worth a repetition, which unfortunately is impossible now for this year. There was pronounced enthusiasm and applause.

Mme Rider-Kelsey has been known in Boston, through her appearances with the choral societies, for the haunting beauty of her singing and for her intelligence in the art of song. As an instrument, her voice is neither large nor imposing. The middle and lower notes suggest reservation and husbandry rather than resource. It is the head voice that is the glory of this singer and of the teacher whose monument it is.

Mrs Kelsey's tones above D are an exposition in their bell-like, spiritual purity upon the value of overtone in the voice. There is not the breadth nor sheer physical prowess needed by the dramatic singer, but there is a wondrous power of penetration to compensate and a plasticity in color for emotional purposes.

The Beethoven aria is to be delivered in the grand style, to be finished with a burst of bravura that will yet suggest a reserve of power. Mrs Kelsey delivered the recitative with authority, with excellent enunciation and dramatizing accent. She imparted an interpretative value to the alternating rebellion and plaint and distinguished between recitative and cantilena, but it was in the finely-sustained lines of the Weber aria that she was at her best. Both her voice and the purity of her style find her happiest in lyric rather than dramatic song.

Her management of the breath, attack, use of the soft voice, modification of the vowels to enhance tonal beauty and her facility in florid passages are commendable traits of a singer and of an art that are too rare in a day when to sing loudly and give obvious manifestations of temperament are highly estimable with the multitude.

Mr Curry, who now lives in Newton Highlands, wrote his symphonic poem three years ago. It is dedicated to Mr Kneisel. The composer is fortunate in the choice of themes. Whether they are Indian tunes transcribed, or of his own invention, is not of great importance, for they have identity, a certain atmosphere and melodic amenability. The subject which is apparently called the heroic theme offers possibilities for elaboration.

There is evidence of some skill in the combination of orchestral timbres, but the development seems at times prolix and illogical. There are two climaxes, the first of considerable power. There was cordial applause.

At the 24th and last pair of concerts next week the program will be: Beethoven, overture, "Coriolanus"; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 6; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and prelude, "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg."

SYMPHONY'S REHEARSAL

Herold. — Apr. 22/1911
**Debussy's Strange, Subtle "Iberia"
 and New Poem by
 Curry.**

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"Atala," symphonic poem (after Chateaubriand).....Curry
 Scene and Aria, "Ah! Perfido".....Beethoven
 Iberia: "Images" for orchestra No. 2.....Debussy
 Agata's Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz".....Weber
 Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn

Debussy's "Iberia" was performed for the first time in Boston. It is in three sections. The titles of them are as follows: "In the Streets and Byways;" "The Odors of the Night;" "The Morning of a Festival."

The "Images" of which "Iberia" is the second, were composed in 1909, and "Iberia" was performed for the first time in Paris a year ago last February. The three movements are remarkable in many ways, and to me ranked among the first compositions of this genius. They are impressionistic, but there is a sense of form; there is also the finest proportion. This music is conspicuous for exquisite effects of color. There are combinations of timbres and also contrasts that were hitherto unknown. There are hints at Spanish melodies; melodies not too openly exposed; there are intoxicating rhythms, sharply defined, or elusive and then they are the more maddening.

This music is pleasingly remote from photographic realism. The title might be "Impressions of Spain." There is the suggestion of street life and wild strains heard on bleak plains or savage mountains; of the music of the people; of summer nights, warm and odorous; of the awakening of life with the break of day; of endless jotas, tangos, seguidillas, fandangoes; of gypsies with their spells brought from the east; of women with Moorish blood. "Iberia" defies analysis and beggars description. What phrase-mongering, however ingenious, would impart the beauty of "Odors of the Night" to him that did not hear the music? It is enough to say that pages of more subtle beauty have not been played at these concerts. The

music that haunts should not be lightly or openly talked about. The impression made by it should be guarded or confided only to the closest friend.

To speak of Debussy's use of instruments to gain effects, of his ability to reproduce what had not been heard by others though they may have felt it feebly and had the wish to hear it clearly and put it in notation, would be a class room task. To write of it for the general reader would be only to rhapsodize. Now Debussy is a rhapsodist of the rarest nature, and his musical speech is not to be translated by a rhapsody in words.

The performance showed that Mr. Fiedler had taken great pains in the preparation. He is to be heartily thanked for introducing this suite, which should be often played here.

Mr. Curry, born in Chelsea and now living in Newton Highlands, has composed three or four orchestral pieces. One of them, an overture, was performed at the Worcester Festival of 1902. In the symphonic poem played yesterday for the first time, he has attempted to express the emotions of Chactas and Atala. He has naturally followed episodes in Chateaubriand's romantic tale. The story itself, with its flowing and sonorous sentences, is strangely eloquent, and the few pages descriptive of the burial of the maiden are more musical than many labored symphonies. There are some poetic ideas in Mr. Curry's composition. The opening measures hold the attention, and the dancelike Indian theme is successfully exposed; there are also some fortunate instrumental effects. The remaining themes are either without distinction or too suggestive of Dvorak and others.

The general structure of the work is not to be commended. The thematic development is crude, amateurish. Ineffective measures are found in long stretches. There is little continuity in the thought, and the expression is often vague and futile. This symphonic poem, in a word, is not of the rank that is expected at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Curry conducted his piece. It is wiser for a composer without great experience as an orchestral leader to allow the regular conductor to present his symphonic poem, suite or overture, to the audience, and this holds good even when the composer happens to be an American by birth. A friendly audience applauded Mr. Curry and recalled him.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey sang at these concerts for the first time, although she has been favorably known here for nearly six years. The arias were too heavy for her voice. "Ah! Perfido!" surely calls for a dramatic soprano, and so does the descriptive portion and exultant ending of Weber's aria. Mme. Rider-Kelsey is a lyric soprano. Her voice is of an unusually pure quality. It is agreeable, but it is not sensuous; nor has it what might be called virginal warmth, nor

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does the singer charge her tones with emotion. As a mistress of vocal art, Mme. Rider-Kelsey deserves high praise. Her tonal emission, her control of tone, her maintenance of a long melodic line, her vocal intelligence, shown in every way, are wholly admirable. And yet a woman may have all desirable qualities as a singer and excite admiration for her art but no lively personal interest when the music she sings is in itself strongly dramatic and does not find full expression.

Mendelssohn was represented at these concerts for the first time in the season. The overture is not one of his best. The second section reminds one too vividly of the return of a harbor boat bearing an excursion party, tired of paper bags and singing "Home again! Home again, from a foreign shore!"

The program of next week's concerts, the last of the season, will include Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," Tschaiikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Wagner's "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1910-11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(Last of the Season)

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Coriolanus," op. 62

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, op. 74

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

WAGNER,

"GOOD-FRIDAY SPELL" from "Parsifal"

WAGNER,

FUNERAL MUSIC from "Dusk of the Gods"

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN ADMIRABLE ENDING TO THE

Trans. SERIES *Apr. 29, 1911*

A Warm Leave-Taking for Mr. Fiedler—
The General Liking for Him—His Qualities That Have Established It—The Connoisseurs and the Conductor—Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and Wagner for the Final Programme—The Years and the Pathetic Symphony—The Present View of the Music

Mr. Fiedler had no exceptional piece, like Beethoven's Choral Symphony of the two previous springs, wherewith to end the Symphony Concerts, yesterday, for the year. A few weeks ago, he had vague plans for another remarkable choral symphony, Mahler's which is still unheard here, for the final pair of concerts, but there was hardly time for sufficient preparation and other hampering circumstances stood in the way. Accordingly he took refuge in a programme from the three composers whose music is played oftenest at the Symphony Concerts—Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and Wagner, and made it of pieces that his audience had long known and liked; from Beethoven, the overture to "Coriolan"; from Tschaikowsky, the Pathetic Symphony; and from Wagner the "Good-Friday Spell" in "Parsifal," the orchestral glorification of the murdered Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung," and, for festal close, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The conductor had his reward. The hall was filled to the last seat yesterday afternoon, and doubtless it will be so filled again tonight. The audience listened raptly and applauded long and loudly. Once more it gave proof that Tschaikowsky's symphony remains the best-liked symphony in the modern repertory, and that fifteen years of repetitions have little diminished the response of audiences to it. Once more, too, it was clear that if this town cannot hear Wagner's music in its just place and in its due entirety in the Opera House it hears fragments of it gladly in orchestral concerts. When Mr. Fiedler came first to his place the audience, as its way is at the final concerts of the season, applauded him persistently, and the conductor was plainly touched by the warmth and the long continuance of the clapping. At the end of each piece and of each movement of the symphony the applause was appropriately hearty, though evidently the music as well as the performance had stimulated it. When the concert was done Mr. Fiedler made speed from the stage. The audience, lingering, recalled him and held him in his

place until he had brought the orchestra to its feet, and stood, surrounded by his men, for the leave-taking of the season.

Beyond any doubting, the average public of the Symphony Concerts warmly likes Mr. Fiedler, and the passing seasons do not lessen its admiration for him. The first enthusiasm with which he was received three years ago next autumn has mellowed into a steady and hearty regard for him. His audiences, here and elsewhere, like the range and the diversity of his programmes and his willingness to put "popular classics," so to say, upon them, even if the connoisseurs find these pieces hackneyed. They like him, again, for the energy, the zest, the absorption in his work that are plain in his bearing and his gesture. Mr. Fiedler likes to conduct, and for all that the music, the band and he himself "are worth." When he finally leaves Boston, his audiences will remember him most clearly, perhaps, in his familiar pose of taut body, upthrown head and rigid and commanding arm when he is holding a final climax or in one of his broad sweeps of body and marshalling arms when the orchestral song, as it draws toward the close of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," shifts from the brasses to the strings. Mr. Fiedler loves his work, gives himself without reserve to it, and very honestly makes his audience know and feel these qualities in him. The very defects that the connoisseurs find in his conducting are usually only the excess of his virtues.

The men of the orchestra, grumblers almost always at the actual conductor, complain that he overdrives them at rehearsals. If he does, it is that he may be only the securer in the performance that he desires. This season, in particular, the habit of over-rapid pace has grown upon Mr. Fiedler, and yesterday, for example, it was apparent in his reading of the "march movement" in Tschaikowsky's symphony. The orchestra could hardly keep to his speed; from it the music lost some of its general character and exciting effects. Yet this excess of pace—and more than one piece has suffered from it this season—is only the excess of his large and fine energy. So equally with the conductor's tendency to mould the contours of a songful melody, to wring the last drop of expression out of it. He believes he finds so much in it; he would yield his audience so much from it. Mr. Fiedler loves large and rich orchestral sonorities, high lights and deep shadows of tone, incisive accents, vehement contrasts. There is large intensity, if it is not always of the finest, in all that he does.

The connoisseurs, of course, lament Mr. Fiedler's excesses. As they have grown familiar with his ways, they have become hypercritical and thought and spoken oftener of his shortcomings than of his corresponding virtues. When he fails to be quite as sensitive, as light-handed, as finely poised as they would have him, they forget with

what amplitude and intensity of eloquence, with what voice of sympathetic understanding and expressive utterance he can fill music of large and high romantic or tragic speech. His conducting of Rachmaninoff's new symphony, of Tschalkowsky's "Manfred," of Strauss's tone-poems, of Reger's Variations are of the glowing and the lasting memories of the year. From the first, Mr. Fiedler has been an uneven conductor. He can be surprisingly intuitive and felicitous in music that seems to be a little outside his natural range, as he was only a week ago in Debussy's "Iberia." He can be surprisingly disappointing in music that seems well within it, as he has sometimes been with Beethoven's symphonies. And he can achieve masterpieces of orchestral eloquence like his performances of "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben." He is never merely routine. He surprises so often in either direction that interest in his conducting does not flag. His qualities are not subtle. They are very large, very plain, very telling. His public everywhere knows them and likes him for them. If the connoisseurs sometimes murmur, the audiences almost always applaud.

For the most part the music of yesterday asked and received Mr. Fiedler's best traits as a conductor. He was sure to hurry to detriment the march in Tschalkowsky's symphony and not quite to differentiate the contrasting passages and the individual instrumental voices in the wistful melancholy of the preceding movement. He kept to the monotony of the pace and rhythm; he did not diversify it as Tschalkowsky at moments seemed to design. And the voices of the wind choir did not quite suffuse the music of the "Good Friday Spell," with its soft and luminous beauty of ecstatic sound. On the other hand, Mr. Fiedler was very eloquent indeed in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." He made the music stride sonorously, magnificently, through its mounting course. He and the orchestra clothed it with its due opulence of tone. The diverse strands wove themselves in and out of the glowing web, and each was clear. The masters, the apprentices, the lovers; the townsfolk had each their characteristic voices. The beauty, the romance, the homeliness, the humanity of the music-drama lived again in this orchestral epitome. In all Wagner, there is no music so richly pleasurable. It is the voice of the exciting-fulness of living and doing.

And Mr. Fiedler was very eloquent again in the orchestral lament and glorification of the dead Siegfried. Its rude clangors and sonorous hymning alike kindled him. He felt and kept its accent of heroic grief and heroic apotheosis. Brünnhilde is all very well for Wagner's theory of sacrifice and redemption that he wrought into the musical and the dramatic structure of "The Ring." She has her transfigured end and "the epic" is wrought to its last measure. The Volsungs—Siegfried, Sieglinde and Sieg-

fried—are its human, its appealing figures. They strove—and were conquered. Rightly the drama pauses and the music swells that it and those whom they have touched may lament and glorify them. In spite of all his operatic theories, emotional obsessions and metaphysical mummeries, Wagner was very human. What under all the shams of mediæval mysticism about which Gurnemanz patters is the music of the "Good-Friday Spell," but music of the pagan joy in the softness, the brightness, the warmth and the glamour of the awakening spring? It is the ever-new miracle that needs no other for verse or music. The air, the light bore it yesterday.

"The 'interpretative' fashion seems to be changing with Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony. Usually, such a piece, written in such circumstance, gathers legend with the years. Instead, as they come and go, they seem to be stripping the symphony of it. The title that Tschalkowsky put to the music, his faith in it, the swiftness and the suddenness with which death came upon him once it was done, all fed the legend. It was a personal cry, an individual disillusion, foreboding and despair, the final utterance of a mind and spirit that in all their existence had been racked by the mystery of life and struggle and fate. So the conductors laid on and spared not. The more sombre they could make the introduction, the better. The more tortured they could make the agitation of the first movement, the truer were they to Tschalkowsky's intent. The more poignant they could make its haunting melody, which is like the ashes of pleasure remembered in disillusion, the more 'effective' were they. Soon they forgot their technical excitement over the sustained syncopations of the second movement in their effort to make it ache with the futility of existence. They drove and over-drove the march to new frenzies of murmuring hesitation and unleashed fury. The beginning of the finale they would have as the quintessence of anguish crying in its utter desolation of spirit. The end should be as the annihilation of that spirit in the blackness of everlasting night. Tschalkowsky was neurotic; the music was neurotic; they were neurotic; neurotic we that heard should all for the moment be.

The wiser conductors are more temperate now and find the music more impersonal. There is not a scintilla of evidence that Tschalkowsky anticipated his own death as he was writing the symphony. It came indeed like a shot in the dark upon him. Neither is there evidence that the music was one whit more personal than all his music was. In fact the intrinsic quality of the symphony suggests an imaginative design of larger and more impersonal emotions. Quite as plausibly it may be of the universal mystery of struggle and disillusion, of melancholy and frenzy, of anguish and despair, of fate and mortals. Understood so, the conductors read the

music, as Mr. Fiedler did yesterday, to a larger and a more austere utterance. They bid us hear universal moods and passions distilled and concentrated into music because it can best express such abstract, such universal feeling. They would have the symphony not music of one exceptional Slav, but of all mankind. Accordingly, as Mr. Fiedler did yesterday, they fill the first and the final movements with a tragic eloquence, make the first die of its own struggles, the last expire in the whisperings of its own despair. Between, they make the second movement gleam pale with melancholy across this underbody of the music and the march flare with its upspringing frenzies. When Mr. Fiedler first played the Pathetic Symphony here, he seemed to take this view of it tentatively. Yesterday he accepted it wholeheartedly and, his obsessions of pace aside, as wholly realized it. H. T. P.

THE FINAL SYMPHONY PROGRAMME OF 1911 Adm. Apr. 29, 1911 SUPERB PERFORMANCE

OF THE "PATHETIC"
Beethoven and Wagner Furnish
the Remainder of the Entertainment—Much Enthusiasm.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—"Coriolanus" Overture.
Tschalkowsky—"Pathetic Symphony."
Wagner—"Good Friday's Spell."
Wagner—Siegfried's Funeral Music.
Wagner—Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

A purely orchestral concert, which we confess to enjoying best in such a series. We do not care to have our great orchestra come in competition with the "star" system, to have an enormous throng wait at the doors for a chance to hear Melba or Farrar and consider the instrumental numbers as a necessary adjunct merely to be tolerated. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and this last concert was something to be remembered.

The "Coriolanus" overture was given with great virility and dignity. It was not exaggerated in any way, a temptation to which many conductors yield only too easily, since Wagner opened the door with his pamphlet "On Conducting." There was an object-lesson too, in the fact that while the combination of loftiness and sorrow that speaks in the "Coriolanus" overture is as powerful as ever, the final movement of the Tschalkowsky symphony grows a little tamer in

its recital of woe. A mere tale of complaining may move once or twice, but it loses power eventually, just as the walls of a chronic invalid grow less effective with repetition.

It was evident, from the beginning, that Mr. Fiedler was not going to dwell upon the whining side of the Finale nor to make the symphony anything like "sick-chamber" music. It is a great work for all its excess of emotion at the end, one of the masterpieces of the modern repertoire. But it can be made weak when in the wrong hands. Long ago Mr. Paursaw the strength of the work and gave it a great performance. Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck fell a little below this level. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Fiedler exceeded in merit every previous performance of it in Boston.

In the first movement he minimized the complaining note and dwelt more upon the manly and noble features. The woodwind played excellently, and they have very much to do in a Tschalkowsky work. Those inexorable pizzicato scales upon the contra-basses and violoncellos were perfectly given at the end of this movement. The first movement was a musical triumph, but the audience took a little time to recognize that it was hearing an extraordinary performance. They woke up to that fact in the next movement, the longest bit of 5-4 rhythm in existence. Yet this was not quite so well done as we have had it under Gericke. Something of the elasticity was lost. Nevertheless here the applause began and it continued—crescendo molto,—until the end.

In this movement, in the Trio, the kettle-drum gave just the right throbbing effect to the bass, not forcing itself into prominence. The instrument had prominence enough in other parts of the symphony.

We admire our kettle-drummer. We love a man who does not slight a humble instrument, but tries to idealize it. Such a man was Pfund, in Germany. Such a man our present kettle-drummer seems to be.

In the Finale Mr. Fiedler took the pace rather slower than we are accustomed to hearing it. We fancy that he was afraid of its becoming sentimental and therefore took refuge in breadth and power. We confess to caring less for the death-scene than we used to. One feels like giving the invalid an anodyne once in a while. It is not a Death such as Strauss has depicted in his great tone-poem, which might have the motto—"Oh Death, where is thy sting? Where grave, thy Victory?" It is simply a painful scene at a sick bed, to which there is no possible sequel but the undertaker.

But the glory which Mr. Fiedler gave to the third movement sent thrills down one's spine. Never, never, never have we heard such combat and triumph, in this work. At the end of the symphony there was great applause, and at last Mr. Fiedler was obliged to let the orchestra rise and share in the triumph. But in this case it was not the orchestra, it was the conductor who deserved the triumph. His reading took

all the effeminacy out of the work and brought out all its grandeur. It was a great reading.

Since we are speaking of the enthusiasm of the occasion we must add that Mr. Fiedler was welcomed, when he came upon the platform, with an outburst of applause, loud and long-continued, and a similar ovation took place at the end. These tributes must have convinced him that he has won a warm place in Boston hearts.

The Wagner numbers, which formed the second part of the concert, were broadly and finely read. The "Char Freitagsgaube" is one of the most religious pastorales ever written. It is a new conception of that supreme day and diametrically opposite to the gloom of the "Tenebrae" and other mournful music which is associated with it. The oboes did some especially fine work in this and the interweaving of many themes was made as clear as we have recently heard it. It is, however, too subtle a number to awaken great enthusiasm.

We were glad to see the next number called "Funeral music" and not "Siegfried's Funeral March," as is so often done. It is not a funeral march at all, but a recital of the great deeds of the hero. In Old Ireland the "Keener" used to chant the great deeds of the deceased, at the wake, and this music seems to be like an Irish "Keen." It is the idealization of the "Leit-motif," and those who understand these figures can read Siegfried's history very easily in the recital. The work was read in a most heroic vein.

But the full breadth and power of the orchestra was unchained in that best of Preludes, the Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger." All the pomp of festivity was in its measures and it brought the season to a lofty close.

The Final Symphony Concert, with the Appropriate Rites—Applause for the Men of the Orchestra as Well as for Mr. Fiedler—Sir Henry Wood and the Proffered Conductorship in New York—An American Tour for the London Symphony Orchestra?—Mme. Albani's Retirement—New Music by American Composers

Trans. — May 6, 1911
ON Saturday evening, at the Symphony Concert, as on Friday afternoon, the audience was heartiest in its applause for Mr. Fiedler when he came to his place, as though it would appreciate and reward all the good work that he had done through the year, before it took leave of him until next autumn. For long, as applause goes, the house kept Mr. Fiedler bowing his thanks and then followed an amusing little contretemps. The usual greenery and a rather larger bunch of red

flowers than usual adorned the conductor's music stand; but the carnations had been so placed that some of the violinists could not see his beat. Mr. Fiedler, Mr. Wittek and finally one of the viola players tried to lower the flowers. The wires resisted stoutly, then broke and the rest of the evening, the carnations lay at Mr. Fiedler's feet. The audience watched the struggle amusedly and rewarded the victor with a ripple of applause. Then the concert took its course; to as sustained interest and as keen pleasure as it did on Friday afternoon. At every pause, the listeners were eager with their plaudits, and at the end they held Mr. Fiedler for a moment of final leave-taking. Throughout the evening his pleasure in the temper of his audience toward him was clear, full and sincere.

The orchestra had its just share in these seasonal rites when at the end of the march in Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, the conductor bade it rise and share round upon round of applause with him. Mr. Fiedler, as it was said in this place on Saturday, is indeed an eminent conductor. Eminent conductors have preceded him in Symphony Hall and in the old Music Hall—Dr. Muck, Mr. Gericke and Mr. Nikisch. Each in his time they have done much to make the Symphony Orchestra the most remarkable orchestra in America, one of the three or four remarkable orchestras of the world. They have set, maintained and heightened its standard of performance. They have established one of its finest distinctions, the catholicity of its programmes and its corollary, the sympathetic and vitalizing performance of music, classic or modern, old or new, of whatever individual, of whatever school. They have wrought the prestige of the Symphony Concerts, which make them the chief artistic glory of this town. They could not have done all these things had not the men of the orchestra been of like mind, will, abilities and faith with them. They, too, consciously or unconsciously, have set their standards, made their traditions, kept their loyalties. Neither founder nor conductor, neither public nor press can make a great orchestra unless there also are the men. H. T. P.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

MR. Fiedler has no choral symphony—Beethoven's, Mahler's or Liszt's—with which to end the Symphony concerts of the year unusually. Instead, he has picked a programme of five pieces, all familiar to his audience, all well liked by it. Three of the pieces—to make the second part of the programme—come from Wagner's music-dramas: "The Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," music of the soft beauty of the spring, if ever such music was written; the orchestral lament and glorification for the dead "Siegfried" from "Götterdämmerung," and the sonorous and songful prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Beethoven and Tchaikowsky have the first

part of the concert—Beethoven with the overture to "Coriolan," and Tchaikowsky with the "Pathetic" symphony. Decidedly a "mixed" programme, but mixed ingeniously of some of the best-liked music of symphony concerts, and of music in which some of Mr. Fiedler's best traits as a conductor have freest play. In spite of the "Pathetic" symphony and the so-called "Trauermarsch" from "Götterdämmerung," he and his public will take a cheerful leave of each other until next autumn.

The final concert of the Symphony Orchestra for the season in Cambridge falls on Thursday evening in Sanders Theatre. The purely orchestral numbers are Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Préludes," Enesco's novel, individual and interesting suite, recently played at the concerts in Boston, and Schumann's "bridal" symphony in D minor. The solo piece is Tchaikowsky's variations "on a rococo theme" for violoncello and orchestra, with Mr. Schroeder for the cellist.

Trans. — May 6, 1911 From: The Symphony Concert

MR. Fiedler had no exceptional piece, like Beethoven's Choral Symphony of the two previous springs, wherewith to end, the Symphony Concerts, Friday, for the year. A few weeks ago, he had vague plans for another remarkable choral symphony, Mahler's which is still unheard here, for the final pair of concerts, but there was hardly time for sufficient preparation and other hampering circumstances stood in the way. Accordingly he took refuge in a programme from the three composers whose music is played oftenest at the Symphony Concerts—Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Wagner, and made it of pieces that his audience had long known and liked; from Beethoven, the overture to "Coriolan"; from Tchaikowsky, the Pathetic Symphony; and from Wagner the "Good-Friday Spell" in "Parsifal," the orchestral glorification of the murdered Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung," and, for festal close, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The conductor had his reward. The hall was filled to the last seat Friday afternoon. The audience listened raptly and applauded long and loudly. Once more it gave proof that Tchaikowsky's symphony remains the best-liked symphony in the modern repertory, and that fifteen years of repetitions have little diminished the response of audiences to it. Once more, too, it was clear that if this town cannot hear Wagner's music in its just place and in its due entirety in the Opera House it hears fragments of it gladly in orchestral concerts. When Mr. Fiedler came first to his place the audience, as its way is at the final concerts of the season, applauded him persistently, and the conductor was plainly touched by the warmth and the long continuance of the clapping. At the end of each piece and of each movement of the

symphony the applause was appropriately hearty, though evidently the music as well as the performance had stimulated it. When the concert was done Mr. Fiedler made speed from the stage. The audience, lingering, recalled him and held him in his place until he had brought the orchestra to its feet, and stood, surrounded by his men, for the leave-taking of the season.

Beyond any doubting, the average public of the Symphony Concerts warmly likes Mr. Fiedler, and the passing seasons do not lessen its admiration for him. The first enthusiasm with which he was received three years ago next autumn has mellowed into a steady and hearty regard for him. His audiences, here and elsewhere, like the range and the diversity of his programmes and his willingness to put "popular classics," so to say, upon them, even if the connoisseurs find these pieces hackneyed. They like him, again, for the energy, the zest, the absorption in his work that are plain in his bearing and his gesture. Mr. Fiedler likes to conduct, and for all that the music, the band and he himself "are worth." When he finally

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

Trans. — Apr. 22, 1911
The Ending Season—The Final Symphony Concerts, with Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Wagner—The Unusual Paulist Choir and Its Unusual Programme—"Judas Maccabæus" to Be Revived by the People's Choral Union—Two Recitals Besides

NEXT week, the final week of the concert season here, promises to be unusually and curiously active. The last Symphony Concerts of the musical year fall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, with a programme divided between Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and Wagner, the three composers whose names appear oftenest on the programmes of Symphony Hall. On Wednesday afternoon and evening, the Paulist Choristers, a noted choir of men and boys from Chicago, will be heard here for the first times in both churchly and secular music. On Sunday evening, the People's Choral Union, with assisting solo singers, will revive Handel's martial oratorio, "Judas Maccabæus," unheard here for nine years. Even recitals are not lacking—one for Miss Sovereign, the singer, and Mr. La Forge, the pianist, in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, and one for Miss Connor, the violinist, in the same room, on Wednesday afternoon. With these concerts, the musical year in Boston virtually ends. Outside them, only Miss Foote's recital at Fenway Court, on Wednesday afternoon, May 3, remains.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Final Afternoon Concert
Given by the Orchestra.

Mr Fiedler and Men Applauded at
Close of Superb Performance.

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The audience paid a marked tribute to Mr Fiedler and the men of the orchestra. At his first appearance, the conductor was greeted with prolonged applause, which he stood and acknowledged with quiet dignity. At the conclusion of what was a superb performance of the Tschalkowsky, the audience again applauded, which Mr Fiedler received alone and then with the members of the orchestra standing.

After the last piece, great numbers rose to their feet, and stood while the handclapping continued ardent and for moments unabated. Again Mr Fiedler directed that the men should stand with him and receive their share of the demonstration.

It was an impressive and a just tribute. Boston leaves no question at the season's close as to the endorsement of its orchestra and of these concerts. There was marked expression of cordiality and appreciation for Mr Fiedler.

It is beyond the province of any one man to be a perfect mouthpiece to every school and every composer. Mr Fiedler is essentially a masculine conductor. If he betrays less sympathy with the subtleties of lyric beauty and with that form of suggestion which intensifies by withholding, he approaches Beethoven with reverence, brings a sweeping vigor and fine virility to Strauss, and has kept and enhanced the splendid precision and sonority of tone for which the orchestra has been known.

Kept Pace With the Times.

Furthermore, Mr Fiedler has shown a commendable catholicity of taste in his programs. He has not been chauvinistic with one school or one composer and indifferent or negligent with another. He has kept pace with the times and has brought forward new works, all of which may not retain a place in the orchestra's repertory, but were worth the hearing. He has given to the

public works of the younger men abroad, as Enesco, Mandl, Delius and Sibelius, and he has not disdainfully turned his face from the American composer.

Of the 20 pieces played for the first time in Boston, "Iberia" is the most interesting and significant. A second hearing revealed its subtlety in a clearer light. Here is that rare and elusive beauty which may not be wholly detected at once.

Tschalkowsky's monumental symphony, when performed as yesterday with virtuosity, understanding and sympathy, is a work to be remembered. It is not a masterpiece of symphonic music, because of its transgressions of established form, as the concluding lament in place of an apotheosis or a paean of victory, or because of the amazing fertility of invention and development of thematic material displayed. The composer wrote his brother Modest that he loved it as no other of his works. He was engrossed with heart and mind. He spoke of a "program" in it, but would not reveal the secret.

Universal Music.

Whatever the motive that inspired this Tschalkowsky's "Swan Song," here is music which bears the test of universality. In it men may find the pomposity, the feverish aspiration, revolt and outcry of life, and there are in it profound and noble thoughts of the grave.

The Wagner excerpts were played with authority and great tonal beauty.

MR FIEDLER SAILS.

Conductor of Boston Symphony to
Leave for New York and Sail on
Tuesday for Europe.

Conductor Max Fiedler of the Symphony orchestra and Mrs Fiedler, with Miss Gabory, their friend, who has been with them this winter in Boston, will leave Boston tomorrow afternoon at 3 for New York and sail on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie Tuesday morning with several distinguished musicians who have been in this country this year.

Among them will be Arturo Toscanini, principal conductor of the Metropolitan opera house, New York; Alfred Hertz, German conductor of the Metropolitan opera house; Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra, and his bride, who was Olga Samaroff; the pianist, Josef Hofmann, and Mrs Hofmann and several singers of the Metropolitan opera company.

Mr and Mrs Fiedler will go direct to Hamburg, their home, and in a fortnight expect to go to some watering place, probably Kissingen. Mr Fiedler is planning to spend July and August at Garmisch, a beautiful village in the Bavarian highlands not far from Munich, where Richard Strauss has his home. Mr and Mrs Fiedler will sail for America at the end of September.

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The conductor's desk was handsomely decorated with a large bouquet of flowers which at first withstood Concert Master's Witek's attempts to detach it, much to the amusement of the audience, but it was finally loosened by Mr Geitzen who placed it upon the stand.

There was another demonstration to the orchestra standing after the concert.

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CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES.

SOLO.

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "Im Fruhling."

Soloist:

To be Announced.

my Hall.

1907-08

ONY ORCHESTRA.

CK, Conductor.

NCERT.

UARY 8, AT 8 P.M.

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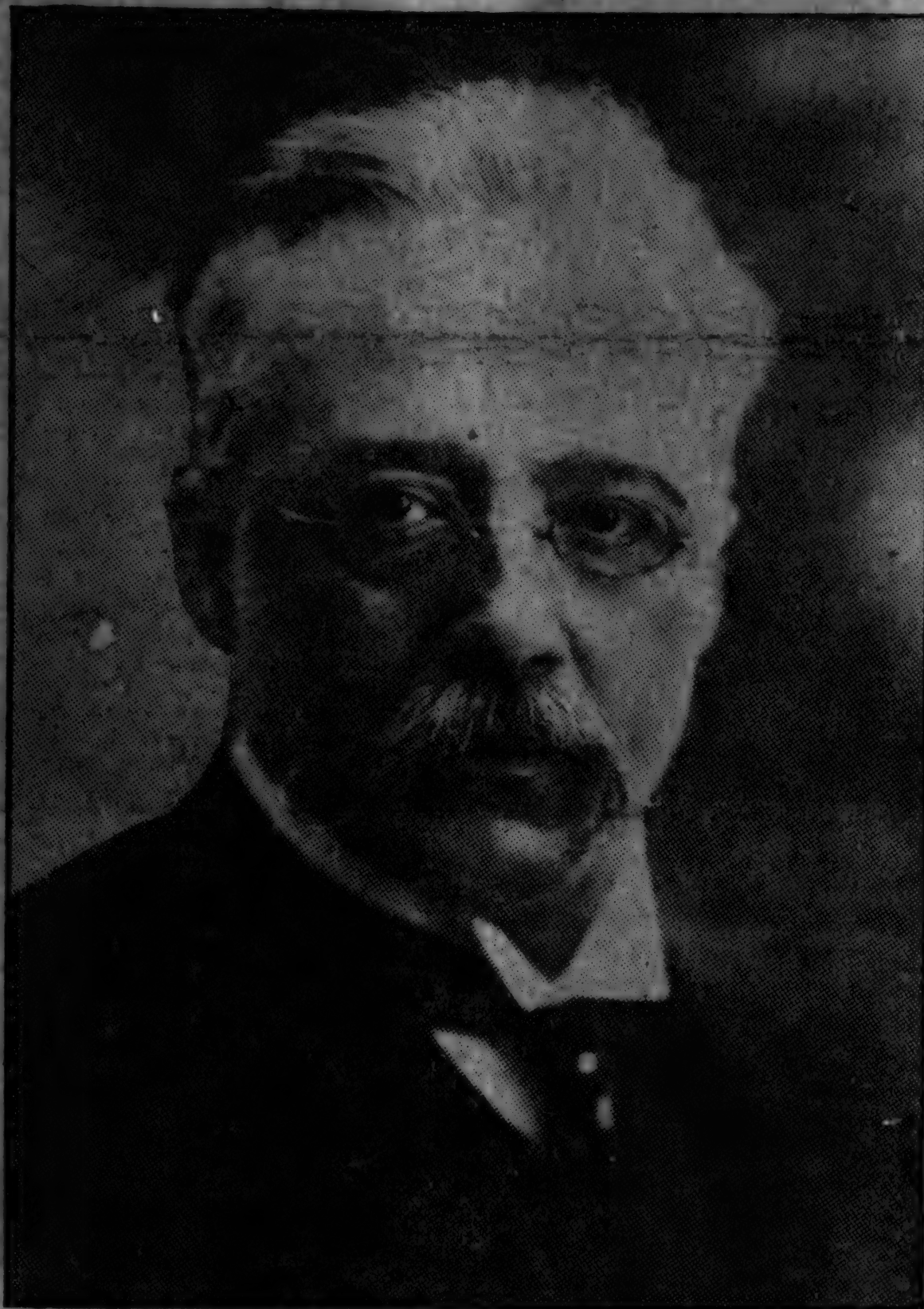
NCERT.

JUARY 8, AT 8 P.M.

360

DR. FIEDLER REENGAGED.

To Conduct Symphony Orchestra for Seasons of
1910-1911 and 1911-1912.



MAX FIEDLER.

Globe Feb. 5/10
For the past month several New York musical journals have been arranging, to their own satisfaction evidently, the affairs of the Boston symphony orchestra and have assigned a half dozen famous conductors to direct the organization after this season closes. But as there was no unanimity in choice, of course the matter was not definitely settled.

Such men as Mahler, Muck, Campanini and even Nikisch were in the roster of names specified to succeed Dr. Fiedler, and despite the fact that the management of the orchestra did not affirm in any way that a change was contemplated Dame Rumor kept the report in quite active circulation.

Dr. Max Fiedler came to Boston as leader of the orchestra in September, 1908. He soon displayed abilities which

and although his ideas differed in many ways from those of his predecessors, his masterly command of men and thorough knowledge of his work quickly won for him the appreciation and regard of players and his audiences.

Catholic and progressive in his tastes, he favors alike music of the old or new schools, and worthy American composers receive prompt recognition in his makeup of programs. "Take him for all in all," he is a representative of the best thought in the musical field, and his sojourn here has resulted in keeping the standard of the orchestra on that plane which has made it one of the few great orchestras of the world.

Gossip has had its run for a while without an authentic basis. But now Bostonians and many others will be gratified to learn that Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that Dr. Fiedler will not re-

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Symphony Hall.

Thirty-first Season, 1911-1912.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

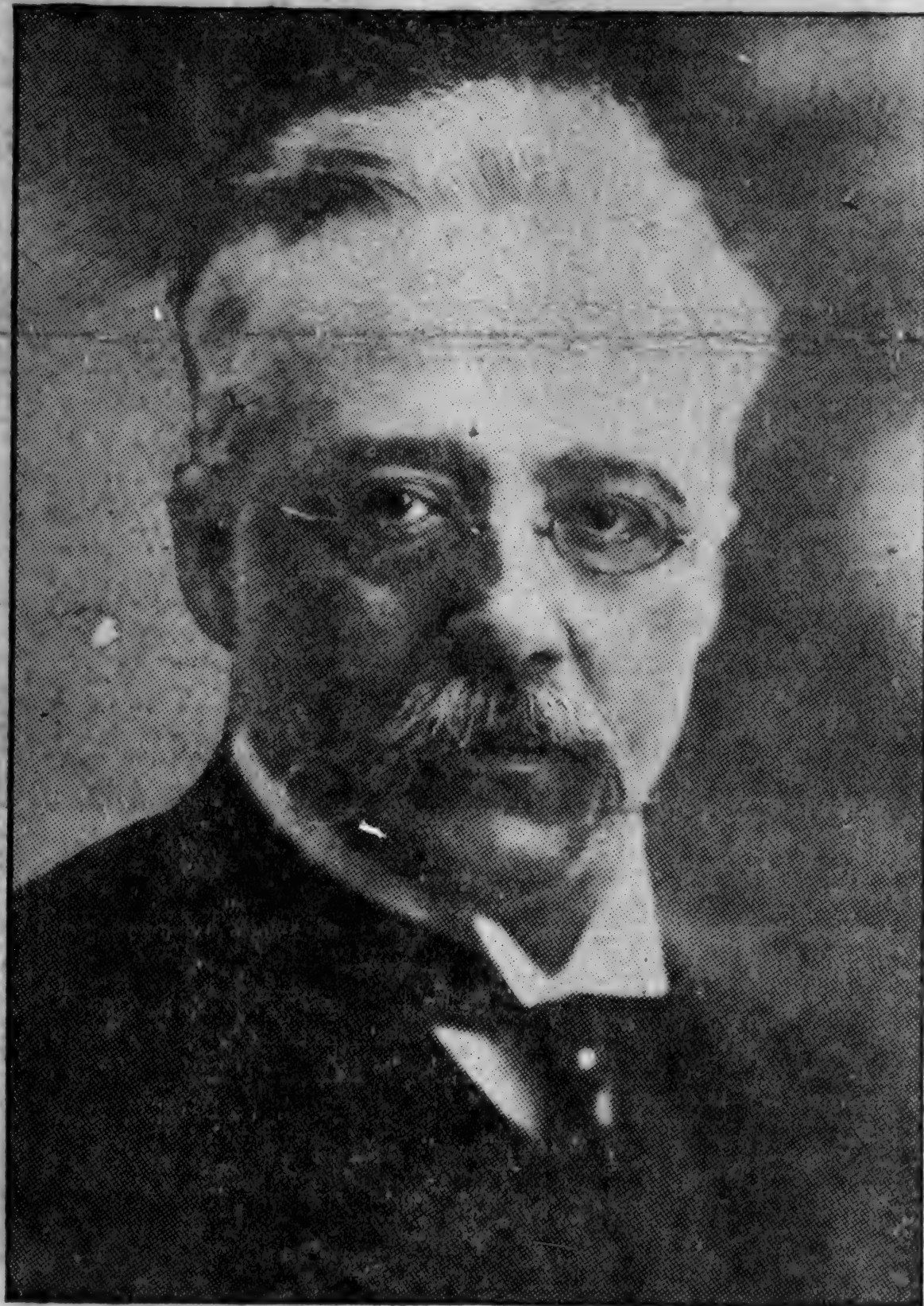
Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 7, 1911.

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Symphony Hall.

Thirty-first Season, 1911-1912.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

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SYMPHONY GIVES FINAL REHEARSAL

Oct. 29. 1911
Popular Program Gives Great
Pleasure; Mr. Fiedler Enthusi-
astically Applauded.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the last of the 30th season, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 6 "Pathetic".....Tschalkowsky
Good Friday spell from "Parsifal"....Wagner
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."

Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

When Mr. Fiedler appeared on the stage the applause was hearty, and the demonstration of appreciation lasted for some time. The performance of the symphony awakened enthusiasm, and the third movement, which, when the work was first played here, left the audience cool and perplexed, yesterday was especially applauded.

The program was of a popular nature, and although there was no soloist, the second gallery was wholly filled. With a program of this nature, the orchestra is a soloist of the greatest drawing power. There has been for some years in Germany and at Paris an effort to do away with soloists at symphony concerts. There are concertos and other pieces for piano and orchestra that fit the general scheme, and violinists and pianists are less obtrusive than singers. No matter who the singer may be, her arias and groups of songs are usually without relation to the rest of the program, and when she is a famous prima donna, the orchestral pieces serve only as a background for her display.

It was a pleasure to hear Beethoven's overture again. There are few nobler, few more tragic pages in all music. There is no digression, no elaboration. The overture is as compact, concise, expressive as Synge's "Riders to the Sea." And how simple the structure! By what simple means the thought of the haughty heroic soul is impressed on the hearer! The tragedy for which the overture was written was by von Collin; but the music is after the manner of Greek tragedy. "And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

There was a time when it seemed as though Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony would pass by reason of its popularity, and many prophesied it would be forgotten when the composer's fifth and fourth were still heard eagerly. The "Pathetic" is now nearly 18 years old, and it still moves and thrills. The music tempts conductors to extravagance in pace and in expression. The lyric theme in the first movement is often sung in a sentimental fashion, and the third movement is often hurried. Mr.

Fiedler avoided sentimentalism and on the whole gave a dramatic reading. There should have been a stronger contrast between the dance section and the inexorable trio of the second movement, and in this trio the monotony of the drum, one of the most striking features of the symphony, was not fully brought out, for the wall of strings and woodwind was too pronounced. The third movement was taken at so fast a pace that the general effect was impaired. With any other orchestra there would have been a scramble to the climax.

It is idle to debate the question whether excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas should or should not be played in concert. Wagner, himself, not only permitted concert performances, but led them. This was at a time when he gladly heard his own music outside the opera house and was not prepared to theorize in the matter.

The first public rehearsal of the 31st season, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 6.

A review of the season of 1910-11 will be published in the editorial section of Sunday's Herald.

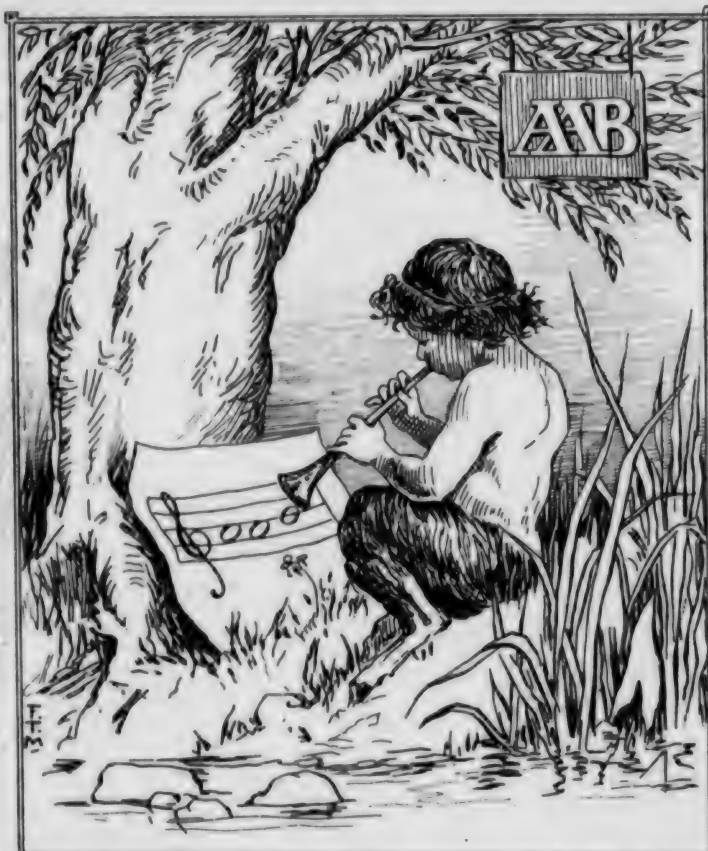


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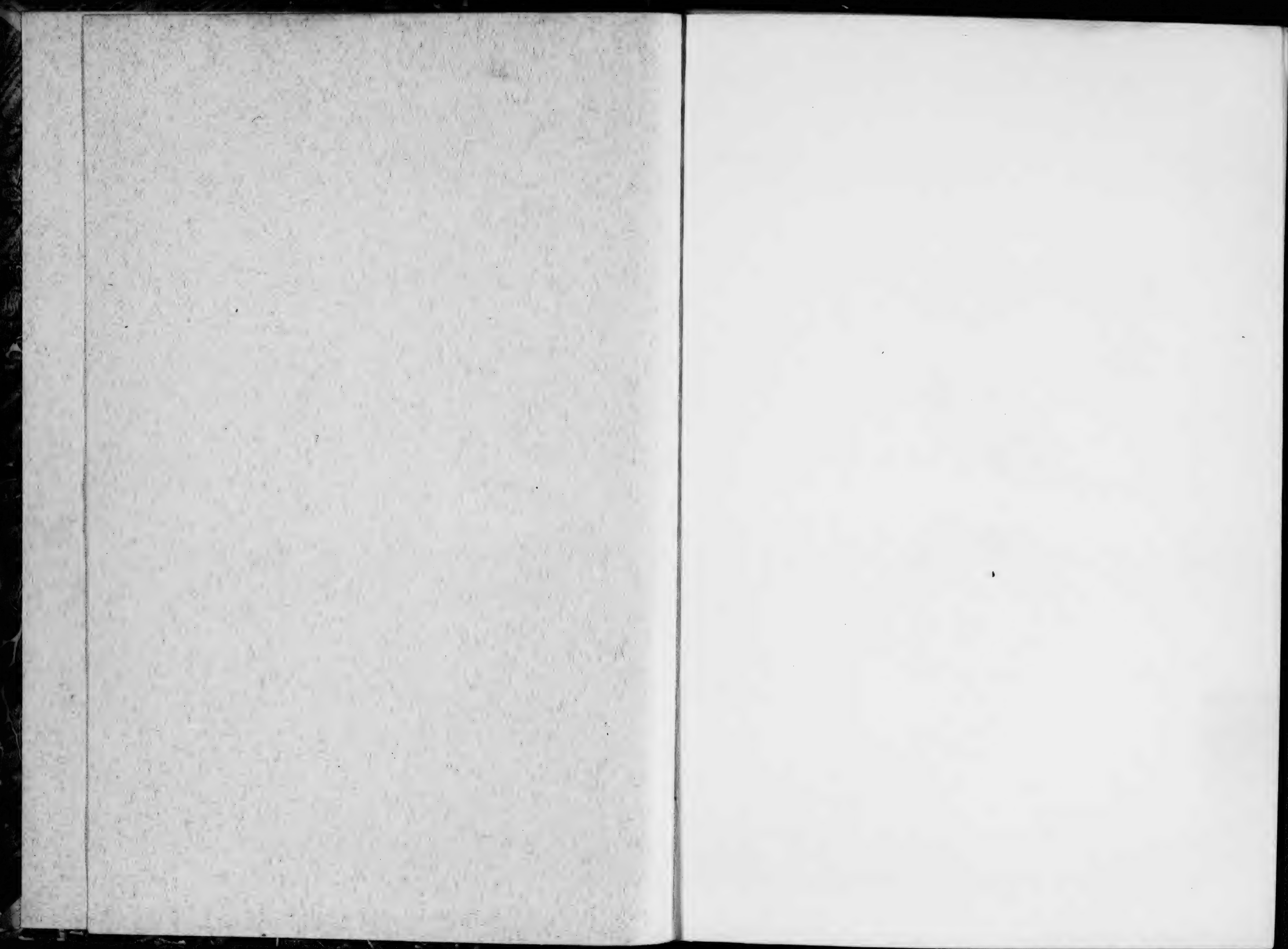
1911-1912



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BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON



1911-1912



PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Ipsen del.

* M. 125.5
Allen G. Brown
September 14, 1912



FRANZ LISZT—AFTER DR. OTTO BÖHLER.

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| Dec. 23 | Dec. 16 | Dec. 2 | Nov. 25 | Nov. 18 | Nov. 4 | Oct. 28 | Oct. 21 | Oct. 14 | Oct. 7 |
| 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |

SYMPHONY HALL
BOSTON
HUNTINGTON &
MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER,
CONDUCTOR

CONCERTS:
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
THIRTY-FIRST SEASON, 1911-1912

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|---------|--------|---------|---------|-------|----|----|----|----|--|
| Jan. 27 | Jan. 20 | Jan. 6 | Dec. 30 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | |
| Feb. 10 | Feb. 17 | Mar. 2 | Mar. 9 | Mar. 16 | Mar. 30 | Apr. 6 | Apr. 20 | Apr. 27 | May 4 | | | | | |

SECOND BALCONY

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RIGHT

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Allen A. Brown

ADDRESS P.O. Box 1802

Boston Mass

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

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| | Mme Schumann-Hoeink | | |
| Schumann | Symphony No. 1. op 38 | I | Oct 9. 1911 |
| | " " 2 " 61 in C maj | XIV | Jan 27. 1912 |
| | Concerto Piano + Orch. op 54 | VII | Nov 25. 1911 |
| | Mrs Harold Bauer | | |
| | "Provençalische Lied" | | |
| | "Mondnacht" | | |
| | "Die Soldatenbrant" | Songs with Piano | Pension Concert Mch 3. 1912 |
| | "Ich groÙe nicht" | | |
| | "Frühlings nach" | | |
| | Miss Elena Gerhardt | | |

| | | | |
|--------------|--|----------------|--------------|
| Sibelius | "Karelia Overture" op 10 | VI | Nov 18. 1911 |
| | Concerto Violin + Orch op 47 | XVII | Mch 9. 1912 |
| | Miss Maud Powell | | |
| Smetana | Ouv. to "The Gold Bride" | XVII | Mch 9. 1912 |
| Strauss R. | "Salome's Dance" from Opera "Salome" | XXIII | Apr 27. 1912 |
| | "Symphonica Domestica" op 53 | | |
| | in one movement | XIX | Mch 16. 1912 |
| | "Thus spake Zarathustra" op 30 | V | Nov 4. 1911 |
| | "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" | | |
| | op 28 | IX | Dec 16. 1911 |
| | "Joch und Verklärung" op 24 | XVI | Feb 17. 1912 |
| | "Love Scene" from "Fekersnot" | IX | Dec 16. 1911 |
| Strube | Symphony in B minor | XIII | Jan 20. 1912 |
| | "Fantastie Dance" | | |
| | Violin + Orch. Emile Ferir | XXIII | Apr 27. 1912 |
| | This last was not given owing to Mr Ferir's sickness | | |
| TschaiKowsky | Symphony in F min No. 4 op 36 | XV | Feb 10. '12 |
| | " " B min " 6 | Pennin Concert | Mch 3. 1912 |
| | Suite from Ballet of "The Nutcracker" | | |
| | Overture "1812" | " | " 3. 1912 |
| | " | " | " 3 " |
| | "Romeo and Juliet" Ouv. Fantasia | VIII | Dec 2. 1911 |
| | Concerto Piano + Orch. op 23 | | |
| | in Bb minor | XIV | Jan 27. 1912 |
| | Miss Katherine Goodson | | |
| Wagner R. | "A Faust Overture" | XXIII | Apr 27. 1912 |
| | Ouv. to "Der Freischütz" | XIX | Mch 16. " |
| | " " "Flying Dutchman" | XII | Jan 6 " " |
| | " " "Oberon" | XXIV | May 4 " " |
| | Jubilee Overture | I | Oct 4. 1911 |
| | A Siegfried Idyll | XXIII | Apr 27 1912 |
| | Good Friday's Spel from "Parsifal" | "Pension" | Nov 26. 1911 |
| | | | |

| | | | |
|-------------|--|--------------------|--------------|
| Wagner | "Prelude to the Meistersingers" | Pension | Nov 26. 1911 |
| | " " | XXVII | Apr 20. 1912 |
| | "Lohengrin" | XXIV | May 4 " |
| | " " | Pension | Nov 26. 1911 |
| | Overture to "Tannhauser" | " | " " " |
| | " " | XXIV | May 4 1912 |
| | Prelude to the Death of Tristan & Isolde | " | " 4 " |
| | " " | Pension | Nov 26. 1911 |
| | Funeral Music 'Dusk of the Gods' | " | " 26 " |
| | " " | XXIV | May 4. 1912 |
| | Erda's Scene from "The Ring Cycle" | Pension Concert | Nov 26. 1911 |
| | "Walttraute's Narrative" | | |
| | Scene and Aria from "Rienzi" | | |
| | Just God! My life fades in it (Hosanna) | | |
| | Sung by Miss Schumann-Heink | | |
| | 'Träume' orch. by Motz, sung by Schumann-Heink | VI | Nov 18. 1911 |
| | " Song by Elise Gerhardt | Pension Concert | Feb 3. 1912 |
| | 'I Take Still' " " | " | " 3 " |
| | 'Schmerzen' " " | " | " " " |
| | Closing Scene of "Sötterdämmerung" | XI | Dec 30. 1911 |
| | Bruckhilde's Immolation | | |
| | Sung by Mad. Berta Morana | | |
| Wallace | 'Villon' Symph Poem No 6 | XXII | Apr 20. 1912 |
| Weingartner | Symph. No 3 op 49 | XXIII | Feb 9. 1912 |
| Wolff | 'Der Freund' } songs with | XXI | Feb 17. 1912 |
| | 'Verborgenhait' } orchestra | | |
| | 'Er etc' | | |

Soloists

Piano

Bachaus, Wilhelm
Bauer, Harold
Ganz, Rudolf,
Gordon, Kathrine
Gebhardt, Heinrich
Kopmann, Josef

Violin

Feris, Emile
Noack, Sylvain
Barlow, Kathleen
Powell, Maud
Witek, Antoni
Zimbalist, Efrem

Cello

Schroeder, Alvin
Warnke, Heinrich

Vocalists

Gerhardt, Miss Elena
Gluck, Mad Alma
Morena, Berta
Schumann-Heink, Frau

Chorus of Ladies from
The Art Club

Conductor

Max Fiedler

Feb 16. 1912
" 25 "
Oct 21. 1911
Jan 27. 1912
Feb 2. "
Jan 6. "
Apr 27. 1912
Apr 20. "
Dec 2. 1911
Feb 9. 1912
Jan 20. "
Oct 28. 1911
Dec 16. 1911
Feb 10. 1912
Feb 17. '12 Feb 3. '12
Oct 4. 1911
Dec 30. "
Nov 18. "
" 26 "
Feb 27. 1912

Apr 27. 1912

Symphony Orchestra Season of 1911-1912 Begins Friday, Oct. 6 With Regular Season of 30 Weeks Extended to 31; Sales Next Week



JOSEF HOFMANN
PIANIST
(Hall Studio, N. Y.)

**Conductor Fiedler Has Elaborate
Plans—Interesting Nov-
elties.**

WILL BE HIS LAST SEASON

Herald Sept. 17, 1911

Beginning Friday afternoon, Oct. 6, Boston will have the usual 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings by the Symphony orchestra. The regular season of 30 weeks has this year been extended to 31 in order that the orchestra may make a second trip to the middle West. The dates on which there will be no rehearsals and concerts are, Nov. 10 and 11; Dec. 8 and 9; Jan. 12 and 13; Feb. 2, 3, 23 and 24; March 22 and 23, and April

The annual auction sales will begin a week from tomorrow (Monday) Sept. 25. As has been the custom four days will be given to these sales. On Monday, the 25th, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; on Tuesday, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals; on Thursday, Sept. 28, the \$18 seats for the concerts and on Friday, Sept. 29, the \$10 seats. On all days the auction will begin promptly at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Fiedler, whose last season it will be as conductor of the orchestra, will sail from Bremen on the 19th. He has made elaborate plans for the season and will announce a list of interesting novelties. He has prepared two special programs for the second and third concerts. At the second concert he will celebrate the 30th anniversary of the first concert of the orchestra, which took place on Oct. 22, 1881. This program will include "Eroica," Beethoven's symphony, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture. The third concert will celebrate the centenary of Liszt's birth. The program will include the "Dante" symphony, "Les Preludes," "Tasso," and the piano concerto in E-flat, with Mr. Ganz as pianist.

The list of soloists which Mr. Ellis has prepared represents the best artists who will be in America. The names of 17 are announced, and it is probable that one or two other artists will appear during the course of the season. Of the 17 three are drawn from the orchestra—Messrs. Wittek and Noack, the accomplished violinists who occupy the first desk, and Alwin Schroeder, cellist.

There will be four singers. Of these two have never been heard here with the orchestra and one will be new to



BERTA MORENA
SOPRANO



WILHELM BACHAUS—PIANIST



ALMA GLUCK
SOPRANO



KATHLEEN PARLOW
VIOLINIST



RUDOLPH GANZ



HAROLD BAUER—PIANIST



EFREM ZIMBALIST
VIOLINIST

Boston. This is Miss Elena Gerhardt, a pupil of Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, and a protegee of the distinguished conductor. Miss Gerhardt is said to possess a soprano voice of unusual beauty and to sing with skill and taste. Her work has been devoted entirely to the concert stage and in the last several years she has been one of the most prominent figures in the musical world of Germany and London.

Mme. Alma Gluck has already appeared in Boston in concert and opera. She has risen from minor parts in the Metropolitan Opera Company to a foremost place among its lyric sopranos, and is much sought after for the concert stage. Her charming personality, voice and art have given her a distinguished position among American singers.

The other two singers will be Madame Schumann-Heink and Madame Berta Morena. Madame Schumann-Heink will be warmly welcomed.

Madame Morena has made for herself an assured place in operatic music in this country, and is among the skilled singers of Wagner music.

The list of pianists is comprehensive. Josef Hofmann is coming to America especially to fill a series of engagements with the Boston Symphony. The list comprises in addition to Mr. Hofmann, Katherine Goodson, Olga Samaroff, Wilhelm Bachaus, and Harold Bauer, Rudolph Ganz and George Proctor. Of these the only newcomer is Mr. Bachaus, a young

German pianist who has held a prominent place in Europe for the past few years and is coming to America for the first time. He is said to be highly proficient technically and a musician of more than ordinary attainments.

Miss Goodson and Mme. Samaroff are both favorites in this city, and the same is true of Harold Bauer and Rudolph Ganz.

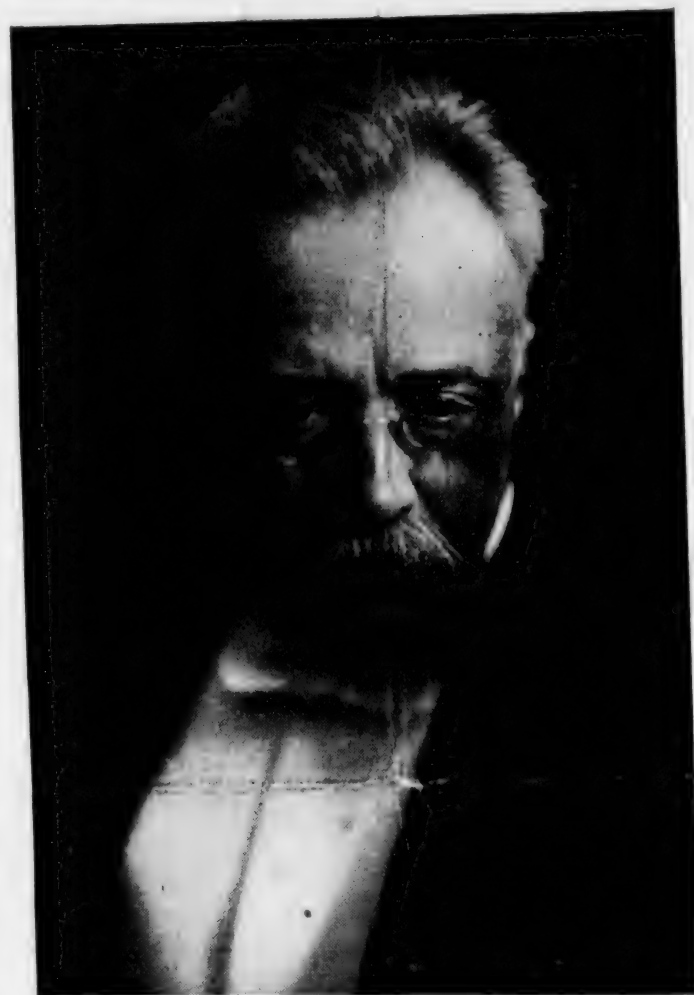
Last year Symphony patrons heard for the first time Leopold Auer's pupil, the Canadian girl, Kathleen Parlow. This year not only will Miss Parlow be here to represent her teacher, but another pupil, Efrem Zimbalist, a young Russian, will make his debut in America at the fourth concert. Like Elman,

he is a Russian Jew, and comes from the southern part of that country. He is a graduate of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he took all the honors offered for the violin. He is 22 years old, and for the last two years has played with unusual success on the continent. The other violinist, in addition to the two from the orchestra, is that interesting artist, Maud Powell. She will play Bruch's new Concerto, which was performed for the first time in Germany last year by Willy Hess. The programs for the first five concerts are as follows:

- I.—OCT. 6 AND 7.
Overture, "Jubilee".....Weber
Symphony in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38.....Schumann
Aria, "Elondina," from "Il Seraglio".....Mozart
"Intermezzi Goldoni," op. 127, Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 6, for string orchestra.....Boschi
Aria from "Louise".....Chapientier
Comedy overture, op. 120.....Reger
(First time in America.)
Soloist, Miss Alma Gluck.
- II.—OCT. 13 AND 14.
30th Anniversary of the Orchestra.
Symphony in E flat major, No. 3, op. 55, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished".....Schubert
No. 8.....Brahms
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms
- III.—OCT. 20 AND 21.
(Liszt born Oct. 22, 1811.)
Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes".....Liszt
Symphony after Dante "Divina Commedia".....Liszt
Concerto for pianoforte in E flat major, No. 1.....Liszt
Symphonic poem, "Tasso, lamento e trionfo".....Liszt
- IV.—OCT. 27 AND 28.
Overture, "Der Wassertrager".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, op. 98.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Glazounoff
Tone poem, "Dante and Beatrice".....Bantock
(First time in America.)
Soloist, Efrem Zimbalist.
- V.—NOV. 3 AND 4.
Overture, "Melusine".....Mendelssohn
Tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra".....Strauss
Symphonic variations, "Istar," op. 42, 4th Indy Overture, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

STAGE

SYMPHONY HALL SECOND BALCONY



MR. MAX FIEDLER
CONDUCTOR

THE SYMPHONY YEAR Trans. — Sept. 16/11 THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1911-1912

The Thirty-First Year of the Orchestra
—A Schedule That Calls for More Con-
certs in the West Than Heretofore, and
So Lengthens by a Week the Season in
Boston—Mr. Fiedler's Final Year as Con-
ductor and His Ambitions for It—The
Annual Array of Singers, Pianists and
Violinists—A Comprehensive and Prom-
ising List

WITH the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, Oct. 6 and Saturday evening, Oct. 7, to begin the new season, the orchestra enters upon its thirty-first year. It will celebrate the thirty years that are past, on Oct. 13 and 14, by the first pair of concerts it has ever undertaken in honor, as it were, of itself. More particularly and in much more characteristic fashion, it will also signalize the anniversary by the lengthening of its working weeks by one. Hitherto, the concerts in Boston have extended over thirty weeks—for the twenty-four pairs that precedent ordains, broken by the five intervals during which the orchestra visits New York and other cities to the South and the one interval during which it goes into the Middle West. There it has gathered a numerous public that seems to wish for more concerts. Accordingly, this season, the orchestra will go twice into the Middle West—once at the end of January as heretofore and once at the middle of April. Thus its concerts in Boston will continue over one more week than heretofore, ending on Friday afternoon, May 3 and Saturday evening, May 4. The six additional concerts in the Middle West raise the total number that the orchestra will undertake in its seven months of active work to 120, practically four concerts a week—to say nothing of rehearsals and travel—and so the most exacting task the management has yet set for it. To New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, it will go at monthly intervals as of old, and already its audiences there are assured. It will give its occasional concerts in Worcester, Providence, Springfield, New Bedford and other New England cities where it is annually and eagerly expected. On eight Thursdays from November through April, it will go to Cambridge, and in Boston it will not miss its two concerts for its own Pension Fund.

Mr. Fiedler's Final Year

Fortunately for such a scheme, Mr. Fiedler has the physical strength, the nervous vitality, and the liking for work that make the schedule possible, and this year, he will be free at least from the labor of choral concerts with the Cecilla that he undertook last winter. If Mr. Fiedler, as his men say, drives them hard, especially in the preparation of new music, he does not spare himself. He once pictured his days and nights as study of new pieces, rehearsals, concerts, journeys, meals and sleep, declared that this in the season was a conductor's life and wondered why young men should seek it painfully. He forgot that the same spirit that spurs him through these labors, tingles also in these young men. Additional concerts aside, Mr. Fiedler bids fair to be more zealous than ever this winter. He will return to Boston for the final year of his conductorship, to his last opportunity to perform with the Symphony Orchestra the music that he particularly cherishes and the music that he wishes particularly to bring to hearing. Until next Saturday, aside from the programmes of the first five pairs of concerts, printed elsewhere in this newspaper, we must await a detailed list of the music that he wishes to undertake. It is an open secret, however, that it will be rich in new or novel pieces and that it will include, as the "programmists" say, "several works" of "large dimensions." The five programmes, with their Reger and Bantock, Strauss and d'Indy, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms sufficiently herald it. Whatever Mr. Fiedler's merits or demerits as a conductor—and the first far outweigh the second—an expectant and admiring public awaits him. The audience of the Symphony Concerts likes the substance and the arrangement of his diversified programmes, his eagerness for the magnificences and the brilliances of sound, his liking for vivid effect and contrast. In the better sense of the word, he has "popularized" the concerts beyond any of his predecessors, and a grateful public has rewarded him accordingly. In the outlying cities it has been still more grateful.

The Usual Arrangements

In a few trifling respects the additional journey to the West has altered the arrangements for the concerts in Boston. Otherwise they remain as of recent years. They will begin at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Oct. 6, and Saturday evening, Oct. 7. They will continue from week to week through Nov. 3 and 4—the longest consecutive series. Then, the trips, as the orchestra calls them, begin, and there will be no concerts on Nov. 10 and 11, Dec. 8 and 9, Jan. 12 and 13, Feb. 2 and 3, Feb. 23 and 24, March 22 and 23 and April 12 and 13. Since Christmas falls on Monday, it will not affect the course of the concerts, and the shift of the afternoon concert from Good Friday to the preceding Thursday will be made as usual. Finally, the season will end on May 3 and 4, when it is almost safe to surmise, Mr. Fiedler

will take leave of Boston, with Beethoven's Choral Symphony in which he excels.

The tickets for the concerts will be sold by auction as heretofore, starting from the established prices of \$18 for the better seats and \$10 for the less desirable. The tickets at \$18 for the afternoon concerts will be sold at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Sept. 25; the tickets at \$10 for the afternoon concerts on Tuesday morning, Sept. 26; the tickets at \$18 for the evening concerts on Thursday morning, Sept. 28; and the tickets at \$10 for the evening concerts on Friday morning, Sept. 29. Long ago, the regular public of the concerts mastered the conditions that govern these sales and learned the scale of bids that usually prevails. It is the custom of the orchestra so to sell its tickets in Boston. No other band in America dares so to rely upon premiums.

"The Soloists"

For seventeen of the twenty-four pairs of concerts a "soloist" has been already engaged or will come from the ranks of the orchestra, and the official outgivings hint at additions to the list. Seemingly, then, few of the concerts will be wholly orchestral, and the management seems to be receding from the policy, begun a few years ago, of giving every fourth or fifth pair to the band alone. On the other hand it still holds firmly to its announced course of engaging only such singers, pianists and violinists as deserve by their acknowledged rank to appear with such an orchestra. The exception, sometimes fortunate, sometimes unfortunate, has been one or another resident virtuoso. For the new season the choice of soloists accords altogether with this policy. The singers will be Mmes. Gluck and Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mme. Schumann-Heink of Europe and America and Miss Elena Gerhardt, the German concert singer, who comes for the first time to the United States at midwinter. The pianists will be Messrs. Hofmann, Bauer, Ganz, Bachaus and Proctor and Mmes. Samaroff and Goodson. The violinists will be Mmes. Parlow and Powell and Mr. Zimbalist for wandering virtuosos and Messrs. Witek and Noack from the first desk of the orchestra itself. Furthermore, at one pair of concerts Mr. Schroeder will play a 'cello piece.

The Four Singers

Of the chosen singers, Mme. Schumann-Heink has been familiar these many years to the regular audiences of the Symphony Concerts and to the miscellaneous public that seeks them occasionally. It is, moreover, a curious and amusing fact that she has often been in better voice and sung more skillfully and expressively at the Symphony Concerts than at any of her own recitals in Boston. The orchestra, the audience, the whole occasion seem to stimulate her. Miss Morena is less familiar to the

audiences of Symphony Hall, but she has sung at the Symphony Concerts three years ago, and earlier she took the part of Sieglinde in a performance of "Die Walküre" by the Metropolitan Company at the Boston Theatre. She was then, she is now, a very comely woman, cherished and painted by the artist Lenbach. She is also a dramatic singer whose tones have increased in security, warmth and eloquence with the years. Miss Gluck, also of the Metropolitan Opera House, is one of its younger singers who has risen there, by the rather unusual attribute in a lyric theatre in 1911, of skill in the pure art of song. Last winter she sang in Boston at one of the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society and not a few Bostonians have heard her at the Metropolitan as the Blessed Spirit in the revival of Orpheus. There they could hear the beauty of her transparent voice, the delicate intelligence and the refined artistry of her singing. The newcomer, Miss Gerhardt, is one of the few singers in Germany who is content with the concert-room. There and, indeed, in all northern and western Europe, she has sung often with orchestras and in recitals of her own. Occasionally, Mr. Nikisch, whose protégée she is, accompanies her in them. She is a comely woman of the blonde German type and of poised and practised stage presence. Her voice is a rich and expressive soprano and she commands both beauty and eloquence of tone. She has cultivated the grand style not for rhetorical effect, but for an unusual breadth and power of diction and climax. She has large imagination and in her singing are both repose and vitality.

The Pianists

Of the pianists, Mr. Hofmann returns from Europe for ten appearances with the Symphony Orchestra only. After years of mistrust of Boston because it had once seemed indifferent to him, he came again to it last autumn as a matured pianist. It heard him gladly; it applauded him yet more last spring. "Has Boston changed?" he wrote amusingly, after the concert of April, "or is it the pianist?" Probably it is both. Mr. Bauer likewise returns to a public that has long admired his studious talents, the intellectual understanding that underlies his playing and the poised emotion that warms it. Mr. Ganz, who has now settled in Berlin, has been as long—or longer—absent. He used to strike fire; by report it burns the brighter now. Mme. Goodson won her first American public here in Boston and she has kept it by the vitality and the elastic moods of her playing of the romantic music—she is likely to play Tchaikowsky's concerto—which is her best field. Mme. Samaroff has regained health and spirits again. She can summon again the nervous energy, the large resource and the sure precision of her playing with an orchestra. The public of the Symphony Concerts has long followed her career. The newcomer remains—Mr. Bachaus, German, blonde, and still believably youth-

ful. His technique, of mingled power and finesse, allies him to the school of Rosenthal and Godowsky; but he has a warmer and a more elastic temperament. The sixties and the seventies would have called him romantic.

The Violinists

Of the violinists, two are members of the orchestra, Mr. Witek of the refinements of technique and the subtleties of tonal shading, and Mr. Noack with his silvery tone and his French sense, though he is Dutch by birth, of the golden mean of adroit expression. Two more are women: the most distinguished of the elder women of the violin, Mme. Powell, and the most remarkable of the younger, Miss Parlow. Mme. Powell is established now, beyond peradventure, among the remarkable violinists of our time and she is one of the few American virtuosos, whom European audiences—and not "press notices" sent from Europe—have really acclaimed. At her usual interval of three or four years, she returns to the Boston Orchestra, this time to play Bruch's new concert-piece. Miss Parlow, when she first played with the orchestra last spring, proved that, young as she is, she was both virtuoso, in her command of her instrument and feeling for it, and interpretative artist in her response to her music. Her concerto, Tchaikowsky's, happened to be ill-chosen for her best powers. She will choose more wisely next autumn. Finally, there is one more newcomer—Mr. Zimbalist. Auer, the Russian virtuoso who is counted the foremost teacher of the violin, schooled him as he schooled Mr. Elman and Miss Parlow, and launched him as a virtuoso in Europe. His progress has been rapid in Germany and in England; and he is now to try his fortunes in America. To see and to hear he recalls the younger Elman and in his playing are the same Slav traits. So run the present announcements of the Symphony Orchestra. Once it belonged to Boston only. Now, with its wider and wider field, it is almost national.

H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The Music for the First Five Pairs—New Pieces by Reger and Bantock—Strauss's "Zarathustra" and d'Indy's "Istar"—The Two Anniversary Programmes

MR. FIEDLER has sent to Boston his programmes for the first five Symphony Concerts of the new musical year. They include the pieces chosen for the concerts that are to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the band and the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Liszt. For the first of these anniversaries, the programme is properly

classical—Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert. For the second, it includes Liszt's "Dante" symphony, so seldom played that it will come as novel music to many that hear it. The other three programmes bear witness to Mr. Fiedler's sympathies for contemporary music and his zeal to bring interesting new music to speedy hearing in Boston. Thus, the lists include Strauss's "Zarathustra," of which Mr. Fiedler has given very eloquent performances; d'Indy's richly imagined and scored set of variations, "Istar"; Chabrier's overture to his opera, "Gwendoline"; Glazounoff's concerto for violin, which has not yet been played here; Bantock's tone poem "Dante and Beatrice," first heard last spring in London and very glowing, if a little theatrical music; and Reger's newest orchestral piece an overture to an imaginary or an unnamed comedy.

In detail the five programmes go:

Oct. 6 and 7:

Weber: Overture, "Jubilee."
Schumann: Symphony in B-flat major (The Spring).
Mozart: Air, "Blondina" from "Il Seraglio."
Boschi: "Intermezzi Goldoniiani," for String Orchestra.
Charpentier: Air from "Louise."
Reger: Comedy Overture, Op. 120.
(First Time in America)
Soloist: Miss Alma Gluck (of the Metropolitan Opera House)

Oct. 13 and 14, for the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the orchestra:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica."
Schubert: Symphony in B-Minor, "Unfinished."
Brahms: Academic Overture.

Oct. 20 and 21, for the Liszt centenary:

Liszt: Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes."—Symphony After Dante's "Divina Commedia."—Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1—Symphonic Poem, "Tasso."
Soloist: Rudolph Ganz.

Oct. 27 and 28:

Cherubini: Overture, "The Water Carrier."
Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E-minor.
Glazounoff: Concerto for Violin.
Bantock: Tone Poem, "Dante and Beatrice."
(First Time in America)
Soloist: Efrem Zimbalist

Nov. 3 and 4:

Mendelssohn: Overture, "Melusina."
Strauss: Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."
d'Indy: Symphonic Variations, "Istar."
Chabrier: Overture to "Gwendoline."

New "Symphony Men"

A new first trombone-player, Mr. Alloo, a Belgian highly reputed with his instrument, will join the Symphony Orchestra in October, thus continuing the reorganization of the brass choir that has been going forward since Dr. Muck's time. Two new viola players, both Europeans, will also join the band—one to replace Henry Heindl, who retired on pension last spring after twenty-nine years of continuous service, from the beginnings indeed of the orchestra itself. Trans. 8 ft. 4

NEW SYMPHONY PLAYERS.

Globe — Sept. 14/11

There Will Be Only Three Changes in the Personnel of the Orchestra This Season.

There will be only three new faces in the Symphony orchestra this year. One of these new members will be an addition to the membership of the orchestra, while the other two replace members who have retired.

The additional member will be Modeste Alloo, who will share with Mr Hampe the position of first trombone. Mr Alloo's engagement is due to the policy of the orchestra to have extra men so far as possible among the wind players, for modern music is so exacting that it is difficult for one solo player to do all the work required of him in the season. Mr Alloo is a Belgian and comes very highly recommended. In fact, Sir Edward Elgar some years ago wrote for him and dedicated to him a trombone concerto.

The other two members will be viola players, coming from abroad. They will take the place of Henry Heindl and one other of the viola players, who retired from the orchestra last year. Mr Heindl is one of the old guard, as he was a member of the original orchestra in 1881, and until his illness a year ago he had the remarkable record of never having missed a rehearsal or concert in 29 years. He retires on pension.

NEW PLAYERS FOR BOSTON SYMPHONY

Herald — Sept. 14/11

Modeste Alloo, Trombone, and Two Viola Players Secured.

There will be only three new faces in the Symphony orchestra this year. Two will replace members who have retired.

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SYMPHONY VIOLIST 30 YEARS.

Globe — Sept. 17/11

To have completed 30 years of service as a member of the Boston symphony orchestra is an honor won by Henry Heindl of 18 Cranston st, Jamaica Plain.

Mr Heindl has played under all the conductors of the organization, from Georg Henschel, the conductor of the original orchestra in 1881, on down the line under the leadership of Gericke Nikisch, Paur, De Muck and Mr Fiedler.

During the first 10 years Mr Heindl



HENRY HEINDL,
Who Completes 30 Years of Service With the
Boston Symphony Orchestra.

was principal violist of the orchestra, and during the 30 years the viola has remained his instrument.

Until he succumbed to an attack of nervous prostration last year, Mr Heindl had not missed a concert or rehearsal of the orchestra in the 29 years of his membership. Such a record entitles him to a holiday and the pension upon which he now retires on at the age of 68.

Learning the violin and the clarinet in his early youth in Wirtzburg, Bavaria, his birthplace, Mr Heindl performed as a musician the six years of military service which his country required. Entering the army at 18, he was stationed at Nuremburg, the city of the poet, cobbler, Hans Sachs, and his mastersingers.

Here Heindl became a member of the principal band of the Bavarian regiments. It numbered 50 men. The conductor was a skilled musician, Baumann by name, who had already es-

poused the cause of the then revolutionary Richard Wagner, and arranged much of his music for military band—the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Tannhauser," the prelude to "Lohengrin," and selections from these operas. He was the first conductor, as Mr Heindl contends to transcribe Wagner's music for a band of wind and percussion instruments.

There was a rehearsal of two hours each morning and the daily dress parade at noon. Then the day was free.

There was a small orchestra of perhaps a dozen pieces in which Mr Heindl played first violin, and its music is now a golden memory. Baumann himself arranged all the parts and with such skill that the venerable musician claims that not a theme or a note was missing. The art of arranging is a science which he contends is less ably practiced in America than abroad.

Receiving his honorable discharge from the service in 1867, the young musician started for America, and landed in New York with his valise, his fiddle case, and no money. Visiting the German musicians' headquarters, he learned that a brother whom he sought was in Boston.

He came on to this city with others who were engaged to play in the old Continental theatre. Then other opportunities offered which led him into the Harvard musical association, the Beethoven club, of which Wolf Fries was cellist, and the old Germania orchestra and band.

The latter was Boston's chief purveyor of music in the late 60s. Weddings, balls, receptions, parties, processions, all were incomplete without music by the Germania.

Mr Heindl laughed the other evening with true German heartiness as he recalled the days after the war, when business eagerly resumed its course. It was then possible for a man to make \$12 and \$15 a night playing for a dance.

"Why," said the genial old musician, "as a young man and a comparative stranger, I made \$2700 the first year after I came to Boston, and not so long afterward I made \$3700 in one year. In those days we used to laugh at \$5 jobs if we didn't care to do them, but today musicians are earning \$5 when they can."

Symphony Announces Season's Plans.

List of Soloists a Large and Distinguished One.

Nielsen and Mardones in Concert Tour—Notes.

Globe — Sept. 17/11

The 31st season of the Symphony orchestra will open with the usual public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct 6, and with the concert on Saturday evening, Oct 7, and will continue with the exception of seven weeks, when the orchestra will be away, until Saturday evening, May 4. The Fridays and Saturdays that will be omitted are respectively: Nov 10 and 11, Dec 8 and 9, Jan 12 and 13, Feb 2 and 3, and 23 and 24, March 23 and 23, and April 12 and 13. During the past five years the orchestra has been away but six different weeks during the season, but an extra western trip has been placed in the schedule for next April, which accounts for the difference this year.

The annual auction sales of seats will open a week from tomorrow morning, Monday, Sept 25. As has been the custom in the past, four days will be given to these sales. On Monday, Sept 25, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, beginning at 10, and on Tuesday at the same hour, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals. There will be sold at 10 on Thursday, Sept 28, the \$18 seats for the concerts, and at the same hour on Friday, Sept 29, the \$10 seats for the concerts.

There will be 17 soloists, four singers, all women; seven pianists, five violinists and one cellist. It is a list of high artistic merit. As is customary, three of these will be drawn from the ranks of the orchestra itself—the concert master, Mr Witek, his assistant, Mr Noack, and the first cello, Mr Schroeder. The visiting performers all promise to be worthy of the organization and the concerts under whose auspices they are to appear.

The list of singers includes Mmes Schumann-Heink, Berta Morena, Alma Gluck and Miss Elena Gerhardt. It will have been four years since last Mme Schumann-Heink has appeared here with the Symphony orchestra and the opportunity to hear her again under such conditions will be welcomed by her host of admirers in Boston. Mme Schumann-Heink still holds the first rank of contraltos of her day, and it is a question whether there is any artist now before the public who enjoys such general popularity as does she.

Soloists of Distinction.

Mme Berta Morena is one of the admired dramatic sopranos of the Metropolitan opera company who was heard here with much success three years ago. Mme Morena succeeded Mme Ternina, the principal soprano in the Munich opera. She has been a visitor to America several seasons and has won for herself a high place in the estimation of the musical public.

Miss Gerhardt's appearance here will be her first in America. Miss Gerhardt has figured largely in musical circles in Europe during the past few years as a concert singer. She is a pupil of Mrs Arthur Nikisch and her first essays as a public singer were made under the

auspices of Mr and Mrs Nikisch. Efforts have been made for the last two or three seasons to bring her to America, but none were successful until this year. Miss Gerhardt is described as having a soprano voice of unusual beauty and she is said to sing with most artistic taste. Altogether, her coming is expected to add much to the pleasure of the season.

Mme Gluck, now one of the principal lyric sopranos of the Metropolitan opera house, is not unknown in Boston. She appeared here last year as a soloist with the Handel and Haydn society in Verdi's "Requiem," when her purity of voice and refinement of style were justly admired. Two years ago in March she sang Mimi in a performance of "La Boheme" at the Boston opera house by the Metropolitan company.

The career of this young singer is more than ordinarily interesting. While by birth she is a Rumanian, practically her whole life has been spent in America, all her musical instruction has been received in this country and all her singing has been done here. Three years ago she was engaged by the Metropolitan company for very minor roles, and made her first appearance in America as Sophia, in "Werther," at the first performance of the opera given in the new theatre. The next season she commanded attention by her exquisite singing in Gluck's "Orpheus." She has since then progressed rapidly in her career. Mme Gluck is unusually gifted, both in temperament and in beauty. This will be her first appearance with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Seven Pianists to Appear.

The list of pianists includes the names of Katherine Goodson, Olga Samaroff, Wilhelm Bachaus, Harold Bauer, Rudolph Ganz, Josef Hofmann and George Proctor. The return of both Miss Goodson and Mme Samaroff will be heartily welcomed in Boston. Miss Goodson two or three years ago made a most favorable impression here, both at her appearances with the Symphony orchestra and in her recitals.

Of the younger pianists none has more friends and admirers in Boston than Olga Samaroff. A year ago last spring she was very ill in this city for a number of weeks, and last year she did practically no concert work. Last spring she became the wife of Mr Stokowski, the conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra, and will make only a limited number of concert appearances this winter. One of these will be in Boston with the Symphony orchestra.

Of the men, the one newcomer is Wilhelm Bachaus. Bachaus is a young German who has been making a very considerable name for himself in Europe during the last two or three years and he is making his first visit to America. It is said that he is an artist of very unusual attainments.

Josef Hofmann came into his own in Boston last winter and stands without question as one of the two or three very great pianists in the world.

Harold Bauer, an old Boston favorite, returns after an absence of several years and the same is true of Rudolph Ganz. George Proctor is the representative of the local pianists.

The list of violinists is as comprehensive in its way as the list of pianists and singers. It comprises Kathleen Parlow, Maud Powell, Efrem Zimbalist, Anton Witek and Sylvain Noack. Kathleen Parlow made her debut here toward the end of last season. Like Elman and Zimbalist she is a pupil of Leopold Auer of St. Petersburg, and showed plainly all the characteristics of that great teacher. With her performance of the Tschalkowsky concerto she aroused unusual enthusiasm. Her return will be welcomed by all lovers of the violin, for Miss Parlow is undoubtedly one of the great artists of the world.

Equally welcome will be the coming of that most admirable violinist, Maud Powell. Her position among the greatest violinists has been firmly fixed for many years. At her last appearance here she brought out the Sibelius concerto and accomplished a tour de force with its stupendous difficulties. This time she will bring to its first hearing in Boston the new concert piece by the venerable Max Bruch. At the Norfolk (Conn) music festival last June Miss Powell played the new piece for the first time in America. It was performed for the first time anywhere last winter in Berlin by Willy Hess, former concertmaster of the orchestra.

Zimbalist for a New Violinist.

Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, who is coming to America this year for the first time, promises to be a highly interesting personality. As already noted, he, like Elman and Parlow, is a pupil of Auer. In Europe he is regarded as Elman's only rival, and among connoisseurs many consider him a greater artist than that remarkable youth. He is about Elman's age, and for the last two or three years has had really a sensational success in Berlin, London and others of the larger European cities.

The two violinists that will be drawn from the orchestra, Messrs Witek and Noack, are easily able to stand in the distinguished company in which they have been placed. Mr Witek's performance of the Beethoven concerto a year ago when he made his debut as soloist was one of the musical events of the season, and Mr Noack's two appearances as soloist with the orchestra have given great delight to all lovers of music.

The only cellist on the list is Alwia Schroeder, the justly admired principal of the cello section of the orchestra.

The plans for the season which Mr Fiedler has made will command general admiration. As is generally known, this season will be his last as conductor of the orchestra, his engagement ending next May. He is placing particular stress on two anniversary programs which he has prepared for the second and third concerts, the second the anniversary of the 30th birthday of the orchestra, and the third to celebrate the centenary of Liszt's birth. Curiously enough, these two anniversaries fall on the same day. Liszt was born on Oct 22, 1811, and the first concert of the orchestra was given in old Music hall Oct 22, 1881.

The Liszt program, which will be played Oct 21 and 22, includes the

"Dante" symphony which has been played here by the Symphony orchestra only twice; the two symphonic poems, "Les Preludes" and "Tasso," and the E-flat concerto, which will bring forward Rudolf Ganz as soloist.

Two Anniversary Programs.

For the 30th anniversary of the orchestra, which will be marked by a special program Oct 13 and 14, Mr Fiedler has placed three works which, generally considered, have been the greatest favorites in the orchestra's repertory, the "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Brahms' Festival overture.

Mr Fiedler is sailing from Bremen on Tuesday and will arrive in Boston a week later. On the same ship with him comes Mr Witek.

The program of the first rehearsal and concert, Oct 6 and 7, is as follows:

Weber, "Jubilee" overture; Schumann, symphony in B flat major, No. 1; Mozart, aria, "Biondina," from "Il Seraglio"; Bossi, intermezzi, Cordoniani, op 127, for string orchestra; Charpentier, aria from "Louise"; Reger, comedy overture, op 120 (first time in America); soloist, Mme Gluck.

The 30th anniversary of the orchestra will be observed Oct 13 and 14 and the Liszt anniversary Oct 20 and 21. On the fourth program, Oct 27 and 28, Mr Zimbalist will play the Glazounoff concerto, which this summer he brought to its first hearing in England. Ban-tock's tone-poem, "Dante and Beatrice," will be played for the first time in America. Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and the "Istar" symphonic variations of d'Indy stand on the fifth programs of Nov 3 and 4.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Sept. 25/11
Annual Sale of \$18 Season Tickets for the Public Rehearsals Will Begin This Morning.

An important preliminary to the coming musical season will begin at 10 o'clock this morning, when the \$18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be sold in Symphony hall.

The \$18 seats include all the seats on the floor from the first row to K K. K K being the first row under the balcony; the seats on the sides of the first balcony and the first four rows in the center.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid.

Tomorrow morning the \$10 seats will be sold. These include the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the center of the first balcony. The second balcony is not sold for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, these being held out for rush seats to be sold on the day of the concerts.

To the premiums which will be bid today for the various seats, the upset price of \$18 will be added.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$78

Trans. Sept. 25, 1911

Good Prices for Symphony Rehearsals

Auction Shows Usual Keen Competition

\$5 More Than Last Year Paid for Best Seats

General Average, However, Below That of 1910

The bidders for seats for the twenty-four Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra showed as keen an interest at the opening sale today as last year, but at the same time a different interest. The highest premium paid, \$78, for seats Nos. 18 and 19, in row K, was higher than any recorded last September. On the other hand the average bids were slightly lower. As usual the lower floor of the hall was loosely filled half way back, with women far outnumbering men, bidding more timidly, perhaps, but showing much more elation when successful.

The bidding began with a premium of \$5 offered for seat No. 1 in row A, which rapidly rose to \$16.50, a higher initial bid and a lower final premium than those of last year. The rest of the row sold at premiums of from \$17.50 to \$20.50, except the last seat, which brought only \$13.50, the lowest premium of the sale. Last year's prices ranged from \$17 to \$25.50; those of the year before falling much lower, \$8 to \$20.

The second row likewise showed a falling off from last year's record, though an increase over two years ago. Premiums ranged from \$17 to \$25. In the next three rows the bids rose regularly until an aisle seat, No. 19, in row F brought \$53, higher than any price paid last year for any seat as good. The initial bids for seats in the first six rows ran from \$5 up to \$40, with an average of about \$20.

The high bidding came much earlier than last year, but reached its maximum for the same three seats in row G that brought \$70 last year. This morning they sold for \$62 apiece. The next few seats dropped to \$40 and \$33.50. From row G back, last year's premiums were not extravagant until rows L, M and N were reached. A seat in N last year brought the highest price, \$73. This morning the high bids came more rapidly. In row K \$78 and \$75 were premiums

paid the single seats of two adjoining pairs, and the former proved the highest price of the sale. After one or two of these flurries some woman, making as high an initial bid as \$40, would obtain her seats at that figure with no one bidding against her.

At times the bidding was very rapid and very spirited. Walter Jackson, the auctioneer, experienced difficulty once or twice in speaking the advancing figures quickly enough. As usual a group of ticket brokers with orders from patrons for particular seats, occupied the front row on one side and rushed a few of the bids in a very lively manner. Messrs. Herrick, Burke, Wadsworth, Pratt and Heard, who, besides others, bid in this manner, paid most of the prices that overtopped last year's record, though the two seats in row K that sold for \$78 went to a private bidder.

Only the \$18 seats on the floor, including all rows back to JJ, and those in the balcony back to D were sold today. The premiums were paid in addition to the upset price of \$18, which brings the cost of the \$78 seats up to an even \$100 apiece. Tuesday morning the \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be auctioned off; and Thursday and Friday the seats for the Saturday evening concerts. As usual the seats in the second balcony for the Friday rehearsals will remain "rush" seats sold at twenty-five cents unreserved.

The seats about the centre aisle were the most in demand. The premiums for them averaged from \$40 to \$50. Occasionally, however, an aisle seat went very cheap where a bidder on a number farther in utilized his privilege of taking the next three seats at the price bid. Many quite innocent old ladies were surprised to find themselves in possession of very good seats at ridiculously small figures. At other times someone would bid, as in row D, \$29.50 for four seats near the outside, and then three minutes later find someone else paying only \$24 for four others almost on the centre aisle. In some ways the Symphony Orchestra becomes a lottery, with advantages, however, to the quick-minded. This year the majority of bidders have secured their seats at a slightly lower price than they were forced to pay last year, while a few individuals have brought up the total receipts by some exceptionally high premiums. Old subscribers cling desperately to the places they have been accustomed to year after year—and pay the price.

**PAY HIGH FIGURES
FOR SEATS FOR THE**

SYMPHONY SEASON

**End Three in Seventh Row
Bring \$63 and General Run
Is Between \$50 and \$60 for
the Offerings**

NOON TOTAL \$14,500

**Large Attendance of Bidders
to Obtain Tickets for the
Friday Rehearsals of the
Orchestra**

Monitor Sept. 25/11

The first section of bids at the sale in Symphony hall today for the \$18 season tickets for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Friday afternoons gave promise of a record.

The end three seats in the seventh row from the front on the left side of the center aisle went at a premium of \$63, only \$10 below the highest premium of last year's sale. Seats all went for around \$51, \$53, \$54 and \$60. The total receipts of sales up to noon, including the upset price for each seat of \$18, amounted to \$14,500, of which sum \$8830 was for premiums. Recess was taken from 1.30 to 2 p. m.

Seats sold include all on the floor from the first row to KK, the first row under the balcony; the seats on the sides of the first balcony and the first four rows in the center.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid.

The \$10 seats will be sold Tuesday at 10 a. m. These include the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the center of the first balcony. The second balcony is not sold for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, these being held out for rush seats on the day of the concerts.

SYMPHONY CONCERT SEAT AUCTION TODAY

**First Sale of Tickets for Public
Rehearsals.**

Herald Sept. 25/11
The \$18 seats for the 24 public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be sold at auction in Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The first rehearsal will be on Friday, Oct. 6, the last on Friday, May 3, and they will be given on every Friday afternoon in the intervening weeks except Nov. 10, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 2 and 23, March 22 and April 12.

The \$18 seats include all the seats on the floor, from the first row to KK (the first row under the balcony), the seats on the sides of the first balcony and the first four rows in the center.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, not for the choice. Not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Tomorrow morning, at 10 o'clock, the \$10 seats will be sold. They include the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the center of the first balcony. The second balcony is not sold for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, but is held for rush seats, to be sold on the day of the concerts.

To each premium bid today the price of \$18 will be added.

**HIGHEST SEAT
PREMIUM \$78**
Globe Sept. 26/11
**Symphony Rehearsal
Auction Sale.**

**Best Price Secured Is \$5 Above
Last Year's Top Figure.**

Nearly All the Floor Taken by Agencies.

At the annual auction sale of seats for the 24 public rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra held yesterday morning at Symphony hall, the highest premiums were of \$78 each, paid for two \$18 seats in row K. This is \$5 more than the highest recorded last year. The general average of premiums ran about the same as last year, however.

Auctioneer Arthur Jackson began the sale at 10 a. m.

A large gathering was on hand, the women far outnumbering the men. Nearly all the high premiums were paid by representatives of ticket agencies, and the greater part of the floor was secured by these men, to fill orders that had been given them.

The first row, as usual, did not bring any great amount of bids nor high premiums, the average premium being something less than \$20 right through the row. Row B showed more interest and a slightly increased premium for the middle portion.

Row C opened at a premium of \$16, and the end seats at the right aisle side for premiums of \$23 on the right side and \$25 on the left side of the aisle. At the middle aisle the premiums had jumped to \$27 each for the four seats to the left, and \$33 for the end seat on the right of that aisle. Row D opened at \$20 as a premium, and \$32.50 was the highest premium secured in the whole row, although the average was close to \$28 premium for each seat in the row.

Row F Brings \$53 Extra for Seat.

Row E opened at a premium of \$19.50, and the best premium secured was \$42 for three seats at the right of the central aisle. In row F the opening premium was the same as the row ahead of that, but the best premium was \$53, and several others sold at premiums of \$51.

In row G the best premium leaped to \$62 each for three seats to the left of the central aisle and the opening premium in that row was \$21. The last seats in the row sold at premiums of \$23 each. Most of the seats in that row averaged about \$35 each in premiums.

Row H opened with a premium of \$23, while \$54 each for three seats was the best that row could produce, the last two seats in that row and the first two in row I bringing premiums of \$25 each. Two seats in row I brought premiums of \$60 each, but the other seats brought an average of about \$35 premium each.

Row K opened with a premium of \$31 each on the first four seats, the next four brought a premium of \$32 each and then jumped to premiums of \$39 each. The two end seats at the right of the central aisle brought a premium of \$75 each and the two on the opposite side premiums of \$78

each, the best premiums of the day's sale and probably of the season. Then the premiums dropped to \$51, \$50, \$49, and gradually down until the last seats in row K sold at premiums of \$32 each.

Row M Shows Falling Off.

In the next row the best premium secured was \$58 each for a group of three seats, and the next best was two which sold for premiums of \$50 each. The row closed at premiums of \$35.50 each. In row M, which is usually about where the highest premiums are found each season, the best secured this morning was \$53 for one seat, and the next best premium in that row was \$40 each for six seats.

In row N a premium of \$59 each was secured for the two end seats at the left of the right aisle, and the seats at the sides of the central aisle brought premiums of \$50 and \$52 each, the highest being for the seats at the left side of the aisle. In row O the best premium secured was \$53 for the two seats at the left of the right aisle, but seven other seats sold for premiums of \$51 each in that row, the ends of the row selling at premiums of \$31 each seat. In row P the high premium was \$49 each for a group of four seats to the right of the right aisle. One other seat sold for a premium of \$45 and several more sold at premiums of \$43 and \$40 each.

In row Q the best premium secured was \$51 for four end seats, two on either side of the right aisle and a premium of only a dollar less was paid each for the four seats, two on either side of the center aisle. In the next row \$51.50 was the best premium secured and the whole row did not average about \$32 each in premiums. Row S had \$51 as the highest premium given but the whole row averaged a considerably higher premium than did row R.

Row T opened at a premium of \$21 and closed at a premium of \$31, while the highest premium given was \$46.50 for one seat, which was not an end one but was required by a ticket agency to make up the order in that row. The row averaged premiums of about \$36 each. Row U opened at \$31.50 and the best premium secured in that row was \$41.50.

HIGH PREMIUMS FOR SYMPHONY

Herald — Sept. 26, 1911

Two Seats Bring \$78 Each, an
Increase of \$5 Over Last
Year's Prices.

\$18 SEATS AUCTIONED OFF

Society Women Often Pay More Than Shrewd Brokers and Speculators.

Society women and girls bidding with spirit against shrewd ticket brokers and speculators was a feature yesterday at the annual auction sale of \$18 seats for the 24 public Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the season of 1911-'12. The first of these concerts will be given Oct. 6 and the last on May 3.

The high mark on the floor was nearly equalled by two balcony premiums, seat 5 in row A on the right bringing \$76 and seat 3 in row B behind it selling for \$73. The balcony sides averaged slightly better than last season, some aisle seats going for from \$40 to \$50.

At times coveted seats were pleaded for at brisk \$1 jumps. Instances were frequent when a woman, young or old, with a determined toss of the head would rout completely a keen professional bidder, willingly meeting a stiff extra fee for the satisfaction derived in defeating a paid rival.

The management says that if more patrons showed this interest by buying in person the growing extravagance represented in premiums would be materially reduced. But many are either too lazy, indifferent or busy, and, in consequence, they have to pay not only the premiums, but substantial brokers' fees besides.

The highest premiums paid yesterday for \$18 seats were \$78 each for seats 16 and 18, end seats on the right of the centre aisle in row K. This is \$5 a seat in excess of the highest premium yielded last season, which was \$73 for two seats in row M. It means that the purchaser had to give \$96 for each seat, or \$192 for the pair, as the flat price of \$18 has to be tacked on to every premium.

There was an average attendance when Auctioneer Arthur Johnson opened the sale in Symphony Hall at 10 A. M. All the leading brokers and speculators were represented and the women music lovers turned out in force as the morning progressed. Some of them have had years of training and are familiar with the strategy of the professional bidders who sit down front.

A fence 20 feet high stood in the middle of the stage and tacked to it was a chart of the floor seats. Auctioneer Johnson stood out near the footlights on the alert to detect every little syllable or finger-beck, and, perched on a lofty ladder behind was a nimble young man who checked off the seats with a blue crayon as fast as they were sold. It took three hours to auction off one-half of the floor chairs.

The \$18 seats embrace all those on the floor from row A to double K, which is the first row under the balcony, all the side seats of the first balcony, and the first four rows in the centre of the balcony. Not more than four seats were sold to any single bidder and all were delivered and paid for as sold.

In row A \$20.50 was the highest bid for seats on the centre aisle, which was \$5 less than the sum paid last year. Row B, on the extreme right, opened for \$15 and gradually increased to \$29 for seats 15 and 16 on the right of the centre aisle. The last seat at the extreme right of row B sold for \$16.50.

Row C opened at \$15 and brought premiums of \$33 on the centre aisle and the seat next to it sold for \$30. In row D seats at the extreme right side aisle sold for \$20 and jumped to \$29.50, while seats on the centre aisle brought \$32.50.

Seats 17 and 18 on row E brought \$39, while 19-20, the end seats across the same aisle, brought \$42 each. In row F seats on the right aisle brought \$32.50, while seats next to them sold for \$32. Seat 18 on the right side of the centre aisle sold for \$51. The end seat on the left of the centre aisle brought \$53, while seat 20, two in from the aisle, brought \$51, having opened at \$40. Seat 21 went for \$41, and others ranged from \$32 to \$34.

Row G opened at \$20 and went to \$44 for seats on the centre aisle, while three seats on the left of the same aisle brought \$62 each. Seats adjoining sold for \$40, while two seats further in brought \$30. At this point the bidding was the sharpest of the day.

The highest bid in row H was \$54, and in row I, centre aisle, seats 19-20 went for \$60. Seats 21-22 sold for \$42 each, 29 on left of centre went for \$50, and the same bidder bought the seat adjoining for \$45.

Row K, which yielded the largest premiums of the sale, was uniformly high, opening at \$33. Seats 16-17 on the centre aisle brought \$75, 18-19, across, brought \$78, the record price for the sale. A decline occurred in rows L and M, the former having some \$58 bids and the other \$59. From this point the prices declined.

Today at 10 o'clock the \$10 seats for the 24 rehearsals will be sold. These seats will include the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the centre of the first balcony. The second balcony is not sold until the day of each rehearsal. Thursday at 10 o'clock the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned and Friday at the same time the \$10 seats for the Saturday night concerts.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and

\$78 PREMIUM PAID FOR CHOICE SEATS

Journal — Sept. 26/11

It remained for a private bidder to get the supposedly best seats—Nos. 18 and 19 in row K—at the auction yesterday of locations for the twenty-four Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The premium was set at \$78, which is higher than the price paid last year. Those disposed of during the day embraced the \$18 seats on the floor as far back as row JJ. The \$10 seats are to be auctioned off today, and the Saturday evening concert seats will go under the hammer on Thursday and Friday.

Many brokers and a large number of women bidders were at the sale, and the seats about the center aisle were the most in demand. The premiums for these averaged from \$40 to \$50. The bidding opened with an offer of a premium of \$5 for seat No. 1 in row A, but the price rose to \$16.50 before it was sold. The rest of the row sold at premiums of from \$17.50 to \$25.50. Walter Jackson was the auctioneer.

BOSTON SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEASON SEATS ARE ALL SOLD

Monitor — Sept. 26, 1911

Shortly before noon today the sale of the season seats for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra on consecutive Friday afternoons, with a few exceptions, was brought to a close. The general average of the sale this year is considered to be a little above that of last year; the record premium this year reached \$78; last year it was \$73. The season seats for the concerts on Saturday evening will be sold on Thursday and Friday, starting at 10 a. m. each day.

The entire house, with the exception of the second balcony 25-cent rush seats, has now been disposed of for the rehearsals. A good-sized attendance was gathered at Symphony hall today, when the auction started, and was the source of more general bidding than on Monday when the \$18 seats were sold.

Row KK on the floor, the first beneath the balcony, opened at \$20, which was the average straight through; the highest in row LL was \$24.50 for the first seat on the left of the right aisle. The seats in the remaining seven rows gradually decreased, the last row bringing \$8.50 and \$7.

The bidding for the first balcony seats, which started at row E, opened up in a lively manner. Seats 13 and 14 on the right and left of the right aisle respectively brought \$27 and \$25 and the corresponding seats on the left aisle brought \$25 each. The seats in the same relative positions in the next row back brought \$17.50 and \$17 and \$15 and \$18.50. The value of the premiums then decreased to the last row, where seats brought \$10 and \$11.

The \$18 seats were disposed of Monday by 6 p. m. The bidding for the seats on the right of the first balcony in the first two rows brought almost as high premiums as the record seats, \$78 and \$75 for K-16, 17 and 18, 19, on the floor.

Seat A-Right-5 in the first balcony brought \$75 and when the second row came round seat B-Right-3 directly behind the former brought \$76. The entire first balcony brought considerably higher premiums than last year, the general run ranging from \$19 to \$50.

PREMIUM OF \$52 PAID FOR SEATS IN SYMPHONY SALE

Monitor — Sept. 28, 1911

Lively bidding developed at the sale today for the \$18 season seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the middle aisle seats in rows K to P inclusive. In row N the two end seats on the left of the center brought \$52 premium, the highest of today's sale, and equal to the highest of last year for the same seats in M.

The seats on each side of those on the end brought only a third as much, and the extreme left and right sections of

the rows brought from \$2 at the front to \$9 and \$11 further back.

The general sale of the Saturday evening seats ranges about the same this year as last. The record premium of both years is the same so far and the average total sales are expected to foot up about equal. The premiums are not of course as high as those paid for the Friday afternoon rehearsals which were sold Monday and Tuesday and brought as high as \$78. This is the reverse of the prices obtained when the orchestra was first started.

SELL ALL \$10 SEASON SEATS IN SYMPHONY SERIES OF CONCERTS

Monitor — Sept. 29, 1911

Attendance today at the sale of the \$10 season seats for the 24 concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on consecutive Saturday evenings from Oct. 7, 1911, to May 4, 1912, was about 150, the largest of the series.

Today's auction will close the four days' sale which started Monday of this week with the entire house taken for both the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the concerts.

The seats auctioned off today were the last nine rows on the floor, beginning with row KK, the first under the balcony, and the last five rows at the rear of the first balcony, and all of the second balcony.

The general average of the entire sale of this year is considered to be somewhat above that of last year, as the record premium of \$78 for rehearsal seats this year compared with \$73 for last year will signify. The Friday afternoon rehearsals have proved to be in nearly double ratio the favorite choice over the concerts, \$52 being the highest premium paid for the latter and but a few others being in the neighborhood of \$30 with the average about \$10.

HIGHEST PRICE \$26.50

Traffic — Sept. 26, 1911

Sale of \$10 Friday Afternoon Symphony Rehearsal Seats Disposed Of This Morning

The sale of \$10 seats at the Symphony rehearsals on Friday afternoons was held in Symphony Hall this morning. There was a gathering of about the same size as last year, and the same familiar faces were noticed, for many persons attend these sales year after year. The seats disposed of were the last nine rows on the floor under the balcony, and the last five rows in the first balcony. The second balcony never has been reserved. The highest price paid was \$26.50 for a single seat, an end one in row KK on the floor.

The prices obtained were practically the same as last year and the sum total is likely to average about the same as during the past season, according to a statement of the management.

The next sale will be on Thursday morning and the seats then to be disposed of will be the \$18 ones for the Saturday night concerts. On the following day the \$10 concert seats will be disposed of.

At yesterday afternoon's seat sale, A-Right-5 in the first balcony brought \$75 and in the second row seat B-Right-3 directly behind the former brought \$76. The entire first balcony brought considerably higher premiums than last year, the general run ranging from \$19 to \$50.

\$30 FOR \$10 SEAT AT SYMPHONY

That Was the Highest Premium for 500 Seats at the Public Rehearsals.

Herald — Sept. 27, 1911

Dispatch and generous bidding characterized the auction sale yesterday at Symphony Hall of the \$10 seats for the 24 public Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

There were 500 of the \$10 seats and they were snapped up in less than two hours by music lovers and agents for ticket brokers.

The highest premium was \$30 each for several in row KK.

Tomorrow the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned, and the \$10 seats will be sold Friday.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$27.

Globe — Sept. 27, 1911

Best Price at Sale of \$10 Seats for Symphony Rehearsals Lower Than Last Year.

At the sale of \$10 seats for Symphony rehearsals yesterday, the highest premium, \$27, was \$5 less than the highest at last year's sale.

The smallest premiums of the day were \$6, for several seats in two broken rows at the rear of the hall, and other premiums ranged from that amount to \$27, many reaching figures between \$11 and \$24. The lowest premium for this class of seats last year was \$10.

A number of seats on the rear of the floor that were not called for after having been once sold, were resold and in very case much below the original selling prices, which in some instances were cut down one-third.

Symphony Concert Seats Bring Large Premiums

Lively bidding was going on yesterday for seats for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this winter. One of the \$18 seats went at \$70.

With bids of 50 cents and \$1 a well-dressed young woman forced a ticket speculator to pay a premium of \$19.50 for seats Nos. 19 and 20 in row I. Seats adjoining them sold for only \$6 premium.

For seats 18 and 19 on the left of the center aisle in row H a premium of \$52 was paid. This was the largest premium paid for the Saturday evening concerts. The highest premium paid for the Friday afternoon rehearsals was \$30.

LARGEST PREMIUM, \$52.

Globe — Sept. 29, 1911

Wide Fluctuation of Prices in Bidding for Symphony Concert Seats.

There were two aisle seats in row N for which \$52 was paid at yesterday's sale of tickets for the 24 Saturday night Symphony concerts. Two seats directly in front were sold at \$27.50, showing the fluctuation in prices. The lowest premium was \$1.50 for several seats at the right in first three rows, but there was a gradual advance when row F was reached. In that row, two end seats at the extreme left sold for a premium of \$2, while the next three went for \$12.50.

Two seats in row I on the center aisle sold for \$19.50; two at the left of the center aisle in row J brought \$21.50. In row K, which seemed to be very popular, four seats were sold at a premium of \$28, and \$32 was paid for two seats on the left of the center aisle.

There was a decrease in premiums as the seats toward the rear of the hall came up to be bid upon. In row W, the prices ranged from \$5 to \$9.50. In row X, which is the front one in the rear section, the prices started at \$6 for the extreme right-aisle seats, and in the bidding that followed there were slight fluctuations in prices.

WOMAN'S WIT BEATS BROKER

Herald — *Sept. 29/11*
She Suddenly Stops High Bidding on Tickets for Symphony Concerts.

\$18 SEATS AUCTIONED OFF
Premiums Average Lower Than for Rehearsals — Highest Bid Yesterday \$52.

"Eighteen! I've got \$18. Who'll give \$19? That lady offers \$19. Will anyone give \$20. Do I hear \$20?"

"Nineteen-fifty," chirped the ticket speculator.

"Do you say \$20?" asked the auctioneer, glancing at the young lady under a plumed hat of the latest dimensions, whose rapid raises of 50 cents and \$1 in the musical jackpot, had aroused the sporting blood of her professional rival.

"Twenty?" reiterated he of the glib tongue, from his exalted position behind the footlights, and he lingered on the figure, but the ostrich plumes didn't wag assent this time, and, as a result, the speculator was caught in his own trap, giving \$19.50 bonus on each of two seats when seats on both sides of them sold for \$6 and \$7 premiums at the auction yesterday in Symphony Hall of the \$18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season.

The highest premium paid at yesterday's sale was \$52 each for seats 18 and 19 on the left of the centre aisle in row M. Added to the flat price of \$18 this meant that the purchaser had to pay \$70 seat, which was \$26 a seat less than the highest premium paid for the Friday afternoon rehearsals.

The seats sold yesterday were all those on the floor, excepting the last seven rows from KK to SS, both sides of the first balcony, and the first four rows of the balcony-centre. The highest premium paid for balcony seats was \$16 for seats numbered 28, 29, 30 and 31 in row A.

There was a good attendance. The sale began at 10 o'clock. Bidding was brisk

and prices averaged about as usual.

There were the customary freak jumps and slumps in the bidding. High premiums are usually the result of a desire to procure seats which patrons have been accustomed to use for years. There was also the usual rivalry between ticket brokers and individual buyers.

The seats in row A at the opening of the sale brought premiums of \$1 and \$1.50, but the aisle seats sold for twice as much.

The highest premium paid for a seat in row E, sales of which started at \$1, was \$9.50 each for three seats on the aisle.

Choice seats in row F brought \$15, and the highest in row G was \$12. The two end seats on each side of the centre aisle in row H, numbers 17, 18, 19 and 20, each brought bonuses of \$16.50. In row I \$19.50 was the highest.

Row K opened at \$4.50. A broker bought four seats on the right of the centre aisle and paid \$28 premium for each, while the two end seats across the aisle sold for \$32 a seat. The highest in row L was \$25. In row N the two end seats on the right of the centre aisle sold for \$16 premiums and the two end seats across the aisle, because of rivalry of bidders, jumped to \$50, while inner seats next them sold for \$12 and \$19 each.

At 10 o'clock tomorrow the sale of \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will begin.

At 10 o'clock today the sale of \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will begin.

Symphony Concert Tickets On Sale at Auction Today

Beginning at 10 o'clock this morning, the \$18 seats for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra will be sold at auction in Symphony Hall. These seats cover the same range as those sold on Monday for the rehearsals. On the floor they extend back through row JJ, and in the first balcony they include all the seats on the sides and the first four rows in the center. The same rules and regulations that were in force at the sales on Monday and Tuesday will again prevail.

Journal *Sept. 28/11*
HIGHEST PREMIUM WAS \$17.50

Trans. — *Sept. 29, 1911*

Conclusion of Auction Sales of Seats for the Symphony Concerts

The highest premium paid for \$10 seats to the Saturday night Symphony Concerts at the auction sale today was \$17.50. These were two seats in the first balcony and the locations were near the \$18 seats.

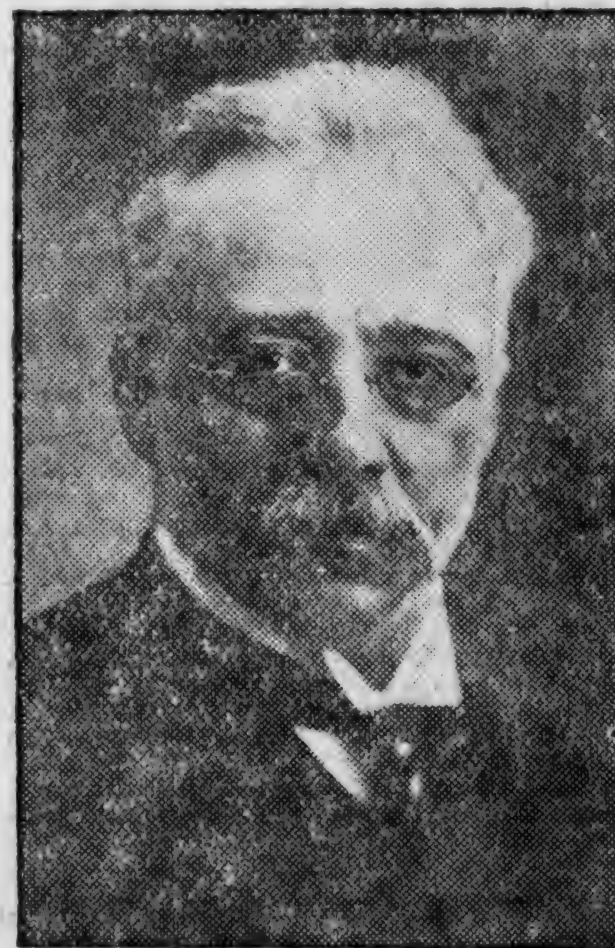
Seats well back on the floor brought a premium of from \$12 to \$15, and the last three rows on the floor went for an advance of \$8. The bidding was keen throughout the sale.

CONDUCTOR OF THE SYMPHONY HERE

Globe — *Sept. 28, 11*
Max Fiedler Returns From Europe.

Brings With Him Many New Works For Performance This Winter.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, and Mrs Fiedler arrived in Boston from New York yesterday afternoon and went directly to their apartments in Hemenway chambers, which will be their home for the next seven months.



MAX FIEDLER.

They landed in Hoboken Tuesday after having a stormy crossing from Bremen on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Both are in exceedingly good health, Mrs Fiedler having quite recovered from her illness of last spring.

Mr and Mrs Fiedler spent a greater part of the summer at Garmisch, in Bavaria, where is the home of Richard Strauss, and Mr Fiedler saw a great deal of the great composer.

"I only wish," said Mr Fiedler, "that

I were going to be able to perform this winter the new symphony on which Strauss is at work. Unfortunately there is no possible chance of it. The work will be one of large dimensions, in two movements. The first is sketched in pencil and not yet scored, while the second is still in the mind of the composer and there is no possibility of its being finished in the next six or eight months. Besides working on this Strauss is writing a motet for 20 voices, he is composing stage music for one of Rheinhardt's stage plays and is at work on a one-act opera.

"He has played for me so far as he could the first movement of his symphony and I have heard enough of it to make me anxious for the day when I will see it on the rack before me in an orchestral rehearsal. He will probably call it the 'Alps Symphony.'

"In the first movement he goes up a lofty peak and comes down again. He passes Alpine farms and pastures, huntsmen, peasants singing in the fields and finally he reaches the lofty snow-capped peak. Then, like the true Strauss that he is, he uses the same music to descend with but with everything diminished to make the descent faster than the ascent. Altogether I think it is going to be a most notable work.

"Bostonians will be interested to know that I have been in correspondence with Debussy this last summer and he assures me that his 'Gigue,' which is the first part of the composition of which 'Rondes de Printemps' and 'Iberia' are respectively the second and third, will be published this winter in time for performance in Boston, and I expect to give the first performance of it in America."

MAX FIEDLER HERE WITH PROMISE OF DEBUSSY OPERA

Monitor — *Sept. 28, 1911*

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, who, with Mrs. Fiedler arrived in Boston from New York yesterday afternoon, says that he has been in correspondence with Debussy this last summer and that "Gigue," which is the first part of the composition of which "Rondes de Printemps" and "Iberia" are respectively the second and third, will be published this winter in time for performance in Boston. Mr. Fiedler expects to give the first performance of it in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler spent a greater part of the summer at Garmisch, in Bavaria, where is the home of Richard Strauss, and Mr. Fiedler saw a great deal of the eminent composer.

MAX FIEDLER HAS RETURNED

Herald — *Sept. 28/11*
Symphony Orchestra Conductor
and Wife Back in Boston
for Seven Months.

Max Fiedler, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Fiedler arrived in Boston from New York yesterday afternoon and went directly to their apartments in Hemenway Chambers, which will be their home for the next seven months. They landed in Hoboken Tuesday, after having a stormy crossing from Bremen on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Both are in good health. Mrs. Fiedler having recovered from her illness of last spring.

They spent the greater part of the summer at Garmisch, Bavaria, where is the home of Richard Strauss, and Mr. Fiedler saw a great deal of the composer.

"I only wish," said Mr. Fiedler, "that I were going to be able to perform this winter the new symphony on which Strauss is at work. Unfortunately there is no possible chance of it. The work will be one of large dimensions, in two movements. The first is sketched in pencil and not yet scored, while the second is still in the mind of the composer, and there is no possibility of its being finished in the next six or eight months. Besides working on this, Strauss is writing a Motet for 20 voices; he is composing stage music for one of Rheinhardt's stage plays, and is at work on a one-act opera.

"He has played for me, so far as he could, the first movement of his symphony, and I have heard enough of it to make me anxious for the day when I will see it on the rack before me in an orchestral rehearsal. He will probably call it the 'Alps Symphony.' In the first movement he goes up a lofty peak and comes down again. He passes Alpine farms and pastures, huntsmen, peasants singing in the fields, and finally he reaches the lofty snow-capped peak. Then, like the true Strauss that he is, he uses the same music to descend with, but with everything diminished to make the descent faster than the ascent. Altogether I think it is going to be a most notable work.

"My first novelty which I will play at the first concert will be a comedy overture by Max Reger, opus 120, on which the printer's ink is still fresh, as it is just from the press. I have brought with me the score and

parts, and my performance of it will be the first performance anywhere in the world.

"Bostonians will be interested to know that I have been in correspondence with Debussy this last summer, and he assures me that his 'Gigue,' which is the first part of the composition of which 'Rondes de Printemps' and 'Iberia' are respectively the second and third, will be published this winter in time for performance in Boston, and I expect to give the first performance of it in America.

"In the list that I sent on I have named 38 works that are new to Boston. Of course, speaking confidentially, I doubt that I shall perform all of them, but the best of them I certainly shall bring before the Symphony audiences. Of the works by comparatively new men, I regard the Enesco symphony as the most remarkable.

"We had a very jolly crossing, for there were many musicians on board. Among those were Witek and Hoffmann of our own orchestra, Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, which is coming here this year, I understand, and should have a very warm welcome; Dippel of the Chicago Opera Company and Wilhelm Stengel, the husband of Mme. Sembrich. I am very well and more than ready to start in on the season's work."

\$17 PREMIUMS AT SYMPHONY SALE

Prices for \$10 Seats Exceed
Those of Last Year.

Herald — *Sept. 30/11*
The highest premiums paid yesterday at the auction sale of \$10 seats for the 24 Saturday evening Symphony concerts were \$17, which was higher than the best price for these seats last year.

An advertisement in the newspapers Thursday announced that the \$7.50 seats would be auctioned yesterday and caused some confusion. Patrons who looked for these seats were informed that the advertising man had sent to the newspapers a slip that was six years old and that nothing cheaper than \$10 seats had been available for several years.

There was a larger attendance yesterday than at any time during this week's sale. An absence of bidding on the part of brokers was noticeable. The seats sold included the last seven rows on the floor, from row LL to row SS, the last four rows in the balcony centre and the entire centre of the second balcony. The sides of the upper balcony are held for sale on the nights of the concerts.

Premiums of \$15 were scattered according to the eagerness of patrons to get seats which they have had in other seasons. Some of the seats on the floor went for a premium of \$1.50, but the average premium was about \$6.

HAS NOVELTIES FOR SYMPHONY

Post — *Sept. 28/11*
Max Fiedler Returns With
38 New Works

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Fiedler arrived in Boston yesterday. Both are in exceedingly good health, Mrs. Fiedler having quite recovered from her illness of last spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler spent a greater part of the summer at Garmisch in Bavaria, where is the home of Richard Strauss, and Mr. Fiedler saw a great deal of the great composer.

"I only wish," said Mr. Fiedler, "that I were going to be able to perform this winter the new symphony on which Strauss is at work. Unfortunately there is no possible chance of it. The work will be one of large dimensions, in two movements. The first is sketched in pencil and not yet scored, while the second is still in the mind of the composer and there is no possibility of its being finished in the next six or eight months. Besides working on this, Strauss is writing a motet for 20 voices; he is composing stage music for one of Rheinhardt's stage plays and is at work on a one-act opera.

Anxious to Play It

"He has played for me so far as he could the first movement of his symphony and I have heard enough of it to make me anxious for the day when I will see it on the rack before me in an orchestra rehearsal. He will probably call it the 'Alps Symphony.' In the first movement he goes up a lofty peak and comes down again. He passes Alpine farms and pastures, huntsmen, peasants singing in the fields and finally he reaches the lofty snow-capped peak.

"Then, like the true Strauss that he is, he uses the same music to descend with but with everything diminished to make the descent faster than the ascent. Altogether I think it is going to be a most notable work.

First Time in World

"My first novelty which I will play at the first concert will be a comedy overture by Max Reger, Opus 120, on which the printer's ink is still fresh as it is just from the press. I have brought with me the score and parts and my performance of it will be the first performance anywhere in the world.

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"We had a very jolly crossing, for there were many musicians on board. Among those were Witek and Hoffman of our own orchestra; Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, which is coming here this year, I understand, and should have a very warm welcome; Dippel of the Chicago Opera Company and Wilhelm Stengel, the husband of Madame Sembrich. I am very well and more than ready to start in on the season's work."

MAX FIEDLER HOME FROM TRIP ABROAD

Journal — *Sept. 29/11*
Symphony Leader Tells of
New Production For
First Concert.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Fiedler arrived in Boston from New York yesterday afternoon and went directly to the Hemenway Chambers, where they will make their home for the next seven months. Both are in exceedingly good health, Mrs. Fiedler having quite recovered from her illness of last spring.

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Thirtieth Anniversary of Symphony Orchestra.

The Symphony Orchestra at this week's rehearsal and concert will celebrate the 30th anniversary of its birth. Friday afternoon, Oct 21, 1881, in old Music Hall, the first public rehearsal was given and on the following evening the first concert. The orchestra consisted of 65 local musicians with Georg Henschel as conductor.

The program comprised Beethoven's overture, "Dedication of the House"; Haydn's Symphony, in B-flat; "Ballet Music" from Schubert's "Rosamonde" and Weber's "Festival Jubilee" overture. The soloist was Miss Annie Louise Carey, who sang "Che Faro," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and the big aria from Bruch's "Odysseus." The general admission to the rehearsal was 25 cents and the prices for the concert on the following evening were 50 and 75 cents.

Twenty pairs of concerts and rehearsals were given that season and the public rehearsals were rehearsals in fact as well as in name, as Mr Henschel did not hesitate to stop the orchestra and go over parts of the music on which they were at work.

While it would have been possible to have reproduced the first program with the exception of the soloist, for Mrs Raymond (who was Miss Carey) has retired from public singing, Mr Fiedler deemed it better not to do so and he has taken three works that, generally speaking, have been the most popular with the patrons of the orchestra since it began.

The numbers will be the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, the "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert and the "Academic" overture of Brahms. There will be no soloist.

SYMPHONY SEATS AT \$52

Highest Price Paid for Saturday-Night Concerts—It Was for Aisle Seatings in Row N

The sum of \$52 was paid for two aisle seats in row N at this morning's sale of tickets for the twenty-four Saturday night Symphony concerts. The price came after a series of gradual advances which began to manifest themselves when row F was reached. The lowest premium was \$1.00 for several seats at the right in the first three rows.

As an illustration of the sometimes unaccountable fluctuation in prices, two seats directly in front of those that brought \$52 were sold at \$27.50. There were other wide variations in prices, many of the discrepancies being in the prices of seats beside each other. At other times the differences were for corresponding seats across the centre aisle. In row F two end seats at the extreme left sold for a premium of \$2, while the next three went for \$12.50. In row I two seats on the centre aisle sold for \$19.50, while the three adjoining ones brought only \$6, and the lowest premium for seats in the row was \$2.

For seats in row J there was spirited bidding. Two at the left of the centre aisle brought \$21.50. The ones beside them were sold for \$8.50, while two others not far away, desirable seats too, brought only \$4. Row K seemed to be a favorite, and one man took four seats at a premium of \$2. These were centre aisle seats, and through the sale these places brought the best prices. The next best price was \$12 on the left of the centre aisle, in row B, while an adjoining single seat was disposed of at \$20. Another single seat farther along to the left, but an aisle seat, brought \$25, and the last two left seats in the row found buyers at \$5. In row L \$25 was the highest price received, while in row M the highest was \$34, which was paid for two seats, one at each side of the centre aisle. One man, who has bought seats at previous sales, was anxious to get two, and when he found that the price was soaring in row S, he bought only one, for which he paid \$31. He was also the highest bidder for the next choice and he took the adjoining seat, getting it for \$18. Thus he got seats 17 and 18 in the row.

Toward the rear of the hall there was a constant sagging in prices, and in row W, the last one before the broad cross aisle is reached, the prices ranged from \$5 to \$9.50. In row X, the front one in the rear section of the hall, the prices started at \$6 for the extreme right-aisle seats, and throughout this row there were slight fluctuations in prices. Thereafter the premiums were comparatively low.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,

JUBILEE OVERTURE

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major No. 1, op. 38

- I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo; molto vivace Trio I; molto più vivace, Trio II.
- IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

MOZART,

ARIA, "Con vezzie, con lusinghe," from "Il Seraglio"

BOSSI,

GOLDONIAN INTERMEZZI, op. 127

- I. Preludio e Minuetto
- II. Gagliardi
- V. Serenatina
- VII. Burlesca

CHARPENTIER,

AIR "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"

REGER,

A COMEDY OVERTURE, op. 120
(First performance of the work)

Soloist:

Mme. ALMA GLUCK

on the rack before me in an orchestral rehearsal. He will probably call it the 'Alps Symphony.' In the first movement he goes up a lofty peak and comes down again. He passes Alpine farms and pastures, huntsmen, peasants singing in the fields and finally he reaches the lofty snow-capped peak. Then, like the true Strauss that he is, he uses the same music to descend with, but with everything diminished to make the descent faster than the ascent. Altogether I think it is going to be a most notable work.

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Thirtieth Anniversary of Symphony Orchestra.

The Symphony Orchestra at this week's rehearsal and concert will celebrate the 30th anniversary of its birth. Friday afternoon, Oct 21, 1881, in old Music Hall, the first public rehearsal was given and on the following evening the first concert. The orchestra consisted of 65 local musicians with Georg Henschel as conductor.

The program comprised Beethoven's overture, 'Dedication of the House'; Haydn's Symphony, in B-flat; 'Ballet Music' from Schubert's 'Rosamonde' and Weber's 'Festival Jubilee' overture. The soloist was Miss Annie Louise Carey, who sang 'Che Faro,' from Gluck's 'Orfeo,' and the big aria from Bruch's 'Odysseus.' The general admission to the rehearsal was 25 cents and the prices for the concert on the following evening were 50 and 75 cents.

Twenty pairs of concerts and rehearsals were given that season and the public rehearsals were rehearsals in fact as well as in name, as Mr Henschel did not hesitate to stop the orchestra and go over parts of the music on which they were at work.

While it would have been possible to have reproduced the first program with the exception of the soloist, for Mrs Raymond (who was Miss Carey) has retired from public singing, Mr Fiedler deemed it better not to do so and he has taken three works that, generally speaking, have been the most popular with the patrons of the orchestra since it began.

The numbers will be the 'Eroica' symphony of Beethoven, the 'Unfinished' symphony of Schubert and the 'Academic' overture of Brahms. There will be no soloist.

SYMPHONY SEATS AT \$52

Trans. Sept. 28/11
Highest Price Paid for Saturday-Night Concerts—It Was for Aisle Sitings in Row N

The sum of \$52 was paid for two aisle seats in row N at this morning's sale of tickets for the twenty-four Saturday night Symphony concerts. The price came after a series of gradual advances which began to manifest themselves when row F was reached. The lowest premium was \$1.50 for several seats at the right in the first three rows.

As an illustration of the sometimes unaccountable fluctuation in prices, two seats directly in front of those that brought \$52 were sold at \$27.50. There were other wide variations in prices, many of the discrepancies being in the prices of seats beside each other. At other times the differences were for corresponding seats across the centre aisle. In row F two end seats at the extreme left sold for a premium of \$2, while the next three went for \$12.50. In row I two seats on the centre aisle sold for \$19.50, while the three adjoining ones brought only \$6, and the lowest premium for seats in the row was \$2.

For seats in row J there was spirited bidding. Two at the left of the centre aisle brought \$21.50. The ones beside them were sold for \$8.50, while two others not far away, desirable seats too, brought only \$5. Row K seemed to be a favorite, and one man took four seats at a premium of \$2. These were centre aisle seats, and through the sale these places brought the best prices. The next best price was \$18 on the left of the centre aisle, in row K, while an adjoining single seat was disposed of at \$20. Another single seat farther along to the left, but an aisle seat, brought \$25, and the last two left seats in the row found buyers at \$5. In row L \$25 was the highest price received, while in row M the highest was \$34, which was paid for two seats, one at each side of the centre aisle. One man, who has bought seats at previous sales, was anxious to get two, and when he found that the price was soaring in row S, he bought only one, for which he paid \$31. He was also the highest bidder for the next choice and he took the adjoining seat, getting it for \$18. Thus he got seats 17 and 18 in the row.

Toward the rear of the hall there was a constant sagging in prices, and in row W, the last one before the broad cross aisle is reached, the prices ranged from \$5 to \$9.50. In row X, the front one in the rear section of the hall, the prices started at \$6 for the extreme right-aisle seats, and throughout this row there were slight fluctuations in prices. Thereafter the premiums were comparatively low.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,

JUBILEE OVERTURE

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major No. 1, op. 38
I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace
II. Larghetto
III. Scherzo; molto vivace Trio I; molto più vivace, Trio II.
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

MOZART,

ARIA, "Con vezzie, con lusinghe," from "Il Seraglio"

BOSSI,

GOLDONIAN INTERMEZZI, op. 127
I. Preludio e Minuetto
II. Gagliardi
V. Serenatina
VII. Burlesca

CHARPENTIER,

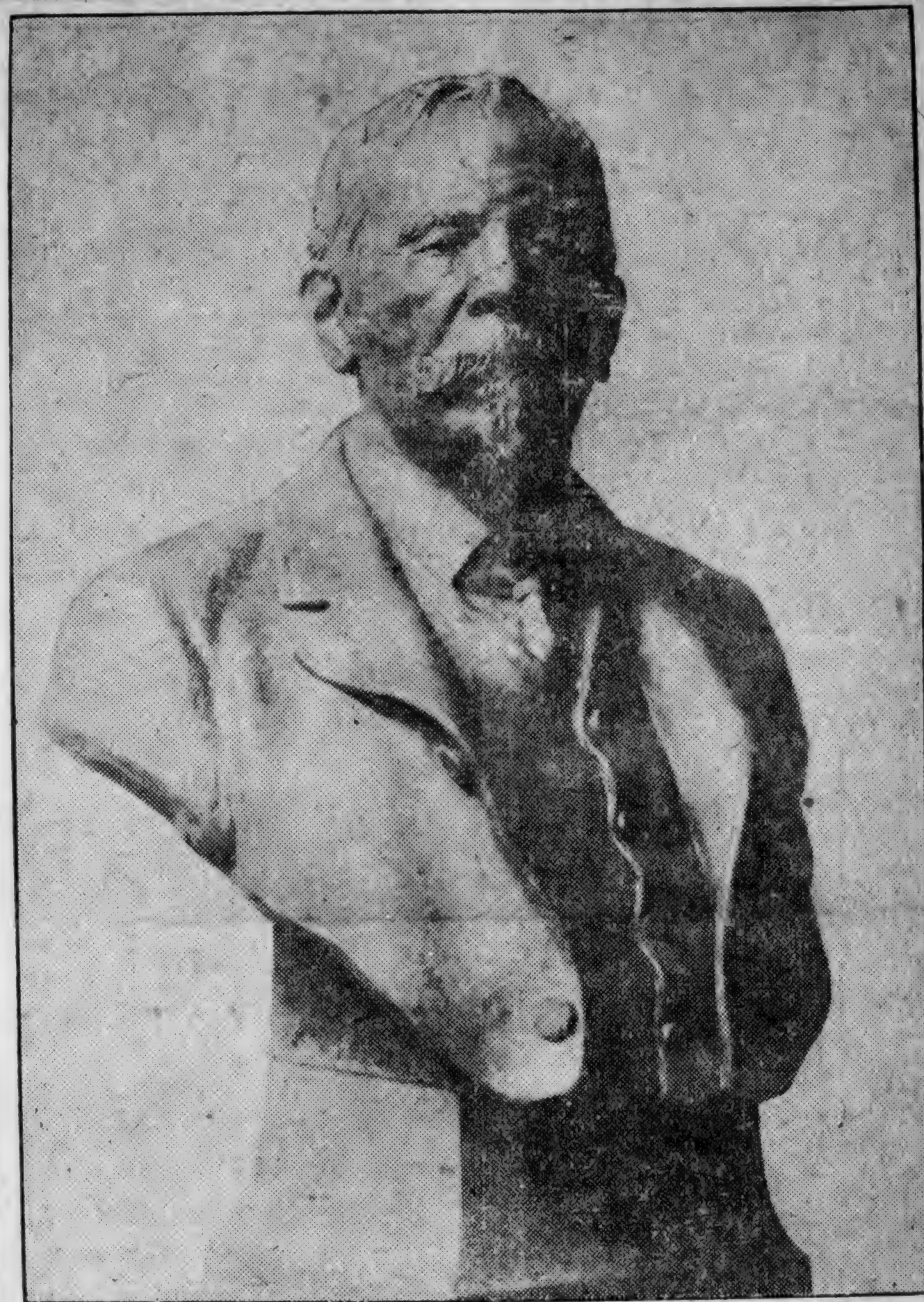
AIR "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"

REGER,

A COMEDY OVERTURE, op. 120
(First performance of the work)

Soloist:

Mme. ALMA GLUCK



BELA PRATT'S BUST OF HENRY L. HIGGINSON, WHICH WAS EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME YESTERDAY AFTERNOON IN SYMPHONY HALL.

October 8, 1911

Photo taken by the Boston Herald-Examiner and Concert next week.

Marked Enthusiasm Greets Reappearance of Conductor
Fiedler—Monument to Maj. Henry L. Higginson
Unveiled Without Ceremony.

Mme. Gluck, one of the youngest and comeliest sopranos on the operatic

The monument came as a surprise to most of the Symphony patrons. It is the gift of some friends and admirers of Maj. Higginson. Holker Abbott was chairman of the committee which

BY OLIN DOWNES

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON
FOUNDER
AND SUSTAINER
OF THE

Miss Gluck Charms

Mr. Fiedler gave a very heartfelt performance of Schumann's Spring symphony, which is also the spirit of youth. Professional musicians have picked a this symphony, at the shortness of its melodies, and the comparative lack of color in its instrumentation, but the symphony is performed year in and year out, and every time that it is played it sounds more fresh and more lovely. If Schumann had written nothing else, he would have placed himself on a pinnacle by this work alone. For composers may treat of things profound or profane, but after hearing this symphony it seems that no one but Schumann has sung of the spring. The orchestral tone was rough in some passages of the first movement, and Mr. Fiedler's beat in the slow movement was a trifle too de-

The bust is the work of Bela L. Pratt and the placement is after a design by A. W. Longfellow.

liberate. The playing of the scherzo, however, was exceptionally delightful, and in this movement and the last Mr. Fiedler made new precedent for himself.

Bossi's music has been heard once before at the Symphony concerts, and it should be heard oftener, for the score is a masterpiece. It is a true outpouring of the Italian spirit, and it is so finely composed, and written with such exuberant fancy and sparkle, that the astonishing things that the composer does with his string choir pass unobserved. Reger's new overture, in much the same spirit, but with added Teutonic weight and virility, must rank as one of the best of his compositions which have been played in Boston. There is true humor and hilarity in it. The second theme comes as near the piquant as Reger will ever go, and for Reger the orchestration is light and translucent. Even the fugue which the composer must needs write, is inoffensive and unpreponderating! And even Weber's jingly overture was good to hear, on account of its vacuous aimability and the sureness that a composer of the 19th century displays in handling the orchestra of his period.

THE SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS

Max Reger's Overture
Played First Time.

Mme Alma Gluck Makes First
Appearance at Concerts.

Higginson's Bust Placed in
Symphony Foyer.

The musical season of Boston and of America opened yesterday afternoon with the first public rehearsal of the 31st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The reassembling of this audience from year to year does not materially change. After the Summer months at the mountains or beach there are greetings of friends, the passing of pleas-

anties and the various bits of ceremony incident to settling down for the Winter in the same seats the family always buys, or perhaps in a new vicinity whose acoustics and neighbors are both tested.

The size of the audience indicated that the demand for seats at these concerts had suffered no diminution in this 31st year of the orchestra. There was scarcely a vacancy to be seen on the floor or in the first balcony. Every chair in the second had long been pre-empted, for the day, although cool, was fair, and the waiting line even at 12:30, was well on its way to the Children's Hospital. There was to be a new soloist and a new work.

While next week will be taken as a formal anniversary of the completion of 30 years of history by the orchestra, it was fitting that the new bust in bronze of Maj Higginson, which adorns the lower front foyer, should be in place at the beginning of the new season. Before and after the concert and during the promenade it was observed by many of the audience and impressed all as an eloquent and appropriate tribute to the man to whom Boston and America owe this noble institution.

The bust has been on exhibition for some months at the Art Museum. The author is Bela L. Pratt. The pedestal is the work of A. W. Longfellow, and is situated in a niche of Siena marble. The bust, its pedestal and encircling frame form an imposing art work and monument.

Reger, the Composer.

The program of the first rehearsal was as follows: Weber, "Jubilee" overture; Schumann, symphony in B flat, No. 1; Mozart, aria, "Con vèzzie, con lusinghe," from "Il Seraglio"; Bossi, Goldonian Intermezzi (movements 1, 2, 5, 6); Charpentier, air, "Depuis le jour," from "Louise"; Reger, "A Comedy Overture," op 120. Mme Alma Gluck was the soloist.

Max Reger's new work has just been published and was performed for the first time anywhere. For a man only 38 years and 6 months old, the composer's output is amazing.

He is a performer of feats of velocity and of endurance. He will write and score orchestral works at a sitting. Did he not rise at daybreak one Sabbath morning, gird up his loins and sit him down and write past the going down of the sun until the 11th hour, and was not the fruits of the labor of that May 19, 1907, his orchestral fugue on a theme of Hiller's?

Too often his has been the handiwork of a man who must run amuck for so many pages, must emit a certain volcanic and brutal turbulence irrespective of his theme, although Reger is not of the school of Strauss and the romanticists, who would translate emotional thought into tones.

Too often he has seemed incapable of self-discernment, of discretion, unable or unwilling to have avoided mere sound and fury when to have spoken

with reticence or repose would have been more commanding.

The "Comedy Overture."

The new work possesses a greater sanity in this regard, a clearer sense of proportion, a restraint which does not show the composer perturbed lest there be not constant evidence of his monstrous contrapuntal dexterity. The spirit is one of avowed comic play, and Reger has shown at times that he can actually caper lightly, almost gracefully, as in certain delicate and lightly etched passages.

The orchestration is also more lucid, more free from turgid mixtures. There were moments not without beauty in the use and contrast of color.

The rhythmic profile of the themes has character and individuality. The subject of the inevitable fugue, a succession of whirling triplets following an octave skip, is sent scurrying through the strings with the composer's usual energy and skill.

Mr Fiedler read the work and the men played it with brilliant technic and with appreciation.

Mme Gluck the Soloist.

Mme Gluck has sung in Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company and last Winter in a performance of Verdi's "Requiem." She then established herself as one of the most accomplished and intelligent of our younger singers.

Her voice is a soprano, of an unusually pure and sympathetic quality. It is an even and obedient instrument, and the singer shows an artistic sense in all that she does. She made the Mozart air enjoyable for its lightness and pretty fancy and avoided too weighty or troubled a seriousness in the second stanza. In it all shone the spirit of play. Mozart's lines of melody were kept unbroken by excellent phrasing. A more varied use of the soft voice might have added to their charm.

Mme Gluck was particularly happy in the air from Louise. Her voice was of a haunting beauty, colored to suit the ecstasy, by turn quiet and rhapsodical. Here was exultation and transport in the conscious knowledge of love and in its remembrance.

Charpentier's exquisite music was given its just values both in the semi-declamation and in the sustained song. The orchestral pages glow with a ravishing beauty, with the color of celesta and harp. The singer, a vision of loveliness, was repeatedly recalled.

Schumann's symphony is a pledge to eternal Springtime and the song of youth. It was written in days of elation of heart and it sings of an imperishable joy. It was heard with gladness yesterday, for it was played in the spirit.

The movements from Bossi's intermezzi are of true grace, elegance and poetic beauty. The playing of them brought repeated exclamations of delight from the audience.

Excepting Mr Longy, the familiar members of the orchestra were present and in their accustomed places. Mr Fiedler was given a cordial greeting when he came on to conduct the first number.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE NEW YEAR BEGINS WITH FEW CHANGES

An Audience, an Orchestra and a Conductor That Are As of Old—The Founder's Bust—Mr. Fiedler's Robustious and Rhetorical Schumann—Bossi's Scholarly Exercises—A Brand New Overture by Reger That Left Hearers Wondering How It Should Actually Sound—Mme. Gluck of the Metropolitan Sings and Notably in an Air from "Louise"

Five months make the recess in the Symphony Concerts, but when they were resumed yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall a single week might have separated the final concert of the thirtieth season from the opening concert of the thirty-first. The audience, the elect audience, of these Friday afternoons is becoming a fixed quantity. It fills the house to the last seat and it likes to sit in the same seats from year to year. The auditorium is gradually dividing itself into neighborhoods, where daughters join their mothers when they become of concert-going age and where an occasional newcomer adds the proper zest of change. Yesterday, the audience for these afternoon concerts seemed a shade more feminine than ever; it was as willingly hatless as though the battle over the discarding of them had not been fought and won only last December; while strongest impression of all to the masculine—and doubtless one that is very erroneous—the modes, as the dressmakers say, seemed hardly to have changed at all. Yet if the audience yielded no new sensations on that score, Mme. Gluck, the singer of the day, did. Heretofore Miss Farrar has surpassed all her sisters in the strange wonder of the dresses she has worn at the Symphony Concerts. Until she tries again, Mme. Gluck has left her far behind. Not for nothing, in clothes, as "Arms and the Man" long ago proved, is one born in the Balkans.

The aspect of the stage was as little novel as that of the auditorium. Mr. Fiedler remained Mr. Fiedler in gesture and in all that he did. The audience received him warmly, liked his version of Schumann's "Spring" symphony and liked still more the half-archaic, half-modern flavor of the intermezzi to Goldoni's plays that he revived from the programme of Dr. Muck that first discovered the Teutonized Italian, Bossi, who wrote them. There were more departures before Reger's new overture, at the end of the programme, than there usually are when the final piece is better known. Otherwise Mr.

Fiedler held his audience as of old. Changes in the personnel of the orchestra have been few, and there were barely two new faces to catch the eyes of those wont to scrutinize and remember the men. Mr. Fiedler had evidently had ample time to rehearse them for when he willed, they played as fast as he wished—which is not always easy—and as loud. In fact, the one really new thing of the day was the bust of Mr. Higginson that had been placed an hour before the beginning of the concert in a niche midway of the corridor, along Huntington avenue. It is the bronze bust of his head and shoulders, highly characteristic in expression and pose that has stood for a year past in the Museum of Fine Arts. Bela Pratt, the sculptor, made it and A. W. Longfellow, the architect, prepared the place for it. In an arched and recessed frame of yellowish Sienna marble, it stands on a similar pedestal against a background of dark greenish marble. "Henry Lee Higginson. Founder and Sustainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra" is the inscription that it bears, and admiring friends placed the bust in Symphony Hall in spite of Mr. Higginson's mild resistance to their will. It is the only public testimony to his share in the life and the glories of the orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler's programme was characteristically diversified. It began with the thunderous and somewhat hollow pomp of Weber's "Jubilee" overture, which sounds, after all these years, more than ever as though it were written to hail some happy sovereign of Pumpernickel moving to his place among his loyal burghers. Weber was happy with romantic subjects; they stimulated him to such deathless overtures, if not to such deathless operas, as those to "Freischütz," "Oberon" and "Euryanthe." His Majesty, Friedrich August I. of Saxony, for the fiftieth anniversary of whose coronation, Weber wrote the overture, was not a romantic personage, and he kindled the composer to no more than a succession of pompous orchestral flourishes. They sounded in 1818; they still sound; and Mr. Fiedler made the orchestra play them with an exceeding muscularity and sonority. If the Symphony Orchestra had a chorus, the piece to follow would have been Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadock, the Priest." Wagner's "March of Homage" might have ensued and we should have run the gamut of empty but reverberant ceremonial music then.

As it was, Mr. Fiedler plunged forthwith into Schumann's symphony in B-flat, the symphony of the awakening spring, according to the poem by the obscure Böttger that the musical schollasts have now attached to it. Those who dislike the ways of Mr. Fiedler could readily quarrel with the pace at which he took the symphony and the quality of tone that he gave it. He played all of it, they will say, and not altogether unjustly, very loud; he played the first movement and the Finale very fast and they

Romanza of the Larghetto very slowly while the familiar details of the music—the horn calls, the cadenza for the flute and the like—stood sharply against the tonal mass. All this is Mr. Fiedler's way with the classics, and it is a pity to begin to quarrel with it anew at the very outset of his final year. Certainly the symphony sounded elate enough to be the rejoicing of all Germany in the spring and its moods and not merely the delight therein of the rather sensitive and secluded Robert Schumann, while his romantic voice, which can be delicate and introspective, was robustious indeed. Never have the strings of the orchestra sounded more muscular; the wood-winds were of their richest tones in the slow movement, and the brass was duly big and flaring. Moreover, since the men were fresh to their work, even Mr. Fiedler's pace did not much blur detail. Perhaps all this is the way to make amends for Schumann's thick orchestration, and it seemed sonorous enough yesterday. Perhaps this is the way to make the symphony sound like a magnificent and eloquent improvisation for the concert-room. The books say that Schumann wrote it almost at a heat, in four days even, because the impulse and the moods of the music possessed him. They were so spontaneous, indeed, that Schumann does not labor with his form in his scoring. He made the music run in long flights of elate or musing fancy that flowed into detail of themselves. No more than his pianoforte pieces is it rhetorical music. It sounded too much so yesterday.

Perhaps, after all, the concert was predestined to musical rhetoric. Four of Bossi's intermezzi to Goldoni's comedies were the next orchestral pieces, and Bossi is an Italian who would fain write German-wise. More Germans than Italians, the cynics of Milan say, have heard his music and much more heartily applauded it. Any how, he is altogether a superior person, who does not write for the theatre who looks skew-eyed upon Puccini and all his brood, and who will have none of fat and easy Italian melody. He thumbs his Goldoni, perhaps for a centenary; he thinks himself of suites of the eighteenth century in which Goldoni wrote and sets to the making of these intermezzi Goldoni according to the archaic forms and the rhythm of old dance tunes. They are duly scholarly and the pedants of Leipzig itself could not pick a flaw in them. They are mildly interesting at the start and more interesting toward the end when the amorous viola sighs out a serenade to a tinkling, twiddling accompaniment of the other strings or when they chatter through a "burleska," imitating and outdoing each other quite like Goldoni's personages when they are all talking breathlessly at once. Bossi has not made himself wholly German yet.

Presumably, the pace at which Mr. Fiedler took Reger's new "Comedy Overture" was the composer's own since

he had charged the conductor with the first performance of it. Presumably Reger wished the muscularity of tone with which the conductor bade his men clothe it. Reger's ear is delicate enough in his string quartets; but outside his Serenade, it has not been thus far very sensitive orchestrally. The band named in the score is Mozartian; the music in itself suggests that it might be played most fittingly by a small orchestra. It was played yesterday to the full strength of the required instruments, very sonorously and at a rushing pace. Now unmistakably Reger's themes in the overture are lightly invented for light handling. They are intended to be gay, and with his usual fecundity of invention he has embroidered them with all sorts of ornaments even to a little fugue. The music seems to be always running away into these brief excursions, stopping to chatter hilariously for a moment, and then springing back into its normal and formal course, or hushing itself into mysterious whispers. It needs a very light hand for this patter; it needs a discriminating hand that will lighten Reger's tendency to unduly heavy and sharp orchestration; his humors, his fancies need to be opened. He is brilliant with an effort which needs to be hidden. In the scherzi of his chamber music and in the orchestral Serenade, he does not sound heavy and coarse. Rather he seems to have an aptitude for music that can extract gaiety from counterpoint and humors from elaboration. Now the "Comedy Overture" did seem heavy and coarse, but it had read better than it sounded. The listener, who had glanced at it, wondered whether it could not have been played another way.

Between whiles, Mme. Alma Gluck of the Metropolitan Opera House sang an air out of Mozart's "Il Seraglio" and the only possible excerpt from Charpentier's "Louise," as young opera singers usually sing at the Symphony Concerts. They have been much elated at the invitation, and they become much frightened at the fulfilment of it. Wherefore, whatever their first number, they take their nervousness, as it were, out of the true pitch, which is not the way to disclose the graces of Blonda's suave tune from "Il Seraglio." Moreover, Mme. Gluck's voice is not altogether the voice for it. Her tones are rich and expressive as soprano tones go, but they lack the fineness and the transparency that this light music of Mozart demands. Once Mme. Gluck began to feel secure, she sang Blonda's piece intelligently and correctly, but with no particularly persuading elegance, with few touches of the finer vocal instinct and distinction that it is possible to bring to it. Mozart is not the fashion of the day in opera houses. Charpentier is, and in this speech from "Louise" wherein the girl muses upon her happiness with her lover, he has written music of in-

tense nervous ecstasy. It has little tricks of manner; it is a little too obviously cadenced and paragraphed; it is meant—and why should it not?—to be effective in the theatre. None the less it remains the voice of a passion that for the moment is caressing itself. The music is exacting; it holds to the upper tones of the singer's voice and it bears them over relentless intervals. Once, at the Boston Theatre, Miss Garden declaimed what she could of it. Mme. Gluck sang it without omission or slur, without a hint of its exactions, with a dark beauty of tone that kindled and sustained its deep and ecstatic fires.

H. T. P.

NEW OVERTURE BY SYMPHONY

Herald

Max Reger's Production, Given
for First Time, of Rough
and Lusty Nature.

MME. GLUCK AS SOLOIST

Charming and Accomplished
Singer Is Given Warm
Welcome.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 31st season, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler was loudly applauded when he took his place on the conductor's stand. The program was as follows:

Jubilee overture.....Weber
Symphony, B flat major, No. 1.....Schumann
Blonda's first air from "Il Seraglio".....Mozart
Four movements from "Goldonian Intermezzi".....Bossi
"Depuis le jour," from "Louise".....Charpentier
A Comedy Overture, op. 120.....Reger

Mr. Fiedler brought with him from Europe the score of Reger's new overture which has just been published, and the performances yesterday was the very first. The overture is scored lightly as far as the number of instruments is concerned. The trombones are not employed, and there are two of each wood wind instrument, two trumpets and four horns; nor does Reger

and it necessary to call in the aid of a large battery, for kettledrums and a triangle are the only pulsatile instruments. Notwithstanding this modesty in resources, the instrumentation is for the most part heavy, clumsy, and at times it is raw. The themes are without marked significance, nor do they gain in the elaborate contrapuntal treatment that characterizes Reger's music. There are animated pages; liveliness of tempo, and the frequent hurly-burly may persuade a hearer who is thus easily affected that the composer has really something to say and is fortunate in expression.

It would be folly to deny Reger's technical skill, but in this overture, as in the great majority of the pages of his orchestral works he shows a lack of fine taste, hardly any appreciation of color or nuances, an inability to provide contrasts, and above all an absence of poetic spirit. This man is now nearly 40 years old, and it is high time for him to disclose an imaginative gift if he wishes to be accepted by a generation to come. Meanwhile the Regerites compare their idol to Bach and Beethoven and Reger Festivals are held solemnly to the deep and abiding joy of the initiated.

Mme. Alma Gluck has been heard here in opera and in Verdi's "Requiem." Yesterday she sang here at a Symphony concert for the first time. She was happy in her selections. The aria from "Il Seavaglio" is the first one sung by Blonda in the opera, and the long established Italian text begins "Con vèzzie, con Lusinghe," but Mme. Gluck used another version. The music is truly Mozartian in its flowing grace, its tenderness, its fresh beauty tinged with the melancholy that is peculiar to Mozart; as there is a melancholy that distinguishes Schubert, and another, that of Tschai-kowsky, often akin to the darkness of pessimism.

Mme. Gluck's other selection was the sensuous song of Louise in Charpentier's romance of Montmartre; of Louise recalling the memorable moment when she first gave herself to Julien. The two airs would test the art and soul of any singer.

Mme. Gluck has a singularly beautiful voice, clear, warm, expressive. She sang as one admirably trained, who, not hampered by the thought of technical requirements, is free to give full expression to emotion. She sang Mozart's music—and this music is quick to reveal any vocal deficiency—in a charming manner, with the appropriate simplicity that is so hard to acquire, and without the too pronounced expressiveness that is ill-suited to the song of Mozart's period. It was a pleasure also to hear Mme. Gluck in Charpentier's air, music that might have been written by Massenet, if he were now young, unsophisticated, not nervously trimming sails to catch the breeze of popularity. Yet there is a voluptuousness in this air of Louise that is far removed from the eroticism of the

older composer.

The audience, large and brilliant, was unusually warm in approval. In its good nature it forgot the inherent vulgarity, the evident perfunctoriness of Weber's overture, and applauded the performance of the Symphony. It appreciated Mr. Ferir's exquisite viola playing in Bossi's pretty Serenatina. And Mme. Gluck may well be pleased at her reception.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

EIGHT CONCERTS

On THURSDAY EVENINGS, Oct. 19, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Jan. 18, Feb. 8, Feb. 29, March 28 and April 25.

THE ASSISTING SOLO ARTISTS WILL BE

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON,

Miss LILLA ORMOND,

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW,

Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ,

Mr. JOSEF HOFMANN,

Mr. HEINRICH WARKE.

Season tickets for the eight concerts, \$7. Subscribers of last season may secure the same seats at George H. Kent's University Book Store, on or before Wednesday, Oct. 11.

The unclaimed seats will be offered for sale Saturday morning, Oct. 14, at 8 o'clock. A limited number of seats have been reserved for college officers and invited guests.

SYMPHONY HALL

Friday Afternoon, October 6, at 2.30

Saturday Evening, October 7, at 8.00

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor
Programme—"Jubilee" Overture, Weber; Symphony No. 1, op. 38, Schumann; Aria, "Il Seraglio," Mozart; Goldonian Intermezzi, op. 127, Bossi; Air from "Louise," Act 3, Charpentier; Overture to a Comedy (first performance), Reger. Soloist, Mme. Alma Gluck

A limited number of seats for Saturday Evening Concert only on sale at box office.

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2 REHEARSAL SEATS
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SATURDAY RITES AT SYMPHONY

Trans. HALL Oct. 9, 1911

The Regular Beginning of the Evening Concerts—Mr. Fiedler, Mme. Gluck and Bossi Warmly Received—Symphony

THE Symphony Concert of Saturday evening completed the rites for the beginning of a new season. As usual, flowers and greenery decorated the conductor's music stand, while by exception a wreath of laurel stood against a corner of his little platform. Mr. Fiedler, when he first came to his place, was long but not very loudly applauded, and the more exacting audience of Saturday clapped the "good old 'Jubilee' overture" and the conductor's version of Schumann's "Spring" less than did the more easily pleased public of Friday. The house on Saturday kept its warmest applause for Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani," which pleased it much, and for Mme. Gluck's impassioned, but nowhere exaggerated, singing of her air from Charpentier's "Louise." It was proof, once more, of her ability to produce tones that were flawless musically and so the better means to the imparting of the emotion with which she enriched them. And Charpentier's music, in spite of its momentary tricks, has the voice of passion in it. There were signs of a public new to the concerts in parts of the two balconies. Yet it seemed to catch instinctively the standards and discrimination of these Saturday evenings.

Bossi's "Intermezzi" were played altogether admirably by the string choir, for which they were written, and Mr. Fiedler seemed to make much more of them than did Dr. Muck at the first performance of the music here. He made the sturdy unisons and the dark undervoces of the Prelude tell and he kept the Minuet without haste or sluggishness to its graceful flow. The quips and quirks of the Galliard came and went in lively rhythmical play, and if Mr. Ferir answered justly the applause of the audience for the Serenatina, Mr. Wittek deserved a share of it, too; for he had played the violin part as exquisitely. From the Fugue that ends Verdi's "Falstaff," through Sinigaglia's overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotti" to another of Goldoni's comedies, to this "Burlesca" of Bossi and Wolf-Ferrari's forthcoming opera, "Le Donne Curiose," these young Italians—for Verdi was young in his comedy—have the knack of music that is gay and bustling, yet never quite bolsterous. Bossi's "Intermezzi" do improve upon acquaintance and in Mr. Fiedler's version of them. H. T. P.

Mr. Fiedler, His Men and Audience Enjoy First Public Rehearsal of New Concert Season

HEAR MME. GLUCK

Monitor Oct. 7, 1911

BEGINNING its thirty first season the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 1911-12 was given at Symphony hall Friday afternoon, Max Fielder conducting. The program was as follows: Weber, "Jubilee" overture; Schumann, symphony in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38, andante un poco maestoso, allegro molto vivace, larghetto, scherzo, molto vivace, trio I, molto piu vivace, trio II., allegro animato e graziose; Mozart, aria, "Con vèzzie, con lusinghe," from "Il Seraglio"; Bossi, Goldonian Intermezzi, op. 127, preludio e minuetto, gagliardi, serenatina, burlesca; Charpentier, air "Depuis le jour," from "Louise"; Reger, A comedy overture, op. 120; soloist, Mme. Alma Gluck.

One fairly forgets that it is October, with a spring symphony so clearly joyful that it seems hardly conceivable of Schumann, and Mme. Alma Gluck all youth and freshness, with brook-bright voice and garments of rose and green. The Jubilee overture, too, rejoices with all the innocence of Weber's most fairy-like mood, Mozart sings with his perennial charm and Bossi's suite in praise of Goldoni's gift of merry hours is also full of the early world, the young year. Mme. Gluck carried the same youthful charm of her Mozart singing into the "Louise" aria, which has normally all the sophisticated simplicity of the young French person. Mme. Gluck made it full of surprise and joy, even as the spring itself, and one forgot the sorry story. The "premier baiser" and the "reves d'amour" were purified in her exquisitely childlike thread of tone. Such a Louise as this must explain the poet's forbearance in giving us her story without the usual disaster set forth.

Does not music for the violins alone, at any rate music written in gracious imitation of the dances of Goldoni's day and the light heart and foot that trip in his pages, sound like the scrunch of lav-

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 such a tearing and sawing and shrilling as the symphony violins make, unrelieved by the breathier members of the family! Exquisite, yes, but so is the shrill mosquito tone. The viola solo in the charming serenata of Bossi drew the warm applause of the house. And there was a harp, too, for the Charpentier music, helping the whole program to thrill with springtime ecstasies, a program of right happy promise for a season's start, and played as if the men enjoyed it.

Max Reger, the unplaced German, adored by his followers almost as Debussy is, and found a mere medley of



(Photo by Garo)
MAX FIEDLER

First program of Boston Symphony orchestra's thirty-first season is most satisfactory

dulness by others, ended the symposium of brightness with what purports to be a comedy overture, heard for the very first time. It must be comedy in the

more serious intention of the word, for while it goes fast enough to deceive one into thinking it is having a good time, it is plainly a labored speed and a merri-ment put on. At a first hearing it appears to be not only without charm but without distinction. One recalls a gray blur only. There were moments when a musical joke was meant, perhaps, but never once was the laughter stirred that danced all over the house during the Schumann scherzo. One who has been happy in certain of the Reger songs could find in the overture only scraps of commonplace—astonishingly commonplace—strung together in more or less clashing keys. But then the fluent sweetness of the symphony larghetto was in one's ears, where the songfulness of Schumann was exploited by the orchestra at all its rich, full value. Do we not all love a tune, still?

The Symphony program book leaves little to be said by way of literary talk of the numbers; but be it remarked that in spite of the annotator's loud and firm reminder of what is expected of an audience of patriots, when the national anthem is heard, not one of the massed 3000 rose to his or her feet. Perhaps this was because the feet were by so great a majority feminine and the winter millinery encumbered the ladies as they sat. could not be stilled, and thus it followed that the young lawyer was irresistibly drawn away from his briefs, again and again, until fifteen separate journeys to the West were recorded within ten years.

In 1891 Mr. Wister began to write, giving less and less attention to his profession, until literature wholly absorbed him.

It was the writing and publishing of "The Virginian" however that won for Owen Wister that part of his fame that will last longest. In this book, a tale of adventure and love in the West as the West was in days when it was considered as a land of cowboys and cattle rather than as an area for the development of irrigation, Mr. Wister captivated the American public with the delineation of characters that will remain as classic.

Cambridge Symphony Concerts.

The usual series of eight concerts will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, Thursday evenings, Oct. 19, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Jan. 18, Feb. 8 and 29, March 28 and April 25. Subscribers of last season may secure their old seats by applying to the University Book Store on or before next Wednesday.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

In Commemoration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the First Public Rehearsal and Concert, October 21 and 22, 1881

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica," op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

SCHUBERT,

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante con moto

BRAHMS,

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, op. 80

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ACADEMIC FESTIVAL, OVERTURE, op. 80

THE thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra being at hand, suitable ways of commemorating an event of far more than local interest and importance have been devised. Fortunately, the citizen whose combined character as an altruistically inclined man of taste and the possessor of wealth honorably acquired enabled him to summon the orchestra into being and serve constantly as its patron, will be present at the celebration. What Maj. Henry L. Higginson, a banker, has done for the esthetic enrichment of community life and elevation of American standards of taste by his loyal support of successive conductors of eminence brought from Europe, cannot be computed, and never adequately described or repaid. He and they, working with a carefully selected and well-balanced group of artists, have perfected during the past generation an organization with an established European reputation as well as a national constituency; and Boston today has no community asset, created mainly in the nineteenth century, that compares with this body of musicians in advertisement of the city as a seat of culture.

Since Major Higginson first set the example of municipal patriotism finding expression in patronage of music, orchestras supported by groups of men and women and tided over the first years of pecuniary strain by lavish giving of the few have been created in many of the newer as well as the older cities of the country. For lack of public opinion supporting public provision of funds for such a form of education and culture, common enough in Europe, the duty has devolved upon generous and daring individuals; and the end of this special form of American philanthropy is not yet. But here, as in other pioneering aspects of both education and philanthropy, Boston had the honor of leading. Nor in reflection on the record should one fail to note that the man most responsible for it bears an historic Puritan name.

If European musicians of eminence visiting this country now speak with greater respect of the quality of the audiences than was their wont a generation ago, it is due to a very considerable degree to the effect upon the country at large of the annual tours of the orchestra developed by leaders of the eminence of Gericke and Muck through the aid of Major Higginson. *Monitor Oct. 7, 1911*

Music and Civics

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Brahm. Oct. 7, 1911
A CHARACTERISTIC ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION

Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms Make the Programme—Mr. Fiedler and the Orchestra on Their Mettle to an Unusually Applaudive Audience—The Conductor's Eloquent Version of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony—Schubert Aided and Unaided—Brahms's "Academic Overture" for Stately Rejoicing

The anniversary concert of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, was as characteristic as the austere Boston heart could have wished. Without and within Symphony Hall wore its usual autumn aspect. The audience was the usual audience of Friday afternoon, but seemingly much more minded than usual to applause. It heard, for example, a very just and eloquent performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony in which Mr. Fiedler kept himself well in hand and in which the men in the orchestra were responsive to the conductor and on their mettle themselves. At the end, the audience twice and heartily recalled Mr. Fiedler and finally brought the band itself to its feet. The listeners were not less pleased with the beauty of the lyric song with which Schubert, the conductor, and the wind choir clothed the slow movement of his "Unfinished" symphony; and Brahms's "Academic Overture" held almost all of them to the end of the concert. "Gaudeamus Igitur," the Horatian ode of rejoicing, is one of the student songs out of which the overture is built. It is as familiar for stately jubilation in the Boston and the Cambridge of Mr. Higginson as it was in the Vienna and the Breslau of Brahms. Out of it and it alone, he has written the sonorous finale of his overture. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra made it especially sonorous, would give it seemingly an anniversary accent and would end with it upon the climax of the day. The programme thus comprised only classic pieces of which the founder and sustainer of the orchestra is particularly fond. The announcing page of the programme book noted that the concert was a "commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the first public rehearsal and concert, Oct. 21 and 22, 1881," and further on in the pamphlet were long extracts from Mr. Apthorp's recollections of the early years of the orchestra, originally printed a fortnight ago in this place. Otherwise, the concert and all things appertaining to it ran their

usual course. A celebration of an anniversary more characteristic of the orchestra, the founder and the public that supports it would be hard to imagine.

Mr. Fiedler cannot be generalized. Sometimes he seems a very remarkable conductor, achieving very remarkable performances. Again, being human, he vexes and disappoints his more sensitive hearers. A week ago he fell below expectation in his version of Schumann's "Spring" symphony. Yesterday he surpassed expectation in his version of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. The day was one of Mr. Fiedler's good days; the orchestra seemed more than ever a superb instrument; and it is hard to remember when a performance of the "Eroica" has so impressed an audience here and so stirred it to applause. Mr. Fiedler was at once continent and eloquent. Only the very finical could quarrel, in the intermission, with his tempi, alleging that he took the slow movement the shadow of a shade too slowly and that there was just a hint of undue haste in certain of the variations of the finale. Less sensitive ears, with no critical prestige to maintain, were content that the conductor rushed not a measure of the music into a blur and retarded not a measure that he wring another drop from it. In fact, in the choice of his tempi and in the quality of tone that he drew from the orchestra, Mr. Fiedler was very eloquent indeed. Throughout he varied his pace and his tonal mass skillfully, imaginatively.

The low whirl with which the scherzo began and from which it mounted to racing and exuberant gaiety, the rich intermezzo of the horns in the trio, the broad, clear, exhilarating resumption of the scherzo itself were all good, almost thrilling, to hear. The conductor and his men found and held the golden mean for the Funeral March. It is a misunderstanding to make it almost neurotic with personal emotion as the Funeral March of Chopin's sonata is. It is a misunderstanding to make it operatically reverberant like Wagner's glorification of the dead Siegfried. This slow movement of the "Eroica" does rise here and there to intense outcry, and so, perhaps, gave a hint to Chopin. Here and there, again, it attains a plangency of lament that may have echoed in Wagner's ears. As a whole, however, it is the majestic voice of lamentation, as impersonal as a Greek tragedy, as deep and insistent as a grief that will not be denied because it is so great, so all-embracing. It was precisely this remote and austere intensity that Mr. Fiedler caught in the music yesterday. The Funeral March was massive and mighty lamentation. The chords that Mr. Fiedler drew from the band, the accent of the strings, the Mahleresque drum beats were of it; while in the voices of the winds was the intensity of the grief. It is hard to recall so just, so Beethovenish a reading. The

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listener felt, even after these hundred years, the masterful and still untouched isolation of the music in its kind.

Mr. Fiedler was as comprehending and expressive with the first movement and the finale. He did not try to be brilliant; he took no obvious thought of effects; he did not try to make the Beethoven of 1805 sound like the Strauss of 1911. Instead he caught exactly the large eloquence, the sinewy might, the rich and vitalizing power of the music. It strode; it sang; it gathered itself into concentrated intensity. The ear and the imagination answered to the richness of the under-voices, tingled to the incisive power of the transitions; felt the cumulative effect and the rhythmic vitality of the whole; for Mr. Fiedler ordered tempi, rhythm and quality of tone very elastically. Before and since Beethoven, men have written music. Beethoven still seems to create it. Nobody yet, anyhow, has matched the deep and puissant splendor of his melodies. Creation, not invention, is the word for them.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra went on to the allegro and the andante—the beautiful fragments—of the symphony that Schubert left unfinished. It is easy to believe that, had he lived and chosen to complete the piece, it would have surpassed all the rest of his orchestral music. Expression is our quest nowadays in music; we children of our musical and emotional hour have come to seek it everywhere. Sometimes, perhaps, we find it where it is not, or at least in the degree in which we are bound to have it. Pure song for the song's sake, pure music-making for the making's or the music's sake a little disconcerts us. We are coming to admire Mozart most, to answer most sympathetically to him, in his operas, like "Don Juan" or "Figaro" where he had to be more or less definitely expressive. We are not quite content with Schubert who was another pure singer. The musical heavens know that we ought to be, especially before the sheer beauty of this andante of the "unfinished" symphony. The beauty of ordered sound, the depth and the sweetness of pure lyric song could hardly further go, when there is such a choir of wind instruments as there was yesterday to give them voice. The distilled and disembodied beauty of song, sufficient to itself, a passion in itself, is here almost perfectly incarnate. Wise is the conductor, as Mr. Fiedler was yesterday, to let it sing itself, when he has such understanding virtuosi for its voices.

That same conductor may not be so wise, but at least he is in the fashion, when he tries to make the preceding allegro as dramatically expressive as he may. Mr. Fiedler took the contemporary way with it yesterday. He varied his tempi assiduously; made much of transition and contrast; emphasized particular phrases;

heightened particular rhythms, ran the gamut indeed from the low grave voice with which the music begins to sharp lyric outcry. Only once or twice was he content with the poignant or the soothing beauty of the music unemphasized. Once at least he was almost tumultuous. Perhaps a new Schubert, dramatist of his own emotions, was in his birth-pangs in this allegro. Quite as probably, he remained still the old songful Schubert, only touched at the moment with more poignant and fitful emotions. The allegro, though its voice is occasionally broken, can still sing itself—when the latter-day conductors give it a chance.

The end was Brahms's "Academic Overture"—the overture that acknowledged a degree of doctor of philosophy, and that is built out of German student tunes, from the solemn chant of the "stately house" though the comic jingle about the Herr Papa—the leathery Herr Papa—to the well-ordered jubilation of "Gaudeamus Igitur." Brahms was no "specialist," as we should say nowadays, in occasional music. He had not the easy and superficial knack of it. He evolved his music out of much meditation, and travail of spirit when the inner purpose and not the outer occasion stirred him. Yet in this same "Academic Overture" he has written a ceremonial piece—and an altogether admirable one in its kind—that has served its purpose the world over these many years, and bids fair to serve it as extensively and as long. It is an essential part of many an academic ceremony into which music enters. It can serve as well, as the event proved yesterday, for the anniversary celebration of a great orchestra. H. T. P.

30TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SYMPHONY

Notable Event Will Be
Celebrated This Week By
Special Program.

Journal — Oct. 8/11

The Symphony Orchestra this week will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of its birth. On Friday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1881, in old Music Hall, the first public rehearsal was given and on the following evening the first concert. The orchestra consisted of sixty-five local musicians with George Henschel as conductor. The program comprised Bee-

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM OUT

Monitor
Symphony Orchestra Not to Repeat Music Played
at Its First Concert Oct. 9, 1911

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AT THE Symphony orchestra's next public rehearsal and concert on Oct. 13 and 14, will be celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. On Friday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1881, in old Music hall, the first public rehearsal was given and on the following evening the first concert. The orchestra consisted of 65 local musicians with George Henschel as conductor. The program comprised Beethoven's Overture, "Dedication of the House," Haydn's Symphony in B-flat, (No 12 B & H) the ballet music from Schubert's; "Rosamonde" and Weber's Festival Jubilee Overture. The soloist was Miss Annie Louise Cary, who sang as her first number the "Che faro" aria from Gluck's "Orfeo" and the big aria from Bruch's "Odysseus." The general admission to the rehearsal was 25 cents and the prices for the concert on the following evening were 50 and 75 cents.

Twenty pairs of concerts and rehearsals were given that season and the public rehearsals were rehearsals in fact as well as in name as Mr. Henschel did not hesitate to stop the orchestra and go over parts of the music on which they were at work.

Since that time the orchestra has given a total of 2914 concerts. Henschel was the conductor for three years and Bernhard Listemann concert-master for the first four years. Mr. Henschel was succeeded by Mr. Gericke, who came from

Vienna to hold the post of conductor for five years. Then came Nikisch for four years, Paur for five years, Gericke again for eight years, Muck for two years and Mr. Fiedler has now been with the orchestra three years.

Bernhard Listemann as concert-master was succeeded by Franz Kneisel who held the post from the season of 1885-86 until the end of the season of 1902-03. He was succeeded for one year by Mr. Abos and then came Willy Hess, who held the position for five years. One year he was away on a leave of absence and his place was taken by Carl Wendling of Stuttgart. The present concert-master, Anton Witek, is now beginning his second year in this place.

While it would have been possible to have reproduced at this concert the first program with the exception of the soloist, for Mrs. Raymond (who was Miss Cary) has long since retired from public singing, Mr. Fiedler deemed it better not to do so and he has taken three works that generally speaking have been the most popular with the patrons of the orchestra since it began. The first number will be the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, the second will be the "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert and the last number will be the "Academic" overture of Brahms. There will be no soloist.

thoven's overture "Dedication of the House," Haydn's Symphony in B flat, the ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamonde" and Weber's "Festival Jubilee" overture. The soloist was Annie Louise Carey, who sang as her first number the "Che Faro" aria from Gluck's "Orfeo" and the big aria from Bruch's "Odysseus."

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Symphony Founder; Four Original Members Still With It



Paul Fox. At right—Daniel Kurtz. In center—Maj. Higginson. Below, at left—C. Schumann. At right—Julius

Journal SYMPHONY OBSERVES 30TH ANNIVERSARY

With yesterday's matinee performance the Boston Symphony Orchestra began the observance of its thirtieth birthday. Nothing came to light yesterday beyond the special program, without soloist, designed to show the orchestra's perhaps unparalleled virtuosity. Something more may show itself tonight, but if anything be on foot it is being kept in the dark.

The anniversary program is as follows

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica" Beethoven
Unfinished Symphony in B minor..... Schubert
Academic Festival Overture..... Brahms

The performance yesterday was su-

perb in its feeling and its technical finish. After the Beethoven number the audience, not content to pay tribute to Mr. Fiedler, whose conducting was spirited and sympathetic, applauded until the orchestra stood up. Such artistic excellence as the players under Mr. Fiedler's baton showed yesterday could not have been surpassed, if equaled, by the efforts of any of the brilliant artists who are privileged to appear with the orchestra from time to time. On an occasion like this it seemed fitting that the orchestra should shine alone; and it certainly shone yesterday, individually, as in the exquisite playing of the wood wind leaders in the Schubert symphony, and collectively as well. The tribute it received after the first number, though not rare, was particularly well de-

scribed by the calendar, the ought to come next moved a little ahead for the coming Liszt festival. The first concert Oct. 22, 1881, with a conductor. There were the first season, and today the orchestra numbers 101. Of the original members four still remain in active service. They are Daniel Kurtz, first violin; Julius Akeroyd, second violin; Paul Fox, flute, and C. Schumann, horn. Mr. Akeroyd originally sat among the first violins. These pioneers, who are not all veterans in appearance, were present yesterday, and they celebrated the occasion by posing for a picture for The Journal.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra and its chief patron ever since, remained in the background yesterday, but there is a possibility that he may be persuaded to come to the front tonight. The beautiful bronze bust of him put in place a week ago in the main lobby of the hall is naturally attracting a great deal of attention at this time.

It has already been stated in The Journal that the appeal for support or "sympathy" which Maj. Higginson made to the public in April, 1881, was handsomely responded to from the first. Yesterday there was another striking demonstration of this unflinching substantial interest in the splendid work of the orchestra. The line of people waiting for seats in the second balcony extended from Symphony Hall up Huntington avenue as far as the Boston

Opera House, and the seats on sale were disposed of long before the demand for them could be satisfied.

In the early days the Friday afternoon performance was properly termed a rehearsal. The conductor did not hesitate to stop and start over again. But though the matinees still go under the name of "rehearsals," they are full-fledged concerts in every sense of the term. Indeed, now and then the afternoon performance goes even better than the evening performance that comes on Saturday.

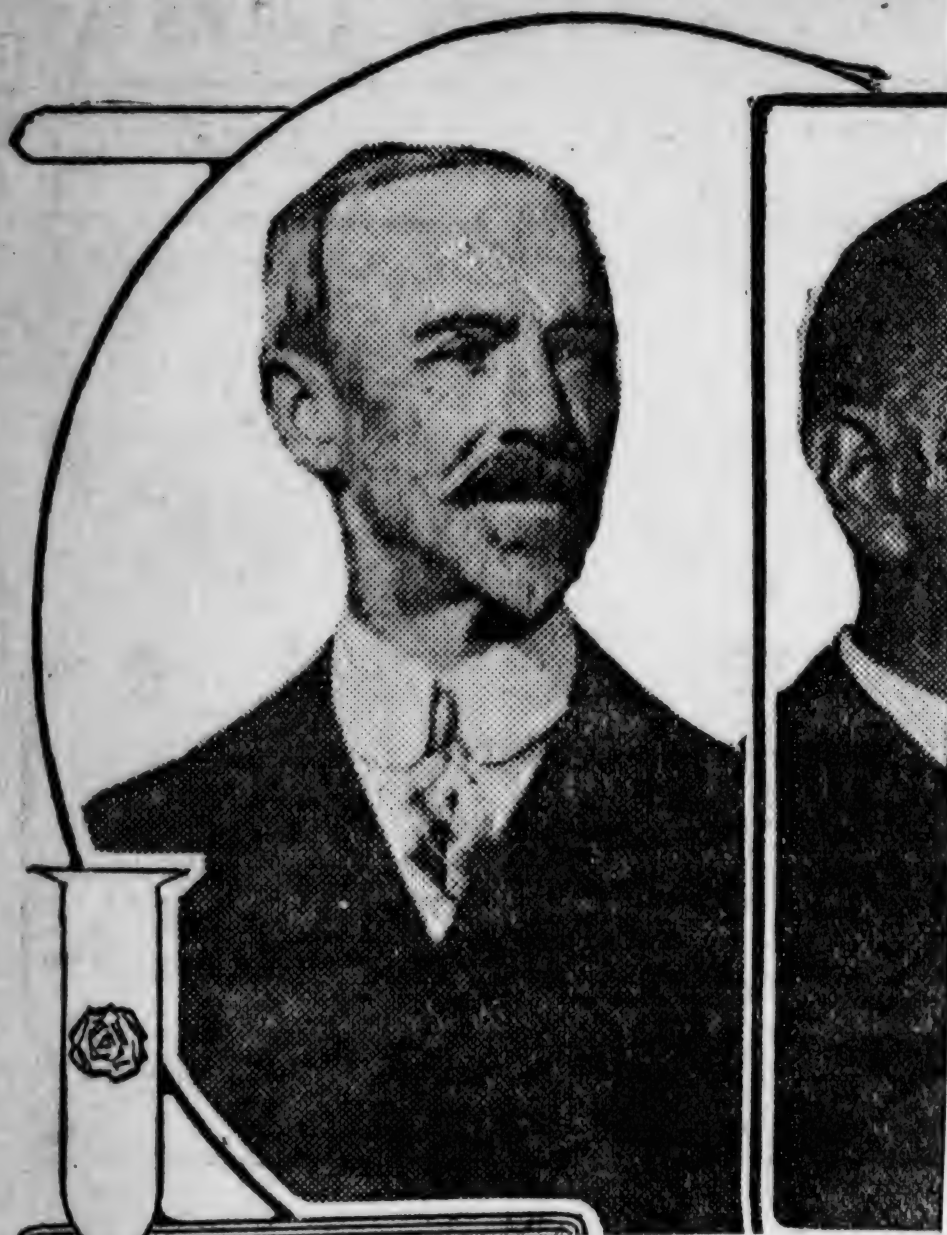
Yesterday, at any rate, the orchestra played in a fashion that challenged comparison with its finest work in the past, and that means with the best playing ever heard here or anywhere else.

SYMPHONY'S 30TH ANNIVERSARY

Commemorated by Program
of the Classics.

Fiedler and Orchestra Receive

Symphony Founder; Four Or



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The performance yesterday was su-

perb in its feeling and its technical finish. After the Beethoven number the audience, not content to pay tribute to Mr. Fiedler, whose conducting was spirited and sympathetic, applauded until the orchestra stood up. Such artistic excellence as the players under Mr. Fiedler's baton showed yesterday could not have been surpassed, if equaled, by the efforts of any of the brilliant artists who are privileged to appear with the orchestra from time to time. On an occasion like this it seemed fitting that the orchestra should shine alone; and it certainly shone yesterday, individually, as in the exquisite playing of the wood wind leaders in the Schubert symphony, and collectively as well. The tribute it received after the first number, though not rare, was particularly well de-



Above, at left—Paul Fox. At right—Daniel Kurtz. In center—Maj. Henry L. Higginson. Below, at left—C. Schumann. At right—Julius Akeroyd.

served.

Measured strictly by the calendar, the birthday celebration ought to come next week; but it was moved a little ahead to make way for the coming Liszt centennial celebration. The first concert took place on Oct. 22, 1881, with Georg Henschel as conductor. There were seventy members the first season, and today the orchestra numbers 101. Of the original members four still remain in active service. They are Daniel Kurtz, first violin; Julius Akeroyd, second violin; Paul Fox, flute, and C. Schumann, horn. Mr. Akeroyd originally sat among the first violins. These pioneers, who are not all veterans in appearance, were present yesterday, and they celebrated the occasion by posing for a picture for The Journal.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra and its chief patron ever since, remained in the background yesterday, but there is a possibility that he may be persuaded to come to the front tonight. The beautiful bronze bust of him put in place a week ago in the main lobby of the hall is naturally attracting a great deal of attention at this time.

It has already been stated in The Journal that the appeal for support or "sympathy" which Maj. Higginson made to the public in April, 1881, was handsomely responded to from the first. Yesterday there was another striking demonstration of this unfailing substantial interest in the splendid work of the orchestra. The line of people waiting for seats in the second balcony extended from Symphony Hall up Huntington avenue as far as the Boston

Opera House, and the seats on sale were disposed of long before the demand for them could be satisfied.

In the early days the Friday afternoon performance was properly termed a rehearsal. The conductor did not hesitate to stop and start over again. But though the matinees still go under the name of "rehearsals," they are full-fledged concerts in every sense of the term. Indeed, now and then the afternoon performance goes even better than the evening performance that comes on Saturday.

Yesterday, at any rate, the orchestra played in a fashion that challenged comparison with its finest work in the past, and that means with the best playing ever heard here or anywhere else.

SYMPHONY'S 30TH ANNIVERSARY

Commemorated by Program
of the Classics.

Fiedler and Orchestra Receive

Pronounced Applause.

74 Herald — Oct. 17, 1911

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is observing in its concerts this week the 30th anniversary of its first public rehearsal and concert, which were held Oct 21 and 22, 1881. The program performed yesterday afternoon, and to be repeated tonight, consists of two symphonies, the "Eroica" of Beethoven and Schubert's "Unfinished," and the "Academic" overture of Brahms.

Yesterday there was no attempt made at festal display, or at any obvious or unusual means of denoting a public celebration, such as the decoration of the platform by garlands, inscriptions, or even of some symbol or sign of the span of years. The conductor's desk was devoid of embellishment, even of a score, for Mr Fiedler conducted from memory. A note of a few lines in the program told simply the historical association which made these concerts commemorative of the orchestra's founding, since those of next week, following more nearly upon the original dates, are to be made commemorative of Liszt.

Needs No Panegyric.

The occasion was the more appropriate for its want of ceremony and pompous display; more appropriate to the history of the orchestra and to the dignity of its present eminence. There is no need at this time for a panegyric upon the distinguished career and attainments of the organization. The loyalty and commendation of a great public expressed from week to week is to be preferred as more spontaneous and sincere and as springing deeper from the heart than any contrived and formal eulogium.

Mr Fiedler's selection of the two symphonies showed a like sense of the fitness of things. There could be no more lofty purpose of a symphony orchestra nor a more significant and vital test of its art than to publish abroad to the people year after year the symphonies of Beethoven. With him the supreme instrumental form came to its finest flower. He crystallized it into an enduring speech whose epic proportions time has only revealed the more clearly.

He is the keystone of the symphonic arch. Weighing the formulas of Haydn and Mozart, he sifted, condensed and knit them more closely; then as the vicissitudes of life deepened and purified the riches of his spirit he broadened and expanded these formulas until they could contain the serenity and the conflict of his soul.

Schubert and His Work.

The way was then prepared for Schubert, the master singer, the first great lyricist of romanticism. A true poet, gifted in the creation of spontaneous, upspringing song, he wrote for the orchestra in this fragment of two movements, as though the tones of his exquisite melodies were wedded to

words, which each listener might hear to match the fancy of his own mood.

Two such symphonies are a fit program for a great orchestra dedicated to the true service of symphonic music. The addition of the Brahms supplied for closing the gayety of garnished college songs which were irrelevant, and one might say irreverent, after what had preceded. They added no new thought to the symposium of the symphony which had already been heard, but many were doubtless sent home in a cheerful mood, revived by the spirit of college days, insofar as Brahms caught it, and not being a college man he escaped such things.

The playing of the first two numbers was what the orchestra has taught this audience to expect. There was the firm and well-knit ensemble and the familiar euphony of tone. To this there was an understanding and appreciation of the spirit of Beethoven and of the Schubert.

It matters little whether the "Eroica" was written for Napoleon or for some imaginary hero. It is an epic which a legendary character rather than an ambitious human might inspire. The funeral march is among the finest pages of classic literature. Its length seemed excessive yesterday for Mr Fiedler's tempo was more deliberate than denoted by the score. Beethoven sounded a warning against the length of this symphony and said it should be placed at the beginning of a program.

The "Unfinished" Symphony.

The "Unfinished" symphony was memorable for its clarity and beauty of tone. There were haunting passages, as those for oboe and clarinet in the second theme of the slow movement which were sung with exquisite vocal art.

Mr Fiedler conducted with authority, and for the greater part with musical feeling. There was prolonged and insistent applause after the Beethoven which Mr Fiedler shared with the members of the orchestra standing.

Dignified Program of Favorite Works Chosen to Mark the Occasion.

INFLUENCE OF ORGANIZATION

74 Herald — Oct. 17, 1911
By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished".....Schubert

Academic Festival overture.....Brahms

This program was in commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 21, 1881.

It was in April, 1881, that Maj. Henry

Symphony Orchestra Gives Its 30th Anniversary Concert



Maj. Henry L. Higginson.

L. Higginson made a public announcement "in the interest of good music." Acknowledging the work done in the past by the Harvard Musical Association and the Handel and Haydn Society, gratefully admitting that he was about to build on the foundations they had laid, he modestly stated his purpose of establishing a full and permanent orchestra, which should offer "the best music at low prices." Referring to such orchestras in European cities, he said that their essential condition was their stability, "whereas ours are necessarily shifting

and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere."

This permanent orchestra in Boston was to number 60 selected musicians. The concerts were to be 20 in number. "Besides the concerts there will be a public rehearsal on one afternoon of every week, with single tickets at 25 cents, and no reserved seats."

The orchestra of 1911-12 numbers 98 men, not including the organist and the librarian. At the end of last season the orchestra had given 294 concerts. Its reputation is not confined to the United States, for it is ranked as among the few great orchestras of the world, an orchestra surpassed by none.

Desiring to benefit his fellow-townsmen by giving them the opportunity of hearing the best music at a reasonable price, cheerfully maintaining the orchestra as well as founding it, Maj. Higginson built for himself an abiding monument without thought of his own glory. Kings, princes, dukes have supported orchestras for their own idle pleasure. The city of Boston boasts of the orchestra which it owes to the more than princely generosity of a citizen.

Mr. Henschel was the first conductor and his three years of service stirred up strife. An admirable program maker, he had not then the experience and the authority to shape the orchestra into a perfect organization. The newspapers of 1881-84 published articles, critical and controversial, that now seem unnecessarily severe, when they were not flip-pant, childishly ungrateful and futile. Maj. Higginson was neither discouraged nor disgusted. He engaged Mr. Gericke, a strict disciplinarian, a musician of the highest ideals, who had an unusually fine sense of proportion and euphony. Mr. Gericke, bringing players from Europe, created the virtuoso orchestra, that ever since he left Boston in 1889 has excited the admiration of the general public and the most fastidious judges. His first term was for five years.

Mr. Nikisch followed. His experience had been almost wholly in the opera house and at times in the concert hall his operatic training and his flaming temperament led him into extravagant readings of the classics. When he first heard the orchestra he wondered at its technical proficiency and exclaimed: "All I have to do now is to poetize." Nor was this said arrogantly; for Mr. Nikisch was born, not only a leader of men, but with a highly poetic, warmly imaginative nature. He returned to Europe in the spring of 1893.

Emil Paur was his successor, an earnest conductor, enthusiastic, desirous of broad and overpowering effects, too often impatient in matters of detail. He was especially successful as an interpreter of work by Strauss and Tschalkowsky. After Mr. Paur's term of five years Mr. Gericke came back. While he was still a rigid disciplinarian, his taste had broadened during his absence; welcomed

compositions of the modern romantic school, nor did he shrink from acquainting the audiences with music of the latter day Frenchmen. While the orchestra under him reached the highest standard of technical proficiency, it was allowed a greater elasticity of expression, a warmer eloquence than when he ruled here for the first time.

Dr. Muck succeeded Mr. Gericke, who, serving eight years, had conducted in all for 13 seasons. Mr. Fiedler came to Boston in the fall of 1908. What the two have accomplished is fresh in the minds of all.

These conductors all contributed in one way or another to the reputation of the orchestra and aided Maj. Higginson in the maintenance of his purpose. The musicians who played under them should not be forgotten. Not only the concert masters, but many virtuosos, now dead or no longer connected with the organization, influenced their associates, capable and emulous. There have been very few orchestras in the world that contained so many virtuoso musicians, not craving individual display, but united in the desire for a perfect ensemble. And this is true of the Boston Symphony orchestra as it stands today.

The history of this organization, when it comes to be written in full, will be largely a history of the development of music in this country since 1881. The catalogue of the works produced; the list of illustrious singers, pianists, violinists, who have assisted at these concerts; the record of judicious encouragement given to local composers, native born or adopted; these, too, are a part of the glorious work.

It was meet and proper to celebrate this anniversary with quiet dignity, without thought of ceremony or parade. This anniversary should lead us all to reflection and a lively sense of gratitude. May the day never come when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be taken as a matter of course by the people of this city!

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NEWS OF MUSIC

The Symphony Concert

THERE was no more anniversary ceremony at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening than there had been at that of Friday afternoon, but there was even more general and hearty applause. It began when Mr. Fiedler came first to his place; it recalled him twice at the end of the "Eroica" symphony and finally brought the men to their feet; it was renewed again at the end of the "Unfinished" symphony and so persistently and loudly that the whole orchestra had again to rise. It was good to see and hear this recognition of the men on such occasion. For they are not the least of the four elements—the founder and the sustainer, the conductors, the orchestra and the public—that have made the thirty commemorated years of glorious existence possible and rich. They were on their mettle again Saturday, especially in Schubert's slow movement. And not even in the Choral Symphony has Mr. Fiedler excelled in just and illuminating eloquence his reading of the "Eroica." Long before the orchestra came to "Gaudeamus Igitur" in the finale of Brahms's "Academic Overture," the audience had caught its mood. Therein, most of all, was the anniversary celebrated.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S 30TH ANNIVERSARY

THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMME IS COMMEMORATIVE

Beethoven's Heroic Symphony Gave Conductor Fiedler Opportunity to Shine Brilliantly.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Heroic Symphony.
Schubert. Unfinished Symphony.
Brahms. Academic overture.

There was no soloist. The programme was supposed to be commemorative of the fact that the Boston symphony orchestra began just 30 years ago, but it might be difficult to discover just how these numbers celebrated the event. The symphony had a funeral march, which might typify that all adverse criticism had long since been buried. The "unfinished" symphony might intimate that the great work of these concerts is still going on, but we are puzzled to account for the academic overture. The three works cannot be regarded

as especial favorites in a greater degree than the "Tannhauser" overture, Beethoven's fifth symphony, Tschalkowsky's sixth, Schubert's C major, or a dozen other works that could be named.

But who need quarrel with the logic that led to three solid and poetic works exquisitely and grandly played. Nevertheless, since memories are in order, let us also begin to reminisce upon this auspicious occasion.

The orchestra was born of strife and battle. The conservatism of the Harvard Musical Association and its orchestra, over 30 years ago, led to the formation of a much more radical organization, the Philharmonic orchestra, which played at Liszt, and Berlioz, and Wagner, with more enthusiasm than technique. The two rival orchestras managed to cause many empty benches for each other. Then came the great musical benefactor of our city, Henry L. Higginson, and presented what each of the warring factions were striving for. He took Saturday night for his concerts, so that he might interfere with no other enterprise, for at that time Saturday night was almost barren of any entertainments, a remnant of the Puritan custom which held Saturday night as part of the Sabbath.

Henschel was the first conductor and gave programmes that were brimful of novelties. He always used to begin the season with Beethoven's "Dedication of the House," a sort of musical grace before meat that might have been revived for this occasion.

It would be an old story to tell of the different conductors who followed, Gericke, the elegant, Paur, the enthusiastic, Nikisch, the freely poetic, Muck, the thrilling, for their work is known to every Bostonian. But it seems fitting, at this 30th anniversary, to state emphatically, that had it not been for Mr. Gericke the Boston Symphony orchestra might have been the equal of the Chicago orchestra, or of the New York Philharmonic, a great organization, but not the foremost band of America and perhaps of the world.

It was Mr. Gericke's courage in replacing the veteran concert-master, Listemann, with the young Franz Kneisel, in weeding out some of the older musicians who had come to look upon the orchestra as a species of old men's home, and bringing in a number of young men of the highest talent who were to grow up with the orchestra, it was this that made the wonderful organization that we enjoy today. Several of the men whom Gericke brought over in the first years of the orchestra are with the band today, in full vigor of musicianship.

Having gathered the material that was to hold together with something like permanency, Gericke drilled it with a rod of iron. We are quite aware of the limitations of that eminent conductor. The abandon of Muck, the fury of Paur, the freedom of Nikisch, were foreign to his Chesterfieldian style, but he did what none of these could have done; he became an unrelenting drillmaster until the orchestra

58
was technically beyond all of its competitors. When the later conductors stepped in they found a noble instrument ready for them to play upon. Therefore in the commemorative service let the names of Higginson and Gericke be remembered together.

Meanwhile the Beethoven symphony is waiting. There is a vein of the grandiose in Mr. Fiedler that causes him to shine with especial brightness in the first movement of this work. The intense gusts of passion which mark the end of the closing theme, the duns and alarms of battle which are in the development, the power of the coda, all these were portrayed with warlike vigor. This movement was not over-driven, but was read with commendable restraint. The repeat of the exposition was cut out, a wise proceeding in so long a programme. The figure treatment was kept very clear in all of its manifold phases, and that return of the chief figure upon the horn, in the tonic, directly against the strings in the dominant was softened down so that its audacious harmonies shocked no one.

The scherzo was taken at a great speed, but it has plenty of warrant for this, and the trio displayed the horns prominently. Even today, when every possible resource of every instrument is exploited, there is nothing in the repertoire that excels this as an exposition of the true spirit of the horn. The three horns might have blended a trifle better. The glory of the funeral march was chiefly in the fine playing of the oboe, but the movement was perfect in its reading, not too slow, as we are apt to have it sometimes. The symphony made a great success, and Mr. Fiedler was enthusiastically recalled twice, and finally the orchestra arose in response to the continued applause.

To listen to the "Unfinished Symphony" was like taking a cool and refreshing bath and washing away all the worrying thoughts and puzzling dissonances that the modern musical problem-makers have poured over us.

At the best one could say, with Longfellow:

"Their mighty thoughts suggest,
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And tonight I long for Rest."

And rest it was; delightful, cool rest, in unforced harmonies and beautiful melodies. And Mr. Fiedler gave it all with becoming simplicity. He did not endeavor to read more into the score than was evident in it. Only in the second movement the pianissimo effects were pushed almost to inaudibility. The mystery of the opening phrase of the first movement, and the ineffable beauty of the subordinate theme, were done full justice to. Every contrast was well defined, and the work was as successful as any performance of it could be. There is a trifle too much of repetition in the measures of this work to make it the ideal of the 20th century.

Brahms' "Academic" overture gained by coming after the Schubert instead of the Beethoven work. Its treatment was as

always interesting, and its funny bassoon passages were well played. It also evoked great enthusiasm and again Mr. Fiedler was recalled by the popular applause.

Therefore the "commemoration" was especially successful, and after all, even though, as above stated, the numbers commemorated nothing in particular, it was eminently fitting to mark the 30th milestone with a programme that was purely orchestral, and with works that were purely classical.

CONCERTS FOR CAMBRIDGE ARE ALL ARRANGED

The usual series of eight Symphony concerts will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders theater, Harvard University during the course of the coming winter. The concerts will fall on Thursday evenings and begin at 8 o'clock, on Oct. 19, Nov. 16, Dec. 14, Jan. 18, Feb. 8, Feb. 29, March 28 and April 25.

The soloists already engaged comprise Katharine Goodson, the English pianist; Lilla Ormond, the well known mezzo-soprano; Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist who made her first appearance in Boston last spring; Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist; Joseph Hofmann and Heinrich Warnke, the distinguished cellist of the orchestra.

Subscribers of last season may secure their old seats by applying to George H. Kent, University Book Store, on or before next Wednesday, Oct. 11. On receipt of checks tickets will be mailed. All unclaimed seats will be offered for sale at the George H. Kent book store, Harvard square, Cambridge, on next Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Items of the Day

Mr. Fiedler repeated the "Eroica" symphony at the concert of the Boston Orchestra in New York Saturday afternoon. His public in New York has long liked his readings of Beethoven better than do his audiences in Boston, and justly it was warm over his present version of the "Eroica." "There were freedom and elasticity," says the Times, "but no exaggeration in nuance or emphasis, nor any anxious search for effects beneath the composer's plain intent, and it was one in which beauty and harmonious blending of tone were unceasing."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

FRANZ LISZT, Born October 22, 1811

- | | |
|--------|---|
| LISZT, | SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Préludes," No. 3 |
| LISZT, | SYMPHONY to DANTE'S "Divina Commedia" I. Inferno (with the Episode of Francesca da Rimini) II. Purgatorio, with the chorus Finale: "Magnificat anima mea Dominum" |
| LISZT, | CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E flat major, No. 1 |
| LISZT, | SYMPHONIC POEM, "Tasso: lamento e Trionfo," No. 2 |

Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ

The MUSICAL ART CLUB of Boston
will assist in the performance of the Symphony

Steinway Piano used

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Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ

The MUSICAL ART CLUB of Boston
will assist in the performance of the Symphony

Steinway Piano used



LISZT COMMEMORATED

Trans. ——— Oct. 21, 1910
AN EXCEPTIONAL SYMPHONY
CONCERT

The Ceremonial Touches—A Well-Designed Programme—The "Dante" Symphony, Two Symphonic Poems and a Piano Concerto, with Mr. Ganz—The General Excellence of the Performance—Liszt, the Composer, and Liszt, the Romanticist, as the Music Disclosed Him—His Old Innovations and His Enduring Influences

At the back of the stage, in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, above the orchestra and the choir of women, and duly surrounded with the honoring palm and laurel stood a bust of Liszt. Inevitably it represented the Liszt of the later years—the elderly and a little flabby face, the thin, drooping locks of what had once been the leonine mane. In pictures the world has nearly forgotten the youthful Liszt of the sloping shoulders, the tightly drawn stock, the thick, dark, curling hair, the aquiline and aristocratic profile, the intent face, half mystic, half worldling, half man of emotions, half man of intellect. Treasured prints of sixty and seventy years ago recall this Liszt and in an image that is far more romantic, far more suggestive of his imagination, power and personality than the familiar representations of Monsieur l'Abbé or of the patriarch of Weimar and Baireuth. As it happened, however, the lights so fell on the bust in Symphony Hall as to give it a queer mocking smile, an expression of amused cynicism. It was as though the cloven hoof were lifting the abbé's soutane—for no churchly consecrations could purge Liszt's nature of the innate devilment that was in it; as though he had finished his work in the world and knew the magnitude, the originality and the fruitfulness of it and was smiling in amused resignation at the long and mocking indifference to it. He could mock in his turn, too. Perhaps even, in the Elysian fields, he is smiling at all this centenary homage of a world that once would have him only a monstrous pianist but now sets him high among its composers. For it knows now that he, perhaps beyond any other man of the nineteenth century, altered the course of its music for the piano-forte and of its music for the orchestra. Whatever Liszt's individual shortcomings as a composer, he was a transforming and a generative force to which the whole subsequent course of contemporary music through our own Strauss and Debussy still responds.

Programme and Performance

The Germans and the Hungarians are

taking many days of many concerts to celebrate this Liszt centenary. They are traversing the whole course of his compositions—the piano pieces, the songs, the symphonies and the tone-poems, the choral fragments, the masses and the oratorios of his final years. Here in Boston, the choral societies stir not, being doubtful, perhaps, whether Liszt is really a classic, safe now for the bourgeoisie whom he cheerfully and wholesomely shocked through his whole life. Except Mr. de Pachmann, at his recital today, the pianists hereabouts have forgotten the master who almost invented their present artistry, while Liszt's songs are no longer the fashion in the concert-room. Mr. Fiedler and the Symphony Orchestra have not neglected their opportunity, but they have only two concerts, each two hours long and with a common programme, in which to recall the Liszt who could write magnificently and imaginatively, who also could write thinly and commonly, who excelled in many genres and who wrote too much in each.

As it was, Mr. Fiedler ordered his programme wisely. He could choose between the "Faust" and the "Dante" symphonies. The "Faust" seems now Liszt's most sustained and enduring symphonic piece, characteristic from beginning to end, the expression of the man and of a whole epoch in the arts, masterly of design and execution, clearly, boldly, richly and individually imagined, and as finely accomplished according to Liszt's ways and means. The "Dante" symphony, however, is less often played; it is hardly less characteristic, and being deficient in the sustained power of the "Faust," is only the more truthful of the composer who imagined and wrought it. Mr. Fiedler chose the "Dante" symphony and added two of the symphonic poems: "Les Préludes," the most generally liked and oftenest played of them all; and "Tasso" (curiously long unplayed here), the warmest in imagination, the most glowing in orchestral voice. Perhaps only one of the symphonic poems and, instead of the second, an orchestrated Hungarian Rhapsody might have better illustrated the range of Liszt and the new voice of improvisation that he sent ringing through the music of his time. The fourth number for the longish concert was inevitably one or the other of Liszt's piano concertos. Between them Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Ganz (who played the solo part) chose the first, in E-flat—the piece by Liszt that has been heard oftenest at the Symphony Concerts.

This programme was well accomplished and an applauding audience seemed to hear it gladly. It was particularly warm to "Les Préludes," which piece it plainly knew and liked, and to Mr. Ganz, after his Busonian performance of the concerto—large, big, propulsive, rhetorical of tone, but a little hard and coarse withal. (Because Liszt was so uniformly brilliant, it is difficult to remember that he was also sensitive.) Mr. Fiedler's accompaniments are not always things of beauty, pliancy and sympathy, but he conducted the orchestral part of

the concerto with unusual adroitness of tonal color. Even the famous and much-debated triangle sounded subtle. If Mr. Ganz slipped over some of the half-tints, the strings and the woodwinds provided them.

The conductor and the band were very eloquent, too, and very graphic in the tonal picturing of the Inferno in the "Dante" symphony. Undoubtedly Mr. Fiedler languished over the episode of Francesca and Paolo in the midst of it, but some of the music Liszt wrote for it is also languishing. No one could make the music of the Purgatorio interesting—it is Liszt alternately tepid and dry—but the conductor, the orchestra and the choir of women from the Musical Art Club united to give the Magnificat a golden beauty of clear, rhapsodic, soaring tone. The long and unusual symphony evidently taxed the attention of the audience and there were many departures before the final "Tasso" began. They that remained heard it performed in a large, rich-toned, emphatically contrasting fashion that might have pleased a listening Liszt. He, too, loved sonorities, though he might have wished them, in this instance, somewhat less rigid.

Liszt the Composer

So went an interesting afternoon, with much room for curious—and vain—speculation. How much of the applause (in which the Friday audiences are becoming profuse) was intended for the commemorated composer and how much for conductor, pianist and band? How much did the audience heed of Liszt's achievements and singularities as the music represented them? Probably not much. To it the concerto in E-flat seemed pleasantly familiar. It has become almost a hackneyed piece in recent years at the Symphony Concerts, where so many pianists have elected to play it. Yet fifty and sixty years ago it sounded very daring. It was Liszt's emancipation of the concerto from the cramping rigidities of the old sonata form; the loud striking of the rhapsodic note in his pianoforte music; the fresh affirmation of his gospel of new sonorities, new power, new pliancy and new beauty. The audience heard the symphony and was interested. The music in itself and in the performance quickened imagination. Probably only the reviewers, and here and there a pedant, took thought that in the "Dante," as in the "Faust," symphony Liszt had preserved form, without which there can be no music, and yet made that form serve elastically his imaginative and expressive scheme. The eternal problem of "programme music" is to keep the musical development running side by side with the development of the poetic, the pictorial or the intellectual scheme. The one must not straiten or thin the other.

In both his symphonies, and especially in the "Faust," which contains no such waste place as the Purgatory of the "Dante," Liszt has so coördinated his musical and poetic purpose and material. He develops the music; he develops also and colors his

picture. He is preparing the way (as he is matching the achievement) for the Strauss of "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration," and for a multitudinous tribe that fail in this coördination where Liszt and Strauss succeed. The "symphonic poem" or the "tone-poem" is a commonplace of musical nomenclature nowadays. If Liszt did not exactly invent the form, he developed it out of an experimental stage and established it firmly upon its rational basis of imaginative contrasts—"Tasso" is a "lament" and a "triumph"; "Les Préludes" sets struggle against contemplation—upon its structural unity of well-knit but variously transformed melodic material, upon its freedom from academic restrictions. The idea conditions the form; the form exists because it best serves the composer's design; and Liszt's was a freely and widely ranging imagination.

The Romantic Liszt

The dullest listener must have felt, too, that this imagination was glowingly, pulsantly romantic. Liszt was a pioneer with the changes that he wrought in the music and the technique of the pianoforte; he was a pioneer with programme music, with the modern form and voice that oratorio has gradually taken, with the music-drama even, though he wrote none himself. If his music ever passes from the concert-room, and it has gained larger and larger place there, a thousand pieces that succeed it will proclaim what the books call his "influence." Liszt opened the way to the music of our particular time. Yet, also, with Wagner, he was the end and culmination of a musical epoch. Our music nowadays may be very subtle, like Debussy's; very cerebral, like Reger's; very grave and deep, like d'Indy's; very puissant and graphic, like Strauss's, but it is very seldom romantic, except among belated Russians. Liszt's was of the full flowering of the romantic time into which, in the arts, he was born, and through which he lived. He loved magnificence of idea and of expression; he loved extravagance. In rhapsodic fashion, he wrote music that was now all glowing power and again all empty bombast. He courted atmosphere and could compass it usually with a few strokes. He wrote sensuous music, yet when the mood seized him or the purpose kindled him, he could make it austere or mystical, grotesque, ugly, ironic. He had the romanticist's passion for the unusual, intricately expressed; for he knew that the essence of romance is strangeness. In his own time and ours he did not touch the Chatauquan imagination.

Liszt loved color and rhythm, opulent and varied sound, for the lust of the ear and the imagination of it. Yet he required literary, poetic, pictorial, ecclesiastical suggestion for almost all his music. He wrote too much, but he also wrote masterpieces. He invented melodies, struck off phrases too easily; yet some of them still pierce the listening imagination and stir the an-

swering emotion. Many of his tonal pomps ring very hollow nowadays; a few of his colors have faded pitifully; but enough remains to keep the voice of romance still sonorous, the lights of romance still glowing, the rhythm of wildness still beating in his music. Much that was played yesterday, that will be played for a few days the world over, needs no serum of a centenary to quicken its vitality.

"Dante" and "Tasso"

So far as it might within the narrow limits of a single concert, the music that Mr. Fiedler played yesterday assembled and illustrated these traits. Liszt went for inspiration to no mightier source than "The Divine Comedy"; stretched no larger canvas than he stretched in the "Dante" symphony. The tone-picturing of Inferno, from the thundering brasses of the beginning through the screeching strings or the anguished wood-wind, through all the hints of devil-dances and devil torture, is huge, graphic, grotesque, panoramic, yet wholly musical. The melodic ideas, the orchestral handling, the imaginative design, the pictorial result, are one. The melancholy transition to the episode of Francesca and Paolo is as though the winds of hell were stilled and its lights unclouded. At moments the music of the pair is more saccharine than sensuous; but again the tones make them seem as ghosts of lovers pursuing the phantoms of their passion, singing its elegy. In the "Purgatorio," Liszt's imagination forsakes him, as it often did when he was striving most to kindle it. He would be mystically sensuous, and he is only pallid and dull. And when imagination failed, technical lagged. If ever there was an inept pedant's fugue, it is the fugue of this "Purgatorio." Instrumentally, even, it is a dull and stupid place except when the oboe and the horn sing their songs. For even in this limbo Liszt could write beautiful and searching melody. He goes on to the Magnificat and attains almost perfectly the mystic sensuousness, the pungent voluptuousness of ecclesiastical modes sopped with fleshly ecstasy that was his perverse and romantic goal. He loved the Magnificat; he could write for voices in glowing crescendos; and he liked to open a romantic heaven full of throbbing harps and pealing trumpets. His is no white and still Paradise; it is colorful, rhythmical.

"Tasso" is full of romantic pomps. A bitter pomp of lamentation begins it, as though there was no pain like the poet's pain; a chivalric pomp of the proud poet continues it; a courtly pomp, yet graceful withal, ensues; and the final "triumph" is a very bombastic pomp indeed. Not all of "Tasso" wears well; the end is already ringing hollow; but the music of the poet is still graphic, chivalric, romantic while the accents of his woe still keep their pang. Anyhow, the whole "symphonic poem" is wrought so musically, with such economy of well-imagined material, with such careful unity, with such assimilation

of the musical and the poetic development, that the piece is still a little epitome of Liszt in his chosen form. "Les Préludes" seems common in invention, easy in structure, a ready-made "symphonic poem" beside it. Yet there and only there did the programme yesterday strike the martial note of which Liszt was romantically fond. True, there is an "allegro marziale animato" in the concerto, the beginning of the conclusion of the whole, the concentrated summary of which Liszt, who overvalued his constructive skill, wrote proudly. He believed it music by deliberate intellectual process. It sounds, as does all the rest of the concerto, like passionate and magnificent rhapsody in tones. With the piano, Liszt had no need to take thought of means. He could strike as he would and it answered him. It kindled him too, and there, in spite of his "Dantes" and "Fausts" and "Tassos," his "St. Elizabeths" and his cathedral masses, is his most untrammelled, his most natural voice. Perhaps, it will prove also the most enduring. For him, in wildness—and in rhetoric—there is life. H. T. P.

LISZT HONORED BY SYMPHONY

Herald Oct. 21/11
Centenary of Great Composer
Celebrated by Orchestra,
Which Renders His Music.

RUDOLPH GANZ ASSISTS

Noted Musician's Work, Influence, Generosity and Nobility
Carefully Reviewed.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra at its third public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, celebrated the centenary of Liszt (born Oct. 23, 1811). The orchestra was assisted by Rudolph Ganz, pianist, and the Musical Art Club (women's voices) of Boston. Mrs. Sundellus sang the short solo in the "Magnificat" at the end of the symphony. The program included these works of Liszt: "The Préludes," symphonic poem No. 3; symphony after

Dante's "Divine Comedy": pianoforte concerto in E flat major, No. 1; "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," symphonic poem No. 2.

This festival ceremony in honor of Liszt, like nearly all mortuary or memorial services, was too long, and many in the audience grew restless and thought of trains and tea and left the hall before the apotheosis of Tasso. And yet the program was an interesting one. While the "Dante" symphony is inferior to the "Faust," and "The Preludes" contains some of Liszt's most vulgar music, the "Dante" symphony is not too familiar, and there are pages of "The Preludes" that show the influence of the composer over the contemporaries and followers of the last half-century. The "Mephisto" waltz, the scene in the tavern from Lenau's "Faust," is in many respects a finer work of art and more imaginative than either of the symphonic poems performed yesterday, but on the whole the program was well designed to display the genius of Liszt and to give pleasure to the audience.

Mr. Ganz's interpretation of the concerto was not so brilliant as the one he gave five years ago. Yesterday he and Mr. Fiedler seemed possessed by the demon of unrest. There was the effect of hurry rather than fleetness. Mr. Ganz, as was to be expected, showed technical proficiency, but his reading of the Adagio section was not poetic; it had neither vaporous charm, nor emotional appeal; and in pages of sheer bravura and those of plumed and clanking heroism there was a lack of the aristocratic elegance that should characterize a performance of this concerto. When this elegance and a certain well-bred arrogance in the delivery of the high-flown rhetoric and not displeasing rhodomontade are missing the concerto may well seem trivial and bombastic. Nor was the orchestral accompaniment fully worthy of the occasion. The brass was over blown in announcements of the defiant theme, and the chief impression made by the whole performance was one of haste, hustle and bluster. Mr. Ganz was loudly applauded, but it is to be hoped that his interpretation tonight will be less perfunctory, less restless, one marked by the finer qualities that as a rule are displayed by him in solo work and in ensemble.

The chorus of women's voices sang with full rich tone, although in the first few measures the intonation was not perfect. The deviation, however, was slight and only for a moment, and the effect of the chorus was pronounced after the preceding instrumental waste that follows the highly poetic opening of the "Purgatory" movement. The beautiful quality of Mrs. Sundell's voice and her pure delivery caused the audience to regret that the solo allotted to her by the composer was so short.

The orchestral pieces were on the whole performed brilliantly, and, as usual, there were frequent displays of entrancing solo work. But it is now

more pertinent to say a few words about Liszt. His bust, representing him as the smiler sure of his rank, looking benignantly on the world, including the adoring women, who brightened and at times vexed his life, rather than as the all-conquering virtuoso or the composer trampling disdainfully on traditions, was on high, surrounded by plants and flowers, emblems of immortality.

Liszt suffered as a composer from foolish adulation and still more absurd denunciation. It was not so many years ago that otherwise fair-minded musicians, professors in conservatories, composers of snug, respectable music, pianists and violinists of nimble fingers and lukewarm blood, would leave the concert hall with an air whenever one of Liszt's works was about to be performed. Liszt also suffered from admiring friends who helped themselves to his musical thoughts, to his new forms of musical expression, and using them for their own advantage, were applauded by the crowd, while Liszt himself was ignored or flouted. How much of Liszt there is in Richard Wagner's best!

Program music has existed from the early days of the art. No doubt David's performance before Saul had some definite program; but the symphonic poem, as it is now known, was invented and shaped by Liszt, and he has influenced in this respect composers of every nation. The modern Russians all hark back to Berlioz and Liszt. The modern Germans and even the ultra-modern French were made possible by this Hungarian, who, in Paris, Weimar or Rome, was first of all a citizen of the world.

In the mass of his compositions there is mysticism that is vague and insignificant; there is affected simplicity that is as childish prattle; there is pathos that is bathos; eloquence sometimes degenerates into bombast; there is frequently the odor of tanbark, the vision of the ringmaster cracking his whip and the man in tights and spangles leaping through paper hoops or kissing his hand from the trapeze. Liszt was first famous as a virtuoso, and, as Edward MacDowell once said, in every virtuoso there is the possibility of the rope-dancer; it is in his blood.

The faults of Liszt as a composer are open to every one. When they lie in the music for the piano, they have been too often exaggerated by the "Liszt pupil." Some of his pupils, including those who studied with him and those who spent an afternoon in Weimar, have been able to recognize and bring out only formulas of past days, effective in their period, now frayed and outworn. They have made salient that which should have been concealed. Nor have orchestral conductors always been fortunate in the interpretation of the greater works; they have been intoxicated by the pomp or fury and were unable to draw the line between sonority and vulgarity.

We are all inclined to judge a master of years gone by as though he were a

contemporary, and, forgetting that he, in his day, was a daring innovator, a revolutionary, we cry out against his music as trite and moribund. Certain forms of Liszt's expression, forms that recall the reign of Rossini or Meyerbeer, are now distasteful to us, as are certain formulas of Wagner. Excessive modernity contains the seeds of early death. But the architecture that Liszt devised is still strong and beautiful, and is today a model for others who delight in strange ornamentation. The world of music owes Liszt a debt that it will be long in paying, and as other debtors, it often forgets what it owes and abuses the creditor.

The years go by and the generosity, the loving kindness, the nobility of Liszt, the man, are more and more clearly revealed. His purse, advice, assistance were ever ready. He would not cringe or flatter. His art was a religion. He was one of the very few composers that stood at ease in the presence of the mighty and were not snobbish toward the unfortunate, the misunderstood, the unappreciated. As a man in the world of his art he is therefore to be ranked with Handel and Hector Berlioz.

SYMPHONY PAYS HONOR TO LISZT

Post Oct. 31/11
Rudolph Ganz and Musical

Art Club Assist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Musical Art Club and Rudolph Ganz, pianist, honored the centenary of Franz Liszt, the wildest romanticist of them all. His music, heard today, is perhaps more astonishingly modern than on the day that it was written.

At the back of the stage stood a bust of the composer, surrounded by greenery, and if the eyes of this marble bust had suddenly flashed the old Promethean fire, it would not have been surprising with the flaming eloquence of the orchestra.

The programme was as follows: Symphonic Poem, No. 3, "Les Preludes;" Symphony after Dante's "Divine Comedy;" piano concerto in E flat, soloist, Rudolph Ganz; Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo."

These compositions, audaciously modern, and of singular brilliancy, carried away the majority of the audience. "Les Preludes" is becoming hackneyed, and yet, how it sounds! Mr. Fiedler got a deal of color from his scores. There

are strange things in the Dante Symphony, things only to be found in the philosophy of Liszt, who, as James Huneker remarks in his new biography of the composer, waited and smiled during his lifetime for the recognition due him, and if he has reached heaven, is still waiting and smiling. Mr. Ganz gave an exceptionally exciting performance of the E-flat concerto, and even the bombast of the "Tasso" was stirring and titillating to the ears.

Picturesque Utterances

Mr. Fiedler showed unusual appreciation of the large rhetoric and the splurging color that are characteristics of most of Liszt's music, and characteristics which, rather surprisingly, do not pall on repeated hearings as much as we expect that they will. The composer fetches out effect after effect, like a master showman, which are seen to be of the flimsiest substance, and still one is caught up and swept away by his picturesque utterance. In the Dante symphony Liszt often attains true greatness, not only in the spirit of his message, but in the very letter of his potential musical ideas. This symphony is pictorial. It is like some tremendous old fresco. And even when the music halts and hobbles it is convincing. The first movement, as far as the end of the Paolo and Francesca episode, is fine coherent composition. Then for the rest of the movement the composer stumbles about and when he can say nothing, simply shouts, and still the music impresses. The gorgeousness of the final section is the same gorgeousness that we find in some of Caesar Franck, a direct heritage which Liszt left to his musical descendant, and as for color, the whole Catholic service can furnish nothing more sumptuous and mystical and rich in its imagery than the last part of this work. And the fugue, as Mr. Huneker has remarked elsewhere of the fugue in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," may not its measures present matter for whole schools to dissect in later years? In fact, Strauss' gigantic passage could hardly have been conceived, lacking this fugue of Liszt's as predecessor.

"The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein," says Mr. Huneker in his biography, "averred that Liszt had launched his musical spear further into the future than Wagner. She was a lady of firm opinions, who admired Berlioz as much as she loathed Wagner. But could she have foreseen that Richard Strauss, Parsifal-like, had caught the whizzing lance of the Klingsor of Weimar, what would she have said? Put the riddle to contemporary critics of Richard II., who has, at least, thrown off the influence of Liszt and Wagner, although he too frequently takes snapshots at the sublime in his scores. Otherwise, you can no more keep Liszt's name out of the music of today than could good Mr. Dick the head of King Charles from the pages of his memorial."

Stood Test of Century

This truth descended upon the listener with additional force yesterday afternoon. One listened and said, "But I know that—and that—and that is Strauss, and that is Franck, and this—can it be some echo from Debussy?" Echoes, surely, but the other way around! Nothing ages so quickly as music, but how superbly, and thus in spite of perfectly evident short-comings, did Liszt stand the test of a centenary yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall!

Mr. Ganz played both of the piano concertos in Boston, the A major as well as the one in E-flat. He played the E-flat concerto when he first appeared with the Symphony Orchestra in 1906. Then he was a very promising virtuoso. Yesterday he came, entered and conquered his audience in an astounding manner; in such a manner that in the utters it seemed as if the orchestra itself were applauding his brilliant feats.

It is always a satisfaction to hear this vigorous old battle piece played with such sureness and elan, while, on the other hand, it would be possible to find fault with certain qualities of Mr. Ganz's performance. It was masterly enough, wonderfully clean cut, and it gave one the delightful sensation that the pianist could play, not only that concerto as it stood—a formidable enough set of difficulties—but that he could have successfully met the demands of the piece, if these demands had been ten times what they were. But there is more than swiftness and speed and physical excitement in this concert, and this glitter and wit and nervous, subtle play was for us missing in Mr. Ganz's playing. Nor, although he played the melodic or ornamental passages with most beautiful quality of tone, did he give these passages as much distinction as they might have had. Leaving aside these details, which may rest partly with personal taste, Mr. Ganz's performance, in popular parlance, was a triumph that swept the audience from its feet and Mr. Ganz was repeatedly recalled.

The singers of the Musical Art Club were those who took part in a previous performance of the Dante symphony, under Mr. Gericke, in 1903, under the title of the "Thursday Morning Club," when the Choral Art Society and other singers assisted. They had been coached for the performance by Mr. Chalmers Clifton, and they sang with admirable beauty and balance and gradation of tone. Mrs. Marie Sundelius sang the few measures for the voice soloist. Her voice is peculiarly adapted for such passages. For this concert the concert hall was filled to its capacity, and a number of applicants for seats turned away. There was unusual enthusiasm from the beginning to the end.

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LISZT SELECTIONS SYMPHONY FEATURE

Journal Oct. 21/11
**Centennial of Composer
Occasion for Hungarian
Revival.**

This week the Symphony Orchestra displays a gallery of Liszt tone paintings in honor of the centennial of the pianist and composer who played such a big part in the musical development of the nineteenth century.

The program played yesterday afternoon, and which will be repeated tonight, is made up of the symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," the "Dante Symphony," the piano concerto No. 1, in E-flat major, and the symphonic poem, "Tasso."

Rudolph Ganz has the solo part in the concerto. In the symphony the orchestra is assisted by the Musical Art Club, with Mrs. Sundelius as soloist.

Liszt holds a place in the symphony programs well up among the classic figures. Only two seasons have gone by since the orchestra was established without the presentation of some one of the great Hungarian's works, and one of these desert patches, strangely enough, came last season. But the works on this centennial program are all more or less well known. "Les Preludes" is in the nature of a biennial favorite, and the E-flat major concerto has been played more than any other in recent years. Mr. Ganz himself played it here five years ago, and Rosenthal, Miss Samaroff and Miss Schnitzer have played it since then. The "Dante Symphony" has not been heard for about eight years and the "Tasso" piece for five.

A bust of Liszt, surrounded with palms and yellow chrysanthemums, had a prominent place at the rear of the stage yesterday. The chorus was also prominent, though Liszt directs that it shall be unseen or in a gallery; but this vision of fair singers certainly did not mar the performance yesterday. The chorus sang beautifully, helping the orchestra to disperse the doubts that Wagner raised over the effect of a tone painting of the glories of Paradise. Mrs. Sundelius, however, sang her little solo too tremulously.

Mr. Ganz gave a brilliant performance of the concerto and he was recalled enthusiastically several times.

FOR SALE
TWO SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS. Second Row Centre, Second Balcony. Apply R.C.F., 537 Broadway, Everett. (A):

Globe Oct. 15, 1911

The Symphony Orchestra will observe at its concerts of Friday and Saturday the anniversary of Liszt's birth, which falls on Sunday, Oct. 22. It is a century since Liszt was born; a quarter of a century since he died. Rarely does a man become known until his obituary is written, and the world begins to fit together his life and his works. They sometimes fit badly.

Twenty-five years is comparatively a short time to trace out the profile of a man's life and to measure its shadow. According to the eyes and mind which saw and comprehended, that of Liszt has been drawn in various aspects—with the halo of a god, the mantle and sword of a Don Juan, the cowl of a priest and the grand manner of a worshiped and feted virtuoso. His was not a personality to be easily encompassed. It was these multiplied and wide-ranging vicissitudes of his life, imprinted upon his keen nervous organism and kindling the fires of his imagination, that gave the thought and purpose of his musical speech a greater value than its phraseology always possessed.

To Liszt music was a transcript of life, as it was to be known through nature, poetry, legend, pictures, art, his fellow men, and every concept of a rich and varied experience. For him the confines of the pure symphonic formula were too restricted for the portrayal of emotional thought. He would have his tone poems for orchestra as intimate and spontaneous a creation of feeling as his marvelous improvisations, at the piano. If at times they become prolix and overloaded, it is not due to his lack of mastery over the orchestra, more than to the very wealth of his imagery.

The ardent and fiery nature of the Magyar blazed through and illuminated his every effort. To repair the defects of his early education, his thirst for general knowledge of life and of men led him into orgies of omnivorous reading. When 21 he wrote Pierre Wolf: "Provided I do not go mad, you will find an artist in me. Homer, the Bible, Plato, Locke, Byron, Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Weber are all around me." He was practicing the piano meanwhile from four to five hours a day.

His youthful mind was stirred by the revolutionary spirit, fomenting in the State, in literature and music. He espoused it with fervor, for it was an expression of himself. His individuality made his genius as a pianist unrivalled and supreme, even after Thalberg had lured the ears of Paris for a time; but it denied him recognition as a creator of music. During the last 30 years of his life, he played the piano in public not more than half a dozen times. It was as a composer that he thirsted for recognition.

Eclipsed by Wagner.

To supply the temporal needs of Wagner and to bring his works to the light, he had contributed from a purse never closed, and had labored as a conductor at Weimar with tireless zeal, with love, and finally against the intrigues of a jealous intendant. The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein was of keener vision to foresee and resent the

rise of Wagner to the overshadowing of her knight of the Altenburg than was Liszt himself. With his characteristic generosity of heart, he would say, "I can wait."

Liszt had smiled when Schindler, whose cards bore the inscription "friend of Beethoven," said that, because of his rubato, his playing of the master's concertos was "the superlative of all aberrations of taste, a crime against the divine art." Indeed, even his playing was accepted by gradations. There was always one last reservation. At first he was a good, all-round pianist, but could not play Beethoven. Then his Beethoven was accepted, but the transcriptions were not. When he wrote original pieces, hearing was denied them but granted to the transcriptions. The symphonic poems and the choral works had to pass in review in similar fashion.

As a pianist, his influence must live by the attempts in words of those who heard to portray and describe. As a composer for the piano he extended and broadened the resources of the instrument without surpassing the limitations of a technic necessarily inferior to his own. Much that he wrote for piano is unquestionably mediocre, but there are songs to be treasured, and there are transcriptions which will not cease to add new lustre to the art of the lyre, as those of the 42 Schubert songs which, while embellishing the original, keep and illumine, rather than obscure or debase its spirit.

Dante's "Divine Comedy."

This week the symphonic poem after Dante's "Divine Comedy" is to be heard for the first time since 1903, and for the second since Mr. Gericke played it in 1886.

Liszt began the study of Dante in 1837, while staying at Lake Como with the Countess d'Agout. In a letter to Wagner from Weimar, June 2, 1855, he takes notice that his friend is reading Dante and adds: "I on my part shall furnish a kind of commentary to his work. For a long time I have had in my head a Dante symphony, and in the course of this year it is to be finished. There are to be three movements, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, the first two purely instrumental, the last with chorus." He concludes by promising the dedication to Wagner, who replies with a prolix and solemn plea for a Buddhist Nirvana in place of Dante's Paradise, the illogical sequence of which in his mind, made the title of the whole a literally truthful one.

In a letter to Wagner written sometime between July 12 and 20, the next year, Liszt says the score was finished the day preceding, and that it takes a little less than an hour in performance.

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On Friday and Saturday Rudolph Ganz will make his reappearance as soloist. He has chosen the first concerto in E flat. A long line of pianists have played it at these concerts, Paderewski, Rosenthal, de Pachman, Mark Hambourg, Samaroff, George Proctor, Germaine Schnitzer, Aus der Ohe, Mr. Ganz once previously himself, and

others.
The other orchestral numbers will be "The Preludes" and the symphonic poem, "Tasso."

LISZT'S "DANTE"

Trans. — Oct. 19, 1911
THE SYMPHONY TO BE REVIVED
TOMORROW

The Few Performances of It Nowadays—
Liszt's Preoccupation with Music Suggested by "The Divine Comedy" and Wagner's Counsels to Him—The Resulting Symphony—Its Course Through the Hell, Purgatory and Paradise—Liszt's Hints in the Score

LISZT wrote to Wagner, June 2, 1855: "Then you are reading Dante? He is excellent company for you. I, on my part, shall furnish a kind of commentary to his work. For a long time I had in my head a Dante symphony, and in the course of the year it is to be finished. There are to be three movements, 'Hell,' 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise,' the two first purely instrumental, the last with chorus.

Wagner wrote in reply a long letter from London: "That 'Hell' and 'Purgatory' will succeed I do not call into question for a moment, but as to 'Paradise' I have some doubts, which you confirm by saying that your plan includes choruses. In the Ninth Symphony the last choral movement is decidedly the weakest part, although it is historically important, because it discloses to us in a very naive manner the difficulties of a real musician who does not know how (after hell and purgatory) he is to describe paradise. About this paradise, dearest Franz, there is in reality a considerable difficulty, and he who confirms this opinion is, curiously enough, Dante himself, the singer of Paradise, which in his 'Divine Comedy' also is decidedly the weakest part. . . . But perhaps, you will succeed better, and as you are going to paint a tone-picture, I might almost predict your success, for music is essentially the artistic, original image of the world. For the initiated no error is here possible. Only about the 'Paradise,' and especially about the choruses, I feel some friendly anxiety."

Liszt persisted in his design, since the idea of writing music suggested by "The Divine Comedy" had long preoccupied him. His mistress, the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein—these were the Weimar days—encouraged him and even proposed that panoramic pictures of scenes from the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" should be unrolled as the music proceeded. Liszt made light of the sugges-

tion, went his way and finished the symphony. It was performed for the first time in 1857 and Wagner, who was then in the full tide of his friendship with Liszt and who had forgotten his misgivings over Liszt's design, admired it in a flood of adjectives.

"It was a fresh hearing of Liszt's 'Dante' symphony that revived the problem what place in our art world should be allotted to a creation as brilliant as it is masterly. Shortly before I had been busy reading the 'Divine Comedy,' and again had revolved all the difficulties in judging this work which I have mentioned above; to me that tone-poem of Liszt's now appeared the creative act of a redeeming genius, freeing Dante's unspeakably pregnant intention from the inferno of his superstitions by the purifying fire of musical ideality, and setting it in the paradise of pure and blissful feeling. Here the soul of Dante's poem is shown in purest radiance. Such redeeming service even Michael Angelo could not render to his great poetic master; only after Bach and Beethoven had taught our music to wield the brush and chisel of the mighty Florentine could Dante's true redemption be achieved."

This "Dante" symphony Mr. Fiedler has made the chief item in the programme of the two concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, tomorrow and Saturday, that are to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Liszt. In his lifetime, the symphony was seldom played, and nowadays it is performed still more rarely. (Only twice in thirty years has it stood on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, and a reviewer of music in New York, of middle age and long experience, was saying only the other day that he had never heard it.) Perhaps the necessity of a chorus of women in the finale stands in the way of more frequent performance; it is the custom to count the "Faust" symphony the more interesting and grateful of the two; while more and more the symphonic poems have come to represent Liszt in orchestral concerts. Thus, to many hearers at Symphony Hall, the "Dante" symphony will be virtually new music, but long ago the analysts and the commentators began their meticulous or their rhetorical exercise with it, and Liszt himself is not sparing in indications of its course and significance.

The formal title is a "Symphony after Dante's 'Divina Commedia.'" The score is dedicated to Wagner in extravagant terms: "As Virgil led Dante, so hast thou led me through the mysterious regions of tone-worlds drunk with life. From the depths of my heart I cry to thee: 'You are my master, my inspiration,' and dedicate in unalterable love this work." All of which, like the music itself, is in Liszt's hyperbolic, romantic vein. The required orchestra is numerous and strong, and Mr. Fiedler has assembled sixty women from the Musical Art Club for the singing of the Magnificat at the end. In a newly pub-

lished, vivid and "impressionistic" book about Liszt [Franz Liszt: By James Huneker. Scribners.] Mr. Huneker sets to a description of the symphony as follows:

I. Inferno:

Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.

These words, read by Dante as he looked at the gate of hell, are thundered out by trombones, tuba, double basses; and immediately after trumpets and horn make the dreadful proclamation (C-sharp minor): "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate" ("All hope abandon, ye who enter in.") Liszt has written the Italian lines under the theme in the score. The two "Hell motives" follow, the first a descending chromatic passage in the lower strings against roll of drums the second given to bassoons and violas. There is illustration of Dante's lines that describe the "sighs, complaints, and ululations loud":

Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
Accents of anger, words of agony,
And voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands,
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
Forever in that air forever black,
Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind breathes.

The Allegro Frenetico, in the development, paints the madness of despair, the rage of the damned. Again there is the cry, "All hope abandon" (trumpets, horns, trombones, tuba). There is a lull in the orchestral storm. Quasi Andante. Harps, flutes, violins, a recitative of bass clarinet and two clarinets lead to the episode of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo. The English horn sings the lamentation:

There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery.

Before the cello takes up the melody sung by the clarinet, the "Lasciate" theme is heard (muted horn, solo,) and then Andante amoroso, comes the love duet, which ends with the Lasciate motive. A harp cadenza brings the return to the first allegro, in which the Lasciate theme in combination with the two Hell motives is developed with grotesque and infernal orchestration. There is this remark in the score: "This whole passage should be understood as sardonic, blasphemous laughter and most sharply defined as such." After the repetition of nearly the whole of the opening section of the allegro the Lasciate theme is heard triple forte.

II. Purgatorio and Magnificat. According to the composer there is the suggestion of a vessel that sails slowly over an unruffled sea. The stars begin to glitter. There is a cloudless sky, there is a mystic stillness. Over a rolling figuration is a melody first for horn, then oboe, the Meditation motive. This period is repeated a half-tone higher. The Prayer theme is sung by cello, then by first violin. There is illustration of the passage where the sinners call to remembrance the good that they did not accomplish. This remorseful

and penitent looking back and the hope in the future inspired Liszt, according to his commentator, Richard Pohl, to a fugue based on a most complicated theme. After this fugue the gentle Prayer and Repentance melodies are heard. Harp chords establish the rhythm of the Magnificat (three flutes ascending in chords of E-flat). And now an unseen chorus of women, accompanied by harmonium, sings: "Magnificat anima mea Dominum et exultavit spiritus meus, in Deo salutari meo" ("My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour"). A solo voice, that of the Mater Gloriosa, repeats the song. A short choral passage leads to "Hosanna Hallelula." The final harmonies are supposed to illustrate the passage in the twenty-first canto of the Paradiso:

I saw rear'd up,
In color like to sun-illuminated gold,
A ladder, which my ken pursued in vain,
So lofty was the summit; down whose steps
I saw the splendors in such multitude
Descending, every light in heaven, methought,
Was shed thence.

The "Hosanna" is again heard, and the symphony ends in soft harmonies with the first Magnificat theme.

A "Tribute" for Mr. Witek

Mr. Witek, the present concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, was long the concert-master of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. For seventeen years that ended last September, it has played for three months, at Scheveningen, the seaside spa in Holland, two miles from The Hague. The concerts are much sought by the townsfolk; they admired Mr. Witek and regretted, when he left the orchestra, a year ago, that they could take no formal farewell of him. They have now sent to him, in a richly bound book, duly inscribed, a testimonial with a thousand more or less distinguished signatories. Oct. 19, 1911

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe — Oct 21, 11
Liszt Centenary Program
With "Divine Comedy."

Rudolph Ganz Plays E Flat Piano
Concerto With Fine Artistry.

At the third public rehearsal yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave this program in commemoration of the centenary of Liszt's birth: "The Prelude," the "Divine Comedy" symphony after Dante, the 1st concerto in E flat for piano, Rudolf Ganz soloist, and the symphonic poem "Tasso." The Musical Art Club, Mrs. Marie Sundelius, soloist, sang the music for women's voices in the second

movement of the "Dante" symphony. Yesterday, today and more particularly tomorrow—as at the Hungarian capital, Budapest—will yield more programs, more afternoons and evenings, devoted wholly to the works of Franz Liszt than have been common heretofore. For some this would have cost acute distress a generation ago. Even today two hours of Liszt may be called a fulsome baptism of the romantic thunders, terrors, passions and sighings.

Himself an evangel for Wagner, the Hungarian said he could wait for his own. While his mantle has been torn to bits to adorn the shoulders of a horde of "pupils," some scores genuine and hundreds spurious, he needed disciples, missionaries in his lifetime, but there were none with either his power, his understanding or his heart. It was too soon for eyes blinded either by the dazzling brilliance of his virtuosity as a pianist or by the superb daring of his career throughout Europe as a courtier, to behold his just merits as a composer, or as one who was to prepare the way for a new school and for a Strauss.

An artist, whose playing was an improvisation upon the phases of life, as man may know them through the senses, the mind, the spirit, he would make the orchestra a still more resourceful and eloquent instrument for such improvisation. When the tone poems cease to be extempore and rhapsodical and become notes merely, they lose their substance, quality and appeal. The calculated, measured and studied Liszt does not exist in his works more than it did in his performance, according to the word of those who heard it.

Portions of the "Dante" Prolix.

A more studious discernment might have curtailed or eliminated passages of the "Dante," as of the "Tasso," which an emotional inspiration spun out to excessive length. The repetition of the descending chromatic figure in the inferno may seem prolix and without either melodic or rhythmical effect in picturing the imagined tortures of the damned. Liszt's was a copious imagery. He permitted it to run riot through many measures, and even so, this portion of the work does not equal Berlioz' conjectures of Hell in his autobiographical "Fantastic" symphony, and Berlioz traveled through many sorrows.

In the "Prayer" and "Repentance" of the "Purgatory," or second movement, Liszt has given his fancy play with happier result. The far-sweeping antithesis of his nature never permitted the habit and manner of the practiced man of the world to efface the instinct of the priest as Mr. Huneker in his timely and readable biography has pointed out.

Rarely in these pages of this movement does one feel a mere religious sentimentality. The scene is unduly prolonged, for Liszt could not have hastened the penitent's purging of his soul any more than the excursion into the tragic loves of Paola and Francesca, and there he has not sounded the almost unsupportable poignancy of Tchaikovsky's tone poem of the name, but in this movement he has led the hearer as into a sanctuary, wherein the hush and repose of a quiet, a devotional solemnity may possess the soul.

In his richness of melodic phrase and of orchestral timbres he has spoken with a grave and exalted beauty.

Princess Wittgenstein Censor.

In his autobiography Wagner tells how he implored Liszt to leave the "Magnificat" with the illusion of a "shimmering" paradise with the voices of the women, and how Liszt agreed, but later succumbed to the dictum of the Princess Wittgenstein and restored the pontifical suggestion of deity. The Princess might have been jealous in later years with better reason.

Mr Ganz was welcome as an interpreter of Liszt. He was lyricist, romanticist, improvisationist and poet—yet without mannerism or excess and without bombast and sentimentality. The opening titanic declaration in octaves was superb in authority and in daring, yet the pianist played arabesque and embellishment with exquisite lightness and grace and sang the melodic phrases with admirable tonal purity, delicate nuance and true finesse of style. He was heartily applauded and repeatedly recalled.

The orchestra mastered the technical difficulties of the "Dante" with certainty and ease. The women's chorus sang acceptably, and the voice of Mrs Sundelius was of appropriate color in the few measures of solo. Mr Fiedler was recalled and applauded after the number.

At the back of the platform there was placed a bust of Liszt, surrounded and well set off by a framework of greenery. The audience filled the hall.

LISZT PROGRAM FOR SYMPHONY

Journal — Oct 15 '11
Conductor Fiedler Plans to
Commemorate Birthday
of Composer.

The entire musical world has been celebrating the centenary and the birth of Franz Liszt, and it is but natural that Mr. Fiedler, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the great Hungarian, should have the Symphony Orchestra take its share in the commemoration. It so fortunately happens that the third concert of the current season falls within a day of Liszt's birthday, for he was born at Oedenburg, Hungary, Oct. 22, 1811. Mr. Fiedler has arranged a program devoted entirely to his works, and Rudolph Ganz, the distinguished pianist, has been engaged as the soloist.

The chief item on the program is the Dante Symphony. This work, curiously enough, has been performed but

twice in our Symphony concerts, both times under Gericke. Its first performance was on Feb. 26 and 27, 1886, and its last on May 1 and 2, 1903. For a large part of the patrons of the Symphony concerts the symphony will be a novelty. In the second part, the "Paradiso," voices are used, as in the finale of the Faust Symphony; but in this only women's voices are employed. The orchestra will have the association of

sixty voices from the Musical Art Club of Boston, of which Berta Schoff is president.

The Dante Symphony will be preceded by the famous symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," and these two will make the first part of the program. The second part will comprise the concerto for piano in E flat major, No. 1, and the symphonic poem, "Tasso's Lamento e Trionfo."

Symphony to Observe Liszt Centenary—"Divine Comedy" To Be Revived.

Globe Oct 15, 1911

The Symphony Orchestra will observe at its concerts of Friday and Saturday the anniversary of Liszt's birth, which falls on Sunday, Oct. 22. It is a century since Liszt was born; a quarter of a century since he died. Rarely does a man become known until his obituary is written, and the world begins to fit together his life and his works. They sometimes fit badly.

Twenty-five years is comparatively a short time to trace out the profile of a man's life and to measure its shadow. According to the eyes and mind which saw and comprehended, that of Liszt has been drawn in various aspects—with the halo of a god, the mantle and sword of a Don Juan, the cowl of a priest and the grand manner of a worn and fettered virtuoso. His was not a personality to be easily encompassed. It was these multiplied and wide-ranging vicissitudes of his life, imprinted upon his keen nervous organism and kindling the fires of his imagination, that gave the thought and purpose of his musical speech a greater value than its phraseology always possessed.

To Liszt music was a transcript of life, as it was to be known through nature, poetry, legend, pictures, art, his fellow men, and every concept of a rich and varied experience. For him the confines of the pure symphonic formula were too restricted for the portrayal of emotional thought. He would have his tone poems for orchestra as intimate and spontaneous a creation of feeling as his marvelous improvisations at the piano. If at times they become prolix and overloaded, it is not due to his lack of mastery over the orchestra, more than to the very wealth of his imagery.

The ardent and fiery nature of the Magyar blazed through and illuminated his every effort. To repair the defects of his early education, his thirst for general knowledge of life and of men led him into orgies of omnivorous reading. When 21 he wrote Pierre Wolf: "Provided I do not go mad, you will find an artist in me. Homer, the Bible, Plato, Locke, Byron, Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Weber are all around me." He was practicing the piano meanwhile from four to five hours a day.

His youthful mind was stirred by the revolutionary spirit, fomenting in the

State, in literature and music. He espoused it with fervor, for it was an expression of himself. His individuality made his genius as a pianist unrivalled and supreme, even after Thalberg had lured the ears of Paris for a time; but it denied him recognition as a creator of music. During the last 39 years of his life, he played the piano in public not more than half a dozen times. It was as a composer that he thirsted for recognition.

Eclipsed by Wagner.

To supply the temporal needs of Wagner and to bring his works to the light, he had contributed from a purse never closed, and had labored as a conductor at Welmar with tireless zeal, with love, and finally against the intrigues of a jealous intendant. The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein was of keener vision to foresee and resent the rise of Wagner to the overshadowing of her knight of the Altenburg than was Liszt himself. With his characteristic generosity of heart, he would say, "I can wait."

Liszt had smiled when Schindler, whose cards bore the inscription "friend of Beethoven," said that, because of his rubato, his playing of the master's concertos was "the superlative of all aberrations of taste, a crime against the divine art." Indeed, even his playing was accepted by gradations. There was always one last reservation. At first he was a good, all-round pianist, but could not play Beethoven. Then his Beethoven was accepted, but the transcriptions were not. When he wrote original pieces, hearing was denied them but granted to the transcriptions. The symphonic poems and the choral works had to pass in review, in similar fashion.

As a pianist, his influence must live by the attempts in words of those who heard to portray and describe. As a composer for the piano he extended and broadened the resources of the instrument without surpassing the limitations of a technic necessarily inferior to his own. Much that he wrote for piano is unquestionably mediocre, but there are songs to be treasured, and there are transcriptions which will not cease to add new lustre to the art of the lyre, as those of the 42 Schubert songs which, while embellishing the original, keep and illumine, rather than obscure or debase its spirit.

Dante's "Divine Comedy."

This week the symphonic poem after Dante's "Divine Comedy" is to be heard for the first time since 1903, and for the second since Mr Gericke played it in 1886.

Liszt began the study of Dante in 1837 while staying at Lake Como with the Countess d'Agout. In a letter to Wagner from Weimar, June 2, 1855, he takes notice that his friend is reading Dante and adds: "I on my part shall furnish a kind of commentary to his work. For a long time I have had in my head a Dante symphony, and in the course of this year it is to be finished. There are to be three movements, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, the first two purely instrumental, the last with chorus." He concludes by promising the dedication to Wagner, who replies with a prolix and solemn plea for a Buddhist Nirvana in place of Dante's Paradise, the illogical sequence of which in his mind, made the title of the whole a literally truthful one.

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The other orchestral numbers will be "The Preludes" and the symphonic poem, "Tasso."

SYMPHONY HAS 30TH BIRTHDAY

Pat BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was designed in honor of the 30th anniversary of that organization, and it offered three works which have long been favorites with the symphony audiences. This programme was: Eroica Symphony, Beethoven; Unfinished Symphony, Schubert; Academic Overture, Braams. There was no soloist.

There was an eloquent performance of Beethoven's epic, a work which is assuredly a token of one of the most extraordinary steps ever taken by a composer. It seems that in his third symphony, almost without warning, Beethoven suddenly emerged from the Mozart and Haydn mould, and becomes him-

self, in one startling explosion. One other man did an equally amazing thing, although he did not build such a mighty cathedral as Beethoven. This was Berlioz when he wrote the Fantastic Symphony. The distance between the second and third symphonies represents perhaps the greatest step that Beethoven, the arch-enemy of custom, took in the whole course of his artistic development. It is a much greater step from the first two symphonies to the Eroica, for instance, than between the Eroica and the Fifth, or even the Fifth and the Ninth. The Eroica Symphony is truly a heroic and colossal masterpiece, that grips one the harder with every hearing.

Schubert's Symphony was well placed on the programme. It offers a striking example of how romantic a composer may be, while adhering very closely to an established classical form, and it unquestionably contains some of the most beautiful music in existence. Schubert has filled his symphonic mould with very rich and emotional substance. It is futile to speculate upon what the other two movements would have been. They are not, so far as we know, and art has seldom suffered a greater loss. Brahms' "Academic" overture brought a brilliant and exhilarating conclusion to the concert. At the concerts of next week the centenary of Franz Liszt will be observed with a special programme: Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes"; Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia"; piano concerto in E-flat; Symphonic poem, "Tasso; lament and triumph"; soloist, Rudolph Ganz.

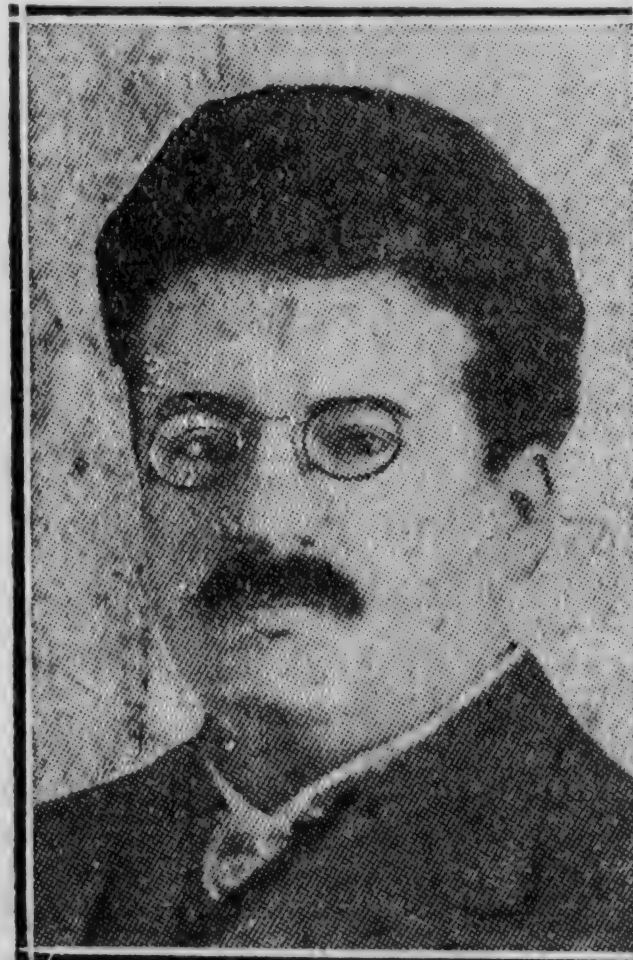
Mr. Ganz Frees His Mind

Mr. Ganz, who played Liszt's two pianoforte concertos at the Symphony Concerts in Boston and Cambridge last week, is not likely to be heard here again in the few months that he is to spend in America. Pianoforte recitals are still precarious ventures in Boston, unless the pianist is very eminent or has an assured following, and Mr. Ganz hesitates to risk one. The more the pity, since he is a pianist of mind who surveys broadly the music that he plays and who can reflect shrewdly upon it. He said, the other day to a reporter of Musical America: "What people seem to like is something that they can play without putting forth mighty technical efforts. They like just such affairs as Rachmaninoff's famous prelude, in which the chords fall easily into the hands and in which one can keep the pedal down through entire measures. But I do not mean to imply by this that the piece in question is poor music. It is very good, indeed, even though its origin may be traced to one of the compositions of Henselt. Debussy is another who depends totally on the pedal for his effect. Without the pedal colorings what would be left? There are interesting details of the same nature in the music of Ravel. But the field of neither of these two is very wide.

Ravel can produce about three kinds of piano music, Debussy four.

"In Busoni and Godowsky we have something distinctly new in the way of an unusual style of polyphony. But the man whose writing holds out an immense degree of attraction to me and who seems in some respects even the superior of Liszt is Alkan—dead for almost thirty years and still practically unknown. When I play Alkan the critics are sure to pounce upon me. . . . The critics may write what they please about it and the old-timers may think what they like. But there are a great number of exquisite little short pieces of Alkan's that no one ever hears today. He has also written twenty-four organ preludes for four pedals. They are difficult to perform and the feet of the two players have to cross each other at times; wherefore they might prove additionally enjoyable to persons who were in love or who desired to be married. Next year will be the thirtieth anniversary of Alkan's death. Then perhaps some of his music will come into prominence long enough to attract attention and win the admiration of all who are not afraid of undergoing a little rigorous technical labor for a good cause."

Trans. — Oct. 23, 1916



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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

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Programme.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE, to the OPERA "Lodoïska"
(First time at these concerts)

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I. Allegro non troppo
II. Andante moderato
III. Allegro giocoso
IV. Allegro energico e passionato

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NEWS OF MUSIC

Mr. Zimbalist Again

Trans. Nov. 6/11

THOSE that have wondered whether Mr. Zimbalist was a violinist of one piece, Glazounoff's concerto, which he had polished to extremes of perfection may dismiss their speculations. Yesterday, with the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York, he played Tchaikowsky's concerto—a much more exacting piece on its technical musical and imaginative sides. Glazounoff's concerto contains only amiable fancies for the violin; Tchaikowsky's is rich and various in idea, mood and emotion. With one accord the reviewers in New York found Mr. Zimbalist sufficient to his new task and more remarkable in it than he had been in his first venture. Mr. Henderson, in the Sun, may speak for them. "Mr. Zimbalist," he writes, "disposed of the difficulties as if they were the pastimes of his leisure moments. Never before have the alarming passages, filled with flying and complicated position shifts, almost agonizing finger stretches, and challenges against the possibilities of intonation in double stops, been thrown off here with such incredible swiftness, smoothness, certainty and unflinching beauty of tone."

"Mr. Zimbalist's performance was a triumph of technical virtuosity, but it was not merely that. Dazzling swiftness and accuracy were paired with musical beauty, and in the achievement of this the young man's bewitching tone, which on the G string rivals the 'cello and on the A mates with the eloquence of a dramatic soprano, was the first factor. With it went captivating delicacy of nuance, fine taste in phrasing and withal a sentiment which had elegance, tenderness and artistic continence to commend it. The performance of the cadenza of the first movement was superb. The singing of the cantilena of the second had compelling charm. The riotous vigor of the finale had the rude splendor of the true Russian spirit. Altogether it was a most notable piece of violin playing." Perhaps this is the moment to say that London counts Mr. Zimbalist as excellent in Brahms's concerto, which is far removed, especially in its intellectual exactions and in its sublimated moods, from Glazounoff's or Tchaikowsky's. By every token, Mr. Zimbalist is to be the interesting and remarkable violinist of the current season. It is a pity that we in Boston shall hear him so seldom. He announces a recital for next week, and he has already played at the Symphony Concerts. New York, with its three or four series of orchestral concerts, far outstrips us in its opportunities to hear the virtuosi.

THE NEW WAYS WITH BRAHMS'S SYMPHONIES

Trans. Oct. 30, 1911

Mr. Fiedler's Eloquence with Them on Saturday—Zimbalist and a Hushed Audience—The Figaro's Article Denying Maeterlinck's Visit to Boston—Another Opera by a Bostonian—Forthcoming Programmes—Pachmann on Himself—Mr. Hammerstein Near the Test in London—Minor News

IN the three years and more during which Mr. Fiedler has been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra he has led no symphony of Beethoven so characterizingly and impartingly as he did the "Eroica" two weeks ago. And in all that time he has led no symphony of Brahms so justly and revealingly as he did the symphony in E-minor on Friday and Saturday. Of course, he read the symphony in the emphatic and colorful fashion which has become the way of the newer generation of conductors with Brahms's music and which opens and illuminates it. Not long ago the conductors seemed to regard Brahms's symphonies as music written in dry point. Now they take them as music that has color as well as line. Once they were all for working them out as designs in tone. Now, they would fill them with a characterizing emotional eloquence. They heighten them with broad strokes; they animate them with vivid detail. Let the horns (of which Brahms was a discerning and subtle master) sound as stirringly as they do in Wagner's music-dramas. Let the drums be beat as Mahler used to have them smitten in Beethoven symphonies. Modulate pace, lay on the rhythms as Mr. Fiedler did in the finale; open the tonal mass for details; let the strings spare not an ounce of muscularity. Perhaps the conductors are going to the other extreme nowadays. Some of the austere purists will have it that they make Brahms's music too emphatic, restless and colorful; that they deprive it of its "intellectual" quality. They may or they may not be overdoing their present versions of it; but anyhow they have made Brahms music more interesting, stirring and human than it ever was before. And he was a man as well as an intellect.

The audience applauded this new-fashioned Brahms warmly. It was warmer still toward Mr. Zimbalist when he had finished his concerto; and it listened to him, as he played, with what an Irishman might have called an audible hush, so still was the hall, so rapt were orchestra and listeners both in the beauty of his tone, the perfections of his playing. When the orchestra did enter with its voices, they seemed to come from another and a ruder world. Mr. Zimbalist's playing was as flawless as it had been on Friday, as even in all its refinements and subtleties, as full of the distilled beauty of pure musical sound. Perhaps his flageolet tones whispered yet more softly—and most violinists make them squeak—perhaps his gradients of tone, especially in passages of transition were still more subtle; his "passage work" still more idealized out of virtuosity. And then, the relentless Bantock with all the breadths and emphases, the rhetoric and riot, the evocations and expansions of "Dante and Beatrice." After all, in this good and stirring musical time, music "do" range. H. T. P.

BANTOCK AND ZIMBALIST

A NEW TONE-POEM AND A NEW VIOLINIST

The English Composer's "Dante and Beatrice" Played for the First Time in America—Music of More Rhetoric Than Imagination—Mr. Zimbalist Proves a Violinist of Poised Perfections in a Concerto by Glazounoff That Is Only a "Vehicle"—The Beauty of His Tone—An Old Overture by Cherubini and a Symphony by Brahms

After the classics of an anniversary concert and the four-fold Liszt of a centenary concert, Mr. Fiedler made his fourth programme, yesterday afternoon, almost wholly of novel pieces. One Cherubini's overture to his opera, "Lodoiska," was played "for the first time at these concerts" though it is more than a century old and was in the repertory of the Harvard Musical Association. Another, Glazounoff's concerto for violin, was played "for the first time in Boston," because Mr. Zimbalist, a pupil of the Auer for whom it was written, elected to play it. The third, Bantock's tone-poem, "Dante and Beatrice," was played "for the first time in the United States," and only five months after the original performance last spring in London. Between the overture and the concerto stood Brahms's final symphony in E-minor, for a relatively familiar piece that it was surely "correct" to applaud. "Correct" or not, the audience was pleased with Mr. Fiedler's novel pieces and applauded them heartily and unashamed. For a "novelty" Mr. Bantock's tone-poem was very warmly received; and the old overture of Cherubini was clapped deservedly.

With the concerto, which is in no respect remarkable, the piece was swallowed in the performance. Mr. Zimbalist, the violinist, who was playing for the first time in America proved an agreeable and unaffected youth, a little suggesting Mischa Elman in appearance, but of more refined and less Slavic lineaments. He has attained a poised and curiously even perfection in the subtlest technique of the violin. He draws from it a tone that is lovely of voice, elastic of curve, sensitive to every phrase, never forced, never thinned, that is pure sound sublimated, idealized. And he seemed to feel his music less as the expression of mood and emotion than of the abstract beauty and charm of sound. Seldom has the violin seemed a more perfect or a more impersonal instrument. The audience acclaimed the violinist. Beside Mr. Zimbalist, Brahms had been no more than "correctly" applauded.

Moreover, for final tribute to the interest of the concert, the heavy-handed Bantock held the women's hats in their laps to the very end of his tone-poem.

Mr. Bantock is Lisztian in his new tone-poem. For once he has put the Orient and all its voices, pictures and moods behind him. In "Dante and Beatrice," he has written a symphonic poem of approved musical pattern to almost as certain rhetorical effect. There is a melody of Dante and a melody of Beatrice. Each is exposed and developed, as the analysts say; each has its own and its contrasting sections in the development of the tone-poem, and both are fused at the end, as the loves of Dante and Beatrice were fused, when he moved "close at her side and in the happy world" of Paradise. Mr. Bantock treats each theme rhetorically, with all the devices of changeful pace, rhythms, evasive or emphatic harmonies and instrumental timbres that his musical learning and his orchestral imagination can conjure. It is a very full tone-poem, full of notes, full of emphatic sound. The theme of Dante is first "exposed," and it does not much impress the imagination. It is then developed at length in sombre, restless music, now poignant, now clangorous, grim of voice, dark or lurid of instrumental color. The poetic, the delineative purpose seems clear enough. We are to look with the eyes of our ears upon a picture of the poet in the medieval turmoil of Florence, in the wars of his time, in his mournful and tortured life, and music and "programme" keep pace well.

There is pause and a transitional passage for violin and harp as though they would evoke Beatrice. The clarinet sings her; at first the melody seems a little tame; then as Mr. Bantock develops it in fuller and fuller progressions, it touches and seizes. There is warm luminosity in it. Again "the programme," the poetic impression is clear in the music. The tone-poem proceeds turbulently, rhetorically, rather brokenly. The melodies of Dante and Beatrice and scraps and suggestions of them appear and reappear. There are changeful rhythms and detail upon detail of instrumental rhetoric. The learned analyst in London bade the listener see—again with the eyes of the ear—Dante by the banks of Lethe, a procession of patriarchs and prophets upon which he looks, a vision of Beatrice in Paradise and other sights of the poet's "Purgatory." Perhaps and perhaps; but the sound, yesterday, was the sound of orchestral rhetoric that summoned none of these esoteric visions. It was easy to appreciate Mr. Bantock's restless imagination and opulent orchestral resource. It was not easy to read or feel his "tone-poetry." The end is clearer; the fused themes bear the united pair into a high heaven of Strauss-like transfiguration, of golden-toned beatitude. Then Mr. Bantock's exercise in orchestral rhetoric was done. He—and we of the audience—were breathless. May he

profit by his exercise when next he has more to say.

Glazounoff, perhaps, was not far from Mr. Bantock in his concerto for violin, which also is of the rhetoric of music, though of much milder voice than the English tone-poem. It exists primarily for the playing violinist; it provides him with plentiful opportunities for instrumental song duly shaded and colored by the other orchestral voices; it seldom dries away into mere "passage-work"; it is ingenious in transition, and agreeably spirited and rhythmic in the finale. Glazounoff has a practised orchestral hand; his imagination, within limits, works easily to easily apprehended results. When the concerto was done, the ear recalled hardly a measure of the music. It was full instead of the beauty of Mr. Zimbalist's tone, of the poised perfections of his playing. There is little mood or emotion in the concerto; it only gives the violinist ordered sounds to transmute. Mr. Zimbalist's means were a very complete and subtle command of the technique of the violin, a tone that caressed and fascinated the ear; an unusual feeling for the disembodied beauty of musical sound.

The evenness of Mr. Zimbalist's technical skill is remarkable. He is deficient in no element of it; he emphasizes none. He is subtle without affectation; he commands by beauty and not by power. He is surprisingly poised and even. His tone is like his technique. It is perfectly even, perfectly pure. It has not an idiosyncrasy, a falsity, a flaw. It is the beautiful voice of the violin, seeming to flow spontaneously from the violinist's hand as the distilled beauty of such sound. It never seeks power at the cost of harshness, or meretricious display at the expense of musical feeling. It flows in sustained and pliant curves that have no edge, that bend to every phrase, that are sensitive to rhythm, that seem to make their own transitions and to turn cadenzas into gentle rhapsodies. A violinist who can achieve such a tone, so ordered and so sensitive, who can so fuse it or contrast it with the other instrumental voices, has indeed the sense of music. It was all as impersonal as though no slender, smooth-faced, wholly absorbed, wholly simple-mannered youth was standing between orchestra and audience. Yet out of a very distinct and unusual personality must come such feeling—and such achievement—in beautiful sound. Mr. Zimbalist is more than a violinist for violinists. He would have won Balzac's personage who sought many years for the ultimate beauty of disembodied tone.

Cherubini's old overture was good to hear, and Mr. Fiedler read Brahms's symphony more eloquently than he did when he last undertook it. The orchestra, too, stood the conductor and the music in good stead. It is hard to recall when it has played with such euphonious, unforced and

polished quality of tone as it brought to Cherubini's overture. The strings played the polished old phrases transparently, edgelessly. The wood-winds sang Lodoiska's plaintive melody to wistful beauty. And in Brahms's symphony conductor and band gained exactly the dusky tonal quality of the music and the cellos most of all in the songful monotony of the slow movement. Familiar as the symphony is in twenty-five years of repetition, it still has its strangeness. The music is not of the carefully reflective Brahms, who saw the end of all he undertook from the beginning; who accomplished it—not without calculation along the way; who had himself and his music altogether in hand. Beside the usual Brahms, there is a morbid strain in this final symphony, expressing itself most in some of the harmonies, finding pleasure perhaps in the willed intricacies of the finale. The music is melancholy music, a little heavy-spirited even in its "jocose" allegro and so labelling it, perhaps, in that same morbid strain of self-consciousness. Brahms may be abstruse, but he is usually self-contained, while in the constant changes of music and mood in the first movement, in the reiterations of the second, in the labored surface robustness of the finale, he seems restless, perturbed, a little inarticulate. The athletes have a phrase "muscle-bound." Brahms seems "mood-bound" in this last symphony. Mr. Fiedler sympathized, but no more than any other conductor could he release composer and music.

Old Cherubini proffered no such perplexities. He had the heritage of the eighteenth century—knowing exactly what he wished to say, and how he would choose to say it. The wonder was that his voice sounded so fresh after all these hundred years. The horn-calls, the detached phrases, the clean harmonies of the introduction touched the fancy, though it knew not a tittle of the tale of love and adventure that "Lodoiska" tells. There were bold strikes, even a hint of theatrical bustle in the overture. Ingenuity and charm heightened the mild dramatic "feel" of the music. After all, we moderns did not quite invent dramatic music. There were Gluck and Rameau—and at times also Cherubini. H. T. P.

NEW VIOLINIST AT SYMPHONY

Efrem Zimbalist Plays for First
Time in America at Fourth
Rehearsal.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

Glazounoff's Concerto and Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice" Given.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, played for the first time in this country. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Lodoiska".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 4, E-minor.....Brahms
Concerto for violin and orchestra.....Glazounoff

"Dante and Beatrice," poem for orchestra.....Bantock

Bantock's poem was performed for the first time in this country and Glazounoff's concerto was played for the first time in this city. Cherubini's overture was played for the first time at these concerts. It was performed by the Harvard Musical Association in the 70s; but neither Theodore Thomas, visiting Boston, nor any one of Mr. Fiedler's predecessors thought it worthy of a place on a program. While it is not so noble a composition as the overture to "Anacreon," or so interesting as other familiar overtures by Cherubini, it has the clearness of thought, the clean-cut expression, the classic profile peculiar to this composer, and the second theme has characteristic suavity and Attic simplicity. When "Lodoiska" was first performed, the instrumentation excited comment. They that are forgetful or ignorant of the orchestral treatment in French opera before Cherubini arrived in Paris may now shake the head at the contemporaneous wonder and praise. Unfortunately, in 1911 it is impossible to listen to music of 1791 with the ears, trained or naive of that year.

Mr. Zimbalist chose a concerto unknown to the audience. His performance was of much greater worth than the concerto, which has few salient pages and no great or original moments. This music is in the later style of Glazounoff, who gave great promise in his "Stenka Razin." It is fluent, colored, at times ingenious, but decorative, not emotional, for in the slow melodies, although there is a striving after emotion, there is no rising above mere prettiness. Mr. Zimbalist is one of the most accomplished violinists that have visited this city in recent years. His technic is highly developed, and although he is only about 22 years old, he is already a virtuoso of the first rank. He is much more than a virtuoso in the lower meaning of the word, for he has fine taste and

true musical feeling. He is delightfully free from prima donna airs and graces. His modesty is not feigned, and there is a modesty that is more distressing than pronounced arrogance. He was enthusiastically and deservedly applauded.

Bantock's "poem" is built on two themes, one of which may be supposed to be typical of Dante, the other of Beatrice. Each theme is worked laboriously and for the most part without real effect. The two themes are brought together at the close. It is impossible to deny this composer an intimate knowledge of orchestral resources. He knows his trade and at times produces plausible effects. He also knows and remembers the works of other composers, from Meyerbeer to Puccini; not that he helps himself flagrantly, but his moods are sometimes the moods of others. Unfortunately his themes have little character. Neither one can be said to be typical of the person supposed to be portrayed, and neither one is striking in itself. The cadenzas and the assumed simplicity of the measures introducing Beatrice are decidedly cheap. In spite of a few brilliantly sonorous passages the composition is labored and pretentious. And it is long drawn out with its tiresome repetitions of insignificant matter.

The performance of Brahms's symphony was effective, much more so than the last performance of the same work led by Mr. Fiedler, who was happier yesterday in his choice of tempi, treatment of details, and breadth and warmth of interpretation.

The program of the concerts next week will include Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and d'Indy's "Istar" variations.

MORE ABOUT HATS AT REHEARSALS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I have read with interest a recent letter in your columns by "B" on the hat and coat problem at the Symphony rehearsals.

He does not say that the unnecessary and inconsiderate struggle to adjust hats, coats, etc., begins even before the last intermission by those who are leaving before the last number, that everyone back of the first few rows suffers, that the neighbors of the struggler are frequently drawn in to assist in the tucking in of sleeves, etc. The thing has gone steadily from bad to worse. The last number amounts to little more than the tune played by the orchestra at the theatre at the end of the play.

Personally, I would rather these ladies wore their hats all through the concert as in the old days. It would certainly help if "B's" suggestion were adopted. I hope that more letters like "B's", and possibly some action by the management, may lead the thoughtless ones to do a little thinking.

W.

SYMPHONY OFFERS MANY NOVELTIES

Special — Oct 26, '11
Efrem Zimbalist, Russian
Violinist, Makes American Debut.

Yesterday's Symphony matinee was a gilt-edged event. Efrem Zimbalist, a young Russian violinist, made his American debut in a Glazounoff concerto never heard here before; a virtually unknown Cherubini work, the overture to the long since forgotten opera "Lodoiska," was given for the first time at a Symphony concert; and a tone poem by Granville Bantock, called "Dante and Beatrice," had its initial performance on this side of the North Atlantic ferry. It was a veritable round-up of novelties. But too much novelty mars a concert.

Zimbalist's artistic performance was glory enough for one afternoon. The newcomer is quite unlike his compatriot, Mischa Elman, in appearance and in manner. He is rather small and boyish-looking for his age, but he has the air of a veteran who has fore-sworn vanity and thinks not of himself but of his art. Elman is a youth of leonine individuality. Zimbalist is not a youth of striking personality at all, but only the master player, the sympathetic interpreter, the creator of prodigiously pure tones. Zimbalist's art does not lack virility or brilliancy, but its most prominent characteristics are flawless technique and a poetic feeling that seems to anathematize the raspy tone. The concerto itself was not particularly interesting. It was an instance of the performer magnifying the composition.

Zimbalist was recalled warmly several times when the fireworks were over. He could not have made his first appearance in this country before a friendlier or more appreciative audience.

The Bantock tone poem has a flash-light sort of brilliancy proceeding from a succession of stunning climaxes. But it is a praiseworthy work, nevertheless, with indisputable marks of unborrowed distinction; and it is to be regretted that it came at the end of the program, when so many persons had left the

hall. It would have been better to put it at the beginning of the program, for though the Cherubini overture proved pleasing it did not prove indispensable. The performance of the Brahms symphony in E minor, No. 4, was notable for its heartiness and not for its polish.

AMERICAN DEBUT BY ZIMBALIST

Best American — Oct 26, '11
By FREDERICK JOHNS.

Efrem Zimbalist is the name of the latest violinist. He made his American debut at the Symphony Rehearsal yesterday afternoon in a concerto by the Russian Glazounoff, which was also a novelty in Boston.

Zimbalist is a pupil of Leopold Auer, the celebrated violinist and teacher who, though a Hungarian, makes his home in St. Petersburg. Auer produced Mischa Elman and the report had it that Zimbalist was the equal of that extraordinary youth.

We know that he has an excellent technique, a rich and beautiful tone and a capacity for varied expression. Yesterday he lacked the magnetic qualities which make audiences get excited about violinists. The applause he received was perfunctory rather than enthusiastic. The concerto was rather conventional but not without charm.

An extremely interesting orchestral novelty is Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice," a tone poem which received its first American performance. Bantock is probably the greatest living English composer, not forgetting Sir Edward Elgar.

Now he is snugly located in a professorship of music in an English college. His "Omar Khayyam" was performed in Boston last winter by the Symphony-Cecilia combination.

Bantock has adopted the rather conventional idea of declaring two themes, one for Dante and one for Beatrice and happily uniting them. As descriptive music there isn't much to make you think of the poet, his sweetheart or even the period in which they lived. Taken, however, as music it is a very charming composition, full of unexpected orchestral effects and lyric beauties. It is an interesting example of a composer taking full advantage of a modern orchestra to produce good music.

Cherubini's Overture to the opera "Lodoiska" was played for the first time at these concerts, despite the fact that it is a century and a quarter old. It proved to be a spirited and fascinating piece.

Sym. Rehearsal Seats
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
BURKE Adams House Oxford 942
(A)

"DANTE AND BEATRICE"

MR. BANTOCK'S NEW SYMPHONIC

Travis — POEM Oct 26, 1911

The First Performance in America at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow — The "New" English Composers — Bantock's Choice and Handling of His Idea — The Musical Sections Into Which the "Poem" Falls — The Orchestration

TEN or fifteen years ago, when new music from an English composer was announced, most of us outside Britain set our teeth and prepared to be bored. Since Purcell there had hardly been a composer who had "the divine fire." Handel, in the middle of the eighteenth century, Germanized England; Mendelssohn, at the beginning of the nineteenth, dry-polished it; and thereafter English composers followed all the academic traditions of the Germans. Such sincere followers as Mackenzie, Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry were, no doubt, and are, an honest delight to the merely technical musician, but to the average concert-goer they were and are a joyless crew. One of the few flashes of color in all that time (barring the light music of Sullivan) was the now neglected Goring Thomas, who plays on our heart-strings with the sentimentality of the sensitive romanticist driven to loneliness by the hard formalism about him.

Now the traditions and ideals of the dominant English composers are very different. "Divine fire" is their specialty, but as yet there is no consensus of opinion whether their fire is really that of Prometheus or merely stage lycopodium. Certainly the music of Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" is worthy of its subject. There is also much music of the English composers that sounds strained and learned, even in its iconoclasm. Or else it rushes, in new license, to the other extreme of frank theatricalism. But whatever the quality of their work, they make their appeal to us as ultra-modern romanticists. They are still continental, only they are following the new gods instead of the old.

Granville Bantock is the composer to whom we look for the most gigantic idol-smashing in the British Isles. In his conservatory days he was once conducting a tumultuous composition of his own which the school orchestra was playing. One of his instructors entered in alarm and asked what the hubbub was. "That," replied the young student, "is hell." Shortly after leaving the conservatory he projected a cycle of twenty-four sym-

phonic poems on one subject. These two characteristics, technically known as iconoclasm and Titanism (both considered typically modern), have been evident in most of his work since. He also has the modern's fine command of orchestral resources, his skill in counterpoint, and his love of dissonance for its own sake. He is industrious and ambitious and fully equipped.

In "Dante and Beatrice," which Mr. Fiedler will perform at the Symphony Concerts Friday and Saturday for the first time in America, we have a symphonic poem which falls into this category. The composer takes as his theme the romance of the famous lovers and their reunion in Paradise. There are certain drawbacks to such a theme. For modern music, with its triple brass choir, its tympani, and its rasping dissonances, is peculiarly expressive of earthly tumult and glory, of "the joys of the flesh and the sorrows that wear out the soul." Dante's love was the ethereal one, "the desire for something afar from the sphere of its sorrow." He records not the slightest concern at the marriage of Beatrice; reputable biographers have even asserted that Beatrice never lived in the flesh, but was merely the poet's idealization of woman in the abstract. It is rather Mozart who could have written such a love into music—if he had been composing symphonic poems. But earthly tumult there is in Bantock's music, and not a drum nor a tuba is spared in deference to Beatrice's calm and spiritual existence in heaven.

Nowadays we can almost draw a brief for the symphonic poem. Bantock adopts a rigidly logical scheme. He divides his work into four distinct parts; the first sings of the poet, profound, gloomy, and powerful; the second of Beatrice, the lovely, the spiritual, who adorned Florence and chummed with the angels; the third describes Dante's struggles to realize his ideal, his plunges into political and military strife, his fits of despair, his will to attain to the regions where God lives and loves; then purified through struggle he sees his vision face to face, and through the express command of the Almighty is united with her in Paradise. To this extent the sections are unmistakable. Further than this it would be dangerous to read into the score, except for one's own delectation, for the composer left no "program" to diagram his poem. But since the work is long and complex he has taken pains to state the chief elements of it definitely and vigorously.

The first, or "Dante," section opens with a theme on the kettledrums, foreshadowing the melody which is to stand for the poet throughout the work. This melody, broad and dignified, is stated by

the clarinet, violin, cello and bass, accompanied by drum taps and a roll on the tympani. It is not unlike the theme to which Tasso stalked among the canals of Venice last Saturday. The oboes and bassoons sing a mournful tune in thirds, which is perhaps expressive of pain. Then, as the tempo becomes still more restrained, there sounds forth from the English horn, clarinets and cello the Beatrice theme, while the strings and oboes wall in thirds at the top of their registers. Furtive reminiscences of the Dante theme, and then the strings in unison repeat the poet's melody, while the brass thunders its strenuous accompaniment. A new chromatic motive introduced here in the strings and the brass seems to symbolize the poet's striving. Episodes of massed sound follow, each with greater vigor and power than the preceding. Finally the Dante theme returns, glorified and reinforced by the complete orchestra. The whole of this section is simple, almost elemental, with long measures sustaining a single pure chord, with counterpoint that is stern and almost crude.

The "Beatrice" section is introduced by arpeggios on the harp and cadenzas on the solo violin. Then the clarinet gives out the theme, smooth, ideal, yet not without a touch of passion. It is taken up in four-part harmony, answered by fragments from other instruments woven into the musical fabric—one of the finest episodes in the work. The agitato passage following is dominated by a triplet figure in the clarinets and cello, and this broadens into an allargando for full orchestra which synthesizes, as it were, all the qualities of the heroine.

The third section, that of earthly struggle, contains a number of distinct episodes. It opens with the motive of striving, intermingled with the mournful thirds and the theme of Beatrice. Then the first of the three dominates the whole orchestra, working in half-steps all the way up the octave. In the allegro con fuoco which follows, the poet is perhaps attempting to consume his longing in his struggle against the Ghibellines and the aristocratic tradition. Then he stops short, as though in the midst of battle he saw Beatrice, not with the joy of adoration, but with the holy sorrow of his longing for an unattained ideal. Again the fight, and again the meditation on far-off things. Then, the struggle, with the chromatic passage now leading downward, as though into the inferno. Still Beatrice is with him, the horns holding out against the pessimistic rush of the strings. The fine fortissimo episode following is an idealization of Beatrice, which occurs soon again piano to the tremolo accompaniment of the strings. Suddenly there comes a violent agitato passage, the despair of helpless energy. The mood changes completely,

and a mournful figure on the Beatrice theme strikes a note of sorrowful resignation. It is as though the strife had purged the poet's soul of its earthly dross. For Dante's theme follows, for the first time in the major, accompanied by ascending scales in the harp and bass strings. A short strife, and the Beatrice theme sounds out in triumph, clear and loud.

The final section, the apotheosis, is especially rich in orchestration. The Beatrice theme in the bass is invested with a rich radiance from the harp and trumpets and the woodwind in staccato arpeggios. Then silence, and the trombone choir has an impressive passage pianissimo, as though the Lord himself were giving his sanction to the reunion of the lovers. The final episode is calm and exalted. The themes of Dante and Beatrice are sung for the first time together in their perfect form. The poem ends on long sustained soft chords.

H. K. M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Max Fielder, Conductor

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 27th
AND SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28th, 1911

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AT THE SYMPHONY, *Globe* Oct. 28/11 Bantock's Poem Played for First Time in America. Zimbalist, Russian Violinist, in Successful American Debut.

The fourth Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was one of new acquaintances. Granville Bantock's tone poem, "Dante and Beatrice," was played for the first time in America. Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, played for the first time in this country and introduced to Boston a concerto, op. 82, by Glazounoff. Finally Cherubini's antique overture to his opera "Lodoiska" was heard for the first time at these concerts. The symphony was the fourth in E minor of Brahms.

Bantock's new work denotes an advance in the invention and disposal of his material and in command of his orchestral resources over his choral "Omar Khayyam," heard here last Win-

ter. Then at times he is fettered by the text. Now he has taken only a general "program" and has written with spontaneity, imagination, in certain pages with the voice of a rhapsodist, yet not without a sense of symmetry and proportion.

There is also evident an appreciation for dramatic values, a power in characterization, in the expression of abstract thought and in creating the atmosphere which surrounds and denotes an individuality, as that of Beatrice and the poet.

The themes have character, and their development is marked by a fertility in harmonic and contrapuntal devices and by a freedom from the hackneyed formulas that were to be found in Bantock's earlier work. There are effective contrasts of rhythm, dynamics and of orchestral color, combinations of tonal tints that at times surprised by their novelty, groupings of instruments suggestive of a descriptive or emotional idea, or used merely to enrich the euphony.

Bantock's palette is one of Oriental luxuriance. His tonal coloring and the richness of his melody exhales a tropical fragrance. It may be that in his pages treating of Beatrice his solo violin scarcely reproduces the vision of ethereal virginity that Wolf-Ferrari drew with such chaste and exquisite art in his "New Life," but as a work throughout this is conceived in a bolder, more tangible and more dramatic vein. Not that Bantock's Beatrice loses the halo of worshipfulness, but the light which plays about her face reveals it somewhat less pale in its adorable serenity.

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The celestial benediction was less convincing. Light which filters through stained glass windows of a cathedral may be for Debussy in his "St Sebastian," but less for Bantock. The music, which may be taken to symbolize the poet in his adoration, aspiration and struggle, is to be heard a second and a third time with new appreciation. Through it streams the memory of the emet in childhood with his adored, which illumines the years as by a path of silver.

Mr Fielder had obviously prepared the new work with great care, and the orchestra, individually, for Mr Witte and Mr Grisez were conspicuous, and as an ensemble, played with technical mastery and with understanding.

Youth is having its day as lord and mistress of the violin. First came the brilliant Elman as a flame of fire; last year Miss Parlow, scarcely out of her teens, and now from the same Auer at St. Petersburg, Zimbalist, a modest young Russian who makes no ado over his audience or himself, but who plays with the spirit and the quiet technical command of an artist.

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the clarinets, violas, celli and basses, accompanied by drum taps and a roll on the tympani. It is not unlike the theme to which Tasso stalked among the canals of Venice last Saturday. The oboes and bassoons sing a mournful tune in thirds, which is perhaps expressive of pain. Then, as the tempo becomes still more restrained, there sounds forth from the English horn, clarinets and celli the Beatrice theme, while the strings and oboes wall in thirds at the top of their registers. Furtive reminiscences of the Dante theme, and then the strings in unison repeat the poet's melody, while the brass thunders its strenuous accompaniment. A new chromatic motive introduced here in the strings and the brass seems to symbolize the poet's striving. Episodes of massed sound follow, each with greater vigor and power than the preceding. Finally the Dante theme returns, glorified and reinforced by the complete orchestra. The whole of this section is simple, almost elemental, with long measures sustaining a single pure chord, with counterpoint that is stern and almost crude.

The "Beatrice" section is introduced by arpeggios on the harp and cadenzas on the solo violin. Then the clarinet gives out the theme, smooth, ideal, yet not without a touch of passion. It is taken up in four-part harmony, answered by fragments from other instruments woven into the musical fabric—one of the finest episodes in the work. The agitato passage following is dominated by a triplet figure in the clarinets and celli, and this broadens into an allargando for full orchestra which synthesizes, as it were, all the qualities of the heroine.

The third section, that of earthly struggle, contains a number of distinct episodes. It opens with the motive of striving, intermingled with the mournful thirds and the theme of Beatrice. Then the first of the three dominates the whole orchestra, working in half-steps all the way up the octave. In the allegro con fuoco which follows, the poet is perhaps attempting to consume his longing in his struggle against the Ghibellines and the aristocratic tradition. Then he stops short, as though in the midst of battle he saw Beatrice, not with the joy of adoration, but with the holy sorrow of his longing for an unattained ideal. Again the fight, and again the meditation on far-off things. Then the struggle, with the chromatic passage now leading downward, as though into the inferno. Still Beatrice is with him, the horns holding out against the pessimistic rush of the strings. The fine fortissimo episode following is an idealization of Beatrice, which occurs soon again piano to the tremolo accompaniment of the strings. Suddenly there comes a violent agitato passage, the despair of helpless energy. The mood changes completely,

and a mournful fugue on the Beatrice theme strikes a note of sorrowful resignation. It is as though the strife had purged the poet's soul of its earthly dross. For Dante's theme follows, for the first time in the major, accompanied by ascending scales in the harp and bass strings. A short strife, and the Beatrice theme sounds out in triumph, clear and loud.

The final section, the apotheosis, is especially rich in orchestration. The Beatrice theme in the bass is invested with a rich radiance from the harp and trumpets and the woodwind in staccato arpeggios. Then silence, and the trombone choir has an impressive passage pianissimo, as though the Lord himself were giving his sanction to the reunion of the lovers. The final episode is calm and exalted. The themes of Dante and Beatrice are sung for the first time together in their perfect form. The poem ends on long sustained soft chords.

H. K. M.

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Max Fielder, Conductor

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His tone is not one of excessive brilliance or sensuous beauty, but of fine, well-poised purity. His sense of the pitch is practically flawless, his fleetness in rapid passages remarkable and his command of harmonics unquestioned.

Zimbalist an Artist.

Zimbalist is well versed in the demands of style, whether of broad cantalena, as the expressive melody in D flat, which one might call the beginning of the slow movement, or a brilliant bravura. His playing was admirable for its sound musicianship and freedom from affectation or display.

The three movements of the concerto continue without pause. The form and development is free. There is comparatively little here for the mere technician. The cadenza is colorless and dry, the least interesting part of the work.

The themes of the first two movements are happily chosen and lend themselves to development. Throughout both there glows darkly a passion, more repressed than avowed, the passion of the Slav, which is half melancholy. The last movement is richly scored for orchestra, but is more episodic and fragmentary.

Mr Zimbalist was warmly applauded and repeatedly recalled.

The opening bars of the andante of Brahms' symphony invite interest by their vague tonality, and a certain ascetic tranquillity pervades the movement, but the last, with its variations, is indescribably dreary. The first is a tedious thesis on development, and the scherzo a monograph of bumptious Teutonic jocoseness. Ears having endured the symphony were scarcely better prepared for the timely pieces of the day.

BOY VIOLINIST WITH SYMPHONY

Two "Novelties" Also on
Friday Programme

Efrem Zimbalist, the 17-year-old Russian violinist, made his American debut yesterday afternoon with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, on the occasion of the fourth public rehearsal of the season. For orchestral music there were two "novelties," written in 1791 and in 1911. The first was Cherubini's overture to "Lodoiska," a "Comedie Herolque" in three acts, and the second was Granville Bantock's tone-poem, "Dante and Beatrice." Brahms' fourth symphony filled out the list.

The overture of Cherubini is already nearly dead, but Bantock's overture will die sooner. Cherubini was a great formalist. He did not follow tradition because he feared it, but because he had a very rare feeling for style and nobility of structure, and believed that by such means emotion or dramatic feelings were most adequately portrayed. The Lodoiska overture cannot rank as one of

his important compositions. The Coda alone has a certain interest. The second theme shows strongly the influence of Mozart. There is a great deal of padding and repetition according to rule, and yet, this overture has a fineness of manner, a certain distinction of style absolutely lacking in the swollen music of Bantock.

Lacking Coherence

Bantock is either too hasty or too plenteous with his compositions. A frightfully active man. He writes music with the same volume and the same physical enthusiasm with which he has done every kind of day's work in the course of his checkered musical career. He knows the modern orchestra thoroughly, and scores with lamentable vulgarity and lack of taste. He is the copious inventor of melodies, but we have yet to hear a theme having true distinction from his pen. The introductory measures of "Dante and Beatrice" give a certain promise. A grandiose moment comes with the final glorification of the Dante and the Beatrice themes with all the storm and stress of which the modern orchestra is capable. But it is as if a man, with no very clear ideas in his head, sat down to write a long letter in a very short time.

This is an impression, in fact, that one constantly receives from the music of Bantock. There is no genuine coherence in his work heard yesterday, no continuity of thought. The Dante theme has a measure of dignity, the Beatrice theme is not distinguished, but it has a broad curve and a sweep which is highly effective when sufficiently orchestrated. Outside of these themes, rather commonplace, there is nothing. They are patches divided by noisy passages of the dullest sort of bombast. And this is the tone-poem to which Mr. Ernest Newman, the English music critic, alluded in 1902 as "the fine symphonic poem, 'Dante,' written last summer, and not yet performed!" If there is no present school of English music, it is not the fault of the patriots.

Mr. Zimbalist made an excellent impression. The modesty of his demeanor was particularly refreshing. He had an admirable command of the resources of his instrument; his tone is at once rich and full and refined in its quality; he is a thoughtful and exceedingly gifted musician. The concerto which he played seemed exceptionally dry at a first hearing, but the soloist made the music as interesting as possible, and perhaps even gave certain passages a value that was inherently lacking. Mr. Zimbalist was applauded with the warmest enthusiasm and recalled several times. It is a pleasure to hear that he will soon play again in this city.

The Brahms symphony alone was the work that was worth while and sufficient in itself yesterday afternoon. Many place the first and the second symphonies of Brahms highest in the category of his orchestral works, but it seems to the

present writer that there is hardly a greater and finer piece of absolute music extant than this fourth symphony, the essence of Brahms' genius, purified of its dross, impersonal in its message, as the greatest art must be, perhaps one of the noblest symbols in music of that beauty of which we dream, and in our best moments strive toward, here in the midst of death.

The programme of the concert of next week is one of unusual interest: Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture; Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faun"; D'Indy's remarkable "Istar" variations

EFREM ZIMBALIST MAKES HIS AMERICAN DEBUT

PLAYS GLAZOUNOFF'S VIOLIN
CONCERTO AT SYMPHONY

Gives Violinist Many Chances for
Display — New Bantock Tone
Poem Is Played.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Cherubini—"Lodoiska" overture.
Brahms—Symphony in E minor. No. 4.
Glazounoff—Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Efrem Zimbalist.
Bantock—"Dante and Beatrice," Tone Poem, for Orchestra.

The violinist made his debut in America at this concert; the concerto was heard for the first time here; the Bantock work had its first American performance on this occasion; all of which goes to show that Mr. Fiedler is making his last season a very interesting one, and that he is giving us plenty of novelties without neglecting the classics in the least. In fact, the programmes of our present conductor's regime will compare favorably, in their make-up, with those of any of his predecessors.

In this programme also the sane balance was preserved, and the audience was allowed to grow through the classic purity of Cherubini, and the intellectual figure-development of Brahms, into the bolder, yet melodic, vein of Glazounoff and culminate with the modern strivings and harmonic innovations of perhaps the leading English composer of the present.

It was a delightful journey. One school of music does not abolish another. Cherubini sounded more charming than ever in these fretful days of restless modulations, just as one might rest one's eyes in looking at the Parthenon after gazing upon the Taj Mahal. Pure and limpid themes, in correct counterpoise, with modest orches-

tration, and with intelligible modulations and cadences were decidedly sedative to the auditor when not used in undue proportion. An entire programme of this type, however, would have been rather stagnant. Of course the Cherubini work contained no difficulties for our orchestra, yet not every band could have portrayed the impressive purity of the vein so well. It is a somewhat difficult simplicity. Its soothing tranquillity was admirably interpreted.

The Brahms symphony one never ought to tire of, for it offers an endless feast to the intelligent listener. Brahms has not a tenth of the orchestral power of a Richard Strauss, but, per contra, Strauss could never carry out his themes so clearly and logically as his predecessor. One forgets all about the neutral-tinted scoring, in noting how wonderfully Brahms develops his thoughts without becoming either dull or unmelodic. If only some of our later orchestral composers could give us an Andante so direct and melodious as the slow movement in this symphony one would have more confidence in their sincerity.

The first movement was one considered too "Brahmsy" for ordinary comprehension. It shows the recent advance in musical auditorship that it is now readily accepted by almost any symphony audience. The little Rondo which takes the place of the Scherzo as third movement, is certainly a Scherzo in character, if not in form. Again we have Brahms the melodist, in the chief theme, while the countertheme in its more earnest character, is a fine foil to it. We fancy that most auditors enjoy the second and third movements best, but the trained musician demands not only emotion but intellectuality in combination with it, and will glory in the first and last movements of this work.

Brahms as a variationist was the equal of Beethoven, and this finale was probably inspired by Beethoven's third or ninth symphony, where the master uses a mighty variation form. But was there ever a simpler melody for variation than the Passacaglia which forms the theme of this Finale! It is not much more than a slow scale, yet the evolutions which spring from it are almost miraculous, the acme of scholarship. By the way, the name "Passacaglia" is generally derived from two Spanish words meaning "courting the streets," but there is nothing in the character of this Dance which suggests street-life, and its figures in the ball-room were quite bombastic. It is probably a mispronunciation of "Passo Gallo" (the "Rooster step"), which would describe its extreme loftiness admirably.

The reading of the symphony was again a triumph for Mr. Fiedler's intelligent conductorship. Every figure was balanced so that the fairly trained auditor could follow the composer's meaning when the simple field of melody was deserted for the more intricate paths of development. The horn, which is much used in this symphony, deserves an especial word of praise.

86
Grazzini's concerto is not a great work, but it is concise, melodic, and has plenty of display for the soloist. It is generally pensive, until its finale, when it is quite the reverse. At times it suggests the Adagio of Bruch's G minor concerto.

The solo instrument plunges at once into "medias res," and presents a soulful melody, which is an immediate letter of introduction for the virtuoso. Mr. Efreim Zimballist at once made a good impression by his liquid and expressive tone and by some fine harmonics. He has not quite the breadth of an Elman, but he is sure and serene even amidst the greatest difficulties. His work upon the G string was very beautiful, having the brooding quality of a viola.

The cadenza introduced seemed overlong, but it passed all the points of violin technique in review, and in every detail Mr. Zimballist was without flaw. But the difficulties did not end with the cadenza, for the Finale started off with a roystering theme and the solo instrument began to present skips, harmonics, left-hand pizzicato, and all the pyrotechnics of the violin.

The rollicking character of the Finale suggested a lot of Moujiks dancing a Kamarinskaja. Such a finale is a direct bid for popular enthusiasm, and it is needless to say that this followed. Mr. Zimballist was frenziedly recalled at least half-a-dozen times.

Now we came into the hot glare of modernity and the concert that began with prim correctness ended with savage intensity. After Liszt's "Dante" and "Tasso," heard last week, Bantock's presentation of Dante and Beatrice seemed rather labored, at least his Beatrice did. Without giving a programme or a fixed story to the music, this much may be established from a single hearing. There are definite "leit-motiven," especially one belonging to Dante, which is powerful enough to be first intimated upon the kettledrums, and another, sweeter and weaker theme, which is Beatrice.

There are four divisions to the "poem," which is, however, continuous. At first Dante is pictured, then Beatrice, then the passion and longing of the lover, and finally the apotheosis, the reunion in Heaven. One can form some idea of the contents from even this brief synopsis, which is about as far as it is safe to go without an especial passport from the composer. We confess to being more impressed with Bantock's recent picture of the bibulous Persian, than with this present one of the amatory Italian. He has entered squarely into Liszt's territory, but without Liszt's equipment. Yet there are some fine portions in the treatment of Beatrice, even if not as tender as Liszt's portrayal of the "Ewig Weibliche," in his Faust symphony for example. Beatrice is far less effectively drawn by the composer than the much noisier Dante, who is certainly very seldom Andante.

The very beginning is original, and we had our talented kettle-drummer in a solo, on three drums, foreshadowing the Dante

theme. There was dignity in the motive allotted to this hero, although one was astonished to find him garnished out with Siegfried's "Death Motif" from the Funeral Music in "Goetterdaemmerung." Nevertheless, once accustomed to this annexation, the treatment of the theme was noble in a high degree. Then came Beatrice, ushered in by sweeps of the harp, which Mr. Schuecker played effectively. This lady was rather chromatic for her epoch. After this there came considerable contrapuntal trouble which showed that the course of true love was not running smooth.

A cello loved a clarinette,
With deep-toned adoration,
Which caused the orchestra to fret
And led to syncopation.

The fugal treatment of the Beatrice theme, however, was as expressive and emotional as any modern counterpoint that we have heard. Impressive also is the powerful phrase of the trombones, which seems like a command to the tumult to cease. The tenderness of the celestial music which follows is another beautiful point of the work, which finally ends with an imperfect cadence long drawn-out. In short, the only weakness of the work is in its feminine side. It contains enough of majesty and beauty to make us wish to hear it soon again. Such a great modern work ought to be heard at least twice.

TRIP OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGUN

Monita Nov. 7, 1911
Members of the Boston Symphony orchestra left the South station on the Owl express for New York, over the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad early today. They occupied two 16-section sleepers, and were provided with a 60-foot baggage car.

The cities which they will visit on this southern tour will be Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford, Conn., where they will arrive Nov. 13.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It was a pleasure to read the criticism of a proposed additional orchestra in to-day's SUN, but I have been repeatedly assured that the Boston Symphony Orchestra cost about \$50,000, which deficit Colonel Higginson was delighted to make up yearly. Are you sure it is self-supporting?

NEW YORK, August 4, 1912. R. W.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN,

OVERTURE, to "The Legend of the Fair Melusina" op. 32

R. STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Thus spake Zarathustra" (freely after Friedr Nietzsche) op. 30

DEBUSSY,

PRELUDE to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (after the Eclogue of Stéphane Mallarmé)

D'INDY,

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS, "Istar" op. 42

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

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theme. There was dignity in the motive allotted to this hero, although one was astonished to find him garnished out with Siegfried's "Death Motif" from the Funeral Music in "Goetterdaemmerung." Nevertheless, once accustomed to this annexation, the treatment of the theme was noble in a high degree. Then came Beatrice, ushered in by sweeps of the harp, which Mr. Schuecker played effectively. This lady was rather chromatic for her epoch. After this there came considerable contrapuntal trouble which showed that the course of true love was not running smooth.

A cello loved a clarinette,
With deep-toned adoration,
Which caused the orchestra to fret
And led to syncopation.

The fugal treatment of the Beatrice theme, however, was as expressive and emotional as any modern counterpoint that we have heard. Impressive also is the powerful phrase of the trombones, which seems like a command to the tumult to cease. The tenderness of the celestial music which follows is another beautiful point of the work, which finally ends with an imperfect cadence long drawn-out. In short, the only weakness of the work is in its feminine side. It contains enough of majesty and beauty to make us wish to hear it soon again. Such a great modern work ought to be heard at least twice.

TRIP OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGUN

Monitor

Nov. 7, 1911

Members of the Boston Symphony orchestra left the South station on the Owl express for New York, over the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad early today. They occupied two 16-section sleepers, and were provided with a 60-foot baggage car.

The cities which they will visit on this southern tour will be Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford, Conn., where they will arrive Nov. 13.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It was a pleasure to read the criticism of a proposed additional orchestra in to-day's SUN, but I have been repeatedly assured that the Boston Symphony Orchestra cost about \$50,000, which defied Colonel Higginson was delighted to make up yearly. Are you sure it is self-supporting?

NEW YORK, August 4. 1912 R. W.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN,

OVERTURE, to "The Legend of the Fair Melusina" op. 32

R. STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Thus spake Zarathustra" (freely after Friedr Nietzsche) op. 30

DEBUSSY,

PRELUDE to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (after the Eclogue of Stéphane Mallarmé)

D'INDY,

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS, "Istar" op. 42

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

THE final pair of the first series of Symphony Concerts—before the orchestra begins its monthly journeys southward—falls on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. For it Mr. Fiedler has put together whole-heartedly a programme of contemporary, even ultra-modern, music. He precedes the three pieces so chosen with Mendelssohn's pretty romantic overture to the opera the composer only sketched, "The Fair Melusina." Then comes Strauss's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a masterpiece of intellectual faculty making music, which Mr. Fiedler has practically restored to the Symphony Concerts and which he conducts very eloquently. Then follows Debussy's beautiful and characteristic "Afternoon of a Faun," in its turn a masterpiece of evasive tonal suggestion and iridescence. To end the concert stands d'Indy's Symphonic Variations, "Istar," unheard here for six years. The Variations, virtually a tone-poem, are singular in their musical structure and in the imaginative idea that conditioned it. Of the structure Mr. Apthorp wrote when "Istar" was first performed in Boston: *Journal. Oct. 28/11*

"The theme is not given out simply at the beginning, neither is it heard in its entirety until the last variation, in which it is sung by various groups of instruments in unison and octaves, and worked up later in full harmony. Each one of the variations represents one of the seven stages of Istar's being disrobed at the gates of the 'immutable land,' until in the last she stands forth in the full splendor of nudity. The composition is so free as to resent technical analysis; but by following the poem, and noting the garment or ornament taken off, the listener can appreciate the composer's poetic or picturesque suggestiveness in his music."

Mr. Apthorp also translated the poem printed on the fly-leaf of the score:

Toward the immutable land Istar, daughter of Sin, bent her steps, toward the abode of the dead, toward the seven-gated abode where he entered, toward the abode whence there is no return.

At the first gate, the warder stripped her; he took the high tiara from her head.

At the second gate, the warder stripped her; he took the pendants from her ears.

At the third gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the precious stones that adorn her neck.

At the fourth gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the jewels that adorn her breast.

At the fifth gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the girdle that encompasses her waist.

At the sixth gate, the warder stripped her; he took the rings from her feet, the rings from her hands.

At the seventh gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the last veil that covers her body.

Istar, daughter of Sin, went into the immutable land, she took and received the Waters of Life. She gave the sublime Waters, and thus, in the presence of all, delivered the Son of Life, her young lover.

MORE ABOUT HATS AT REHEARSALS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I have read with interest a recent letter in your columns by "B" on the hat and coat problem at the Symphony rehearsals.

He does not say that the unnecessary and inconsiderate struggle to adjust hats, coats, etc., begins even before the last intermission by those who are leaving be-

fore the last number, that everyone back of the first few rows suffers, that the neighbors of the struggler are frequently drawn in to assist in the tucking in of sleeves, etc. The thing has gone steadily from bad to worse. The last number amounts to little more than the tune played by the orchestra at the theatre at the end of the play.

Personally, I would rather these ladies wore their hats all through the concert as in the old days. It would certainly help if "B's" suggestion were adopted. I hope that more letters like "B's", and possibly some action by the management, may lead the thoughtless ones to do a little thinking. *Oct. 26, 1911 W.*

In opening its season with programmes devoted entirely to the music of Franz Liszt (Friday and Sunday afternoons, October 27 and 29) the Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, will follow the example of a host of orchestral organizations in Europe. The centenary of Liszt's birth, which falls on October 22, has already been observed in many cities of the Continent in a variety of ways. At Geneva the other day a procession led by Hungarian students placed a wreath before the house in which Liszt had lived for a year and then concluded the celebration with a memorial banquet. At Vienna there is about to be unveiled a monument to Liszt, Rubinstein and Hans von Bülow, in which as a unique feature a pianoforte will be included. One of the principal orchestral works of Liszt, his "Faust Symphony," will be played at the first concert of the Symphony Society and the score will be presented in its entirety, including the tenor solo and "Chorus Mysticus." At the first public performance at Weimar on September 5, 1857, a great gathering of noted musicians was present and the new work won high appreciation. The soloist at both the Liszt concerts will be Harold Bauer, the pianist. The programmes will be entirely distinct and the concerts will take place at the Century Theatre, formerly the New Theatre. *Son. Oct. 29, 1911*

The New Violinist

Mr. Zimballist, the new violinist, who is to play for the first times in America at the Symphony Concerts this week, has been talking, in his turn, of concertos for his instrument. In the New York Times he says: "I consider Glazounoff's at least the greatest of the Russian concertos, much better than that of Tschalkowsky. But, of course, Brahms's and Beethoven's are the great concertos. Brahms's and Glazounoff's probably have more technical difficulties than the others. Brahms's is difficult because in parts it is unviolinistic. But it is a curious fact that some concertos which are easy to play, technically speaking, are the most difficult of all. Beethoven's concerto, for instance, presents no technical difficulties, but I find it harder than all the others. I shall not play Elgar's new concerto here, nor yet that of Max Reger. I heard the latter played in Berlin. It is interminable and filled with dissonant effects. Still, it has admirable passages; it is at least more effective than Elgar's concerto, which is just as long."

They each require about one hour and a half. Glazounoff's concerto is of a more modest length, about twenty-five minutes." It is Glazounoff's concerto that Mr. Zimbalist will play in Boston. He is mistaken, however, as to the length of Elgar's. When Mr. Kreisler played it in London last spring it was barely forty minutes long.

Noted Russian Violinist at Symphony Rehearsal Today

Efrem Zimbalist Will Play for
First Time in This Country,
Rendering New Concerto.

HE IS BUT 22 YEARS OLD

Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, who in a few years has made a great reputation in Europe, so that he is classed by many with Mischa Elman, will play for the first time in this country at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon.

He gives this modest account of his early life: "I was born 22 years ago in Rostow. My father was the conductor of an orchestra there, and I began to play the violin when I was very young. In fact, at the age of 9 I played Spohr concertos in public. When I was 12 years old I was playing in Petersburg and Moscow, and at this age also I began to study with Leopold Auer. I studied with him for two years, and then I was sick for a long time. Two years later I renewed my studies with him, and four years ago I made what might be called my first real appearance in Berlin. Since then I have been touring constantly."

Mr. Zimbalist might have added that he was awarded on graduation at the Petersburg Conservatory the gold medal given by the government and a prize of 1200 rubles yearly for two years. His younger brother Sacha, now studying in Germany, gives promise as a cellist. Another younger brother is studying the violin.

Mr. Zimbalist will introduce this afternoon Glazounoff's violin concerto, which was played first five or six years ago in London by Mischa Elman. The concerto has not been played here. Mr. Zimbalist considers it the greatest of the Russian concertos, "much better than that of



Efrem Zimbalist.

Tschaikowsky." He has with him a concerto by an American named John Paul of which he thinks highly. "I met him in London," he said. "He is very young and has written comparatively little as yet, but I think he is a genius." Mr. Zimbalist himself has composed works for violin and orchestra, violin and piano, also some songs.

After he was graduated he played in Berlin with success, and then, going to London in December, 1907, found himself famous the morning after his concert. He is of boyish appearance and speaks English so well that he came to this country unaccompanied.

BRILLIANT WORK BY ORCHESTRA

Nov. 4, 1911

Romantic Compositions Are
Superbly Rendered at Fifth
Public Rehearsal.

NO SOLOISTS ON PROGRAM

Strauss, Debussy and D'Indy
Represented—Even Upper
Gallery Is Filled.

By Philip Hale.

The fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Legend of the Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn
Tone Poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra".....Strauss
"The Afternoon of a Faun" (after Mallarme).....Debussy
Variations, "Istar".....D'Indy

There was no soloist; no sleek or wild-eyed violinist, no simpering soprano with a favorite aria and a surprising costume; no muscular pianist eager to engage with the orchestra in a struggle for life or death. The orchestra itself was the soloist and there is none better. It is a pleasure to add that the upper gallery was completely filled; that the house was sold out.

The program was a romantic one, for the overture by Mendelssohn, while it is less romantic, less poetic than the beautiful overture entitled "Fingal's Cave" shows the side of Mendelssohn that keeps his name alive. It is true that there are old-fashioned formulas in "The Fair Melusina," formulas that now are exasperating, not to be pardoned by reason of any quaintness or charming archaism; conventionally respectable phrases, smug and platitudinous utterances, but there are also romantic thoughts poetically expressed, pages that show the possibilities in Mendelssohn. What a pity that he was rich, pampered in his youth, patted on the head, flattered throughout his life, idolized by the English! What a pity that he could not understand Berlioz and

was not at ease hearing Schumann's music. His technic was always admirable; would that he had been less priggish, less satisfied with himself and his opinions!

The orchestra played superbly the colossal tone poem of Strauss and d'Indy's variations. It would be easy to take exceptions to tempi chosen by Mr. Fiedler in the former work. He more than once, when the composer indicated only an elastic treatment of pace, turned a slight slackening into a marked change of tempo, and at other times confused allegro with presto, but on the whole the performance was impressive. No conductor of this orchestra, however, has yet made the effect made by Mr. Paur in the stupendous opening. It was not merely an effect of overpowering sonorosity. Mr. Paur gave the idea of elemental grandeur. It was as though the heavens were opened and the universe shouted for joy.

As for the tone-poem itself, it contains pages of Strauss's best and pages that are simply technic or empty rhetoric. The flight is not so uniformly high and sustained as that of "Don Quixote" or "Heldenleben," and there are some who prefer the earlier tone poems, "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." The fact that "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is associated with Nietzsche need not impress or disturb the hearer. I doubt whether any one deeply versed in Nietzsche will for that reason appreciate this music the quicker or "understand" it better. Even the title may seem to some superfluous. Let every one hearing this music make his own program, be reminded of this or that, dream his own dream, glow with his own aspirations, exult in the mere joy of living or grow chill at the thought of the Lean Fellow with the scythe.

The effect of Debussy's exquisite idyl, pastorate, pastel, what you will, was marred by the undue slowness of the pace. The haunting theme for flute lost character in spite of Mr. Maquarre's consummate art and the various tonal pictures were shifted slowly and became too well defined and obvious.

Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" is not so familiar as it should be. In its nobility of structure, its wealth of tasteful decoration, its rich orchestral expression, as well as in the uncommon technical skill displayed by the composer, it ranks with the greatest compositions of the last 50 years. D'Indy is not yet fully appreciated; he can wait patiently; his time will come. Music like "Istar" purifies the passions, and "Istar" is on a higher plane than the tone poem of Richard Strauss, extraordinary as it is.

The program of the concert of Nov. 17, 18, will include Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and Grieg's Norwegian melody with variations. The latter, composed originally for two pianos, will be played here for the first time. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing an air from Bruch's "Achilles" and songs by Wagner, Schubert and Liszt.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Solo Nov. 4, '11
"Thus Spake Zarathustra"
 Is Heard.

O'Indy's "Istar" and "The Afternoon of a Faun" Included.

The program of the fifth Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was purely orchestral, including these numbers: Mendelssohn, "Melusina," overture; Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; D'Indy, "Istar."

It was an afternoon illustrative of the methods of a German and two Frenchmen, all moderns, in expressing concrete images or emotional ideas through tone. And who shall say that Mendelssohn's overture was not written to a "program," that of Kreutzer's opera, with its characteristic and contrasting themes? Its clarity, grace and prettiness gave pleasure yesterday to many and upon the softly expiring motive of "the fair Melusina," brought feminine and unconscious exclamations of a mild transport which even a greater poet need not have despised.

In singleness of purpose the two French works are not comparable with that of Strauss. They would each publish one principal idea, whereas the thoughts upon which the latter is built, while emanating from and pertaining to one character, are themselves various and diverse.

Titanic Tone Poem.

The hearer of Strauss' titanic tone poem is not necessarily to be concerned with what may be the metaphysical significance of the revolt of Zarathustra and of the precise balance of sense and intellect in the superman of whom he would teach. The life of Nietzsche was a perpetual revolt, against Wagner, society, his friends, and ended in madness.

Perhaps he, and after him, Strauss, conceived the "Joys and Passions" as the rebounding pendulum upon mediaeval asceticism and the mortification of the body in religious penance. Is the sodden fugue of "Science," in which the voices grovel as a mole burrows in the earth, satirical of the learning which stuffed the brain and starved the heart, and is the "convalescent" Zarathustra revived and quickened by the poetry and song of the renaissance whose poets and bards went out to hear and learn the song of the birds even as he was bidden to do?

Is Strauss himself satirical of all philosophizing when he begins his poem with the thrice-repeated sonorous figure, premise in the trumpet and confirmation in the orchestra and organ, the third time developed to such magnificent proportions as though the scroll

of the heavens were rolled back and the answer emblazoned there? Is he then the more satirical, when he has commented upon his hero's profound ethics, to end with an obdurate and eternal C major in the plucked strings of his basses, with an orchestra sustained in B major superimposed upon it, as though to wash his hands of a solution to the problem?

Reasons for the Bass C.

Other finely devised reasons have been advanced, while in Munich one may hear that Strauss, once at a rehearsal of the piece, when asked his reason for the C in the bass, simply said he wrote it C instead of B so the cellos could play it; that he could not expect them to tune down the C string in time.

Mr Puccini has also closed the first act of his "The Girl of the Golden West" with an unresolved major seventh in the aspiring violins when Johnson, a bold, bad man, has made Minnie for the first time discontent with the restricted life of the "Polka."

Whatever the obstacle, or the inspiration of a "program," Strauss clearly gives evidence at times of a cessation in the sequence of vital ideas and of his fondness for excursions into some related fancy. There is the unhalting facility in redressing up his themes in a new guise, but he reminds himself of the trumpet's text of three tones, root fifth and root, in pages that are inherently commonplace and meager in thought.

It is as music, and as the grammar and import of it as sheer sound that its final appeal must be determined. No interpretation, and not even the beauty of the divided strings in the "rear world," and of "the song of the night wanderer," can give it the coherence and balance of "Till Eulenspiegel" or of "Don Juan."

D'Indy's Theme.

An attempt to read "disgust" into the theme first in the trombones, and later widely repeated by diminution may be baffling to some, even as for those of simple minds who would nudge their neighbors during the playing of Mr D'Indy's piece, symbolical of the disrobing at Hell's gates of the beautiful Istar, and whisper with the certitude born of knowledge, "Now the warder is taking an earring," or "there goes a French heel opera pump."

Here is music sufficiently engaging of itself, in its finely imagined color contrasts and grouping, its effective rhythms, its brilliance and glow. It is, nevertheless, agreeable to remember that from the composer's process of stripping and disclosing more perfectly his thematic material, Istar finally emerges in the nude splendor of her divestiture, superbly embodied in the livid theme in octaves in the strings, with its fiery upspringing skips of the seventh.

Debussy's exquisite prelude was enjoyed. There was applause after the Strauss which Mr Fiedler and the players received together. The orchestra will make its first Southern trip next week.

every detail, and there was long sustained applause for Mr. Fiedler and his men.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

TIME LIMITS AT THE SYMPHONY

Trans. CONCERTS Nov. 10/11

Current Grumbling Over Mr. Fiedler's Lengthening Programmes—The Injustice of It—The Conductor's Point of View—The Concerts of Yesterday—Mr. Bauer Plans a Novel Recital—The Symphony Orchestra in New York—Mr. de Koven's Foolish Sayings About American Opera—Items as They Pass

IN Dr. Muck's time, the public of the Symphony Concerts debated the matter and the manner of his programmes. Now, Mr. Fiedler's choice and arrangement of pieces usually satisfies his audiences, and they discuss, instead, the length of the concerts. Undoubtedly he has gradually lengthened them. Relatively few of his programmes fall within the ninety minutes that dying precedent once prescribed. Most of them have required an hour and three-quarters and some have run, even to two hours. Mr. Fiedler shrewdly puts an attractive piece at the end of his programmes, and usually, even on Friday afternoons, he holds his audiences. They have grumbled none the less at the increasing length of the concerts, but with no very clear objection. They will not admit that they are musically satiated at the end of an hour and a half; they are merely restless, impatient, eager to be doing something else, if only it is catching a suburban train.

The conductor's view, any conductor's view is not so vague. His audiences insist upon interesting and varied programmes; he himself has standards and methods of choice and arrangement. To gratify his public and keep his artistic self-respect, he must choose from many pieces and assort them astutely. Not always can he bring his scheme within a hard-and-fast ninety minutes. He is ambitious to play much music of many periods and many styles and he would put all that he may into the twenty-four programmes of each year. All the precedents and habits of Europe favor longer concerts, much longer concerts, than audiences in America would endure. At many concerts the "soloists" devour a part of his allotted time. So the conductor goes his way, as Mr. Fiedler has done, bringing his programme as near to two hours as he dares. Not always do the concerts begin on the instant; every week there is an intermission of ten or twelve minutes length; often the recalls of the "soloist" fill another five. Rarely indeed, does the

audience listen to more than an hour and forty minutes of actual music. If it is really interested it ought to be able to endure so much and keep its receptivity fresh to the end. To chain the conductor to an hour and a half is to take elasticity out of him and out of the concerts. Besides, there may even be such a thing as an ambitious audience.
 H. T. P.

Philosophy at the Symphony Concert

IT is not idle talk of philosophy in music; and, granted the initial faith which any art demands, the fifth Symphony programme of the season, repeated Saturday evening by Mr. Fiedler, becomes a luminous instance of the philosophic idea vitalized and projected in tone. There was "Zarathustra," man entering into the region of life, above, and "Istar," man entering into the region of death, below. And there was "Melusina," man accepting his fancies for reality, and "The Afternoon of a Faun," man accepting his sensations for reality. The first two insist upon asserting some fundamental principle in life; the last two are content to describe life, in this or that mood. Such were the frank purposes of the composers. And who can say that it did not cause a fundamental difference in their music?

If in the year 1911 Harvard College is offering a course on comparative music it might well contrast pre-Darwinian and post-Darwinian music. For the former it might choose the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—life limited and to be comprehended; for the latter Strauss's "Zarathustra," life unlimited, and to be lived. The latter idea does run through modern thought—Bergson, Wells, James and Nietzsche. At the first awakening we look around and formulate, with Aristotle. Then, with Wells, doubting the instrument by which we arrive at our conclusions, we either look down and are suffocated, or look up and are transported. Nietzsche looked up. He could not look down. Professor Santayana says, "Schopenhauer lived in hotels; he was a pessimist." Poor Nietzsche had stomach trouble (or was it liver complaint?); he evolved the superman. Pitifully limited in material things, he insisted on transcending limits in things spiritual. If he had not had liver complaint, we might not have had the superman. At any rate, he saw a kind of original sin in his liver as the early Christians saw it in their eyes and tongues. And his will evolved its own redemption through vicarious sacrifice—the sacrifice of the mob and of law.

It is just this apotheosis of will at the expense of law which typifies modern music. If you are one of the "dwellers behind," as Nietzsche would say, you will insist upon having your own world finite and comprehensible, and putting the incomprehensible off in heaven with God. But to Nietzsche the incomprehensible is over there, just beyond the foothills, ultimately to be comprehended. Only, to reach it you must break the laws of cor

ventional morality—and of music. It is fair to say that Strauss could not adequately have written Nietzsche into tone in the classical form, which first of all knows its limits. Instead he proceeds from "the dwellers behind," who have their vision at the price of losing their divinity, to picture after picture of the struggling, insurgent soul, asserting its divinity, and finally finishes, or rather stops, in two keys at once. Frankly it is lawless music. And to any but the insurgent soul, which must break its laws to make its salvation, it is more or less foolish music. The overture to "The Fair Melusina," which observes the structural laws of its kind, is totally unable to tell its story, because a story goes on, whereas an overture "returns." Mendelssohn, with a fine perception of the external romance of life, did not feel that there was enough philosophic principle in it to break any academic rules. And his overture must finally be enjoyed only as absolute music. But "Zarathustra" was, to many of the audiences last week, a very real drawing of the veil from the regions which are "beyond good and evil."

SYMPHONY HALL ACOUSTICS

Trans. — Dec. 22/11
Professor W. C. Sabine, in Lowell Lecture, Tells How Carefully This Auditorium Was Planned, and Gives General Hints for Making Halls Satisfactory in Sound

The concluding lecture in his Lowell Institute course on "Architectural Acoustics," by Professor Wallace C. Sabine, was the story of the planning of Symphony Hall, with illustrations of how different auditoriums have been corrected, and some words of warning against expecting to hear well unless provision is made for the purpose in the basilicas and gothic churches which are coming so much into style.

Symphony Hall was planned with a knowledge of conditions, and it is much changed from the prospective forms. The old Music Hall had been a good one and the Gewandhaus in Leipzig was another. The new hall was placed between the two in point of reverberation. Experiments with the Symphony Orchestra were made in various auditoriums in the country, and at the same time the opinion of Mr. Gerlicke was taken for the quality of each hall. It is another notable compliment to human judgment that the trained ear and the scientific measurements agreed in their determinations.

Professor Sabine handled without gloves the older methods of correcting acoustical defects by wires, cheesecloth or by means of sounding boards, noting that they are inefficient, but traditional. Wires are of no practical effect; there is no rule for quantity or tension. Cheesecloth is in the line of improve-

ment, but so slight as to be practically negligible, while sounding boards may be even worse than useless. The dainty, decorative parabolic board set up back of the speaker is much too small to accord with his deep voice, while on the other hand it is attuned to whispers, and instead of sending the voice of the preacher over the congregation, it catches the whispers of any in its line and focusses them directly in the speaker's eye.

Much of the lecture was to the point that a great deal of architectural copying is done with little understanding of the subject of acoustics. There is now much building of fine churches in this country after the models of Byzantine or Gothic architecture. These in Europe are permissible because there no one expects to listen to the sermon. In this country it is the wish to hear the sermon so that a church which would not be considered bad on the Continent becomes here intolerable.

Achievement in the correction of imperfect auditoriums formed the major portion of the story. In a fine Gothic cathedral by a Boston architect the sound mounted to the roof and being reflected, filtered slowly down to the audience with distressing effect. Breaking the surface and addition of absorbing material in the way of decorations has improved it. The great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City was defective, but the building of galleries to give greater seating capacity remedied the trouble.

The discussion ended with a brief consideration of the Greek theatre, which has been held up as a model. The speaker argued that it was not a test of the acoustical properties to try sounds in a ruined theatre in which some of the original walls may be missing—in a place where there is grass growing along the seats. The true test is in the complete structure, with its audience and during the processes for which it is intended. The notion that one can copy a Greek theatre in outline, and in trying to adapt it to the inclement weather of northern latitudes cover it with a roof and still have it a Greek theatre is altogether wrong.

NEWS OF MUSIC

Trans. — Dec. 27/11
Symphonies and Strings

THE conductor of a symphony concert in 1911 usually assumes that he cannot play eighteenth-century music with an approximation to the numbers of the orchestra for which it was written. Haydn and Mozart, for example, wrote their symphonies for relatively small orchestras, playing in small concert-rooms, often, indeed, in the salons of "noble patrons." The conductor of 1911 must play them in a large hall and to ears habituated to modern

orchestral sonorities. There were more strings proportionately than is commonly supposed in some of the eighteenth-century orchestras that played at public concerts; but hardly the three-score voices that they usually number in our post-Wagnerian orchestras. Usually when a conductor nowadays plays a suite by Bach or a symphony by Haydn or Mozart, he uses all or nearly all his string choir, as Mr. Fiedler did with Haydn's symphony in G last week. On the other hand, he may or may not reinforce the wood-winds and the brass of the original score. Mr. Fiedler, indeed, chose to follow exactly Haydn's prescription—one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns and so forth.

Now it is true that this particular symphony was written for the "Concerts Spirituels" in Paris, where the strings were unusually numerous for an eighteenth-century band. On the other hand, as the symphony sounded to some ears last week, the strings, by the sheer weight and volume of their numbers (lightly as they were played) had somewhat too large a voice for the music, made it seem abnormally "stringy" and reduced the wind choir, outside the slow movement, to mere adorning voices. In a word, the symphony sounded out of balance as such symphonies usually do everywhere with the overwhelming strings of present orchestras. Now, it is an orchestral truism that doubling parts, as the winds are often doubled in this eighteenth-century music, does not restore the balance of tone. Why not, then, if only for the sake of the experiment, reduce the number of strings for such music? A symphony by Haydn or Mozart played by a small orchestra even in a big concert hall might not sound nearly so thin as conductors dread. For it is less the volume of tone than the quality of it that makes musical sound carry and gives it quality. The strings of the Symphony Orchestra are virtuosos indeed on this score and Mr. Fiedler might well try the experiment of something like an eighteenth-century orchestra for eighteenth-century music.

Hall.

1909-10.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

ICERT.

RY 19, AT 8, P.M.

ome.

in G major, "Oxford," (Peters, No. 9.)
mann, No. 2)

to spiritoso

retto: Trio

or two PIANOFORTES, (K. 365)

the Dead," SYMPHONIC POEM
ESTRA to the picture by A. Böcklin,

quest)

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini,"
op. 23

Soloists:

Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON

Mr. HAROLD RANDOLPH

Steinway Pianos used.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONIC SUITE, "Scheherazade" (after the
"Thousand Nights and a Night," op. 35

BRUCH,

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENT, from "Achilles"

GRIEG,

OLD NORWEGIAN ROMANCE with VARIATIONS,
op. 51

(First time in Boston)

SONGS WITH ORCHESTRA:

a) WAGNER,

"TRAUME" (Orchestrated by Felix Mottl)

b) SCHUBERT,

"DIE JUNGE NONNE" (Orchestrated by Franz Liszt)

c) LISZT,

"DIE DREI ZIGEUNER"

Soloist:

Madame ERNESTINE SCHUMANN--HEINK

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 12, 1911
A PROGRAMME OF ULTRA-MODERN
MUSIC

Strauss's "Zarathustra," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and d'Indy's "Istar"—Mr. Fiedler's Way with Strauss—A Performance of "Zarathustra" That Revealed and Heightened the Tone-Poem—Debussy and His Piece—D'Indy and His Logical Imaginings

MR. Fiedler came perilously near the "unified" programme—that so embittered the discussions of the connoisseurs in Dr. Muck's time—at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. Three of the pieces upon it were ultra-modern music: Strauss's "Zarathustra," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and d'Indy's symphonic variations, "Istar." The two French composers had the second half of the concert to themselves; and Mendelssohn's overture, "The Fair Melusina," preceded Strauss's tone-poem. Perhaps it was the grace that saved the programme from "unification"; perhaps it may have begun the concert that the dilatory might not have to wait at closed doors through the thirty-five unbroken minutes of "Zarathustra"; perhaps even Mr. Fiedler wished to suggest that Mendelssohn, despised of the ultra-moderns though he is, could write in his way delineative and even slightly "impressionistic" music. Anyhow, the overture to "Melusina" made pleasant preluding, and adjusted audience and orchestra, as the first number of a programme should, to the mood and atmosphere of a concert-room. Anyhow, again, the orchestra performed prodigies of executive skill and interpretative eloquence in the playing of Strauss's tone-poem, and the audience listened most intently to it. The riddles of "Zarathustra"—Nietzsche's book and Strauss's tone-poem—are many and difficult. Mr. Fiedler has solved the riddle of making the music intelligible, engrossing and exciting to the public of the Symphony Concerts. He revived the piece after it had lain nine years unheard here. He has played it three times in as many years. Yesterday, he had his reward. For a moment when the tone-poem ended in the last whispering questioning of the wood winds and the dark responsive murmur of the double-basses, there was silence. Then the audience awoke out of its absorption in the music, applauded it as no piece by Strauss, except "Death and Transfiguration," has been applauded within memory at the Symphony Concerts; twice recalled the conductor, and once brought the orchestra to its feet. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," which used to be the very height of æsthetic fashion, received only

scattering and feeble applause, and d'Indy's "Istar" fared not much better. The popular victory of the afternoon lay plainly in Munich and not in Paris. If the audience doubted Debussy and d'Indy, it accepted Strauss.

Yet Strauss owed much to Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra. There are fashions of "interpretation" that go and come with all the classics. Just now, for example, we must listen to incessantly modulated Schubert. The last concession that the present generation of conductors would make to him is to let him sing straightforwardly. Just now, too, we must listen to Brahms, made as sensuous, as colorful, as dramatic even, as the conductor can imagine, and the orchestra play, his music. Strauss is hardly yet a classic; but already there is a new and better fashion of "interpretation" for him. In the nineties, when his music was making its way, and for some years into the present century, the conductors and their hearers with them, seemed to be obsessed by the magnitude of his tonal masses, by the power of his sonorities, the pervading largeness and energy of the whole. At all costs, at all times, in all places, they must make his music sound big, loud, emphatic, even strident. They chose to enforce its contrapuntal intricacy, its bold instrumental combinations, its delineative use of dissonances, its intellectual force, its driving power, its occasional freaks and its occasional furies. They overlooked its frequent sensuous beauty, disturbed its moments of repose, neglected its adroit musical and imaginative adjustments.

A more discerning fashion of interpretation that is much nearer to the true Strauss has succeeded to those old frenzies of power. The conductors can be big, sonorous and puissant enough nowadays, as Mr. Fiedler was in the great sweeps of tone with which "Zarathustra" begins, or as he was again when the Superman, weary of the gropings of science and of all the confusions and hesitations of the hinterworld, rises from his convalescence and goes forth into the joy of the senses, into the fulness of life. No less do Mr. Fiedler and other conductors as penetratingly and sympathetically minded with Strauss's music seek out the passages of deep, sensuous beauty in "Zarathustra." They find them time and again, as in the music "of The Great Longing" and "of Joys and Passions," as in the mounting progressions of "The Night Song." In all these Strauss achieves beauty of mental image, of musical ideas and expression. He is writing, literally, in the poetry of tones. Again, these wise conductors have adjusted their pace, their scale of tone, their rhythms, their interpretative means generally to the varied contents, elastic design and pliant substance of these tone-poems. They have learned even, as they learned with Wagner, to keep the dry and the bare places, unemphatic. Mr. Fiedler's pro-

gression in ampler and ampler orchestral voice from the dull and clouded murmur of the double basses at the beginning of the tone-poem to the tonal splendor of the uprising of the sun and Zarathustra with it, made the music sound as magnificent, cosmic, and almost sublime as it really is. Again, he prepared the way for the "Dance Song," he so ordered its gathering course that it seemed to create itself. The detractors of Strauss have strangely called it vulgar. Mr. Fiedler's reading made it as the joy of motion and rhythm come into a world made free. With like penetration and imagination, Mr. Fiedler led the music into the troubled melancholy, the recurring riddle of the end. And what is life and what, after all, is the outcome of its studies and strivings, its joys and passions, its zest and its despair? The spirits of men question the obscurity of Fate; the depths murmur—and none may read their answer. The questioning and the answering voices of the orchestra seemed exalted, transfigured, spiritual.

Furthermore, in the doing of all these things, the conductors are clarifying "Zarathustra" and the obscure tone-poems of Strauss to the ears and the imaginations of their hearers. Mr. Fiedler did not dissect the tone-poem, but he set many a detail, like the Gregorian chant of the horns, in clear and suggestive place. He disclosed without dry pedantry, but with illuminating and proportioning imagination the musical design and contents of "Zarathustra." Then out of the music arose, as Strauss would have them rise, the images and the moods of the tone-poem. It stood forth, as it more and more seems, less as music "after" Nietzsche than as music "after" life, music in which man may read his striving, his questionings, the passion and pain, the illusions and disillusion, the joy and despair of it all. So heard, "Zarathustra" has its epical quality—of our time. So hear.

Yet there is one refuge and pleasure of man that Strauss has overlooked in "Zarathustra"—the shelter and delight of dreams and visions. Debussy discovered them early, has dwelt often in them, has even invented the music that expresses them to the ears and imaginations of his time. We go to music for expression nowadays and unless we are austere we do not question the ways and means by which the composer finds his imparting voice—when once we have become accustomed to them. It is equally easy for one set of extremists to declare that Debussy does not write music at all, and for the other set to affirm that he has created a new music. The mean of truth probably is that he has devised a musical idiom, especially in his harmonies, his juxtapositions, and his instrumental coloring, that exactly accords with the dreams, the visions, the evanescent fancies and

images that he would express in tone. Debussy's idiom, as imitators of him are daily proving, as some of his own less happy ventures suggest, is not for all purposes. You may translate "Pelléas and Mélisande" wonderfully, if you are a Debussy, into his medium; but you could hardly bear an "Electra" into it. He perfectly fuses his musical idiom and his expressive purpose in "The Afternoon of a Faun," in the Nocturne of the Clouds, in the new "Iberia." They do not mate so well in the larger and more labored sea-pieces.

Debussy composing "The Afternoon of a Faun" in evanescent phrases, as of fluted melody scattering itself in lustrous flakes against a glowing background of string tone, is writing precisely the music that evokes the vague images, the fleeting fancies, the endless allusiveness of Mallarmé's poem to which he is prelude. Mallarmé sought an esoteric beauty of word and combination of words; Debussy seeks a like beauty of musical phrase and juxtaposition of phrase. Mallarmé sought a silvery limpidity in his verse; Debussy attains a like quality of tone in his music. Mallarmé would have his poem suggest the vague and fleeting course of the Faun's sensuous reverie a little touched with melancholy regret. His fancies flit through the brief and evanescent songs of Debussy's flutes and clarinets, the calls of his horns, the tremors of his harp or they gleam for a swift instant in the chords of one or another of his choirs. (Even Mr. Fiedler's over-exactness could not much dull these lustrous.) The whole instrumental tissue is as adroitly and implicatingly woven as is the tissue of Mallarmé's words. The music perfectly expresses the matter and the manner of the poem. As perfectly it expresses Debussy's dreaming Mallarmé's dreams and seeing Mallarmé's visions. It exists, it deserves to exist by one of the rarest of artistic accomplishments: it gains its expressive end fully; it flawlessly fuses the thing to be said and the ways and means to the saying of it. There is no other justification for any expressive art.

The doubters have been quick to say that Debussy's music lacks intellectual substance—a quality absolutely alien to the ends it seeks—and logical development, another attribute that it as little needs. Formless it is not; indeed, it is often subtle and intricate to sophistication in the adapting of its melodic material to its imaginative purposes; but full-bodied and well-knit, in the conventional sense of the words, it cannot be by its very nature and individuality. Now d'Indy has the logical, the designing French mind, that sees the end from the beginning and each step between. He thinks largely, austere, nobly in his music. When he is sensuous, he is sensuous by will of intellect, by ex-

altation of mood. He is never evasive, though he may be abstruse. Yesterday afternoon it was the play of these qualities in "Istar" that set him and his tone-poem in sharp contrast to Debussy and "The Afternoon of a Faun." The design of "Istar"—the final emergence of the theme in stark unisons (when the goddess in the underworld is stripped of her last veil) after the variations have hinted at it (with each loss of jewel or girdle) is an intellectual imagining, logically adapted to the suggestion of the Babylonian legend and lending itself readily to musical development and illustration. D'Indy is felicitous indeed with his variations. Each has its due place in the musical design; each upturns a new aspect of the theme and seems to bring it in its entirety a little nearer. Each has its poetic and pictorial suggestion of Istar's sorrowing and fearsome quest; of the dismal underworld into which she has descended; of the light of her presence, her jewels, her vesture in it. The theme emerges in its full and final body, and it is of the beauty of Istar bared. The musical and the delineative process have been mated without crack or jar throughout. The tone-poem is a compact and logical whole in which music and poetry have kept equal place. It has withal its remote and calm beauty. And yet the final impression is of devising and ordering intellectual process rather than of imagination creating form and voice for what it would reveal. D'Indy expresses himself, as in his symphony, more freely than he expresses Istar.

H. T. P.

TONAL SKYSCRAPER PLEASES AUDIENCE

Strauss Selection Wins Biggest Demonstration at Symphony Matinee.

Journal Nov. 4/11

It is the orchestra's turn again to show its glorious virtuosity at this week's symphony concerts; and beyond all doubt and peradventure there is no greater test of orchestral superiority than such prodigious twentieth century tone poems as Richard Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," respectively the second and third numbers on the program played yesterday afternoon and to be repeated tonight.

Apparently the large audience at the matinee liked the performance of the

Strauss tonal skyscraper best. There is more to please the average taste in "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—simple, tender themes like that which characterizes the section entitled "Of Joys and Passions," and which is as touching and unaffected as "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" and then again soaring fantasies and whirling rhapsodies that tax the skill of the player and the imagination of the hearer. It is a tremendous tone poem, if ever there was one, representing Strauss's tribute to Nietzsche and illustrating at the same time the manner and method of the most likely candidate for the honor of filling the still empty shoes of Richard Wagner, the musical superman. It was a gripping, thoroughly sympathetic performance that the orchestra gave, led by Mr. Fiedler in his happiest manner, and when it was over the audience insisted upon having the players stand up for the applause which was their just due.

But though there was a bigger demonstration of enthusiasm after the Strauss work, it was the French division of the program that finally filled the hall with late-comers, and that won the rare compliment from a matinee audience of having almost every seat remain occupied up to the very end. The Debussy piece, which came first, returning after an absence of nearly three years, showed off the incomparably fine wood wind section of the orchestra. Surely the playing of Messrs. Maquarre, Grisez and Longy must be acclaimed as worthy of the exquisite setting which Debussy has provided for Mallarmé's strangely charming verses. The performance of D'Indy's "Symphonie Variations, 'Istar'" completed brilliantly a program begun in the sweet, smooth style displayed by Mendelssohn in his "Melusina" overture.

After tonight the orchestra will be away for nearly two weeks.

MASTERPIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post
Strauss, Debussy and D'Indy
on Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

One of the most interesting and representative programmes that have been given during the engagement of Max Fiedler in this city was offered yesterday afternoon at the fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, and the fact was appreciated by the audience. The list was as follows: "Melusina" overture

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Mendelssohn, tone-poem, "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy, symphonic variations, "Istar," D'Indy. Thus were represented on one programme three of the greatest orchestral masterpieces of modern music. The first half of the concert presented the tendencies of the romantic and modern school of music in Germany, and the latter half juxtaposed two works which represent the two extremes of the ultra modern French school. Debussy is in "The Afternoon of a Faun" a marvellous impressionist, and D'Indy has perhaps reached his zenith in the superb tonal structure that is clothed with such gorgeous color and executed with such glowing imagination. The delightful fancy of Mendelssohn was calculated to display Strauss' overwhelming tone-poem in its most magnificent light, and while no one can protest the indisputable masterpieces of Debussy and D'Indy, it must be admitted by this writer that the "Zarathustra" completely overshadowed everything else on the programme not only by reason of the grandeur of its structure and the vastness of the composer's imagination, but by its profoundly great and human philosophy. And, in fact, this tone-poem must be ranked as one, if not the greatest, of the orchestral compositions which have appeared since Beethoven's ninth symphony.

Portrays the Sunrise

Some will be so disgracefully conservative as to dispute this remark, and others admitting that Mozart, Wagner and others wrote some magnificent pages on the most insufficient literary basis, will deny that Nietzsche produced any ideas susceptible of musical treatment. But Strauss pens a cosmic page to portray the sunrise and the invocation of Zarathustra, and in this page he introduces a motive most cunningly fashioned, a motive consisting of three notes, C-G-C, which constitute the only natural notes of our modern scale, which philosophers have claimed contain potentially all the tones of the gamut. This motive—the nature theme, the world riddle, pervades the entire composition, confronts the hearer at every turn, and is treated with inexhaustible fantasy by the composer.

Then Nietzsche speaks of "the back-worlds people," those who sought consolation in religion. Solemnly and magnificently the orchestra and the great organ play a chorale, and solo instruments in tone phrases of the Credo, the Magnificat. But the spiritual significance of this passage lies in its mystical vagueness and aspiration. Strauss sings of the longings of the soul with a theme that is as a line out of Swinburne, and then, in a boiling torrent of tone, "Of Joys and Passions"; and his speech is as universal as the speech of Beethoven, and as terrible in its climactic power as anything in the scores of Wagner. Zarathustra sings his grave song, and, significantly enough, this song is a carrying out of the music

Of Joys and Passions." Zarathustra turns to science, and Strauss has written a fugue that will cause the eyes of pedants to bulge for a few centuries more. This fugue is interrupted by mad, Nietzschean laughter. It is resumed in a manner to put to flight the whole futile crew of theorists and pedagogues, and it mounts to a climax which is similar to the opening, only still more blinding in the radiance of the finest C major chord ever scored for full orchestra.

Crash Like Tidal Wave

And who, once hearing, will forget the cunning of the master hand, when the fugue, gone mad, the voices accomplishing the impossible in their striving together over the immense C that booms on, deep below, for about 40 measures, rises toward its impossible climax, and then, just before the culmination, the tone suddenly thins out—the top of the harmony being sustained by the woodwind instruments and the high strings—and with a crash like a tidal wave, the organ and the orchestra enter with all their power, and the trombones, three on a note, hurl out the nature motive.

The dance song is sung first by a solo violin, and then hymned by the whole orchestra. When it has subsided in a degree, a wonderful horn, in the key of A flat, announces the salvation of the soul in a motive so pure and simple and lofty that Beethoven would have welcomed it anywhere, and for pages one wanders in blessed fields. Finally Zarathustra sings his night song of triumph. Over a bell that clangs the midnight hour the orchestra rhapsodizes as only Zoroaster, Nietzsche and Strauss can rhapsodize; there is a sudden transition from C to B major, the theme of the ideal is breathed by the strings, and it goes up in the sky with chords that make one think of receding stars. Away up there is the ethereal color of a chord in B major, and away down the double basses reiterate an obstinate C—the unsolvable end of the universe.

Leaving aside his poetic intentions, it remains that Strauss has taken certain of the elemental meanings of Nietzsche and translated them into music of enormous vitality and matchless splendor. And, however far-reaching his vision, however wild his fantasy, he has remained absolutely master of himself and his material. There is no experimenting. The score is put together with a master hand. It has no weak joints. The tonal scheme of the work—the key relationships, and so on—and its formal architecture are classic and as fundamental as the ground itself. The orchestra is used with unprecedented richness and brilliancy, and, for all that, every page is as clear, as inexorable in its logic, as it could possibly be. When, moreover, it is realized that this music was composed between the first of February and the last of November, 1896, it is apparent that there are a few giants left, even in these days. The performance was a superb one in

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Soloist:

Madame ERNESTINE SCHUMANN--HEINK

Mendelssohn; tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Richard Strauss; prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; symphonic variations, "Istar," D'Indy.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. ——— Nov. 18, 1911

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, GRIEG AND
SIBELIUS

With Mme. Schumann-Heink Singing,
Too—The Gloomy Pleasure of the Russian's "Scheherazade"—Grieg's Amiable Little Variations—Sibelius's Sprightly Out-of-Door Overture—The Wise Singer and Her Discreet Artistry

The captious cavillers at music that is "all color" may not wisely reproach Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade." If they do, and if they are human, then are they stifling their own sensations that they may show their superiority to the rest of us hot with the pleasure of the music. For the first time in three years, Mr. Fiedler revived the Russian's "Symphonic Suite" at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon and read it freely and glowingly, as his way often is with opulently romantic music. The suite gives the orchestra many opportunities to prove its technical skill and its responsive feeling; it stimulates the men for its own sake, too, and they played it with a luscious magnificence or a delicate sensibility of tone. Music and performance carried the audience with them. Not a leaf in the distracting or the soothing programme books stirred, while at the end the applause was heartier and more general than even Mme. Schumann-Heink and her singing could evoke later in the afternoon. Grieg's fanciful little variations on an old Norwegian tune seemed paltry and pretty beside this palpitating panorama of the Orient, and Sibelius's overture "Karelia"—no remarkable piece in itself—was no more in comparison than a well-imagined set of tunes. Before the end of the season Mr. Fiedler purposes to play Rimsky-Korsakoff's other Oriental piece, "Antar," long unheard at the Symphony Concerts. He likens it to "Scheherazade." May it prove so and may an audience that thrilled to the familiar music have speedy opportunity to hear the unfamiliar.

If all the Russians could have written as Rimsky-Korsakoff does in "Scheherazade," if he could always have written in such vein; and if they and he could have devised imaginative schemes so meet for it as this oriental fantasy, then they might almost have invented a new sort of music. Of course the dry-as-dusts cannot pardon Rimsky-Korsakoff. This bearded, spectacled, benignant old professor dared through a suite forty-five minutes long to ignore counterpoint almost altogether—dared to do so when he was quite able to interweave melodies and fragments of melodies and when he had the scholarly precedent of all the little Leipzigs in all the pedantic

Germanies behind him. The barbarian—to write such a suite and then merely transform his melodies, re-dress them harmonically, vary them rhythmically and most of all clothe them in subtle or magnificent instrumental colors, and then play with endless ingenuity and imagination upon these tints. And the fellow—as the leathery Herr Professors may have admitted to themselves—could invent melodies. That which characterizes Scheherazade as the narrator—the solo violin usually plays it against the harp—is imagined very felicitously. It is charming in itself; it is characteristic of its subject and its purpose. As happy, adroit and beguiling are the twin themes of the young prince and the young princess who sat in the garden and talked of love—or rather let a whole orchestra talk for them. As such conventional matters go, it is not fair to despise the liquid and tossing sea-motive, and who with the mixture of humor and sentiment that ought to be human nature and with a fancy or two of the Orient at the back of his head can resist the drone of the tale of the Kalender. It seems to rise out of some courtyard of Bagdad where the story-teller sits. Up through the narrow street it comes; other sounds of an Oriental thoroughfare interrupt it; but it cannot be long stilled. If Scheherazade had such a voice no wonder she held the sultan attentive for a thousand nights and one night besides.

And invention, imagination, design and all the rest of the finely exacting faculties that go to the making of music shine through this "Scheherazade." Of course intellect designs a symphony, a sonata, an overture. The composer does not merely drop notes on the page out of a happy tonal fancy. But intellect goes also into the design of such a panorama in tones as Rimsky-Korsakoff was composing—as a painter might compose his decoration for the four walls of a great Oriental hall. Invention and imagination devised those melodies, gave them their intrinsic beauty and their expressive voice, and then set to the enhancing, the adornment, the variation of them in all the tints of a multifarious orchestra. Let them who will imagine in the terms of polyphony and go unchidden so long as they escape dullness. Let also them who will—and can—imagine in the terms of instrumental coloring and go equally unapproached, especially when they can paint such frescoes in tones as Rimsky-Korsakoff achieves of Sindbad's voyage and of the fete at Bagdad; and then set such little panels of quieter beauty between as the scene of the youthful lovers and add thereto such humors as the telling of the Kalender's tale. "They sat in the garden and talked of love," and the music is as sweet as the air that blew over them. The tale could not have been a jot more wondrous than the orchestral telling. They revelled in Bagdad—the fortunate East had no conscience—and Sindbad's ship did lurch and smash in the storm by the bronze

mountain. Then suddenly the watchful violin stilled Scheherazade's voice. It is the dawn, the awakening, and we that were of the Orient of Haroun-al-Raschid and the thousand nights were applauding a conductor, an orchestra, and a composer, too, who had written full-bodied, warm-blooded, hotly colored, glowingly pictorial music. The Orientals have no composers; the Russians, when they write as Rimsky-Korsakoff does in "Scheherazade," are full and doubtless more expert substitute for them. Not often in this Boston of ours may we come out of music hot with the pleasure of it.

And tiny-voiced, short-breathed Grieg seemed very tiny and fitful indeed beside this magnificent Muscovite. Once upon a time the Norwegian wrote a set of variations for two pianos on a Norwegian folk-tune. In the last months of his life he scored the piece for orchestra, and once and again the orchestras now play it. The theme is a cool, wistful, little musical period, and out of it Grieg fancies thirteen happy little variations. He was no bearded barbarian, like Rimsky-Korsakoff, but he had not much more regard in these variations (and in most of his other music) for the leathery pendants on their academic chairs. He is almost as indifferent to counterpoint in this particular piece as Rimsky in Scheherazade. The variations are little more than flitting fancies. They come, they go, less like moods than flecks of moods, and much more like whimsies than scholarly exercises in music. The instrumental choirs toss figures to and fro; they dance to many sorts of rhythms; the harmonies run fancifully; there is graceful play with instrumental timbres. When the variations are lightest they are most amusing. Grieg, "majestic" in horns in unison or building up a swelling climax, is not so entertaining. At the end, quite as though it were a Norwegian Scheherazade, the orchestra sings over the old tune, and lets it die as though composer and band were done with their play. It is more than a trick to write this lightly fanciful, this amiably wistful music. There is a kind of imagination in it. When Grieg does not overtax it till he gasps—and the variations escape by their brevity—he is often charming in it.

Seemingly, there is a Sibelius of high and stern imagination, as in the symphonies; of high and melancholy imagination as in "A Saga;" of well-conceived and well-made occasional pieces like "Finlandia" and even of mellifluous salon music like the "Valse Triste." The early overture, "Karelia," with which Mr. Fiedler ended the concert yesterday, is of the occasional Sibelius and even then it is neither mechanical nor savorless. The wise in things Finnish explain that Karelia is a province of Finland and that the Karelians are more sprightly of body and mind than are

other Finns. Hence the spirited, rhythmically alert melody, with a little catch to it and a queer tang, as of fresh wind and pale sunshine, that returns again and again in the overture and gives it zest and color. It is amusing to hear and to follow; it is "different" like all Sibelius's themes from the regular thing in the regular way. It may or may not be Karelian, but it is pleasantly jaunty. Moreover, it will not long endure the contrasting plaintive melody, and so Sibelius can find no occasion for bleak and sombre music. The sun, shines through this overture as may be it shines in Karelia. It has made Sibelius robustly fanciful too. There is open air and quick and spontaneous spirit in the overture. Intellect did not fret it more than it fretted "Scheherazade" and the Norwegian variations—on Grieg, as usual—strayed on the house.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is wise with the discriminating wisdom of many years in opera house and concert hall. She distinguishes among occasions and audiences; she chooses her music and her way of singing carefully for them. Give her an audience that expects the big voice, the big emphasis, the large manner, and she will bestow them as generously and wholeheartedly as she can. Beforehand, moreover, she chooses her music accordingly. Not so when she is summoned to sing at the Symphony Concerts. Then she elects other music—Andromache's Lament from Bruch's magnified cantata, "Achilles," and orchestrated songs by Wagner, Schubert and Liszt were her pieces yesterday—and lets a discreet artistry order all her singing of them. Except in Andromache's vision of a falling Troy there was no occasion for the big voice in these "numbers," and then large and sweeping tones seemed to cost the singer some labor. Elsewhere, and to a finer pleasure, her tones were soft, full, admirably sustained, transparent to every reflection of the course and the mood of the music. Andromache's lament is sombre musical speech, gravely, a little monotonously anguished until it bursts into the prophetic frenzy of the close. It is a little smoky. It needs such utterance as Mme. Schumann-Heink gave it to release and clear but not exaggerate its emotion. The low-voiced ecstasy of Wagner's song of "Dreams" again suited the subdued quality of her tones and her emphases. Schubert's "Young Queen" bears orchestration less well, but again the singer avoided all temptation to overdo her music. Her tones reflected but did not force its contrasts. As for Liszt's song of the gypsies, her voice and the voice of Mr. Wittek's violin bore equal part in it. The strangeness of the music and the picture were in both, and the one and the other easily overcame the relentless intervals. Mme. Schumann-Heink may rely less upon her voice now than she once did. The discrimination, the sense of musical and emotional values, the subdued intensities with

which she sang yesterday are surer and finer means. Yet, for a while, like other unaccustomed things, they may lessen the applause.
H. T. P.

NEW PIECES BY THE SYMPHONY

Grieg's Romance and Overture
of Sibelius Given First Performance in Boston.

SCHUMANN-HEINK SOLOIST

Rendition of "Scheherazade" by
the Orchestra Worthy of
the Organization.

Herald Nov. 18, 1911
By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Suite, "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Andromache's Lament.....Bruch
Old Norwegian Romance with variations—Grieg
Songs with orchestra—
(a) Traume.....Wagner
(b) Die junge Nonne.....Schubert
(c) Die drei Zigeuner.....Liszt
"Karelia," overture.....Sibelius

Grieg's Romance with Variations and the overture of Sibelius were performed for the first time in Boston. The Variations, composed for two pianos, were arranged by Grieg for orchestra shortly before his death in 1907. They do not form a closely knit work, nor do they give the hearer any idea of continuity in thought. Thus they are unlike d'Indy's "Istar" or the variations by Brahms on a theme of Haydn. There are 13 of these variations, in which character, rhythm and color are varied so that they are contrasting little pieces, although the contrasts are not strongly marked. The 13th variation is the most elaborate, and it contains an apotheosis of the theme, after which the theme is repeated gently and simply in the manner of the first statement.

Variations Amiable Chatter.

This composition cannot be ranked among the more significant of Grieg's

works. The first four variations are only amiable chatter. The fifth, in which the theme is given to horns in unison, has more character. There are pretty variations in minuet and waltz form, but as a whole the composition is not greatly to Grieg's credit either as a poet in tones or as a craftsman. The theme itself has pleasing naivete, and a quaint touch is given to it by the repetition of the closing cadence with a difference in the time.

The overture of Sibelius may have an ethnographical significance, as Mrs. Newmarch thinks; but it is without musical importance. We are informed that Karelia is the southeastern province of Finland; that it is "the stronghold of the national spirit"; that the Karelian peasantry are cheerful companions. These are interesting, no doubt, important facts, unsupported, however, by any evidence in the overture, which is even of less worth than the same composer's "Finland." "Karelia" is music for a brass band in the open air. The chief theme, which is worked to death, is a lusty vulgar tune; the other thematic material is commonplace. The development consists largely of repetitions. The orchestration is thick and monochromatic.

Source of Great Pleasure.

It was a great pleasure to hear Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeous and entrancing suite again, one of the most brilliant examples of romantically imaginative orchestration in all music. It is not necessary for full enjoyment to inquire minutely into the tales of "The Thousand and Nights and a Night" that inspired the composer; to ask which of the three Kalandars tells his strange story, or what prince and what princess are characterized, whether they are Kamar al-Zaman, Moon of the Age, and the beauteous Budur; or to question why the ship should go to pieces against the magnetic rock in the same movement with the Festival at Bagdad. Anyone that should insist on these questions would be ready to argue in all seriousness that the tales told by Scheherazade were not reasonable and some of them were probably untrue.

W. E. Henley in a magnificent rhapsody over "The Arabian Nights" said that their poets "stoop the universe to the slavery of a talisman and bind the visible and invisible worlds within the compass of a ring." Rimsky-Korsakoff caught the spirit of the wondrous tales, and vitalized with it the four movements of a suite and made them splendid with the barbaric splendor of the Orient.

Repetition Does Not Stale Motives.

How fortunate was this Russian, who had sailed the seas, in his thematic invention! Constant repetition does not stale the motives, nor is this due solely to the amazing ingenuity of the varied orchestration. The themes themselves are haunting, and in the repetition is the pleasing monotony that gives to oriental music a peculiar charm. There

is little or no use of polyphony in this suite; but the rhythmic changes, the variety of orchestral expression, the pervading rhapsodic fervor, the sincerity of the sustained melodies, the constant suggestion of the tales that are as wild and pathetic and cruel as any in "the iron bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi," hold the attention of the hearer as though he himself were listening as the Sultan Schahriar to the sigh-breasted and accomplished Scheherazade, the daughter of the Chief Wazir.

The brilliance of this music may almost be seen, glittering, dazzling; and in this music with all its beauty, its richness, its pomp, its dramatic moments, there is also the reminder of what Henley characterized as the tedium of the East—the realization that the show is only passing. "This is indeed life; O sad that 'tis fleeting." And the Destroyer of Delights and the Severer of Societies, the Desolator of Dwelling Places and Garnerer of Graveyards will soon put an end to the feasting and the laughter, and Sultana and bathman, the voluptuous beauty of Bagdad and the gatherer of fagots will alike be translated to the ruth of Almighty Allah.

Sang with Classic Dignity.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the lament of Andromache with the classic dignity that did not exclude emotional intensity. By her voice and art and by womanly feeling which gave life and deep expression, she raised Bruch's music, inherently feeble and meaningless, to a height where it was momentarily convincing. She sang the group of songs with fine appreciation of the character of each, though in Schubert's "Young Nun" she erred, if at all, on the side of restraint. Liszt's "Three Gypsies," a strikingly original and effective setting of music to Lenau's poem, was sung con amore, with a dramatic force that was not allowed to become theatrical or extravagant.

The performance of "Scheherazade" was indeed worthy of this superb orchestra, a virtuoso orchestra composed of virtuoso musicians. The many solo passages were skilfully played, and the whole performance was romantically poetic. Among the many features of the concert the solos of Mr. Wittek in the Suite and in Liszt's "Three Gypsies" were conspicuous.

The program of the concerts next week will include Cesar Franck's symphony, Schumann's piano concerto (Harold Bauer, pianist), Balakireff's overture on a theme of a Spanish March.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Novelties From Sibelius and Grieg Are Played.

Gloucester Nov. 18/11
Mme Schumann-Heink Sings an Aria and Group of Songs.

The orchestral numbers at the sixth Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon were as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, symphonie suite, "Scheherazade"; Grieg, Old Norwegian Romance, with variations, op. 51, and Sibelius, "Karelia," overture op. 10, the two latter for the first time in Boston.

Mme Schumann-Heink was soloist and sang Andromache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles" and these songs with orchestra: Wagner's "Dreams," orchestrated by Felix Mottl; Schubert's "The Young Nun," orchestrated by Liszt, and Liszt's "The Three Gypsies."

Rimsky-Korsakoff as a young Naval officer may have bemoaned the years spent in voyaging upon distant seas when he coveted every available moment for composition with Balakirev, but it may also have aided to make him a cosmopolitan. Tchaikowsky wrote in his "Romeo and Juliet" and elsewhere with an Italian grace and languor which might have been born under Southern skies, but he never forgot the implacable melancholy of the Slav.

Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote with optimism, virility and a fine sense of color. His touch is sure in dramatic description. He establishes his setting and its appropriate atmosphere with fine mastery and more exquisite imagination than any of his contemporaries of the Russian school.

The "Scheherazade" suite glows with the passion of the Orient, and is redolent with the perfumes of the harem. Whatever were the precise tales which the sultana told her lord to beguile him from his cruel purpose, that of taking the life of each of his wives, matters not. The four here chosen as themes have furnished an inspiration which the composer has developed with admirable fancy.

He does not attempt a laboriously minute program, nor yet approach the vagueness of French impressionism. There are appreciable figures of the elements, the sea, both in majesty and anger, the grotesque recital of the Kalendar-prince, and the airy graces of the alluring sultana, the latter performed with exquisite art yesterday by Mr. Wittek. The orchestra played and Mr. Fiedler conducted with excellent regard for the contrasts and brightened effects with which it abounds, and at the conclusion of the number were insistently applauded.

Grieg's "Norwegian Romance," first written for two pianofortes, is orchestrated with charm and poetic taste. The ornament is appropriate for the delicacy, refinement and lyric beauty of the style. It is in the contrasting conceits of the variations rather than in the pompous restatement of the songful theme that Grieg in his true vein is revealed.

In Andromache's "Lament," an air to try the powers of a mistress of dramatic song, Mme Schumann-Heink differentiated between the elegiac lamentation and the tragic exhortation to the son and to Ilum. It was a performance marked by breadth and intensity.

Wagner's exquisite lyric song was delivered with a tenderness, a repose, a fineness of sentiment and a withholding, as of an emotion too intimate and precious to be proclaimed aloud. The orchestration is expressive, save for the concluding measures, which intrude.

In the other songs Mme Schumann-Heink exhibited skill in the use of diction in the management of her voice, and in certain effects, as the employment of sustained soft tones, but it would be easy to question her choice of tempo and of rhythmic proportion in phrases both of "The Three Gypsies" and "The Young Nun." In Liszt's orchestration of the latter, the tone quality of the clarinet cannot be said to wholly satisfy in the notes of the bell. The singer was warmly applauded after her group and was recalled repeatedly to the platform.

Sibelius' overture is not marked by the bitter melancholy or grim inexorable daring that stamp the pages of his symphonies and tonepoems. He develops happily a finely rhythmical and martial theme which imparts an air almost of rustic jocosity, and again that of inspiring courage. There is also a songful contrasting subject. For the time he has escaped the twilight and oppression of his barren Finnish moors.

Harold Bauer, the soloist of the concerts next week, will play the Schumann concerto. The orchestral pieces will be Balakirev's Overture on a theme of a Spanish march (first time) and Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor.

SCHUMANN-HEINK CHARMS AS OF OLD

Great Contralto Appears
With Symphony Orchestra.

Journal Nov. 18, 1911
There has yet to rise up a contralto who can match Ernestine Schumann-

Heink in breadth of style, in beauty of technique and in that power of interpretation which is second nature to the true artist, and never fails to impress an intelligent audience. What are bushels of flowers, such as any singer might be able to purchase, compared with the heartfelt and prolonged applause offered to Mme. Schumann-Heink at the Symphony matinee after her singing of Andromache's mighty lamentation, as set to music by Bruch, or after that inspired delivery of the faint, final alleluia in Schubert's pathetic song of "The Young Nun?"

No other contralto draws an audience which, like yesterday's, fills Symphony Hall. Those who recalled former performances of Rimsky-Korsakoff's splendid suite, "Scheherazade," were glad to see it leading the program. In this wonderful composition are to be found "the hum of prayer, the thrilling of birds, the thrilling of harp and lute, the shrilling of pipes, the witching strains of the professional Almah, and the minstrel lay," such as Burton mentioned in his picture of ninth century Bagdad; and more than that, too, for the bassoon reproduction of the story of the kalandar prince, the charming romanza which brings before the mind's eye Prince Kamar al-Zaman and the Princess Budur, and the realistic yet harmonious movement describing the wreck of Sindbad's ship on the magnetic rock, are prominently and captivatingly featured.

A glorious set of moving tone pictures—and in this instance gloriously played. The audience simply would not stop clapping until Conductor Fiedler had tired of bowing himself, until Concert Master Wittek had bowed for his exquisite announcement on the violin of the oft-repeated "Once Upon a Time," and until at last the entire band stood up. Yet some folks will continue to say that these Symphony matinee audiences are slow and cold.

The dazzling "Arabian Knights" number set a standard which Mme. Schumann-Heink well maintained in her impressive rendition of the lament from "Achilles." Later the famous soloist sang Wagner's "Dreams," the Schubert song about the dying nun and Liszt's sprightly song, "The Three Gypsies."

There were two novelties on the program, Grieg's "Old Norwegian Romance with Variations" and Sibelius's "Karelia" overture. There were many agreeable moments in the former and the latter was comparatively cheerful—for Sibelius.

6TH REHEARSAL BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 18. '11
Presence of Mme. Schumann-Heink Fills Hall

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mme. Schumann-Heink was soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall when there was held the sixth public rehearsal of the season. Her presence crowded the auditorium to the last seat, and from an early hour a large crowd had waited outside the hall to fill the upper gallery.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Andromache's Lament, from Bruch's Achilles and these songs with orchestral accompaniments by Mottl and Liszt: Traume, Wagner; Die Junge Nonne, Schubert; and the singular song of Liszt, after Lenau, "Die Drei Zigeuner."

The orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scherazade," symphonic suite after "The Arabian Nights," one of the unique samples of originality and perfection of style in all music; variations for full orchestra on an Old Norwegian Romance by Grieg (first time in Boston), and Sibelius' "Karelia" overture, also played here for the first time.

Grieg's piece is a series of tone pictures of varying interest and importance. The composition was first thought out for two pianos, but certain of the variations heard yesterday, such as the fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth, are more than piano music transcribed for a set of instruments. The thought is orchestral, the framework larger than in some other instances.

Grieg's lack of constructive power is shown forcibly in the conclusion of his piece. There, when he would follow the approved method, put a capstone upon his tonal edifice of material developed from what has gone before, he falls hopelessly short, and this struggling finale is a series of little episodes similar to the short variations which have preceded.

Sibelius wrote his Karelia overture in 1893. Karelia is a province of Finland, and the home of the Finnish myth. The people are well spoken of by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch. They are amiable, cheerful companions, also, we should imagine, large-mouthed and flat-footed. There is nothing especially wrong about the "Karelia" overture. It is cheerful as a cow, and made according to the only authorized prescription.

Mme. Schumann-Heink seemed in excellent vocal condition and made a deep impression by her singing of the songs with orchestral accompaniments. Even Bruch's stilted music was made deep and strong with dramatic import. The

force and the dramatic intensity of declamation did not interfere with but was rather the inevitable consequence of clean, admirable phrasing, careful adjustment of values, and above all, sincerity that carried everything before it.

Not all singers would have had the courage to sing the curious song of Liszt's, nor was the song as effective as the music of Wagner and Schubert which had preceded. It may, nevertheless, be as great a song.

The wonder of the "Scherazade" suite is not only the remarkable fascination of the music itself but the economy of the scoring, the endless succession of strange and wonderful colors obtained with an orchestra that could satisfy neither Wagner nor Strauss.

The applause was so hearty after this performance that Mr. Fiedler returned several times to the front of the stage, and finally his orchestra rose with him. Nor was it only Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, who had played some solo passages as only a master can. The recalls of Mme. Schumann-Heink lengthened the concert, for she was called back repeatedly after Mr. Fiedler had mounted his stand to proceed.

SUNDAY evening, Nov. 26, in Symphony Hall, a Wagner Concert by the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Fiedler, for the profit of its Pension Fund and with Mme. Schumann-Heink as the assisting singer. The orchestral pieces are the Preludes to "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin" and "Tristan"; the Overture to "Tannhäuser," the "Good-Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and the Apotheosis of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung." Mme. Schumann-Heink's numbers are Erda's warning to Wotan from "Rheingold"; Waltraute's narrative of the gods from "Götterdämmerung," the Page's air from "Rienzi" and the orchestral version of Wagner's song "Dreams."

Time and the Symphony Concerts

A note from Caroline Lincoln Pond of Winchester, written apropos of recent discussion of Mr. Fiedler's lengthening programmes, suggests that the afternoon concerts of the Symphony Orchestra should begin half an hour earlier. The note runs: "Now that the length of the programmes for the Symphony Concerts is being discussed, may I venture to suggest a change that has long been in my mind, namely, having the hour of beginning the afternoon concerts two o'clock instead of half-past two. The many suburbanites would be enabled to make connections with earlier trains, the performance would almost invariably be finished by half-past four, and many persons, I feel sure, would have a peace of mind which they have hitherto not known."

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Ad. Nov. 18. '11
HER VOCAL RICHNESS

ADVANTAGEOUSLY HEARD

Instrumental Numbers on Programme Included Rimsky-Korsakoff's Beautiful "Scheherazade."

By Arthur Elson.

Yesterday our orchestra, back from its success in the musical suburb called Gotham, settled down to its regular task of gathering local laurels.

The instrumental numbers were Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and Grieg's Romance and Variations, and the "Karelia" overture of Sibelius; while Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Andromache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles," Wagner's "Dreams," Schubert's "Young Nun," and Liszt's "Three Gypsies."

The "Scheherazade" suite has four movements, the sea and Sindbad's ship, the story of the Calendar prince, a romance between a young prince and princess, and a Bagdad festival followed by shipwreck on the magnetic rock of the Bronze Warrior. But Sindbad made many voyages, the Calendars were three in number, and there were many princesses; so the plot, like that of the dictionary, is rather vague. But the music is delightfully clear. The first movement, after a slow presentation of Sindbad's motive, and the Scheherazade theme, grows nautical enough, with a sea theme, a wave theme, and even a ship theme, in varied melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic guises. But there was no suggestion of mal-de-mer—delightful passages were the rule, and the charming movement ended peacefully. Would that we could find as much pleasure in other modern composers' voyages on the sea of tone. The second movement has striking drone-bass, bassoon and fanfare effects, but is rather prolix. Perhaps the Calendar prince mistook himself for an almanac, or felt that he must continue through as much of the calendar as possible. But it was interesting in its weird way. The young prince and princess proved charming enough, though rather addicted to Russian folk-song. The finale, very oriental in flavor, was brilliantly effective. The recurring Scheherazade theme, for solo violin, was played with due spirit by Mr. Witek. Bassoon, horn and clarinet also were effective in solo work. In fact the whole piece, with its spirited reading and admirable performance, proved decidedly a musical treat.

One is glad to hear such a beautiful work, for it also represents a legitimate and valuable school. Historians have looked to Russia for the melodic regeneration of the world. Certainly Rimsky-Korsakoff and his associates worked along legitimate lines in building on the broad foundation of Russian folk-music. Even the cosmopolitan Tchaikowsky used native themes, and with telling effect. Paris has its series of Russian concerts, operas, and ballets, which are well received; and Boston could do worse than to follow such a lead. There is much in this school that would prove of refreshing interest, even if a Rachmaninoff has left it for more complex effects, while a Scriabine follows France and indulges in ecstatic dissonances for the brasses.

Grieg's Romance and Variations was originally a four-hand affair for two pianos. Grieg was in his most intimate moods when writing for small forces, and his striking harmonic and melodic gifts had free play. This work is based on an old Norwegian melody, but the treatment is Grieg's, and the variations are wholly his. One could not find the strength of a Tchaikowsky or the breadth of a Reger in them, but there was always grace and sweetness. There were moments of power, too, but the work won its success by the variety of its harmonic and melodic effects.

The "Karelia" overture is an early work of Sibelius. It is named for the southern province of Finland, whose people are bright and lively. The themes are of a robust and jolly nature, and make their effect even if not always deeply inspired. It has good climaxes and much brilliancy, and was decidedly in place in the refreshingly melodic programme.

Last, but not least, the reviewer must pay tribute to Mme. Schumann-Heink; for the audience certainly did. It may be that Russia and Norway have composers, but the long line waiting for admission was mostly interested in the fact that Boston could hear a singer. It was a singer, too, who is now a citizen of our own country. Andromache's lament, which she sang first, is recitative-like, but effective enough on the whole. Max Bruch is usually master of the cantata form, as well as the violin concerto, and such works as his "Frithjof" or "Odysseus" should be heard more often than they are. In yesterday's number, Andromache's too gloomy grief was made very dramatic by the singer, and reminded the hearer of her successful operatic career. In her later group she gave Wagner's "Dreams" with a delicate sweetness and intensity that were very fitting. Schubert's lovely "Young Nun" gave further opportunity for the singer's vocal richness and expressive power, while the "Three Gypsies," who devote themselves to fiddling, smoking and sleeping, met with a good interpretation. The violin passage for the first of the three gave Mr. Witek another chance for solo display. It added a touch of realism, even though there were no

pipes demanded in the score for the smokers, and not even a snore on the slide trombone for the sleeper. This was the least interesting of the singer's numbers, though it called for enough vocal display, and won its share of the friendly and well-earned applause.

The next programme offers Cesar Franck's symphony, the Schumann piano concerto, played by Harold Bauer, and a Balakireff overture on a Spanish march theme.

WARMLY GREET FAMOUS DIVA

American Nov 18, 1911

BY FREDERICK JOHNS.

Fashion Note—Hats are not being worn at afternoon concerts by our great singers any more. Formerly the artist strolled upon the stage in a huge picture hat, giving the impression that she was not specially hired, but had been walking by, happened in, and finding people assembled, sang to them. It was a very pretty custom and gave the audience a chance to see the latest things in hats. Also it cost the singers a large part of their earnings to provide the hat.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink appeared at the Symphony yesterday without a covering upon her pompadour, and as Geraldine Farrar dispensed with a bonnet at her concert a week ago, I thought the ladies might like to know about the new wrinkle.

Gets Warm Welcome.

Schumann-Heink was very warmly welcomed, and looked more matronly and benignant than ever. She selected Andromache's Lament from "Achilles," a very melancholy affair, which corresponds to what we term "keening" at a wake. She sang also Wagner's "Traume," Schubert's "Young Nun" and Liszt's "Three Gypsies."

Madame Schumann-Heink is still a great contralto, though her high voice has lost its richness and her upper tones come hard and are sometimes shrill. Her chest tones, however, are magnificent, and her middle register is unimpaired.

Mr. Fiedler introduced to us a new Grieg number which the composer arranged for full orchestra shortly before his death in 1907. It is an old Norwegian romance with variations for full orchestra, opus 51, and is very well worthy of a place upon the Symphony program. A sweet folk-song is carried through thirteen variations, not pedantically, but imaginatively, fancifully, poetically. There is no creaking of machinery as the work moves from one variation to another.

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Another novelty was a new Sibelius over-

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The orchestra was most successful in catching the atmosphere of this composition, and Mr. Fiedler and his artists had to acknowledge prolonged approbation.

ALBERT SPALDING ILL.

Violinist Operated Upon for a Growth on
His Leg. Nov 12, 1911

Albert Spalding, the violinist, was operated upon on Friday night for a tumorous growth on leg and all his concert engagements for the next two weeks have been cancelled. He was to have played to-night at the Hippodrome. The trouble is not considered dangerous.

Mr. Spalding was about town on Friday morning. Friday afternoon he was practising in his apartment at the Hotel Plaza when he suffered a hemorrhage and Dr. Carlo Savini of 33 Washington Square West was sent for. Dr. Savini found that the hemorrhage was caused by the growth on the leg and that there already had been two internal hemorrhages from the same cause. He had Mr. Spalding moved to Miss M. E. O'Brien's private hospital at 156 West Seventy-fourth street and operated that night. It was said yesterday that the danger of blood poisoning seemed to be over.

Mr. Spalding is now 23 years old. He is a son of J. W. Spalding of the sporting goods firm. His mother, who was Miss Marie Boardman, is an accomplished amateur musician. The young violinist made his professional debut in Paris in 1906 and in the same year won warm praise from the London critics. He is about to make his second tour of the United States, a tour which will take him to the Pacific coast. He gave a recital in Carnegie Hall on October 21, appeared at the Worcester music festival and last Monday night appeared in Buffalo.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in A minor

BALAKIREFF,

OVERTURE on a theme of a Spanish March
(First time)

Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER

Mason & Hamlin Piano used

pipes demanded in the score for the smokers, and not even a snore on the slide trombone for the sleeper. This was the least interesting of the singer's numbers, though it called for enough vocal display, and won its share of the friendly and well-earned applause.

The next programme offers Cesar Franck's symphony, the Schumann piano concerto, played by Harold Bauer, and a Balakireff overture on a Spanish march theme.

WARMLY GREET FAMOUS DIVA

American Nov 18, 1911

BY FREDERICK JOHNS.

Fashion Note—Hats are not being worn at afternoon concerts by our great singers any more. Formerly the artist strolled upon the stage in a huge picture hat, giving the impression that she was not specially hired, but had been walking by, happened in, and finding people assembled, sang to them. It was a very pretty custom and gave the audience a chance to see the latest things in hats. Also it cost the singers a large part of their earnings to provide the hat.

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Symphony Hall.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

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SYMPHONY in D minor

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BALAKIREFF,

OVERTURE on a theme of a Spanish March
(First time)

Soloist:

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Mason & Hamlin Piano used

114

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911--12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "King Stephen," op. 117

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor

- I. Lento: Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegretto
- III. Allegro non troppo

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO in A minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 54

- I. Allegro affettuoso
- II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso
- III. Allegro vivace

BALAKIREFF,

OVERTURE on a theme of a Spanish March
(First time)

Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER

Mason & Hamlin Piano used

115

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

INTERESTING MUSIC EXCELLENTLY

John

PLAYED *Nov. 1911*

Another Long Programme, with Beethoven, Franck, Schumann and Balakireff Upon It—The Long Overlooked "King-Stephen" Overture—Franck's Symphony and an Admiring Audience—The Disappointing Russian—Mr. Bauer's Beautiful Playing of Schumann's Concerto

MR. Fiedler's programmes are so elastic that sometimes they even follow the orthodox form—symphony, concerto, overture. The list of pieces announced for yesterday afternoon—Franck's symphony, Schumann's piano concerto and Balakireff's Spanish overture—did so until the audience opened its programme books and discovered that the conductor, as they say in the Middle West, had "added to the programme." In Keokuk and Oshkosh this is the refined circumlocution for an extra piece at a concert, and Mr. Fiedler had prefixed his, Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen," to the announced list. It was good to hear, with its alternations of trumpet calls and clear, firm melody, with its joyous tumults, its Beethovenish play with the two principal subjects and its Beethovenish vigor of climax. In it is the power of the "Leonore" overtures in little, sporting with and for itself rather than bearing weighty matters—a piece written to order for an occasion, no doubt, but one that the conductors nowadays play too occasionally. On the other hand, the overture made the programme nearly two hours long, and once more the observer wondered whether relentless suburban time-tables or a sufficiency of music counselled the many departures before the final "number."

None may say with certainty, but it is clear that the Symphony Concerts are undergoing a little revolution as to length. Little by little, Mr. Fiedler is establishing the two-hour concert where once the ninety-minute concert reigned. His point of view is easy to comprehend. He is a justly ambitious and diligent conductor; he would include as much music, old and new, as he may in the concerts; he likes to diversify and round each programme; and he does not believe two hours of music, less an intermission, and other short intervals, too long for an audience. Some of his hearers, who are neither the slaves of suburban time-tables nor victims of a feeble faculty of attention, do find two hours too much for their musical receptivity and complain accordingly. An hour and a half may reasonably seem too short to a conductor preparing for his concert. Two hours may as

reasonably seem too long to the listener attending it. Between and beckoning lies the compromise of an hour and forty-five or fifty minutes. More than once, Mr. Fiedler has agreed to it. Last winter, hats and the removal thereof was the corridor topic during the intermissions. This year it is the length of the concerts.

When Mr. Fiedler came first to the Symphony Orchestra some said that he played unacademic French music frequently because it was his first large opportunity with it, inasmuch as German audiences care little to hear it. Now these same cynics of the foyer are saying that the conductor is putting it often on the programmes of his final season here because he is not sure when he will have a chance to play it again to such appreciative audiences. Only once this autumn have they been cool to it, and strangely to one of its acknowledged masterpieces, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." They were warm toward d'Indy's "Istar" three weeks ago, and they were warm yesterday and probably will be this evening to Franck's symphony. It is established now in the repertory of our orchestra, and the timidiest and most conventional listener knows that it is not "incorrect" to listen attentively and applaud heartily. Franck's symphony, moreover, which Mr. Gericke in his time cultivated no less than Mr. Fiedler does now, has so made its way by its intrinsic beauty of musical idea and expression, by the warm yet sublimated human emotion that lies within it. It is possible to be very learned and expository over the symphony, to write a whole chapter about its "cyclic" form, its use of germinating and correlated themes, its derivation from the theory and the practice of Beethoven's final years, its influence upon Mr. d'Indy and other of Franck's pupils. But the hearer who meditated upon all this as he heard would be the paragon of pedants. Franck did more than practise the cyclic form and pursue contrasts and variations of germinating themes. He wrote music of a strange beauty and a very personal emotion.

Hear this symphony in D minor and recall with it perhaps the familiar quartet, and each has a rare beauty of aspiration. In both, the musical ideas struggle, as it were, out of feeble and shadowy beginnings, into large and warmer voice, into higher and clearer lights, into the song of triumphant, yet serene, attainment. There are many tonal vicissitudes and transmutations along the way; there is almost always the suggestion of a striving faith rising little by little through its aspiration. In a sense, Franck's symphony is the "Sursum Corda" of orchestral music; its voice crying "Lift up your hearts!" Or rather whispering, for almost all of Franck's music, except when he is trying to write for the theatre or to express that for which he has no aptitude (like the torments of "The Beatitudes"), is a strangely quiet and intimate music. A low-voiced symphony, in which the composer speaks to the in-

dividual hearer and not to a great and various audience, is a rare thing, and Franck's symphony, personal to each one that hears it sensitively, is such. As it is low-voiced, so it is subdued, almost monotonous, of instrumental color. The tonal tints never flame, but the sober hues are very finely brightened, shadowed, and adjusted value to value as the painters would say. Franck had the sense of instrumental color as he had nearly every other musical sense, in his simple fashion that, seeming to do so little so quietly, yet did much. And through the symphony, too, for another rare and distinguishing trait, runs a tremulous feeling, a tremulous voice. The music is always in gentle but a little troubled motion. It strides only at rare moments of triumphant climax, but it is always stirring, albeit a little brokenly, as the water in a clear lake moves upon itself. Franck never proclaims or affirms, except in these rare moments of victorious faith. His voice usually has its little hesitating tremor; yet how he believed with simple and wholehearted spirit in all that he imagined in tones. Mr. Fiedler caught the incessant motion of the music; he was often lucid with the "cyclic" progress and interplay of the themes; in the main he kept the symphony duly intimate and low-voiced, but he rather missed this tremor, making Franck a little too positive of musical idea, a little too strenuous of orchestral tone. For Franck the dreamer was also Franck the craftsman who zealously polished his music.

Mr. Bauer's playing of Schumann's concerto continued the reposefulness, the intimacy of the concert. There is no other concerto like it, and better, perhaps, than all the rest of Schumann's music in the larger forms, it endures the years. Twentieth-century audiences know the academic concerto that is a formal exercise for an instrument—and wisely refuse to hear it. They know also the thin-bodied, artificially moulded concerto that exists chiefly to display pianist and pianoforte. They listen willingly to it only when a very commanding or insinuating pianist plays it. They are beginning to know the modern concerto that takes refuge in rhapsody, in a "programme" even, in short-breathed restlessness, in bizarre contrasts and combinations of orchestra and piano. They hear it with various impressions and sense of pleasure. They know, too, the concerto where the vigor or the beauty of the musical ideas and the lushness of the treatment over them subdue to themselves all the exactions of form, instrument and virtuosity, as they do in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. They hear masters in these pieces gladly. Schumann's concerto is like none of these. It is unique in its species. For the hearer takes no thought, except in after reflection, of the form in which it is written, of the limitations of the pianoforte, of the technical achievement of the playing vir-

tuoso. It is the one concerto, almost, that seems naturally and spontaneously to have written itself even when it becomes as intricate as it does in parts of the finale. It is the one concerto that seems to adjust pianoforte and orchestra as though they were harmonious and not contending voices, to fuse them without obvious meditation upon rhetorical effect. It is the concerto in which the warm voice of romantic imagination and the dry voice of academic form flow together into beautiful and substantial utterance. Above all, it is the concerto in which even in "passage work" and cadenza, the songful quality of the music never falters or fades.

The concerto deserves to endure; it deserves such affectionate study as Mr. Bauer has given it these many years; it rewards pianist and audience when it receives such a performance as he gave to it yesterday. Mr. Bauer is truly at the maturity of his powers; for throughout his playing shone the two qualities that are the crown of maturity—poise and ripeness. He nothing overdid or underdid. The concerto ran its course in perfect clarity and adjustment, except when for a moment or two in the finale, Mr. Fiedler did not keep the balance quite even. The justice of Mr. Bauer's pace and accent held the music steadily elastic, significant, songful. There was no rigidity of tempo or rhythm; there were delicate modulations of both in plenty; but the sustained, yet varying, song of Schumann was never broken or clouded by short-breathed restlessness. Mr. Bauer did not turn the concerto rhetorical or sentimental by overplaying it. He was as poised with it as he was sensitive to its voice of warm, intimate, songful imagining to its voice of the pianoforte touched and colored by romantic musing that is never, as it could be with Schumann, moody extravagance. He veiled its technical exactions—and they are severe and sometimes subtle—as the music itself veils them. And over all, he shed the richness, the luminosity, the alternate lushness and transparency, the manifold beauty, variety and expressiveness of his tone. As the concerto is of the calm heights of pianoforte music, so Mr. Bauer's performance was of the calm heights of the playing of it. Not within memory has he seemed a pianist so free from cloud or blemish.

Balakireff is more interesting to hear as an influence flowering in the music of other composers than as a composer of his own music. He trained Rimsky-Korsakoff and the other day Rimsky's "Scheherazade" held a whole audience rapt, excited. He deeply influenced Moussorgsky, and Moussorgsky's "Boris" is a revelation of music-drama as the voice of a people. He schooled Borodin, and Borodin's music deserves to be played in this western world of ours oftener than it is. Balakireff must have inspired his disciples, though they ultimately parted from him and from each other. Their work attests the inspira-

TIGHT BINDING

SYMPHONY PROGRAM DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

January 25, 1911

Players Share Honors With
Conductor Fiedler at
Matinee Performance.

To many it seemed at yesterday's matinee that this week's Symphony program is the most enjoyable of all the seven so far offered. Of its four numbers, two alone, the Franck symphony, of which much of the new French music is the direct descendant, and the Schumann piano concerto in A minor, with Harold Bauer as solo performer, suffice to make this week's concerts red-letter events.

The performance of the symphony again showed the breadth of Mr. Fiedler's sympathies. The beautiful work was read with loving care and enthusiasm, and the orchestra seconded the conductor's efforts magnificently. The audience was quick to appreciate the great beauty of the performance—worthy in every respect of the work—and it insisted upon the players sharing the honors with their gifted and generous leader.

Mr. Bauer's performance of the Schumann concerto prompted the reflection that the visit of so well matured an artist, a man of marked temperamental gifts and of commanding artistry, makes up for the continued absence of the greatest pianist of the age. His success, while not so extremely popular as that made in the same work years ago by Joseffy and Paderewski, was uncommon, nevertheless, and thoroughly artistic. It was a performance remarkable for its artistic reserve no less than for its romantic feeling and its technical perfection. At its conclusion Mr. Bauer was recalled enthusiastically several times.

Balakireff's "Overture on a Theme of a Spanish March" proved to be a highly colored and entirely interesting novelty. The program unexpectedly began with Beethoven's "King Stephen" overture.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

For sale for remaining 15 rehearsals, two end seats in row P., \$15 each. Tel. Laymarket 2646. (A)

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Harold Bauer a Pianist of
Rare Attainments.

Orchestra Plays Franck's Symphony
With Great Beauty of Tone.

The program of the seventh Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Beethoven, "King Stephen" overture; Cesar Franck, symphony in D minor; Schumann, concerto in A minor for piano, Harold Bauer, soloist; Balakireff, overture on a theme of a Spanish march.

This overture, played yesterday for the first time in Boston, contains a theme given to Balakireff by Glinka, who had picked out the young Russian to succeed him in his endeavor to establish a national school of composition. According to a note upon the score, the author, in writing it, was mindful of the persecutions endured by the Moors in Spain at the hands of the agents of the Inquisition.

Neither the so-called "Oriental" first theme, which was original with Balakireff, or the second, which was the one Glinka gave him, have pronounced character, nor has the composer made more out of them than mere repetitions in various instruments and keys. The chants of the monks and the sounds of the organ are heard in lucid moments of choral suggestiveness, but the "popular rejoicing" is the disorganized din of the crowd. Balakireff has written an overture on Russian themes and a symphonic poem, "Tamara," which show more invention.

Harold Bauer's performance of the Schumann concerto should rank among the salient musical events of the season in Boston. Not often are temperament and intelligence blended in as fortunate proportion. Here is an art which does not make the piano merely an instrument for the dissemination of learning, nor does it run off on a tangent with this or that sentiment or emotional idiom. Yesterday this admirable pianist played with sanity, with repose, with a virile and masterful, though quiet authority, which suggested that he might have played Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, MacDowell and given to each an individuality.

Mr. Bauer has retained and increased his power to grasp a composition, its symmetry of design, its import of feeling, its distinctive traits, its varying styles of speech, whether narrative, declamation or poetry. With what simplicity he rounds the curve of a phrase into a balance and proportion that seems its inevitable expression! He differentiates between accompaniment and melody without copying his melodic line after a steel engraving. He gives a just

value to bravura, dash, verve and rhythmical integrity, and to cantabile the voice of lyric song.

Some may say he used too much the soft pedal in the slow movement. He drew from the piano its intimate confidence, as from one who spoke not for all, but for a trusted friend to hear. There was a tranquil, a subdued tonal color that suited the hush and intimate charm of these exquisite pages. The closing movement was spontaneous in its brilliance, even as the andante had been in its communion. The whole performance was marked by a technical mastery, plastic, subservient, and under the control of an unerring sense of proportion, a poetic imagination, and a fine musical intelligence.

Although Mr. Bauer was recalled a number of times, his audience was less demonstrative than it has been in times past over prima donnas with graces and modish raiment.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for playing Franck's symphony as often as he does. There is not a page in this score across which a ray of sunlight and the blessed joy of living has not fallen. It is music which now gently exhales, and now proclaims with glad exaltation the sweetened, chastened spirit of the humble teacher who tolled with pupils faithfully and cheerfully, in an epoch of fickleness, bigotry and veneer, creating this noble symphony, one quartet and one quintet, which uplift the soul, teach of things spiritual, and prompt the pondering of the eternal mysteries, whenever they are performed with understanding as the symphony was yesterday.

The orchestra played with unflinching regard, individually and as an ensemble, for the symmetry of the work as a whole, for the clear exposition of the motives which make the movement's one, and for euphony and color of tone.

Next week Elgar's new symphony in E flat, No. 2, will be played for the first time in Boston. It was produced, the composer conducting, during the musical congress last Spring in London at the same concert, May 24, which brought Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice" into the light. It was performed yesterday, and will be repeated tonight, by the Cincinnati Orchestra, for the first time in America. The soloist here next week will be Kathleen Parlow, and her number, Bruch's "Scotch" fantasy. The other orchestral piece will be Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

Balakireff at Symphony

Russian's Overture to King Stephen
Presented for First Time Here
Yesterday Afternoon

BY OLIN DOWNES

Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen," Cesar Franck's Symphony, the Schumann piano concerto, and a new overture on the theme of a Spanish march by Mili Balakireff, made up the programme of the seventh public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra this season, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer was the soloist.

The Balakireff overture was heard for the first time here. It is said that Balakireff had in mind the Moors and their expulsion from Spain by means of the Inquisition, that he thought of their

oriental character when he made his opening theme, that in turn he conceived of the chants of the Spanish monks, "the pyres of the auto-da-fe, with the ringing of bells and the rejoicing of the populace."

The theme of the Spanish march was given Balakireff by Glinka. He finished his overture in 1886. We need not concern ourselves with the nonsensical programme. The music is the thing. True, it has furnished the composer an excuse for the expression of his own savagery. His overture is vulgar, brutal, if you will. And yet, O staid matrons and bankers, there are men like this mad, vodka-ridden music man as valuable to the cosmos as you or I.

War! From the East and the West, the North and the South, blood, rum, the slaughtering of hordes. It was James Huneker who remarked, in his "Anarche of Art," that music was ever the playground of great free souls; that a revolution could be incorporated in the walls of a symphony and the police be none the wiser. And so yesterday in Symphony Hall an eminently respectable audience listened unawares to atrocities much higher, in the ladder of crime than the worst moment, for instance, in the debarred "Salome" of Mr. Richard Strauss, and they were none the wiser.

The performance was masterly and splendidly unpolished. If music of this kind is to be heard, let us hear it at its own worth. For 15 minutes yesterday rum and rebellion ruled in Symphony Hall. Vulgar? Alas, yes! And it is from such soil that the lilies spring.

Mr. Bauer gave an admirable performance of Schumann's concerto. If he sentimentalized certain passages, the blame was not wholly his. Schumann's music is seldom free from a certain German sentimentality. Yet the concerto takes rank as one of the loveliest of the compositions extant for piano and orchestra. It is a real piano concerto. It is no modern symphonic poem, wherein the pianist, given a sort of obligato part, fights against overwhelming odds with the orchestra. Schumann's concerto is intimate chamber music, and Mr. Bauer proved that he appreciated this. His pianism was worthy of the highest praise, and so was the rare combination of poetry and analytical logic in his conception. He was recalled many times with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Fiedler gave what was on the whole a very sympathetic reading of the Franck symphony, a work which seems to have grown upon him since he performed it here last season. This was especially true of the opening movement, which was very impressive, plastic in its rhythms, in the pulse and the moulding of the beautiful phrases, and symphonic in the greatest meaning of the term. Possibly the return of the music of the introduction, now in canonic form, would have been made more striking and proportionate by a slightly slower tempo, and certainly the pace taken in the second movement was a little too rapid and the coloring too vivid for the mood.

tion. Yet when he wrote himself, inspiration or anything like it seems to forsake him. Or else he wore and filed it away in the endless revision to which he subjected the scanty body of his music. Once he wrote to Tchaikowsky saying how easy it was to conceive, to design a musical piece; but when he came to the filling of the conception and the accomplishment of the design Balakireff's imagining and executing faculties flagged. Read the programme of his "Thamara," for example, and the conception seems stimulating to a characterizing and enhancing music—the wild gorge, the beetling castle of the hidden and cruel princess, the wanderers that she lures for a single night of amorous revel, the body that she flings from the crag in the dawn, while she laughs as it falls into the torrent. But the music is pale, thin, cold, meticulous beside the amigning, the design. Only the symphony that Dr. Muck played and that had no "programme" escapes this reproach of accomplishment, falling far short of intention and taking refuge in meticulous detail, in a pervading dryness, in an arbitrary polish, in an arbitrary brutality.

The Spanish overture, played yesterday for the first time here, slips quickly into this pit. The title-page recites the design: the Moors in an Oriental theme of the sort that Balakireff liked to devise out of the stores of folk-music; the Spaniards in a theme that Glinka bequeathed to him; the two themes giving birth to a pictorial overture of chivalric pageant, of monkish chant, of popular savagery—over a burning of Moslems—and of popular elation. In imagination Balakireff stretched a large canvas, upon which he would paint a great fresco in tones, clear of line, glowing with colors. And the national music of the Orient, and of Spain should be, his beloved and kindling inspiration. What he has accomplished is a dry-polished, meticulous, arbitrary, mechanical working-out of his design, a little animated by the singularities of the Oriental melody, a little brightened by orchestral pomps and flourishes, a little relieved by becoming contrasts and telling transitions. Of the glow and richness that he stimulated in Rimsky-Korsakoff, of the piercing accents that he taught Moussorgsky, of the fine ardor that fires all these Russians, there is hardly a trace. Balakireff spoke to more purpose about music than in it. H. T. P.

LONG PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

Fine Performance of Franck's
Symphony in D Minor—Work
by Beethoven.

HAROLD BAUER RETURNS

His Playing of Schumann's
Concerto Refined and
Polished.

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Symphony in D minor.....Franck
Concerto for piano.....Schumann
Overture to a Theme of a Spanish March.....Balakireff

The overture to "King Stephen" was put on the program the day before the public rehearsal. The concert would have been long enough without it. Any concert of an hour and a half is sufficiently long, and any piece played after an hour and three-quarters falls on sated and dull ears. Yet it was pleasant to hear Beethoven's music again. The overture was last played at a Symphony concert in April, 1901.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear;
Therefore he call'd the tailor down.

But Beethoven's overture was composed for Kotzebue's prologue, "Hungary's First Benefactor," who was canonized because he was the first to bring his country under Christian domination.

The overture is chiefly noteworthy on account of the treatment of a little Hungarian theme, or at least a theme of Hungarian character. The composer Beethovenized it, and all through the overture there are evidences of a sportive mood. He was invited to provide music for the play, but he could not for the life of him write merely occasional, perfunctory music.

The performance of Franck's symphony was on the whole impressive and stirring. The audience was deeply moved, for the applause after each move-

Soloist

Madame ERNESTINE S

Balakireff's overture was played here for the first time. It is a singular, barbaric piece, professedly oriental, undeniably coarse and at times as blatant

The program of the concerts next week will include Elzar's symphony No. 2 (first time in Boston); Bruch's Scottish Fantasia for violin (Miss Kathleen Parlow); Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

M. R. FIEDLER is eager for new, interesting and warmly debated music, and he frankly admires nearly all that Elgar has written. Hence he has made speed to put the composer's new symphony on his programmes, and it will be played at the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. When the symphony was "produced" last spring in London, it was described at length in this place, and it will be further described by way of preparation for present hearing in this column next Wednesday. Whether the hearer approves or disapproves, the music is interesting. For the time being, Mr. Fiedler is zealous with the Russians, and after Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balakireff, will come at the concerts of next week, Tschaikowsky in his hot-blooded fantasia upon "Romeo and Juliet." Between the two orchestral pieces, Miss Parlow, the violinist, will play Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia." Coming newly to Boston last winter, she proved her worth and interest as a violinist skilled with her instrument, sensitive to tone, keenly intelligent musically and of warm yet controlled temperament. Except Miss Powell, no violinist of her sex matches her. The more the pity, then, that she should have chosen this dull, cheap and threadbare piece of Bruch.

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How simple this work is, how sensitive in its harmonic scheme, how basic in its structure! Yet the great appeal of this wondrous music is its broad humanism, its eternal piety, its perpetuation of the beatitude that Franck loved so well, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

"At no time," says Mr. Henderson in the Sun, "could 'Zarathustra' have sounded clearer than it did last night when Conductor Max Fiedler led the gentlemen of Boston through a marvellously eloquent and technically faultless performance of it. The exquisite beauty and perfect balance of the tone of the orchestra never disclosed themselves more completely, nor has the admired body of players ever enunciated

The symphony in D-minor illustrates Frank in both his characteristics. The first movement with its broad, vigorous cantabile theme takes perfect command of the sonata form situation, on which the intellectual qualities of a cyclic composition are agreed to depend. The melody outdoes anything of Brahms for dignity and simple impressiveness. It has the monotony of ending at the close of each phrase on the same note, a thing the impatience of Beethoven never would have tolerated; but it wins the listener's attention by its vigor of outline and his

erest by its expressive beauty. With clear insight into the nobility of the composer's thought Mr. Fiedler led his violins up the ascending phrases of this melody. With delight in the larger rhythmic aspects of the opening allegro he commanded his wood and brass choirs into picturesque alignment on points where the harmonic emphasis was designed to strike.

An effective classical design Franck made of the first division of his symphony, the division in which his ardent musicianship had free scope. But it is different in the slow movement. In an allegretto, a rhythmic style of which the possibilities seem to have been pretty well exhausted long before Franck's time anyway, it is above all things necessary that the composer should give his heart free beat. Intellectuality does not succeed here at all. Let a composer wrap himself in the rhythmic atmosphere of Beethoven's seventh and eighth symphonies and then try by force of will to reproduce their feeling in new color effects, with new rise and fall of notes on the scale, and he fails to make the great appeal. Every passage in the second division of the D minor symphony, considered by itself, is surcharged with beauty; but the allegretto, regarded as a complete piece of music, does not cohere. The reactionary temper of the composer unsettles his structure at the very foundations. He will not give himself an unrestrained hand; he will not break away from early nineteenth century formulas. He thinks that Beethoven dictated irrefragable musical law. He allows the opportunity of inaugurating a new era in tonal expression to fall to the twentieth century and Debussy.

Mr. Bauer should have the praise of all progressive listeners for his endeavor to instil into the piano concerto form a modern feeling. Perhaps he is right in electing Schumann as the composer who better than any other of concerto-writing times anticipates the pianistic mood of our day. At all events he persuades us that Schumann says something more than what depends for effect on mere brilliant conversation between solo instrument and orchestra. There are not the old solo praises for Mr. Bauer, for he did not make his impression as mere executant and as past master of the grand platform manner. He did not even go in for that spell-binding elo-

quence which makes the playing of a cadenza a memorable moment in the artistic life of the listener. He strove to convince us that the piano and orchestra combination is a branch of the tone language competent to express modern aspiration.

Light of hand, avoiding that too explicit style of phrasing which is nowadays coming to be regarded as commonplace, seeking to put the piano into a cooperative rather than a competitive relation with the choirs of string, wood and brass, Mr. Bauer accomplishes results quite new to the Symphony platform, results that point to a better day in the solo program than anything known hitherto. Of course Mr. Bauer engages in a difficult task, trying to make an outworn species of composition speak as in a modern symphonic idiom. What he needs for the complete carrying out of his ideas is a present-day composer who will write music for virtuoso orchestra and virtuoso pianist in a manner calling for the best cooperative energies of both. The greatest point of insufficiency in the old piano concertos is that the part assigned to the conductor and his men is mere child's play as to execution and little else than parrottry as to expression. A larger symphonic conception of the form in which classic and romantic composer wrote for great pianists appearing with orchestra is one of the artistic demands of the hour. The visiting artist who performed to the warm applause of the seventh Symphony matinee audience is hastening the advent of the score-builder who will answer this demand. The only probable reason why the piano concerto form has of recent years been neglected is that pianists have found abundant outlet for their talents in the old masterpieces. A new keyboard technique and a new conception of the music writing art must in time work together to give the piano concerto the modern status which the playing of Harold Bauer is asking for.

A well-selected Beethoven overture gave Mr. Fiedler's listeners a little classical brushing-up at the start and a brilliant Russian overture served to dismiss them in lively mood.

Balakireff's overture on a Spanish theme was probably as near being Spanish as St. Petersburg is near to Granada. The composer may have thought that east and west were not, after all,

so very far apart when it came to a question of local color, and therefore he let Tartar music pass for Moorish. As is invariably the case when Mr. Fiedler's men work out bizarre effects of tone coloring and startling effects of description, there was many a neat touch of triangulation, many a delicate bit of cymbal-ism in the percussion department.

Beethoven, overture, "King Stephen," op. 117; Cesar Franck, symphony in D minor; Schumann, concerto in A minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 54; Balakireff, overture on a theme of a Spanish march. Soloist, Harold Bauer.

FRANCK SYMPHONY HEARD WITH PLEASURE

CONDUCTOR FIEDLER'S
READING WAS MEMORABLE

Harold Bauer, the Soloist, Gave a
Musicianly Interpretation of
Every Part of the Work.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. King Stephen Overture.
Franck. Symphony in D minor.
Schumann. Pianoforte Concerto, A minor.
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.
Balakireff. Overture on a theme of a Spanish March.

It was a delight to hear the Franck symphony again. The modest Cesar Franck has been called the French Schumann, and it was interesting to hear his work in juxtaposition with a large Schumann composition. Were we to define Franck we would call him a French Brahms, for he is much closer to that profoundly intellectual composer than to the very melodic and deeply poetic Schumann. There is a fine melodic sense in both Brahms and Franck, but in both it is dominated by intellectual power. Both studied and studied until every point of the composer's routine was child's play to them. Neither of them was naturally dramatic. Neither of them was intensely given to orchestral coloring. The shortcomings and the great merits of the two are very much alike.

Just as one would find in a Brahms symphony a great deal of ingenious figure

treatment, so in this work from the very first there is this kind of development. At the very beginning there is a figure of three notes, which is an old acquaintance, being nothing more nor less than Wagner's "Fate-motif." This fact does not constitute plagiarism any more than the use of the same text by two clergymen would. The treatment of the figure is the thing, and Franck rings the changes on this figure by almost every device known to musicians. It is an intellectual pleasure to the auditor to chase the transformations. Even in the finale this figure returns. As the movement goes on there is another, longer, figure of 12 notes, that is worked up against the short one. The contrapuntal skill here displayed is tremendous, yet there is never anything ascetic or harsh, as one often gets in the ingenious counterpoint of modern Frenchmen. It is no depreciation, however, if we state that not once is the wonderful harmonization that Wagner gives to the Fate-motif attained. With Wagner it becomes the greatest three-chord musical idea ever written. But Franck's first movement is mighty all the same.

The slow movement is overshadowed by this first movement, and still more by the finale, which follows,—for the work has but three movements. This finale, like the finale of Brahms's C minor symphony, introduces subject matter that began earlier in the work. Best of all, in the midst of all the contrapuntal devices here displayed, Franck remains clear, intelligible and beautiful. His followers in France have attained his skill, but not these last-named qualities.

In the first and second movement one may pay tribute to the beauty of the horn-playing. Our first horn is doing some very artistic work in these latter days. The tenderness of the English horn in the second movement must also be recorded. Within this second movement the Scherzo is imbedded, so that there are practically four movements (the regular symphonic number) after all.

But the chief tribute must be paid to Mr. Fiedler's reading of the work. It was something glorious and memorable, something akin to Dr. Muck's reading of the first Brahms symphony a few years ago. And the audience recognized its excellence for there was a most unusual display of enthusiasm both after the first movement and at the end of the work. Recall followed recall and the orchestra was also obliged to rise to acknowledge the continued plaudits. It was all well deserved.

Schumann's concerto was a contrast to the foregoing in its construction. It had far less skill, but more direct emotion and poetry. Its very shape is freer than the ordinary concerto form. Its glorious chief theme dominates everything in the first movement. Schumann called the gentle, poetic and dreamy side of his nature—"Eusebius"—while he named his more radical and virile self—"Florestan." There is rather more of Florestan than Eusebius in this first movement, and Mr. Bauer played

it with just that exultant triumph which is often a Schumann characteristic. But Eusebius steps into the foreground in the delicate intermezzo which follows. Here the violoncello has a most beautiful theme which is accompanied by the piano, and this was very expressively played by the orchestra.

In the transition which follows, the clarinettes blew and bassoons the re-entrance of the theme of the first movement with fine shading and then Mr. Bauer plunged into the fiery theme of the last movement. Exquisite was the contrast between the bravura of this and the syncopated mystery of the second theme as it entered in the orchestra. In short all the orchestral support was excellent and it evidently inspired the soloist. The result was a performance that was noble in the highest degree. Mr. Bauer gave a manly and musicianly interpretation of every part of the work. The cadenza of the first movement was Schumannesque in its treatment, not merely technical display. The octave work of the finale was very powerful, but never bangy. There was a clearness and a dignity to Mr. Bauer's performance that was most praiseworthy, and one felt the sense of reserve force, that was a delight in these piano-crashing days. It was the loftiest kind of Schumann-playing. Again the public showed full appreciation and recall after recall followed. It is seldom that one finds two such outbursts in a single concert, but both Franck and Schumann (and of course, Mr. Bauer), won equal triumphs.

It was interesting to find Balakireff going to Spain for a good musical theme. Only yesterday, in our review of Mr. Copeland's concert, we spoke of the great mine of Spanish music which is almost as unexploited as the Russian music was 75 years ago. Yet the beauty of Spanish themes and the hidden influence of Spanish music upon European development is greater than most musicians suspect. But the entire Balakireff number came as an anti-climax. It was a Fourth-of-July translated into Spanish, or Russian, with roasted Moors served as the chief course. It seemed very tawdry after the nobility of Franck and Schumann. It had a good display of working up short figures and themes, but it was fragmentary in its effect, and its Oriental effects, its piccolo and empty fifths, its short touches of mournful pathos, even its final racket, all seemed perfunctory and insincere.

Not so the "King Stephen" overture, which came before the symphony. It is a seldom played work. It is not the equal of "Egmont" or "Coriolanus." "King Stephen" was a worthy peer, but he did not inspire Beethoven to his highest work. It was a "piece d'occasion," written for the opening of a theatre in Buda-Pesth, which caused the composer to choose a Hungarian hero for his music. The geniality of the music that pictures the gathering of the Hungarians in friendly companionship is striking, and there are touches of Magyar jollity that are

pleasantly festive. The work was well played and well received, and did not seem out of place with its more ambitious companions.

Here we had then, a concert which was almost the ideal of musical enjoyment. The music was developed enough to chain the interest of the musician and not abstruse or tuneless enough to repel the laity. The best classical music is that in which emotion and intellect are kept in equipoise and that was the chief characteristic of the programme of yesterday. May we have many more such programmes and enjoy real music again!

Mr. Fiedler was a thorough conductor when he came here. But such a performance as he led on this occasion proves that he is growing, because of the constant exercise of his powers in his present position. We shall not soon forget the Franck interpretation of yesterday.

Contralto Singing in the Wagnerian Program at Symphony Sunday Concert



MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

GREAT OVATION FOR SCHUMANN-HEINK

Female

Singer Wildly Applauded at Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Shouldering a laurel wreath as big as a cartwheel, Mme. Schumann-Heink marched off the stage at Symphony Hall last night in a storm of laughter and applause that furnished a perfect climax for one of the most successful pension fund concerts the Symphony Orchestra has ever held.

Three numbers the heroine of the evening had sung in a program devoted entirely to Wagner. Erda's warning to Wotan, from "The Rhinegold," came first; then Waltraute's story, told to Bruennhilde, of the war god sitting grave and mute on his throne in Walhalla, waiting for the return of the ring that would free the Rhine-maidens from the spell; and then the scene and aria from "Rienzi," in which Adriano bemoans his fate. There was in the delivery of the first two selections the truly Wagnerian power and dignity which have long kept Mme. Schumann-Heink among the foremost interpreters of the composer whose fame is enshrined at Bayreuth. But there was an additional charm about the florid music which Wagner wrote in his youth for the Paris Grand Opera that thawed all reserve.

To cap the enthusiasm came the huge laurel wreath, decorated with the singer's native Austrian colors, offered by the members of the orchestra as a token of their thankfulness and admiration. What to do with the wreath was the question that puzzled her for a moment. Then, with a knowing nod to an audience that filled the hall, she lifted the offering up on her right shoulder and disappeared through the doorway, where Librarian Sauerquell was waiting to help her and congratulate her.

The prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and to "Lohengrin," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," the prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," the Good Friday music from "Parsifal" and the "Tannhaeuser" overture were the orchestral numbers.

BRINGS JOY TO WAGNER LOVERS

Female — *Nov 27 '11*

Pension Fund Concert for Symphony Orchestra Calls Forth Throng.

LAUREL TO SCHUMANN-HEINK

Fiedler, Overwhelmed with Applause, Calls on His Players to Share It.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, gave the first benefit concert of the season in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. The program was made up of excerpts from Wagner's operas, Mme. Schumann-Heink, who had volunteered her services, being the soloist. The program was as follows:

Preludes to "The Meistersingers" and "Lohengrin," funeral music from the third act of "Dusk of the Gods," prelude and "Love-death" from "Tristan and Isolde," Erda's scene from "The Rhinegold," Waltraute's narrative from "Dusk of the Gods," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," scene, "Just God," and air: "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi," overture to "Tannhaeuser."

The pension fund concerts are now an established feature of the musical season, and it might almost be added that the annual "Wagner concert" has become an institution. Of late years, since Wagner's operas have suffered eclipse in the operatic firmament, the Wagnerites have come to look forward to this program as their one opportunity of the season. The opportunity, however, is of a quality almost to compensate for the loss. In no opera house does one hear such playing, by an orchestra every element of which is skilled. It is unnecessary to dwell upon last evening's performance, save to say that it was characteristic. The hall was crowded, people standing in the side aisles, and the audience was demonstrative.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was given a stirring welcome by both orchestra and audience, and she was obliged to make repeated acknowledgments to

both. After her last number a huge laurel wreath, so large that it almost eclipsed its bearers and seemed to be moving automatically, made its way to the stage. The singer, after a momentary start, was equal to the occasion; heaved the enormous tribute to her shoulder, with a laugh in which every one joined; and bore it gallantly away. She was recalled again and again, as was Mr. Fiedler, who called on the players to rise and share the applause.

A Pension-Fund Concert

THE Symphony Orchestra is taking time by the forelock in its concerts, this year, for its Pension Fund. The first is already appointed for the evening of Sunday, Nov. 26, at Symphony Hall, and for a second time Mme. Schumann-Heink has volunteered her services as the assisting singer. Excerpts from Wagner's operas are to make the larger part, if not the whole of the programme, and the probabilities are that the singer will be heard again in the music of Waltraute and Erda. Her public here is large and loyal; it may not hear her in the opera house, since she has nearly forsaken the stage; but it has sought each new opportunity to hear her in the concert-room in fragments of her former parts. As for the rest of the programme, has not Wagner been the prop and pillar, these many years, of the Pension Fund? To the public of the Symphony Concerts, moreover, the increase of it appeals in itself.

The first of the two concerts given by the Symphony orchestra each season in aid of its pension fund is given in Symphony hall Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. With a program devoted entirely to excerpts from Wagner's music dramas and with Madame Schumann-Heink as soloist, an evening of more than ordinary pleasure may be expected. It has always been the purpose of the Symphony orchestra and its conductors to make the pension concerts appeal to all music lovers.

The pension fund institution of the Boston Symphony orchestra is unlike anything else in this country. Other orchestras have attempted to organize pension funds but not so successfully as this. The idea was Mr. Gericke's, who modeled it somewhat after the pension funds possessed by some of the orchestras in Europe, particularly that of the Gewandhaus in Leipsic. With the exception of a few gifts from individuals, the entire fund has been built up first, by the receipts from the concerts given each year; and second, by the annual

dues of the members of the orchestra. The first concert for the fund was given in March, 1903, and it was possible to begin to pay pensions four years ago. The existence of this fund has made conditions much more favorable for the orchestra as a whole and for the individual members.

Nearly every great artist who has appeared as soloist with the orchestra has given his or her services. These include

most of the great singers and instrumentalists who have visited this country in the last nine years. Four years ago Mme. Schumann-Heink gave her services for a concert and this year she does it again.

With Mme. Schumann-Heink as soloist, it is but natural for Mr. Fiedler to turn to Wagner for his program. The three solo numbers will be the Erda scene from "Rhinegold," Waltraute's narrative from "Dusk of the Gods" and the scene and air from "Rienzi," "Gerechter Gott!" The orchestral numbers will be the prelude to "Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," the prelude and finale from "Tristan and Isolde," the Good Friday spell from "Parsifal" and the "Tannhauser" overture. *Ch. Sei. Hunilton*

Symphony Hall: Pension-Fund Concert

ONCE more the music of Wagner and the public liking for it in concerts—since it can hear it nowhere else in Boston—will serve the Symphony Orchestra in good stead tomorrow evening. Then it undertakes the first of its two annual concerts for the increase of the Pension Fund that the men maintain and from which upon retirement they draw a considerable income. It deserves to flourish, and the public of Symphony Hall and the public in general, which cherishes the prestige of the orchestra, have long contributed to the fund when they pay for the pleasure that they receive from these two annual concerts. This town seems to crave Wagner's music and it also hears Mme. Schumann-Heink gladly. Once more she has given her aid to the orchestra and the fund, and she, too, will sing fragments of Wagner's operas. The programme comprises for her: Erda's warning to Wotan from the final scene of "Das Rheingold," Waltraute's narrative of the fallen gods from "Götterdämmerung" and the familiar alto air from "Rienzi." For the orchestra, it traverses the overture to "Tannhäuser," the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan," the "Good-Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and the apotheosis of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung."

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SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Mme Schumann-Heink
Gives Her Services.

Great Artist Surpasses Herself in
Emotional Power of Her Singing.

Globe — Nov. 27/14

A concert for the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Symphony Hall last night. There was an audience filling every seat, and some stood along the outer aisles of the floor. It was an audience fully in the spirit of these concerts, honoring by its presence a great organization which has long honored Boston, and last night attracted also to hear a singer whom the public has long held in admiration, both as artist and as woman.

Mme Schumann-Heink had offered the orchestra her services for the concert, and to a great degree it was hers. The program was entirely from Wagner. The four numbers preceding the intermission had been orchestral. After it, when audience and players had resumed their seats, Mme Schumann-Heink appeared and there was applause. The members of the orchestra rose to their feet and stood applauding. The handclapping in the audience redoubled and continued. Obviously, the singer was deeply touched, bowing first to the men upon the platform, then to her hearers. It was a moment not to be forgotten, either by those who participated or those who witnessed, a beautiful tribute paid by a great singing actress of our time and a great orchestra, the one to the other.

Mme Schumann-Heink was heard in the music of Erda, the earth goddess in "The Rhinegold," in which she warns Wotan not to withhold from the giants, Fasolt and Fafner, the magic ring, the ransom which they demand for the goddess Freia. The second number was the petition of Waltraute in the "Dusk of the Gods" to restore the ring to the Rhine daughters; her third, the "Just God" and aria from Rienzi.

The singer has not appeared in Boston in recent years in such complete control of all the splendid resources of her voice and art. She sang with a beauty and opulence of tone, a mastery over all the technical devices of the dramatic interpretation of a text, and with a just and profound sensing of the mood. It was deeply moving, and at times made the singer, her voice, and her face in its illumination of the thought, a presence truly majestic.

It would be unfortunate if the concert

field should so engross Mme Schumann-Heink that she should not be heard again, and not merely in a few sporadic appearances in Wagnerian repertory in the opera. Where is there one to stand beside her, in the dignity and nobility of her conception, in the heightened vividness and searching power of her diction? Her delivery of the Waltraute music and text was vital with color and emotional power.

After the "Rienzi" an enormous wreath was borne up to her, which occasioned the touch of spontaneous and intimate good fellowship that usually marks some moment of her concerts. The wreath was acknowledged, then swung sturdily over the singer's shoulder, and then there was more applause at the characteristic manner of the exit. Many recalls followed.

The orchestral numbers included the prelude to "The Mastersingers," the prelude to "Lohengrin," Siegfried's funeral music from the "Dusk of the Gods," the prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," the "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal" and the "Tannhauser" overture.

The men of the orchestra could not have been other than inspired by such an audience, and they gave of their best. Their tone has never been more golden in its matchless euphony, nor their sense of ensemble and of proportion more unerring. In the concert arrangement of the "Love Death" the orchestra was its own prima donna, and the violins with notes of soaring, spiritual purity, sang the ascent with impassioned fervor. At the conclusion of the number there was hearty applause for Mr Fiedler and the players, all finally standing together in acknowledgement.

It was a program such as the public hears with gladness and with understanding, for here is music, whatever the message of more recent school or idiom, that speaks to the heart, rich in that beauty which is imperishable, for its emotions are human and enduring.

TRIBUTE TO GREAT SINGER

Mme. Schumann-Heink
Honored at Pension Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who had volunteered her services, was assisting soloist last night at the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, and Mr. Fiedler had arranged a Wagner programme. The hall was filled, and a number stood in the aisles. The programme included the "Meistersingers" prelude, the prelude to "Lohengrin," the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods," the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde," the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" and the "Tannhauser" overture for o

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 Heink sang the great scene of Erda from "The Rhinegold," Waltraute's narrative from "The Dusk of the Gods," the scene, "Just God" and aria, "My Life Fades in its Blossom," from the third act of "Rienzi."

Like all of the concerts given for the maintenance of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony, this was a festive occasion, the orchestra playing surely authoritatively, as is its wont, especially in the performance of this magnificent and familiar music. Music which, after the compositions of the ultra-moderns who have succeeded Wagner, seems elemental, classic, antique in its greatness. This is the more remarkable when the extreme richness and the subtle harmonic style of the scores is taken into consideration. But once every few centuries a man is born who bears within himself the seeds of the past and the future, and the music played last night was a sort of apotheosis, not so much of what had passed, as to what has come since Richard Wagner lived, an ungrateful rascal, and died, having brought into existence at least six music dramas, each one in itself a cosmos of tone and of exhaustless vitality.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Erda's music and the narrative of Waltraute as very few singers now before the public, save herself, can sing it. With the earnestness of one who no longer saw an audience before her, but was deep in converse with the gods, and like a splendid woman with a great voice. The voice lacks great sensuous richness or smoothness of quality, but, had there only been the scene on the stage last night, one would have thought it the voice of Erda, the earth-mother, herself. The lines of Waltraute, lines requiring the greatest thinking and feeling, were fully as impressive. When Mme. Schumann-Heink entered the hall for the first time the orchestra rose en masse to receive her. Well might it, and the large audience present, rejoice in such an interpreter for such an occasion. Enthusiasm was at its height throughout the evening, and Mr. Fiedler, not to be outdone, caused his men to make acknowledgments with him.

SYMPHONY HALL
 SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1911
 AT 8 O'CLOCK

CONCERT

PENSION FUND

OF THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

SOLOIST
Madame SCHUMANN-HEINK
 who has generously given her services for this cause

Wagner Programme

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
 Prelude to "Lohengrin"
 Funeral Music, Act III., "Dusk of the Gods"
 Prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde"

a. Erda's Scene from "The Rhinegold," Scene IV.
 b. Waltraute's Narrative from "Dusk of the Gods," Act I., Scene 3
 "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"
 Scene, "Just God!" and Aria, "My Life Fades in its Blossom," from
 "Rienzi," Act III., Scene 9
 Overture, "Tannhäuser"

chestra alone; and Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the great scene of Erda from "The Rhinegold," Waltraute's narrative from "The Dusk of the Gods," the scene, "Just God" and aria, "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from the third act of "Rienzi."

Like all of the concerts given for the maintenance of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony, this was a festive occasion, the orchestra playing surely authoritatively, as is its wont, especially in the performance of this magnificent and familiar music. Music which, after the compositions of the ultra-moderns who have succeeded Wagner, seems elemental, classic, antique in its greatness. This is the more remarkable when the extreme richness and the subtle harmonic style of the scores is taken into consideration. But once every few centuries a man is born who bears within himself the seeds of the past and the future, and the music played last night was a sort of apotheosis, not so much of what had passed, as to what has come since Richard Wagner lived, an ungrateful rascal, and died, having brought into existence at least six music dramas, each one in itself a cosmos of tone and of exhaustless vitality.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Erda's music and the narrative of Waltraute as very few singers now before the public, save herself, can sing it. With the earnestness of one who no longer saw an audience before her, but was deep in converse with the gods, and like a splendid woman with a great voice. The voice lacks great sensuous richness or smoothness of quality, but, had there only been the scene on the stage last night, one would have thought it the voice of Erda, the earth-mother, herself. The lines of Waltraute, lines requiring the greatest thinking and feeling, were fully as impressive. When Mme. Schumann-Heink entered the hall for the first time the orchestra rose en masse to receive her. Well might it, and the large audience present, rejoice in such an interpreter for such an occasion. Enthusiasm was at its height throughout the evening, and Mr. Fiedler, not to be outdone, caused his men to make acknowledgments with him.

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1911
AT 8 O'CLOCK

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PENSION FUND

OF THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

SOLOIST
Madame SCHUMANN-HEINK

who has generously given her services for this cause

Wagner Programme

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Prelude to "Lohengrin"

Funeral Music, Act III., "Dusk of the Gods"

Prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde"

a. Erda's Scene from "The Rhinegold," Scene IV.

b. Waltraute's Narrative from "Dusk of the Gods," Act I., Scene 3

"Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"

Scene, "Just God!" and Aria, "My Life Fades in its Blossom," from
"Rienzi," Act III., Scene 9

Overture, "Tannhäuser"

a. Erda's Warning from "The Rhinegold," Scene IV.

Wotan has refused to surrender to Fasolt and Fafner the magic ring which he and Loge have obtained from Alberich by trickery. The ring is needed to complete the hoard of the Nibelungs, which is the ransom demanded by the giants for Freia, the goddess of youth, whom Fafner and Fasolt carried away as payment for Walhalla. As Fasolt turns to take away the goddess again, a bluish light glows in a rocky cleft at the side, and suddenly in the glow Wotan perceives Erda, whose form is half revealed as she rises from the earth.

ERDA.

(Stretching her hand toward Wotan as though warning him.)

Wisely, Wotan, wisely,
Flee the fateful ring!
Dark the doom,
Ruthless the ruin,
Soon the gold must bring.

WOTAN.

Who art thou, warning of woe?

ERDA.

Whate'er hath been, know I;
Whate'er can be,
What all must come to,
Clear I see:
The endless world's
All-wise One,
Erda, bids thee beware.
Three the daughters,
Ere the ages,
My womb did bear.
Norns in the night to thee whisper.
Thy danger and need
Bring me here.
Now to thine aid.
Hear me! Hear me! Hear me!
All that now is, endeth!
A day of gloom dawns for our godhoods.
I warn thee, dread thou the ring.

(She sinks slowly till her breast is level with the ground, while the bluish glow grows dimmer.)

WOTAN.

An awful knell
Rings in thy words.
Wait, for I need thy wisdom.

ERDA.

(As she disappears.)

I warned thee well—
Thou'rt wise enow:
Ponder now and pause.

(She disappears.)

Translated by Charles Henry Meltzer.

b. Waltraute Scene from "Dusk of the Gods"

Brünnhilde is waiting at the Valkyr Rock for the return of Siegfried, who has left her to go in quest of further adventures. Before parting he gave her the magic Ring of the Nibelungs to hold as a pledge of his love. While she waits, the sky grows dark with storm clouds, in which comes her sister Waltraute to entreat her to return the Ring to its lawful guardians, the Rhine-daughters, and thus lift the curse from the Æsir.

Hearken with heed to what I tell thee!

Since from thee Wotan turned him,
To battle no more hath he sent us:
Dazed with fear, bewildered we rode to the field;
Walhall's heroes no more may meet War Father.
Lonely to horse, without pause or rest,
As Wand'rer he swept through the world.
Home came he at last;
In his hand holding the spear-shaft's splinters,
A hero had struck it asunder.
With silent sign, Walhall's heroes sent he
To hew the world ash-tree in pieces.

The sacred stem at his command
Was riven and raised in a heap
Round about the hall of the blest
The holy host called he together
The god on his throne took his place.
In dismay and in fear of his word they assembled;
Around him ranged, the hall was filled by his heroes.

So sits he, speaks no word,
On high enthroned, grave and mute;
The shattered spear-shaft fast in his grasp;
Holda's apples tastes he no more.
Awe-struck and shrinking, sit the gods in silence.

Forth on quest from Wallhall sent he his ravens;
If with good tidings back the messengers come,
Then forever shall smiles of joy
Gladden the face of the god.

Round his knees entwining cower we Valkyries;
Naught recks he, nor knows our anguish:
We all are consumed by terror and ne'er-ending fear.
Upon his breast, weeping, I pressed me;
Then soft grew his look;
He remembered, Brünnhilde, thee!
He closed his eyes, deeply sighing,
And as in slumber spoke he the words;

"If e'er the river-maidens win from her hand again the Ring,
From the curse's load released were god and world."

Translated by Frederick Jameson.

c. Scene, "Just God!" and Aria, "My Life Fades in its Blossom,"
from "Rienzi," Act III., No. 9

ADRIANO (*enters*).

Scena.

Just God, so 'tis already decided! The people cry for arms,—'tis no longer a dream! O Earth, engulf me, lamentable one! Where is a fate that's like to mine? Who let me fall thy victim, dark Power? Rienzi, thou disastrous one, what a fate didst thou conjure upon this hapless head! Whither shall I wend my wandering steps? Whither this sword, the knight's adornment? Shall I turn it toward thee, Irene's brother? . . . Shall I draw it against my father's head?—

(*He falls exhausted upon an overturned column.*)

Aria.

My life fades in its blossom, all my knighthood is gone; the hope of deeds is lost, happiness and fame shall never crown my head. My star shrouds itself in murky crape in its first brightness of youth; through sombre glows even the ray of the beautifullest love pierces me to the heart.—(*Tocsin signals are heard.*) Where am I? Ha! where was I but now?—The tocsin—! God, 'tis soon too late! What shall I do!—Ha! only one thing! I will flee outside the walls to my father; [perhaps his son will succeed in reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees.] The Tribune, too, will be merciful; I will turn glowing hatred to peace! Thou God of mercy, to Thee I pray, who inflamest every bosom, with love: arm me with strength and blessing, let reconciliation be my sacred office! (*He hurries off.*)

Translation by W. F. Apthorp.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

ELGAR,

SYMPHONY No. 2 in E flat, op. 63

- I. Allegro vivace e nobilmente
 - II. Larghetto
 - III. Rondo; Presto
 - IV. Moderato e maestoso
- (First time in Boston.)

BRUCH,

FANTASIA, on Scottish Airs for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 46

- I. Introduction: Grave; Adagio cantabile
- II. Scherzo: Allegro
- III. Andante sostenuto
- IV. Finale: Allegro guerriero

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"Romeo and Juliet," OVERTURE-FANTASIA after Shakespeare

Soloist:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next Week

The contrasts seemed manufactured; the night-picture was pallid; the love-music no longer sounded in dreamy or passionate ardor; only the requiem kept its old tang. Perhaps some listening ears were tired after the lengths of Elgar and of Bruch; perhaps we have heard too much of Tschalkowsky of late at the Symphony Concerts and its music has its sameness. Perhaps the glow and depth of the outer shell of Elgar's music made Tschalkowsky's instrumentation seem thin and pale. Maybe the musical times are changing even for Tschalkowsky. It was quite possible to overestimate him.

H. T. P.

KATHLEEN PARLOW SYMPHONY SOLOIST

MADE SWEEPING Dec. 2, 1911

SUCCESS OF HER WORK

adv

This Week's Programme Comprises
Works by Elgar, Bruch and
Tschalkowsky.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Elgar. Second Symphony.
Bruch. "Scotch Fantasia." Violin and Orchestra.
Soloist, Miss Kathleen Parlow.
Tschalkowsky. "Romeo and Juliet." Overture-Fantasia.

Let no one imagine that with three numbers only, the concert was too short. A modern symphony is a very serious matter and no self-respecting composer nowadays will write even a sinfonietta that does not last over an hour. Yet in his second symphony Sir Edward Elgar is more concise than in his first. The system of forcing homogeneity into a symphony by transferring thematic material from one movement to another is another device which all modern symphonists use, and we expected to find it in this work,—and were not disappointed. But none of the latter-day musical creators seems to manage this in such a natural and beautiful manner as Brahms did in his C minor symphony, or Beethoven in his ninth, although the Finale is much the best movement in Elgar's second symphony.

When Elgar burst upon the world with his "Dream of Gerontius" all the world (the present reviewer included), believed that the greatest English composer had arrived, that Purcell was dethroned as the chief musical Englishman. Since that time

Bantock has advanced and Elgar has receded, so that it is now a divided consulship even if the most favorable verdict is rendered.

For one thing we are grateful. Elgar in this symphony keeps well to a definite form and shows that the symphonic shape is not a dead letter even in the 20th century. The first and last movements have the recognized architecture which Haydn founded, Mozart developed, and Beethoven and Brahms culminated, although the return of themes after development have some freedom, as is proper in a modern work. The slow movement, too, is akin to sonatina-form, in which the themes are stated, and then, after a short transition, restated. This slow movement is a worthy part of the symphony, being spontaneous in character, well-contrasted in themes and ending with a climax. The Scherzo, or Rondo, presents derivations from the first movement. The finale gives more than occasional reminiscences, it broadly develops figures which were first heard in the opening movement and a noble climax is made with the very first figure or phrase of the work, which serves to bind the whole together. The end of the work is very beautiful.

So much for the forms employed. The orchestration is not altogether so effective as one might demand in a great work in these days when there are a dozen ton-colorists who could give lessons to even Beethoven in this particular field.

The earnestness of the work no one may doubt, but its fragmentary style is not to be doubted either. One would not want an oratorio to be all recitative, nor does one wish a symphony to be all figure treatment. There were many passages that suggested an English Debussy flavored with Wagner. Such an involved symphony makes us feel that Music, who was once, according to Collins, a "Heavenly Maid," has not kept the promise of her early years, but has become a decided blue-stocking.

Great credit must be given to Mr. Fiedler and his merry, merry men, for the work was tremendously difficult,—we wish (like the old Greek), that it had been impossible. But the finale made amends for all the prolixity and rambling that had preceded it, for it is really great music. One feels here that the symphony is the work of a powerful composer who has not yet mastered his style of utterance. Yet Elgar is nearer to definite attainment in this symphony than in his first one. But such music is a severe strain upon the listening faculties of an audience. Some day our concert auditors will strike for shorter hours of labor.

How many Germans have been influenced by the beautiful Scottish music! The Scottish folk-song is the most beautiful in the world, yet strange to say, no Scotsman has yet arisen to build it into the larger forms of music. The Germans have rushed in to try to fill this void. Mendelssohn,

Schumann, Beethoven, Volkmann, Franz, and other Teutons, have all attempted some development of Scottish themes, but none except the first-named has caught the true Gaelic spirit. We are afraid that the true Scot would find that Bruch also has somewhat un-Scotched his imported themes. Yet Bruch heartily loves the Scottish melodies. He has assured the present writer that he has in his memory over 400 Scottish songs.

In his "Fair Ellen" he has made a thrilling development of "The Campbells are Comin'," but a treatment which is much nearer to Leipzig than to Edinburgh. In the "Scotch Fantasia," played at this concert, he has again put Teutonic skill at work until he has somewhat denationalized his melodies. But the work is very interesting all the same. It is melodic enough to please the general public, and developed enough to charm the skilled musician, and in these days when good violin concertos are as scarce as good capitalists, or good trusts, this is something to be thankful for.

And Kathleen Parlow made a sweeping success of the work. We have recently eulogized the work of this excellent artist. Suffice it to say that she rose to her own high level on this occasion. She has a most sympathetic tone. Her intonation is always pure even in the highest positions. Her harmonics are brilliant. Her free bowing results in a breadth of tone, especially on the G string, that is noble.

She was recalled several times. The finale of this work was the most Gaelic part of the proceedings, for Bruch serves up "Scots wha hae," half-a-dozen different keys, complete and in slices, cold and hot, and with sauce piquante. When the Scots could bleed no more Bruch lets go of the melody and the work comes to a military end.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" closed the concert. All the world loves a lover, and so does every composer. And here are two lovers of the most tender sort ready to their hands. To be sure, our Russian is as much impelled towards the stormy moods as to the tender episodes, and we find the brawls of the Montagues and Capulets, the "Alarums and Excursions," quite as prominent as the devoted pair, and the fiery Tybalt is as much in the foreground as Romeo.

Mr. Fiedler very properly gave prominence to the heroic vein in the work, and yet did not neglect the sentimental passages. The piccolo, trumpets, drums and cymbals all earned their salaries on this occasion. The concert was certainly an earnest one, but it was in vivid contrast with the one of last week when Schumann and Cesar Franck presented some music that was more easily comprehended.

MISS PARLOW MAKES DEBUT

Par-
Canadian Plays Brilliantly
With Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist who was so successful when she made her Boston debut with the Symphony Orchestra last season, played again at the public rehearsal of this orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, with the most brilliant success. Miss Parlow's vehicle was Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs," op. 46, a piece which is or is not valuable, according to your standpoint as a symphonist or a soloist. The Fantasia has some fine musical moments, though these are scattered, but the solo part and the orchestral measures are very skilfully and effectively put together. The Scottish airs on which the composition is based, according to description, are "Auld Rob Morris," "There Was a Lad," "Who'll Buy My Caller Herrin'" and "Scots Wha Hae W! Wallace Bled." The themes given to the violinist are rather derived from than reproductions of the old Scotch tunes, and they are ingratiating to the ear.

Miss Parlow gave an astonishing performance. Last year she played the Tschaikowsky concerto, vigorously enough, but her performance yesterday was even superior to that of last season, in its sureness and brilliancy, in the superb, virile quality of the tone, on whatever string, in whatever register, the purity of intonation, even in the most difficult passages of double-stopping, the complete technical adequacy, whether of the left hand or the bow arm.

Miss Parlow played with a mastery and fire almost masculine, and her tone seemed to color itself in accordance with the mood and the inflection of the passage. It was as warm, as big, as sonorous, as a 'cello, or it was crisp and brilliant, like the trumpets in the orchestra, or it had the beauty and the coldness of a flute. It is seldom that a slender violin appears such an equal to the resounding orchestra, but Bruch's admirable orchestration and the vitality of Miss Parlow's tone combined to achieve this effect. No wonder that the audience was enthusiastic. Miss Parlow was recalled again and again. Her performance

will surely stand out as one of the events of this Symphony season.

Elgar on Programme

Elgar's Second Symphony was played for the first time in Boston on this occasion. Both are high-priced compositions, and while it is a grievance when a Strauss charges a prohibitive price for a cosmic page, it is an injury and an imposition when an audience is compelled to sit through an Elgar symphony. The work heard yesterday is superior to the first symphony in its first two movements on account of a far greater transparency of instrumentation and musical style and a more frank, unaffected attitude on the part of the composer. The last two movements seemed very poor music yesterday.

If the first symphony is both ponderous and bourgeois, it is, in its mundane way, meat. In our humble opinion the second symphony peters out when two movements have passed by. Emptiness of ideas may sometimes be concealed by distinction of style, but when there is emptiness and mediocrity in expression in one and the same composition then indeed is the composer's own inscription over his first movement justified: "Rarely, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight." No wonder that the audience did not applaud.

The most valuable musical moment of the afternoon came with the middle portion of Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet Overture."

NEW ELGAR SYMPHONY

Globe — *Dec. 2/11*
First Performance of Work
in This City.

Miss Parlow Plays Bruch Concerto
With Fine Mastery of Style.

Elgar's second symphony, in E flat, was played yesterday at the eighth public Symphony rehearsal, for the first time in Boston. It is in four movements and occupied between 50 and 55 minutes. The reception given it was not a cordial one; indeed, it is not easy to remember when applause was so perfunctorily brief at any Friday afternoon concert, this notwithstanding the fact that the British press, the usually sane, well-poised and intelligent Mr Newman included, gave devout thanks that the muse had descended once more upon their isle.

To the Briton this symphony may be a repository of noble thoughts, a casket of gems, whose exterior is wrought in

rich and graceful design, yet even the Briton himself was present in scant numbers at the repetitions which followed the first production of it at the International Congress in London last May.

The material out of which Elgar builds his work is ordinary, without melodic or rhythmic significance. Now and then one grasps at a musical idea, which might flower into something, when straightaway the composer strips it of whatever illusive or imaginative quality it may have contained and, through barren and monotonous development by the baldest sequence, beats out the last drop of blood and leaves it a husk, rather than the ripened fruit which is the pride of the husbandman.

In movement after movement this man meanders on, though mediocrity and stuff, uttering the veriest platitudes—worse than that, for a formula has some identity—repeating himself to oblivion, while the hearer gropes through the London fog trying to find an enduring or an impressive thought, a poetic fancy or an appeal to the imagination, unless he be so fortunate as to fold the hands in sleep.

To be sure there is a certain contrapuntal skill displayed, and an acquaintance with orchestral technic, but there is a woeful lack of contrast, both in dynamics and in timbres. The fantasia of the first movement derives a certain exotic effect from the contending tonalities, but it is a labored style, making due acknowledgment to Mr Puccini's version of the whole tone scale, incongruous with the preceding section and approaching the recapitulation as if in great travail.

The rondo begins with brightening hope, which is quickly dispelled by the same heavy hand. Then there are pages of sheer emptiness, or of crass and bumptious bathos, which might imply that humor was an attribute only of bucolic bumpkins and loutish clowns, and yet the only motto which we are permitted in this piece is "Joyousness." Mr Fiedler and the orchestra obviously took pains to make the most of it.

Miss Parlow was most welcome, even in Brudi's Scotch fantasia. She played with even a riper and more mature mastery than last year in the superb virility of her style, her brilliant bravura and rarishing cantilena, in the thoughtfulness and dignity of her interpretation of music that is often inherently cheap, and in the ease with which she tossed off technical difficulties. Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" closed an overlong program.

C VARIATIONS, "Istar" op. 42

Concert next week

SYMPHONY SOLOIST CHARMS AUDIENCE

Journal Dec. 2/11
Kathleen Parlow Heard in
"Fantasia on Scottish
Folk-Melodies."

Kathleen Parlow, whom San Francisco claims to have discovered, is this week's Symphony soloist. Like Elman and Zimballist, she is a pupil of Auer, the Russian violinist, and in spite of her Burne-Jones or Du Maurier appearance, she has more of Elman's vivacity than Zimballist's somewhat statuesque serenity.

The last time she was here she played the big Tschalkowsky concerto in D major. This time she has chosen Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Folk-Melodies." Zimballist played the same piece at his recital two weeks ago and made it seem strangely uninteresting. Yesterday, with Miss Parlow's lively spirit and the orchestra's brilliant support, the none too familiar work seemed well worth an occasional revival. There is a little of everything in it—technical intricacy, sentimental simplicity, orchestral solidity. It is not a big work at that, but Miss Parlow and the orchestra managed to extract many appealing qualities. Besides a spirit that showed a racial sympathy for the subject, Miss Parlow again revealed her command of beautiful tone and extraordinary technique. The audience recalled her again and again at the end of the number.

This week's novelty, Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony, which the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra managed to produce just a week ago and so get the credit of a first American performance, proved to be about the flattest offering of the season. Ernest Newman, the English critic, who, in a sense, speaks for the composer, admits that the work has its enigmas. It has, indeed, and little else. There is a semi-ecclesiastical motive toward the end that recalls the pomp which characterized Elgar's first symphony, but generally speaking this tribute to Edward VII. is dull and unprofitable. Yesterday it received applause that was unmistakably perfunctory and polite.

The big number on this eighth program—which will be repeated tonight—is Tschalkowsky's overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," with its melodic opulence and its intensely romantic spirit, interpreted admirably and enjoyed thoroughly by the large audience.

SYMPHONY'S 8TH REHEARSAL

Herald Dec. 2/11
Composer Elgar's New Work Is
Played for the First
Time in Boston.

MARKED BY SONOROUSNESS

BY PHILIP HALE.

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Kathleen Parlow was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, E flat op 68.....Elgar
Fantasia on Scottish Airs for violin
and orchestra.....Bruch
"Romeo and Juliet" Overture Fantasia
after Shakespeare.....Tschalkowsky

Elgar's new symphony was played for the first time in Boston. The first performances in this country were by the Cincinnati orchestra at Cincinnati, the 24th and 25th of last month. The symphony was produced at the London Musical Festival the 24th of last May.

It is in four movements, and the scherzo is called a rondo. The symphony is long and orthodox. It has no program, but there is this motto from Shelley's "Invocation":

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight.

And these lines may well be repeated by the hearer at the end of the performance.

Mr. Ernest Newman has written an analysis of this symphony, an analysis which is at the same time an exuberant eulogy. He finds that the music is "untroubled by any of the darker problems of the soul"; that for the most part "it sings and dances in sheer delight with life." Mr. Newman is an able and interesting writer; an independent thinker, courageous and felicitous in the expression of his opinions and beliefs; he is also a good friend.

For this symphony is chiefly distinguished by the sonorousness of the instrumentation. The purely musical contents are middle-class. The themes have not so marked a profile as those of the composer's first symphony, which were either sentimental with the English sentimentalism that disfigures even many hymn tunes of the Church of England,

or conventionally brilliant after the manner of a page by Miss Marie Corelli.

This second symphony sounds well. There are passages that are uncommonly fine in this respect, as the opening measures and the exposition of the first theme in the Larghetto. When this is said, praise must cease, except the doubtful praise paid the composer's facility and knowledge of routine.

The musical thought is neither profound, nor beautiful, nor stirring in itself. There is a lack of contrasts; there is rhythmic monotony. The attention of the hearer is easily and often distracted—yet he is aware that this music playing is eminently correct and self-satisfied. It is not profitable to inquire too curiously into the causes of prevailing dullness.

Nearly 100 years ago William Hazlitt wrote a few words concerning a speech on India affairs by the Marquis Wellesley, the eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington. These words may be justly applied to Sir Edward Elgar, composer of "The Dream of Gerontius," two symphonies, the popular marches "Pomp and Circumstance" and other works which have been performed here:

"Seeming to utter volumes in every word, and yet saying nothing; retaining the same unabated vehemence of voice and action without anything to excite it; still keeping alive the promise and the expectation of genius without once satisfying it—soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter of fact, writhing with agony under a truisim, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunder-bolt."

It is to be regretted that Miss Parlow, a violinist of indisputable talent, chose Bruch's disarrangement of Scottish airs. Nevertheless in this shop-worn Fantasia she displayed brilliant technique, including her remarkably rapid and even trill, and the species of emotional quality that suited the sentiment of the airs in the first and third movements. Her performance of the more robust passages was virile. The accompaniment was not worthy of the reputation of the orchestra, and at times one or two of the wind instrument players were sadly at sea.

It is perhaps the greatest compliment to Elgar's instrumentation to say that after his symphony certain pages of Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" seemed thin, meagre or coarse. But the middle section still remains a thing of beauty with its murmured confessions, its rapturous chant of love that triumphs over strife and death.

The program of the concerts of Dec. 15 and 16 will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony in B flat No. 4; two cello pieces, Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and Boellmann's Symphonic Variations, played by Alwin Schroeder; Strauss, "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot" and "Till Eulenspiegel." There will be no concerts next week.

ELGAR AND HIS MUSIC

Trans. Nov. 29, 1911
NOTES TO PRECEDE HIS NEW
SYMPHONY

The Piece That Mr. Fiedler Will Produce
at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and
Saturday—The Mistrust of Elgar's Work
in America and a Reason or Two for It—
The Harm That Self-Advertising Has
Done Him—The British Traits in Elgar—
His Substantial Achievements

IN spite of the fact that American reviewers officially disposed of Elgar's first symphony three years ago, Elgar has perversely not retired to private life, but has since composed a concerto and another symphony, the latter of which we in Boston are to hear at the next rehearsal and concert of our orchestra. The task of preparing a preliminary analysis of this work is delicate, for England and America are alike in this—neither nation feels sure that it is musical, but each is sure that the other is not; and, while some of us are not only willing to admit that some good thing may come out of Nazareth, but also delighted when it comes, there are, on the other hand, many whose sole pleasure in entertaining a work of art which emanates from a quarter against which they are prejudiced, is the joy of finding that it is as bad as they had expected.

All this applies especially to Elgar: for, rightly or wrongly, to the general public Elgar represents English music, and it is therefore difficult for a critic to consider his music apart from certain settled policies on the critics' part with regard to English music in general. At present the misguided efforts of English journals to boost Elgar whether or no have aroused the fight in American critics; and the comparative failure three years ago in this country of Elgar's first symphony seems due less to any demerit of the work than to a desire on the part of our reviewers to scoff at British boasting, and to their fixed prejudice against British music in general.

Elgar, the Advertiser

True, nobody can say that Americans have ever misjudged Elgar's music through lack of advance information, for we have been systematically led by English reviewers to expect, and helped by them to detect, every good trait possessed by previous composers, and more besides, in each of Elgar's works as they appeared—or rather some time before they appeared; for Elgar, unlike most composers, has mastered the difficult art (or should I say craft?) of securing

favorable reviews of his works not only after their premiere, but before they have been either published or performed, almost even before they are composed. The effect of these methods upon American critics has usually been that of making them deery the music itself partly no doubt because some of them have deserved it, and partly also because it is always pleasant to catch one's colleagues in other faults than one's own.

Now, of course, Elgar's tendency to sanction, or at least to wink at, the unseasonable smoothing of his path by his over-zealous friends (or agents!) is disgusting. Equally disgusting is the series of anonymous letters which appeared in English papers just after Elgar's concerto was hissed in Frankfurt, letters which were so surrounded by carefully worded editorials, prefaces, and footnotes as to leave no reasonable doubt as to their authorship, and which simultaneously denied the alleged Covent Garden boycott against German works while pleading that such a boycott would be justified by German treatment of English music, and so forth, and so onward. Of course, too, the extraordinary coincidence of Elgar's concert tour in America with Yale's sudden interest in the academic recognition of musical talent, culminating in a doctor's degree for "the greatest living composer" (!!!) provoked excusable mirth. Nor were judicious men pleased when Elgar talked so long and so loud to American reporters concerning his accomplishments as a man of science and letters, all of which was frankly designed to show that he was a much more versatile and scintillating person than the "mere musician" they supposedly had imagined him to be.

Elgar, the Briton

While these social and ethical traits of "Sir Edward," as the English papers love to call him, are extremely displeasing, we must remember that they have yet no more to do with the merits of his compositions than his taste in neckties; and while of course we should not allow his press-agents to mislead us into overestimating the quality of his music, neither should we allow the supposition he employs press-agents to mislead us into underestimating it. We cannot determine the relative value of Beethoven and Wagner as composers by comparing their records as marrying men; nor can we invariably expect to find coupled with a special talent those moral qualities which we admire, or at least which we affect to admire, in others. If Elgar, the composer, is the superior of Elgar, the social individual, who would wish that the reverse were the case? In fairness, also, to a self-made man, it should not be forgotten that when Elgar began to compose, the English, like the Americans today, had an indiscriminating and relentless prejudice against music signed

with the name of any home-born and bred composer; and one may well ask, had Elgar not pushed his way to the front and pushed hard, where would he now be? "Echo answers, 'Where,'"—indeed one can but sadly reflect that had Edward Macdowell possessed, in addition to his admirable qualities as man and artist, a dash of the undeniably "seamy" trait of opportunism, he might now be alive and well, composing the mature music of which his death deprived the world.

Elgar, the Composer

It is time to turn from Elgar's personality to his music. His chief significance would seem to be that he is a successful exponent in music of the English character; and if this involves defects as well as virtues, there is still no reason why his work should be rejected as a whole. It is true that English life is full of the most surprising contradictions: to an outsider, for instance, it is difficult to see how so essentially masculine a race, distinguished for singleness of purpose and energetic accomplishment, can take seriously the most trivial forms of amusement, the most banal conventions in social matters, and the most artificial divisions into inflexible "classes" of people who individually and collectively pride themselves on their love of freedom; or, to come nearer to our art, it is difficult for an outsider to see how a race which attentively sits through symphonic programmes much longer and often more serious than are tolerated in any other country can also find delight in concerts consisting entirely of mawkish "ballads" composed and performed in the most stereotyped manner. It is therefore not surprising to find the composer of "Gerontius" writing abominably trashy salon music, for a man must necessarily be influenced by his environment; and it is as unreasonable to impugn the merit of his serious music because he has written some unworthy sugarplums as it would be to deny that the English are a successful nation in commerce because a certain proportion of them are paupers.

Grant cheerfully the sickish quality of such amiable nonsense as the "Salut d'Amour" (no pianola is complete without it), as well as the total absence of ideas in some of the cantatas, oratorios, and suites, yet Elgar has produced much music in which good thematic ideas are coupled with individuality of style and firmness of treatment. This individuality consists in an exceptionally high development of the more rugged qualities of modern music—such as dissonance, wide intervals in the themes, heavily marked rhythms, persistent reiteration of single motives, sonorous instrumentation, and a comparative neglect of the sensuous, except in certain mystical passages, of which Elgar is decidedly fond. Such a combination of reserve in expression with power in con-

ception inevitably suggests the analogous traits of the English racial character. It must be remembered that nothing in art is more dangerous, or less just, than to judge A's work by a rigid standard of conformity, to the work of B; yet most of Elgar's unfavorable criticisms have complained not at any fault of his work other than that they missed the "love-interest" which every post-Wagnerian composer is expected to wallow in, or the refined self-consciousness which the French and Russians have been suffered to put forward as the only orthodox modern alternative. Certainly in the "Cockaigne" and "In the South" overtures Elgar shows great vitality, and it is a satisfaction to see that both of these pieces still appear from time to time on concert programmes. The "Variations" are less fortunate; there is too much mere prettiness in them to make them long-lived, though parts of the work are deeper. The "Pomp and Circumstance" marches are not so well known, partly no doubt because the average symphonic conductor trembles for his dignity in putting a march on his programme, while the average band leader religiously excludes everything serious from his; but the novel and significant use of the march rhythm to be found in the first three of these pieces is no mere experiment in "popular" vein, but a highly impressive glorification of the military idea, comparable in purpose though not in style, to Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." Best of the earlier music, however, is the "Dream of Gerontius," which is an effective, faithful, and adequate setting of a subtle and elusive poem; this oratorio, which might have been called, like Mr. Converse's "Job," a "dramatic poem," wears exceedingly well, and should not have been dropped here after a first performance, but, as in England, performed often enough to overcome the preliminary shyness of the public. Add to this list the first symphony, which was several times played in this country, but always under some unfavorable circumstances, such as short preparation, unsympathetic interpretation, or the fixed policy of some of the critics to ridicule Elgar and his reviewers. Yet the music itself is excellent, and should, in common fairness, be properly presented to the public of this country.

The New Symphony

Last May, in London, I heard the first performance of the new second symphony, which we in Boston are about to hear. Elgar, who conducted, was evidently aware that all the Elgarites had come to "root" for him, and it may be truthfully said that he conducted the audience rather than the orchestra, a practice which naturally obscured many of the finer points of the symphony. Equal-

ly naturally, neither public nor critics, except the pledged "Elgarites" were especially pleased with the symphony; and even the pledged "Elgarites," to raise a proper "hurrah" had to resort to curious semi-apologetic "explanations" of the composer's aims and purposes, such as that offered by a loyal reviewer, characterizing the symphony as "a series of climaxes of hysterical, frenzied pleasure," an episode in it as resembling "a flash of shrieking fauns seen in a forest glade," and "Sir Edward" himself as a "riotous bacchanalian" composer.

"I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober"—from the social Elgar conducting at (I use the preposition after proper reflection and selection) his artistic "backers," to the creative Elgar composing in the privacy of his study. The frenzied, bacchanalian, hysterical elements, as well as the shrieking fauns, are purely local symptoms, and indicate not an organic trouble but merely an acute attack of "first-night-itis." The symphony itself is an agreeable work, with some good points and some bad, inferior in the quality of its ideas to the first symphony, superior to it in flexibility and conciseness of treatment; its worst fault is one from which Elgar occasionally suffers—a tendency to repeat, watered, successful ideas from the composer's previous music. Thus the first movement opens with a mood resembling that of the opening of "In the South," but less spontaneous and inevitable; a phrase of this first theme is used as a sort of motto later. The first theme, with various subsidiaries, is developed at some length, then passes by a transitional theme to the quiet second theme, which I find totally lacking in character. The development is episodic, and much of it is in a mysterious vein unlike the expansiveness of the exposition; in one episode a theme is set forth which later appears in the scherzo. The recapitulation is brilliant, and sticks to the material and treatment of the exposition.

The first theme of the slow movement is one of the best in the symphony, and it is impressively orchestrated. Of two transitional themes, the first is watered "Gerontius," the second an effective bit of impressionistic scoring; the second principal theme in trying to be "noble"—Elgar's favorite word—drops into the Ercles vein. There is no development, but only a short transition and an almost literal recapitulation, with a good climax.

The scherzo is successful more because of clever treatment than thematic distinction, except for an episode in which the theme hinted at in the development section of the first movement is broadly set forth over an accompaniment in which the scherzo rhythm is retained. The movement is in a very loose rondo-form.

The finale, in a modified sonata form

with coda, is the most ingenious movement of the symphony. It begins quietly with a cleverly orchestrated theme of unpretentious and flowing character, and then proceeds to a transitional theme in the subdominant and a second theme in the dominant, as in sonata form; instead, however, of the traditional development section, there ensues a long middle portion based on the transitional theme. At the climax of this section, however, the first theme is heard, and after a long modulation in which the first theme assumes more and more importance, the recapitulation, which is almost literal, sets in. The coda is the most beautiful part of the symphony; it consists of a gradual sinking away to rest of the motto from the first movement, and leads of course to a quiet ending.

It is beside the mark to ask if this symphony is epoch-making. It certainly is not. Why should it be? If every symphony were epoch-making, there would be too many epochs and not enough symphonies in any given epoch. Individual, well-written, and effective Elgar's new symphony is; it is rather fortunate among modern pieces in being cheerful without being trivial, and the public should find it, if not great, at least highly enjoyable. Whether they do so find it, and whether if so the critics will let them persist in supposing they liked it, doth not yet appear. P. G. C.

NEWS OF MUSIC

The Symphony Orchestra in New York

THE first of the two concerts by Mr. Fiedler and the Symphony Orchestra in New York this week befell last evening at Carnegie Hall. On the programme were Brahms's symphony in E minor, Cherubini's overture to his opera, "Lodoiska," Tchaikowsky's fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and Saint-Saëns's concerto for violin in B minor in which Miss Parlow played the solo part. The performance of the symphony, in particular, stirred the audience to very warm applause and the reviewers to very warm praise. Says Mr. Henderson in the Sun this morning: "It would be difficult to recall a more inspiring performance of this beautiful symphony. The tonal qualities of the Boston Orchestra were heard at their best, and although there were a few moments of uncertainty in attack in the first movement the customary unanimity and precision of the organization were restored before the movement came to a close. The glorious third movement was played superbly, but the climax of the interpretation was reached in the last movement, which was delivered with something very like inspiration. Such a proclamation of the gospel according to Brahms Mr. Fiedler has not given us before and it ought to remain in the memory of every one who heard it." Mr. Krehbiel in the Tribune is as well-

disposed: "The conductor and the orchestra not only played the symphony, but played it gloriously, as if they themselves found delight in the pleasure which they knew they were providing for their hearers. As for the audience, there was no chance to debate for a moment whether or not it was appreciative of the composition and its performance; the applause which followed every movement settled that question. The reading on the part of Mr. Fiedler and the exposition on the part of the orchestra were equally eloquent and admirable, and the incident of its performance will be underscored with a broad line in the memory of all the lovers of symphonic music who heard it."

Symphony Hall: Elgar's Symphony Again

ELGAR'S new symphony, especially after the slow movement, was a little more warmly received at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening than it had been on Friday afternoon, but the applause at the end of the opening Allegro and of the Rondo-Scherzo was as frigidly polite at the second as at the first hearing; while even Mr. Fiedler must have stretched his conscience a little when he took what passed for a recall at the end. And a second hearing and a no less penetrating and eloquent performance did not much alter the impression of the first. There was fresh cause to admire the vigor, the variety and the aptness of the scoring and to feel its firm and glowing sonority, especially in the long chain of sequent phrases that rises into the songful proclamation toward the end of the last movement and then fades into the mellow close. There Elgar has written music that ranks with the better follows throughout the symphony and too often in the rest of the music he merely threshes about, sonorously and restlessly, in them, beginning and ending nowhere and yielding little musical or emotional impression. They rise, they swell, they droop, they rise again and so forth and so onward. This reiterated procedure was characteristic of Elgar's first symphony, too, but there he did not push it to such monotony and he also made it a part of a large musical and emotional design. Whatever may have been in his imagination, as he wrote the second symphony, it is hard to discover any such ample and cumulative planning in it. It seems to have been written by musical rule o' thumb. Perhaps Elgar, to escape this monotony of voice, needs new tasks. That ballet, after Rabelais, that he has been meditating long, might so free him. Yet, with all the disappointment that the symphony brought, it is not quite fair to reproach Mr. Fiedler with his zeal for it. Elgar is an eminent composer; his new pieces, whatever their merits be, variously listening ears, deserve a hearing. Moreover the performances here far excelled those under Sir Edward himself last spring in London. H. T. P.

Trans. Dec. 4, 1911

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ELGAR'S DISAPPOINTING NEW MUSIC

A Symphony That Is Dull of Idea, Scrappy of Treatment and Monotonous of Execution—The Rich Orchestration That Warms, Colors and Occasionally Animates It—Miss Parlow Does Full Justice to Bruch's Scottish Fantasia—Auer and His Violinists—A Fading Tchaikowsky?

THE London audience had its disappointment when it heard Elgar's new symphony for the first time last spring, and the few other audiences that have heard it since in Britain have been as circumspectly mannered. Being intelligent audiences also, they were quite aware that it was not interesting, imaginative or in any way remarkable music; that it was much inferior to Elgar's first symphony and to his violin concerto; and that it was written in the composer's laboring, self-conscious and mannered vein. Even the professed "Elgarites," except the intrepid Newman, who has taken refuge in enigmatic meanings in the music, have chastened their praise of it. Here in Boston, where the new symphony was performed for the first time yesterday at the Symphony Concerts the audience had no mood or mind to such circumspection. There is no severer critic of one's own clothes than one's own brother; and similarly and reciprocally minded, perhaps are Americans and Britons in their impression and estimates of each other's music. A piece by an American composer creeps on occasion into the programmes of orchestral concerts in London or in Manchester; and forthwith the audience, and especially the reviewers, become as transported Missourians. "Show us," they say to the composer, "whether you can accomplish anything worth while," and they are prone to conclude that he has failed to accomplish it. Like-minded is the more sophisticated public of our symphony concerts. "Interest us—if you can," they say to Elgar and Bantock and the rest of the Britons. "We hardly believe that you in your island can write remarkable music." And usually they find that it is not remarkable, even if they have been interested, in spite of themselves. They were not even that, yesterday afternoon, while the major part of the audience, careful as always to receive or reject the correct thing, was like the young auditor who inquired of a gray-haired reviewer: "Ought I really to be pleased with that?" Plainly many were not pleased. No such tepidly polite applause has been heard at a Symphony Concert for new music in many a day. Debussy, d'Indy, Reger, even Bantock, have been enthusiastically received beside poor Elgar

yesterday. And it was not for lack of pains, understanding and eloquence in Mr. Fiedler's performance of the symphony. He tolls ardently at every composer's music; he admires Elgar's; and he tolls only the more ardently with it.

Even at a single hearing, some of the reasons for the dullness of the new symphony—it is useless to mince words—were clear enough. Either on the engraved page or in the orchestral voices, it lacks distinctive, striking, even interesting musical ideas. There is not a theme in it upon which the reading eye or the hearing ear fastens with quick impression and eager curiosity, until the fourth and final movement begins. Worse still, in each of the preceding movements, the ear and the comprehending faculties behind instinctively resent a certain delusion. Each movement begins interestingly; the hints of the musical thought promise well; but when it finally emerges, the melodic ideas are dull, labored and insignificant—those of the finale only a little less so than the rest. The disentangling analysts hint at a phrase that recurs like a "motto theme" in the various sections of the symphony. It has so little character that the ear neither seizes it when it first appears nor readily recognizes it when it returns in various shapes and guises. When a composer's imagination thus lags in the invention of ideas, he almost invariably takes refuge into workmanship and that workmanship is as invariably mannered. Even so does Elgar. Since musical imagination has refused him response, the more does he resort to musical intellect.

Most of us have seen a nold Yankee whittling at a piece of broomstick and slicing many sorts and kinds of shavings from it. By this homely analogue does Elgar whittle his themes into musical shavings of many shapes and voices; but he is not content to let them fall forthwith. He must turn and twist them together, tie and retie them, cut, notch and curl them, worry them, as the students' phrase is, until the sympathetic hearer pities the hard contrapuntal and instrumental lot of these much-enduring scraps of musical ideas. No doubt there is intellectual faculty in all this, but the process is not interesting or fruitful to ear and imagination. Worse still, it becomes tedious. He has tricks of sequence—a certain see-sawing—that many times repeated exasperates the ear. He lacks variety of rhythm. There is a stolid and self-approving monotony. He is plattitudinous laboriously, almost proudly. It is possible to be academic in music of deliberately modern cast. Elgar is. He does not perturb, or excite, or even irritate. In this new symphony he merely leaves the listener trying to be attentive.

In only one respect does this workmanship tell. The symphony is richly scored, more resourcefully, variously and imaginatively than any of Elgar's previous music. Everywhere in his instrumentation his hand is free and sure. He has mastered at last the fine sonority with which

composers like Franck or d'Indy or Rachmaninoff score their "absolute" music and which falls richly-voiced upon contemporary ears. He has gained, too, the deep, warm, glowing color which suffuses music so scored, and which in this particular symphony is like a glamorous mirage, behind which there is no substance. In mass and detail Elgar is sensitive now to the individual timbres of separate instruments and groups of instruments and of the range in which they best reveal their characterizing voices. He no longer lets one blur another; he no longer merely juxtaposes them. He is adroit, too, in keeping his instrumental voices, and so his music, in constant motion. For a moment, the pomp and stir of sound at the beginning of the symphony hold the ear. So does the melancholy and veiled voice, very adroitly harmonized, of the second and the soberer melody of this allegro. Often in it, instrumental details keep the scraps of themes in colorful motion. At the beginning of the slow movement, the soft chords, the insinuating advance of the grave melody are imaginatively contrived, only to fall away into dry workmanship.

Even the "Elgarites" confess that the Rondo that replaces the Scherzo is "enigmatic." It is, for it is not a fantastic play with a theme and scraps of themes like many a scherzo in a contemporary symphony. It has neither lightness nor grace, definite mood, nor playful fancy. It is an exercise in thematic intricacies in promising beginnings that lead only to new obscurities, new restlessness. Only the warmth and the variety of the instrumental voices save it from becoming a mere puzzle in tones. It may be "enigmatic," it certainly is inarticulate. The melody, the momentarily telling melody of the finale is richly dressed, and nearly to the end, the orchestral voices keep their deep, warm glow until they fade into the subdued coloring of the end. The symphony belongs in Sir Edward's portfolio as a long and fruitful study for his own behoof in the art of orchestration, as so much advance in the imaginative and effective use of tonal color. Grant him the musical ideas that at least are vivid and interesting in the earlier symphony and the concerto for violin, and he will be better able next time to give them rich and expressive voice.

Upon Elgar's symphony, as Miss Parlow must have discovered in the course of her playing of Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia," Mr. Fiedler had spent his pains. He and the band with him accompanied her roughly, carelessly, as though they were making their way, in a rather spiritless rehearsal, through this hackneyed piece. There were even slips in entrances and clear oversights—a very rare thing where our orchestra is concerned. Yet Miss Parlow's playing gave no hint of such embarrassments, and she herself seemed quite tranquil under them, smiling her honest, cheer-

ful, modest smile upon her applauding audience. She, like Mr. Zimbalist, is a pupil of the Russian, Auer, and she gave new occasion to admire the distinctive qualities of his teaching—the evenness of technique and the feeling for beautiful and poised tone that he imparts. Like Mr. Zimbalist, Miss Parlow is equal mistress of her bow and her fingers and no more expert in any one intricacy of the technique of the violin than in another. She may not quite match the youth in his harmonics or in the singing quality of her tone; but in a general flawlessness, ease and sureness of technical accomplishment, she falls little below him. Out of Auer's studio have come in her and in Mr. Zimbalist poised and perfected violinists—and in what youth! And their perfection has not dried them. For he has cultivated in Miss Parlow feeling for beauty of tone, alertness to each shading and accent that she may give it, and a sense of the peculiar quality of tone, the particular music may require.

Of course, Bruch's Fantasia is a conventional show-piece, making its play with Scottish folk-tunes and with much conventional padding that it may range through the voice and the technique of the violin. It is not at all a subtle or an imaginative music; when it is not ostentatious it is sentimental in honest hausfrau fashion. By these tokens it asks a warm and rather robust tone, an honesty of interpretation as of a violinist revealing her accomplishments in free and cheerful style; a sure and easy skill, occasional rhythmic intuitions, an agreeable play of elementary emotion. Quite as though she were a man and a mature virtuoso, Miss Parlow so made her way through the music. The breadth and warmth of her tone gave it substance; her incisive rhythms kept it in motion; her playing flowered time and again into little dexterous ornaments like her trills. She gave hearty pleasure, she did all that the music asked, yet she has yet to play here in Boston a concerto that will measure her finer powers. Last spring Tchaikowsky's was alien to them; yesterday Bruch's was beneath them.

The surprise of the concert came at the end. The final number was Tchaikowsky's familiar fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," played only last spring and repeated because, perchance, Mr. Fiedler wishes to take it next week on the road. It is romantic, pictorial, straightforward, vivid music of the sort that Mr. Fiedler "interprets" well. It has long been a repertory piece with the orchestra that it plays eloquently. It is familiar no less to the public of the Symphony Concerts, and many in the audience must have anticipated from the title the tonal picturing of the Italian night, the ardor of the love music, the contrasting music of strife, the mournful requiem for the fated lovers. The fantasia ran its course; Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra seemed to miss nothing in it; yet to more than one anticipating ear the old pleasure had faded; the old thrill withered.

KATHLEEN PARLOW

*Nov 2
Dec 2
1911*
SYMPHONY SOLOIST

MADE SWEEPING

SUCCESS OF HER WORK

This Week's Programme Comprises

**Works by Elgar, Bruch and
Tchaikowsky.**

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Elgar. Second Symphony.
Bruch. "Scottish Fantasia." Violin and Orchestra.
Soloist, Miss Kathleen Parlow.
Tchaikowsky. "Romeo and Juliet." Overture-Fantasia.

Let no one imagine that with three numbers only, the concert was too short. A modern symphony is a very serious matter and no self-respecting composer nowadays will write even a sinfonietta that does not last over an hour. Yet in his second symphony Sir Edward Elgar is more concise than in his first. The system of forcing homogeneity into a symphony by transferring thematic material from one movement to another is another device which all modern symphonists use, and we expected to find it in this work,—and were not disappointed. But none of the latter-day musical creators seems to manage this in such a natural and beautiful manner as Brahms did in his C minor symphony, or Beethoven in his ninth, although the Finale is much the best movement in Elgar's second symphony.

When Elgar burst upon the world with his "Dream of Gerontius" all the world (the present reviewer included), believed that the greatest English composer had arrived, that Purcell was dethroned as the chief musical Englishman. Since that time Bantock has advanced and Elgar has receded, so that it is now a divided consulship even if the most favorable verdict is rendered.

For one thing we are grateful. Elgar in this symphony keeps well to a definite form and shows that the symphonic shape is not a dead letter even in the 20th century. The first and last movements have the recognized architecture which Haydn founded, Mozart developed, and Beethoven and Brahms culminated, although the return of themes after development have some freedom, as is proper in a modern work. The slow movement, too, is akin to sonatina-form, in which the themes are stated, and then, after a short transition, restated. This slow movement is a worthy part of the symphony, being spontaneous in character, well-contrasted in themes and ending with a climax. The Scherzo, or

Rondo, presents derivations from the first movement. The finale gives more than occasional reminiscences, it broadly develops figures which were first heard in the opening movement and a noble climax is made with the very first figure or phrase of the work, which serves to bind the whole together. The end of the work is very beautiful.

So much for the forms employed. The orchestration is not altogether so effective as one might demand in a great work in these days when there are a dozen tone-colorists who could give lessons to even Beethoven in this particular field.

The earnestness of the work no one may doubt, but its fragmentary style is not to be doubted either. One would not want an oratorio to be all recitative, nor does one wish a symphony to be all figure treatment. There were many passages that suggested an English Debussy flavored with Wagner. Such an involved symphony makes us feel that Music, who was once, according to Collins, a "Heavenly Maid," has not kept the promise of her early years, but has become a decided blue-stocking.

Great credit must be given to Mr. Fiedler and his merry, merry men, for the work was tremendously difficult,—we wish (like the old Greek), that it had been impossible. But the finale made amends for all the prolixity and rambling that had preceded it, for it is really great music. One feels here that the symphony is the work of a powerful composer who has not yet mastered his style of utterance. Yet Elgar is nearer to definite attainment in this symphony than in his first one. But such music is a severe strain upon the listening faculties of an audience. Some day our concert auditors will strike for shorter hours of labor.

How many Germans have been influenced by the beautiful Scottish music! The Scottish folk-song is the most beautiful in the world, yet strange to say, no Scotsman has yet arisen to build it into the larger forms of music. The Germans have rushed in to try to fill this void. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven, Volkmann, Franz, and other Teutons, have all attempted some development of Scottish themes, but none except the first-named has caught the true Gaelic spirit. We are afraid that the true Scot would find that Bruch also has somewhat un-Scotched his imported themes. Yet Bruch heartily loves the Scottish melodies. He has assured the present writer that he has in his memory over 400 Scottish songs.

In his "Fair Ellen" he has made a thrilling development of "The Campbells are Comin'," but a treatment which is much nearer to Leipzig than to Edinburgh. In the "Scotch Fantasia," played at this concert, he has again put Teutonic skill at work until he has somewhat denationalized his melodies. But the work is very interesting all the same. It is melodic enough to please the general public, and developed enough to charm the skilled musician, and in these days when good violin concertos are as scarce as good capitalists, or good trusts, this is some-

And Kathleen Parlow made a sweeping success of the work. We have recently eulogized the work of this excellent artist. Suffice it to say that she rose to her own high level on this occasion. She has a most sympathetic tone. Her intonation is always pure even in the highest positions. Her harmonics are brilliant. Her free bowing results in a breadth of tone, especially on the G string, that is noble.

She was recalled several times. The finale of this work was the most Gaelic part of the proceedings, for Bruch serves up "Scots wha hae," half-a-dozen different keys, complete and in slices, cold and hot, and with sauce piquante. When the Scots could bleed no more Bruch lets go of the melody and the work comes to a military end.

Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" closed the concert. All the world loves a lover, and so does every composer. And here are two lovers of the most tender sort ready to their hands. To be sure, our Russian is as much impelled towards the stormy moods as to the tender episodes, and we find the brawls of the Montagues and Capulets, the "Alarums and Excursions," quite as prominent as the devoted pair, and the fiery Tybalt is as much in the foreground as Romeo.

Mr. Fiedler very properly gave prominence to the heroic vein in the work, and yet did not neglect the sentimental passages. The piccolo, trumpets, drums and cymbals all earned their salaries on this occasion. The concert was certainly an earnest one, but it was in vivid contrast with the one of last week when Schumann and Cesar Franck presented some music that was more easily comprehended.

Elgar's New Symphony.

Mr. Fiedler presented a programme at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal that was alert with interest and at same time full of the beauty of melody. The new Elgar Symphony in E flat, played for the first time in this city, possesses all of the graces and virtues of this composer without any of the stiffness and routine into which he sometimes lapses.

The opening movement starts with a brilliant and joyous allegro, but quickly merges into a kind of dreamy mystery, in which the composer does not take us into his confidence at any moment; but rather allows us to feel with unusual sensitiveness its fine tendrils of thought and emotion. These tendrils weave around us a curious spell of mingled beauty and wonder.

Kathleen Parlow was the soloist. She chose the Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Airs, arranged for violin and orchestra. Miss Parlow's playing has greater depth of tonality than last season; the low, rich notes of her instrument in these romantic Scotch airs were full of throbbing tenderness. Miss Parlow plays with ingenuousness

and sincerity. The closing "Romeo and Juliet" overture of Tschalkowsky was well chosen for such a programme.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 4, op. 60

I. Adagio; Allegro vivace

II. Adagio

III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro

IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

BRUCH,

BOËLLMANN,

a "Kol Nidrei," ADAGIO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA and HARP, op. 47
b SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA (or Pianoforte) op. 23

STRAUSS,

a LOVE SCENE from the Opera "Feuersnot"

b "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form," op. 28

Soloist:

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER

Mason & Hamlin Liszt Organ used

thing to be thankful for.

And Kathleen Parlow made a sweeping success of the work. We have recently eulogized the work of this excellent artist. Suffice it to say that she rose to her own high level on this occasion. She has a most sympathetic tone. Her intonation is always pure even in the highest positions. Her harmonics are brilliant. Her free bowing results in a breadth of tone, especially on the G string, that is noble.

She was recalled several times. The finale of this work was the most Gaelic part of the proceedings, for Bruch serves up "Scots wha hae," half-a-dozen different keys, complete and in slices, cold and hot, and with sauce piquante. When the Scots could bleed no more Bruch lets go of the melody and the work comes to a military end.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" closed the concert. All the world loves a lover, and so does every composer. And here are two lovers of the most tender sort ready to their hands. To be sure, our Russian is as much impelled towards the stormy moods as to the tender episodes, and we find the brawls of the Montagues and Capulets, the "Alarums and Excursions," quite as prominent as the devoted pair, and the fiery Tybalt is as much in the foreground as Romeo.

Mr. Fiedler very properly gave prominence to the heroic vein in the work, and yet did not neglect the sentimental passages. The piccolo, trumpets, drums and cymbals all earned their salaries on this occasion. The concert was certainly an earnest one, but it was in vivid contrast with the one of last week when Schumann and Cesar Franck presented some music that was more easily comprehended.

Traveller Dec 2, '11 Elgar's New Symphony.

Mr. Fiedler presented a programme at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal that was alert with interest and at same time full of the beauty of melody. The new Elgar Symphony in E flat, played for the first time in this city, possesses all of the graces and virtues of this composer without any of the stiffness and routine into which he sometimes lapses.

The opening movement starts with a brilliant and joyous allegro, but quickly merges into a kind of dreamy mystery, in which the composer does not take us into his confidence at any moment; but rather allows us to feel with unusual sensitiveness its fine tendrils of thought and emotion. These tendrils weave around us a curious spell of mingled beauty and wonder.

Kathleen Parlow was the soloist. She chose the Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Airs, arranged for violin and orchestra. Miss Parlow's playing has greater depth of tonality than last season; the low, rich notes of her instrument in these romantic Scotch airs were full of throbbing tenderness. Miss Parlow plays with ingenuousness

and sincerity.

The closing "Romeo and Juliet" overture of Tschaikowsky was well chosen for such a programme.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 4, op. 60

I. Adagio; Allegro vivace

II. Adagio

III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro

IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

BRUCH,

a "Kol Nidrei," ADAGIO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA and HARP, op. 47

BOËLLMANN,

b SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA (or Pianoforte) op. 23

STRAUSS,

a LOVE SCENE from the Opera "Feuersnot"

b "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form," op. 28

Soloist:

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER

Mason & Hamlin Liszt Organ used

Symphony Presents *Wonder* Excellent Programme. *Dec 16*

By EDITH BURNHAM. *1911*

The programme presented by Mr. Fiedler at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal opened with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and closed with Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

These two contrasted works remind one of a statement once made by the late Theodore Thomas describing his feeling for the modern as compared with the classic composers. "Those old men," he said, "when they wanted to write a great work, prayed to God, the modern man takes a drink."

Certainly the Adagio of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony is a great spiritual creation, with never a speck of earth-dust clinging to it. For pure music undefiled it is difficult to excel the adagio. The allegro which follows it is like the happy moments following a great inspiring thought, and it sweeps into a finale that is the summit of joyousness, the joy that comes from laying down all the cares of life and just living. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra were called upon to bow their acknowledgment many times to the continued applause at the close of the symphony.

Alwin Schroeder, cellist of the Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist. Mr. Schroeder always finds his audience ready and waiting for him each year; the feeling that he has so many times played for them makes his relation between him and his audience peculiarly cordial. He chose for his selections yesterday "Kol Nidrei" by Bruch, and Symphonic Variations by Boellmann. The Kol Nidrei is a solemn work, almost sombre but for slight contrasting moments, but the cello is a serious-voiced instrument and expresses serious thoughts. The Symphonic Variations were made very expressive by Mr. Schroeder.

The Strauss "Feuersnot" Love Scene and "Till Eulenspiegel" were fine contrasts for the rest of the programme. The latter is an interesting farce-comedy in music, with much clever piquancy and pleasure of the unexpected.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec 16/11
BEETHOVEN, STRAUSS AND MR.
SCHROEDER

An Uneven Afternoon of Familiar Music
—A Buoyant Performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony—Mr. Fiedler's Way with It, and an Orchestra on Its Mettle
—"Till Eulenspiegel" and a Fragment of "Feuersnot" That Went Less Well—
Mr. Schroeder and His Violoncello Pieces

THE Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon was as uneven as human nature. It happened to begin with Beethoven's fourth symphony in B-flat, and through it the orchestra and the conductor seemed on their mettle, as they do after the rare visits of bands from other cities to this town. The audience, too, sure of its ground with Beethoven and feeling the vitality of the performance, was alert and applaudive. Then followed Mr. Schroeder to play two pieces for violoncello and orchestra: Bruch's setting of the Jewish ritual melody, "Kol Nidrei" and Böllmann's Symphonic Variations. The veteran cellist received the warm welcome of a loyal public. He and his music were interesting in the first piece and dull, except to students of the technique of the violoncello, in the second. The concert ended with the arrangement of the climax of Strauss's early opera, "Feuersnot," and his humorous and ironic rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel." A mishap to the invisible harmonium marred for a moment the fragment of "Feuersnot," and the energy with which Mr. Fiedler conducted it did not quite retrieve the absence of the scene and the action which the music accompanies and its cumulative effect in its place in the opera. "Till," again, was performed with tireless pains in the exposition of the man and the music through the sniggering orchestra, in the climax of his pranks, in the epilogue of his gallows-bird end; but somehow the gusto that Mr. Fiedler and the band usually bring to Strauss's pieces was lacking. "Till," in short, has been more amusing. Through all the autumn the Symphony Orchestra has been unusually free from routine performances; it had almost earned the right to flag in the second half of the concert yesterday.

Mr. Fiedler's versions of Beethoven's symphonies are better to hear than they once were. He has become more willing to leave the music to its own unassisted voice. He manipulates phrases less than he used to do; he is not so abrupt and strenuous in his contrasts; his pace is less restless; the whole design is more wisely adjusted. He has developed, besides,

equally in his performance of the "Eroica" symphony in October and of the fourth yesterday, a happy faculty for incidental crescendos. He so ordered, for example, the tone of the strings in a passage near the beginning of the Finale; they swelled it stirringly and the result was as admirable in its way as the great and noted progression, dear to the analysts, of the first allegro. This new justice of detail gave the little ejaculations that the strings throw across the Scherzo due lightness and elasticity, and caught the little whisper of song before the rushing end of the whole symphony. For larger matters there was cause to approve and disapprove Mr. Fiedler's pace. He did not languish over the slow movement, and the orchestra sang it broadly, glowingly. He gave the Scherzo its rhythmic snap; but he sped the Finale until the orchestra barely kept pace with him. Yet the whole impression of the symphony warranted the applause that recalled the conductor and brought the men to their feet. The vitality, the buoyancy, the elasticity of the performance were thrilling. The tone of the strings has seldom sounded richer or more incisive. The whole orchestra was like a responsive instrument. The varied flow of the music never once fell into halts or shallows. The performance was luminous and glad. Audience and orchestra seemed to share in the pleasure of it. After a hundred years, the symphony was fresh and warming still.

As long as there are orchestras and first violoncellists, so long, seemingly, must concerti for cello—or their equivalent—be played at symphony concerts. Moreover, when the violoncellist has played for so many years before the same public as has Mr. Schroeder, he must, perforce, at each reappearance, ransack the more minutely the scanty "literature" of his instrument. Mr. Schroeder, yesterday, recalled no concerto from the long list that he has played here in the past. He discovered or re-discovered none. Instead, he revived two shorter concert-pieces for violoncello and orchestra: Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," a setting of the melody of the synagogue that accompanies a prayer on the Day of Atonement, and Böllmann's Symphonic Variations. The variations are developed from a sweet, pointless melodic thought many times repeated; they lack interest in themselves to the hearer untutored in the technique of the violoncello; they seem to go about and about, like the discourse of Omar's sages and to lead nowhere but to the display of that technique. They make the round of it, the violoncellists say—skipping, high positions, rapid bowing and nearly all the rest—but in these exercises neither Böllmann nor the virtuoso after him often uses the more ingratiating and characteristic tone of the instrument. The cellists find the piece unsatisfying, even when they are as technically expert as was Mr. Schroeder yesterday. The grave declamation of the air from the Jewish ritual,

the larger affirmation of it, the solemn eloquence of petition, a little softened toward the end, that runs through all the music, accord well with the deep and the sustained voice of the 'cello. Bruch was sparing of his contrapuntal and instrumental trappings, and those that he devised do not lessen the austerity, the exaltation, the prayerful sincerity of the music. Mr. Schroeder was reticent with it. A few believed him so even to momentary dryness in his tone; but would they have him send his 'cello sentimentalizing and sobbing through this august petition?

The music for Salome's dance and for her final apostrophe in Strauss's opera is played on occasion in orchestral concerts in Europe, and the "Love Scene" from his early "Feuersnot" has its established place in them; but it is doubtful whether excerpts from his music dramas bear such transfer well. The "Love Scene" is the climax of the operatic comedy; it implies an hour and a half of preparatory interest in the audience. It connotes the suspense that follows the entrance of the mysterious

stranger into the burgomaster's house; the still empty, darkened stage; the rising of the love-music, the sudden flaming of the lights and the fires through all the town; the swift and jubilant elation of all the folk. Strauss's music is graphic of picture and strenuous of emotional suggestion; but fortunate is the conductor that in the concert room can make it as vivid, stirring and cumulative as it is in the theatre. Mr. Fiedler spared not in orchestral eloquence; the slip in the harmonium only marred one passage; yet the whole sounded incomplete. The delineative, the emotional quality of the music made less impression than it should. There was thought not of the darkened and of the enkindled town, with the waxing ardor of the love-music setting spark and flame to it; but of the richness of Strauss's instrumental colors, of the ingenuity of the swift orchestral crackle of his fires, of an orchestral tumult that was never mere dim. The musical quality of the fragment remained; its graphic and dramatic quality was only half-articulate. Perhaps the concert room can do no more for it.

"Till," however, is in its place there, and the oftener it is repeated the more it seems a little masterpiece of ironic and impish characterization, of a folk-tale told with all the narrating and delineative power and variety of a modern orchestra in Strauss's hands. The rondo is the form for Till, since in it Strauss can send him through his pranks and yet keep us that watch and listen returning to the sniggering, teetering theme in the wood-winds that individualizes him, that almost has the aspect of his face, the sound of his voice. Strauss, unflagging in musical and delicate invention and in the mating of both, goes the round of Till's adventures with increasing gusto, makes him in the climax of his pranks the very Frankenstein of scoundrelly

wags, swells his insolent foolery till the orchestra was like to bursting yesterday, and then bids it seal Till's fate and fear before the gallows. And last, the epilogue for the bumptious fellow; he was amusing, and it is good to tell his tale again in a new form. The orchestra shakes the narrator's head gravely—and then laughs Till and all the rest away. No such music of ironic humor, of gross or sniggering delineation has been written in our time. It is of Strauss unique among composers in his temper toward such subjects and his command of the musical means to express them. But Till deserves more gusto and less exposition than he received yesterday. He squeaks and swells, is cowardly or is formidable for himself. H. T. P.

SCHROEDER DELIGHTS A MATINEE AUDIENCE AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Journal Dec. 16/11

Alwin Schroeder's appearance as Symphony soloist this week is in the nature of a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of his taking the position of first 'cellist in the most distinguished orchestra in the land. It was at the beginning of the season of 1891-92 that Mr. Schroeder made his debut here, under Nikisch, and yesterday he entertained the matinee audience with the same rich tone and extraordinary skill that marked his playing when he was a newcomer from Leipzig.

Not since he returned to Boston three years ago, after exiling himself in New York and Frankfort-on-the-Main, has the veteran 'cello player appeared to such advantage as he did yesterday in Max Bruch's adagio setting of the impressive Hebrew hymn, "Kol Nidrei," which is sung at the evening service on the Day of Atonement; and in Boellmann's florid "Symphonic Variations." His performance was roundly applauded.

The generally merry and Christmas-like fourth Beethoven symphony opens this week's program. At the end of it yesterday the orchestra was brought to its feet by a long outburst of applause. Then, to please the radicals, Mr. Fiedler is ending this ninth program with two lurid Strauss numbers, the love scene from "Feuersnot," and the much more celebrated rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," in which the Bavarian genius vividly depicts the practical joker of German folklore riding pell-mell through the market place, upsetting pots and pans, preaching in borrowed plumage, making love to the geese girls and winding up on the gibbet.

The orchestra played these Strauss pieces brilliantly.

SYMPHONY'S 9TH REHEARSAL

Program of Familiar Pieces
Greatly Enjoyed by
the Audience.

TWO PIECES BY STRAUSS

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry
Pranks" Closing Item on
the Program.

Herald Dec. 16/11
By PHILIP HALE

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schroeder was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, B-flat major..Beethoven
"Kol Nidrei".....Bruch
For 'cello with orchestra and harp.
Symphonic variations for 'cello and orchestra.....Boellmann
Love scene from "Feuersnot".....Strauss
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Strauss

While this concert evidently gave the audience great pleasure, it was one that does not call for extended comment. The fourth symphony might lead one to inquire into the identity of Beethoven's "unknown beloved," for the music has long been associated with the remembrance of her. Bruch's melancholy piece for 'cello might easily provoke a discussion over the origin of the majestically mournful melody "Kol Nidrei." The variations by Boellmann might be an excuse for an attack on the introduction of any composition for 'cello in a symphony concert, no matter how skillful the 'cellist might be. For the literature of this instrument used solo in a dignified concert is slight. There is Saint-Saens's first concerto, a charming work; there is Loeffler's fantastical composition which has not been heard of late years, and then—? 'Cellists enjoy playing these variations, which "play easily," to use a professional slang phrase, and are put together with considerable skill. The fact remains that a

little of the 'cello as a solo instrument goes a long way. Mr. Schroeder's tone in Bruch's piece was rich, and he played with the appropriate breadth of style. He was warmly applauded.

There have been better performances of the music from Strauss's opera at these concerts. Yesterday there was a technical slip that ruined an otherwise charming effect. Nor was the pervading spirit of the performance so irresistible as on former occasions.

How many can relate the various adventures of the rascal Till, a lover of coarse jokes and malicious tricks? How many knowing them can recognize them in Strauss's musical version? It matters little; the music, as absolute music, is entertaining from beginning to the end, from the strains that might be taken as saying: "Once on a time, long ago, there was a queer fellow and his name was Till Eulenspiegel" to those that are as the concluding words of the narrator: "And now I have told you the story of Till." There are some of us who think that the most artistic and musical of Strauss's tone poems are this Rondo, "Death and Transfiguration" and "Don Juan," although there are higher and nobler flights of imagination in "Don Quixote."

The performance of the symphony was thoughtfully considered and finely expressed. The work itself is not among the greatest of Beethoven's, but there are a few pages which only he could have written.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Gluck, overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Haydn, symphony in G (B. & H. No. 13); Debussy, "Iberia"; Berlioz, Minuet of Will o' Wisp, Dance of Sylphs, and Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust." There will be no soloist. The soloists of the concerts Dec. 29 and 30 will be Mme. Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House.

SCHROEDER *Post Death* AS SOLOIST Symphony Displays Virtuosity of Players

BY OLIN DOWNES

Alwin Schroeder, the first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was soloist with that organization at the public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and the programme was as follows: Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; "Kol Nidri," adagio for violoncello and orchestra, Bruch, and Boellman's Symphonic Variations for solo violoncello and orchestra; the love scene from the opera "Feuers-

not," and the tone poem or orchestral rondo in mordant and modern style, Richard Strauss.

In both the symphony of Beethoven and the composition of Strauss the orchestra played with even more than its customary finish and brilliancy. In the Beethoven symphony Mr. Fiedler was especially successful because his interpretation was wholly objective, and very fortunately in the spirit of the composer. The orchestral performance was in its way a tour de force. It is easy to say that this symphony is played by all orchestras, and so frequently in Boston that a number of the Symphony players could perform it from memory. It is nevertheless no small thing to present this music with such spirit, clarity and beauty of tone. How the thing sounded! Such a quality of orchestral tone is not only the result of long and rigorous training, but of individual virtuosity on the part of each member of the band, and so it was with justice that Mr. Fiedler finally made his men rise and acknowledge the applause with him. Not always has there been so much enthusiasm in Symphony Hall after a Beethoven symphony.

Mr. Schroeder played with his wonted breadth and sonority of tone and ripe musicianship. He played music which has long since become popular with concert audiences, and his performance fulfilled the expectations of those who had gathered to hear him. But Bruch's piece is rather dull. Mr. Schroeder was recalled several times after his performances.

Strauss' incomparable piece, a most extraordinary blend of the spirit of folk-legend and ultra-modern philosophy of simple folk melody and the most advanced treatment of this thematic material, a conception the wonder of which is only equalled by the prodigious workmanship, made its inevitable effect upon the audience. So did the love scene from "Feuersnot." This is not such potent music as the concert piece, and yet it is superbly emotional and dramatic. The themes are not so distinguished as other themes that Strauss penned later in his career, but the love music has a splendid sweep and power, the other themes are most effectively contrasted, and the climax is dramatic in the highest degree. These pieces put the orchestra through its paces and the men responded admirably.

There will be no soloist at the concerts of next week, and the programme will consist of Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," with Wagner's ending; Haydn's Symphony in G major (B. & H. 13); Debussy's "Iberia"; the "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," the "Dance of the Sylphs," and the "Rokoczy March" from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust."

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS.

Globe — Dec. 16/11
Orchestra Plays Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" Brilliantly—Schroeder is Soloist in Double Number.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Beethoven, symphony No 4 in B flat major; Bruch, "Kol Nidrei" adagio for violoncello with orchestra and harp, op 47, and Boellmann, symphonic variations for solo violoncello and orchestra, op 23, Mr Schroeder, soloist; Strauss, love scene from the opera "Feuersnot" and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

The performance of the "Till Eulenspiegel" was a brilliant, not to say rigorous one. There was virtuosity, vivid characterization and a lively sense of humor in the presentation, which brought an overlong program to a vivacious conclusion.

There is comparatively little in the later operas of Strauss that can be effectively transferred to the concert room, although the dance of Salome is so played, but the excerpt from "Feuersnot" was of interest. The music of the love passages of Kunrad and Diemut has a quiet ecstasy which flames into passion as the fire is restored to the villagers without. It is a climax of furious intensity and was given with due power yesterday.

Mr Schroeder was warmly applauded for his playing. He is a cellist of excellent technique, of a pure tone and style, but neither of the two pieces has much to interest player or hearer. The first is monotonous and laden with melancholy, and the last is composed of futile elaboration upon a melody without lyric charm or depth of feeling.

Mr Fiedler's tempo in the finale of the symphony made it precipitate rather than fleet, but the scherzo had charm and the adagio was sung with breadth and dignity of style. Here is a theme which shows the possibilities of a purely diatonic succession of descending tones. Mr Grisez and his clarinet gave a beautiful distinction to it yesterday. The symphony was followed by sustained applause.

The program next week will be as follows: Gluck, overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" (Wagner's revision); Haydn, symphony in G major; Debussy, "Iberia," second number in "Images"; Berlioz, three numbers from "Damnation of Faust."

TWO SEATS for the FRIDAY REHEARSALS
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SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Globe — Dec. 16/11
AN INTELLIGIBLE ONE

1911

NO TRYING PROBLEMS

TO VEX THE AUDITOR

Mr. Fiedler's Reading of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony Aroused Spontaneous Enthusiasm.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven, Fourth Symphony.
Bruch, "Kol Nidrei."
Boellmann, Symphonic Variations for Violoncello.
Soloist, Mr. Alwin Schroeder.
Strauss, Love-scene from "Feuersnot."
"Till Eulenspiegel."

It was a symphony that could be enjoyed and understood from beginning to end. No trying problems, no unresolved dissonances, no thorny paths and labyrinths. Yet there was a time when Weber said that the composer of the fourth symphony was quite ready for the madhouse, and when he wrote a stinging satire on the employment of the contrabasses at the end of this work. It is upon such changes of opinion that the champions of the modern dissonance-mongers build their hopes that the worst works of the present epoch may yet be accepted as beautiful music in the future. But they fail to realize that Beethoven never strayed so far from rule and form as the modern iconoclasts do.

Yet there are certain parts of the fourth symphony that are bold enough in all conscience. The third movement, which Beethoven marked as a minuet, is not a minuet at all, but the boldest of scherzos. The use of syncopation is here pushed to its utmost limit. The contrabass work at the close of the finale is more like a set of violin passages than true contrabass work. It was these passages that especially aroused the ire and the sarcasm of Weber. He wrote an article in the "Cecilia" (a musical journal of that epoch), in which he pictured the contrabasses pouring out their complaints against this composer who made them caper about as if they were giddy young violins.

Beethoven read the attack. A few years ago there was discovered a file of the "Cecilia" with his comments on his satirists. The comments are in the most violent Billingsgate and cannot be reprinted in any modern newspaper. But if Beethoven could not answer in words he could reply in a higher language,—in tones,—and in his next symphony he threw down the gauntlet to his adversaries by writing another very intricate and rapid set of contrabass passages.

What was once deemed impossible has become a matter of daily routine with the hard-worked modern orchestral musician. Ordinarily our contrabasses could have played the passage in a clear and fluent manner, but Mr. Fiedler whipped up the speed of the finale to a pace that was hardly possible for the violins and was quite impossible for the contrabasses. No repeats were cut in this great work, and the syncopations of the third movement were excellently caught up. There was, perhaps, a trifle too much of contrast, "pp" became "ppp," and "ff," "fff," and there was also some freedom in changes of tempo, but it was good Beethoven reading all the same, and the audience recognized the fact and recalled the conductor twice with spontaneous enthusiasm.

The fact that the works of Beethoven, Schumann, and other recognized masters, awaken such remarkable applause may possibly be taken as a significant straw. It is the protest of the public against the tortures of most of the modern school. No one hisses in Boston, no matter how much he dislikes a work. Therefore the auditor can only make his sentiments known by roundly applauding what he does like, and this may account for the extreme amount of applause which the old works are getting in these days.

The present reviewer was debarred, by professional engagements, from hearing the wonderful performance of the Chicago orchestra, on Tuesday night. But he is quite sure, whatever the excellences of the Western organization may be, that they have no strings like those of our own orchestra, no oboes like our excellent pair, no harpist as good as ours, and no such artist upon the kettle-drums. Among the strings we have a violoncellist who is incomparable in classical work, and this artist was prominent yesterday afternoon, for Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the soloist. He played two short numbers, of which the first was of especial interest, for it was Bruch's arrangement of the old Hebrew melody of "Kol Nidrei." This melody stands as a monolith in Jewish music. While almost all the other melodies of the synagogue have been tinged with modernity, and are different in different countries, this tune remains the same in almost every synagogue of the globe. It is sung upon the holiest of Hebrew holy days, the Day of Atonement. Because of its universality, many believe that in this we possess a relic of real Scriptural music. But its definite form and its marked minor progressions seem to forbid such an assumption. It is probably of Moorish origin, or at least tinged with Arabic influence. It probably originated during the residence of the Jews in Spain, when South Spain was dominated by the Moors. It is impossible to prove very ancient origin in any of the tunes of the present Hebrew ritual.

This is a very expressive theme, and its emotional power lost nothing in the hands of Mr. Schroeder, who played it with beautiful expression and sympathy. His breadth upon the C string was glorious. The Boellmann selection was in

strong contrast, with rapid bowing, high positions, skipping bow, and other technical points of display. Yet it had charming melody also, and deservedly won a success. Mr. Schroeder was enthusiastically recalled over and over again. Not since the days of the great Fritz Giese have we had such a well-equipped cellist in Boston. Mr. Schroeder seems in the very zenith of his powers.

When the present reviewer heard Strauss' "Feuersnot" in London, a little over a year ago, he found it to be a more melodic work than all that composer's more recent operas, and the love-scene is one of its most graphic numbers. Yesterday this excerpt from the little known work came almost as a surprise to those who know of Strauss only as a seeker after cacophonous originality. But if one sees the scene, with its dark desolation, and then beholds the return of the fire, the contrast of darkness and light seems most graphically reflected in the music. But all this picture of Belshazzar (the magic fire) is of the modern neutrotic school in spite of some points of beauty. The earlier Richard also wrote a Fire-scene, and if any one compares the two he will readily perceive that we have not yet obtained a second Wagner. But we can grow enthusiastic over the reading and the performance. We hold Mr. Fiedler to be the equal of any conductor in the world in his readings of the works of Richard Strauss.

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THE BOND MARKET

DECEMBER 8, 1911.

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THE EVENING POST

MUSIC AND DRAMA

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SEASON 1911-12.

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

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HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major (B. & H. No. 13)

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"Iberia": "Images" pour ORCHESTRE, No. 2

BERLIOZ,

"DAMNATION OF FAUST," op. 24

- a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps
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| HAYDN, | SYMPHONY in G major (B. & H. No. 13) I. Adagio: Allegro II. Largo III. Menuetto: Trio IV. Finale; Allegro con spirito |
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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 23/11
MR. FIEDLER MAKES AN AGREEABLE
MISCELLANY

Bach for Christmas Music—Haydn for Annual Tribute and Orchestral Virtuosity—Gluck for Music That Endures—Berlioz for Music That Fades and Debussy's "Iberia" for Musical Intoxication—A Gladsome Afternoon

MR. Fiedler proffered his audience at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon an agreeable miscellany. He paid respect to the time and what is presumed to be the mood of the audience with the Pastorale from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," though as a matter of musical fact this contrapuntal exercise might be labelled anything else and still keep what pleasant reedy and scholarly interest it has. Tradition has hallowed it; and it suits its plaintive measures to one mood of Christmas that some say the festival needs nowadays. Continuing chronologically, since even a miscellaneous programme can be "unified" with due effort, the conductor played the grave and melancholy overture that Gluck prefixed to his opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis." Still in the eighteenth century, Mr. Fiedler passed to a symphony by Haydn, raced the orchestra nearly off its feet in the two allegros, while his audience heard gladly and gayly. Next, with a leap, to these immediate musical times, he made it listen to the heady intoxications of Debussy's "Iberia," and then ended, in display of orchestral virtuosity, with the music of the "Will-o'-the-Wisps," the Sylphs and the marching Hungarians of "The Damnation of Faust." The listeners may have departed with variegated, even confused impressions; but most of them, as the young girls say, had had "a good time" and effortless pleasure—though the Debussyites would call such a view of "Iberia" superficial—is not the commonest thing at the Symphony Concerts.

Anyhow, there was orchestral virtuosity and to spare and the band was almost as much "on view" as the gentlemen from Chicago were last week. Of course, it achieved almost to breathless sound, the testing diminuendo of the "Dance of the Sylphs," made lightly yet exactly accented play with rhythm and phrase in the minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps; and duly swelled the slithering climaxes of the Rakoczy March. Of course, too, it accomplished all sorts of feats with Debussy's artful and exacting instrumentation of "Iberia" and much more securely and spontaneously than it did last spring. And Debussy's music seems to the layman below the stage much more ex-

acting than that of the other ultra-modern composers. From Strauss downwards, they make all sorts of technical demands upon the players, especially upon the hapless wind instruments. In the early days of such music, the men often believed that what was set down for them was a copyist's error, and conductors had to encourage them to play the notes that were written. Debussy, however, asks more; he expects his orchestra to be like-minded and like-tempered with him. He demands subtleties of expression, a sensitive finger and lip and ear to minute and esoteric shadings and juxtapositions of tonal colors; he would have every man as suggestive as evasive as he is himself. Even with "Iberia," substantial music as it is beside "The Afternoon of a Faun" or the Nocturne of "The Clouds," he reiterates his insistence upon these qualities, and asks besides the utmost alertness to elastic even fitful rhythms. The Symphony Orchestra gave him all this yesterday, gave it by all outward sign, as though it were a part of the routine of the hour.

Yet, in a sense, the virtuosity of the orchestra, its ability to meet every demand that conductor or composer can lay upon it were clearest in Haydn's little symphony. Of course, the volume of tone was out of all proportion to the real dimensions of the music, but that is the misfortune of the music of the eighteenth century when it is played in the big concert-rooms, by the big orchestras and the ardent conductors of the twentieth. Of course, too, Mr. Fiedler "sped up" the pace of the opening allegro and the final rondo to the utmost. He has made Labor's word a part of the orchestral vocabulary. Time was when Mr. Apthorp used to bewail in this place the "slow" allegros of Mr. Gerlicke. Would that he could hear Mr. Fiedler's swift ones and reverse the voice of his complaint. The orchestra kept up with the conductor; even the double basses did; as the children say, "they just had to." The wonder was that at such a racing pace they kept the lightness of the music in play, tossed its little springing figures back and forth, just touched its leaping little phrases, spurred on again, and yet never once rode through the fine strands of the tonal web. The finale skipped under the hands of the much-enduring strings, while the wood winds chirruped like excited birds over and through them. At every turn the theme of the rondo returned more gayly. Mr. Winter used to have a pet word, "gleeful." It is the word and with a meaning for the orchestra's playing of the rondo. The gently sighing song of the slow movement and the minuet—is it a little heavy-footed?—were the respites along the way. To play Haydn so, is to make him both gay and gentle, simple and fanciful, the unexcited in all things. Then he and his melodies are alive again.

Gluck and Debussy were the moderns of the afternoon, because these fragments of "The Damnation of Faust," though not all

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 of Berlioz's music, are feeling with him else that was romantic fifty and seventy-five years ago. The Rakoczy March is a well-rhythmed and suspensive tumult, but the thrill—for the middle-aged anyhow—is gone out of it. The Will-o'-the-Wisps have their tricks of musical manner; and do not the Sylphs dance to a calculated, if beautiful delicacy? Berlioz was always ebullient—except when he wrote music. Then he took thought and could not hide his thinking. But Gluck, whose overture was older by fifty years has really aged less. Of course, his orchestral apparatus seems small and constricted beside our post-Wagnerian orchestras. Music has been enriched with means of harmonic suggestion that he never suspected. The musical times change and composers change with them; but Gluck's music endures the changes. Unless the listener has far too irritable a modern ear, he does not quarrel with Gluck's meagreness of orchestral means and simplicity of harmonic resource. There is no possible occasion for such quarrel because the music perfectly expresses his design. There is the formal web of it, and there also are the mournful gravity, the fateful progress, the pity of fate falling upon melancholy and innocent youth that are the emotions of the tragedy of Iphigenia slain to Diana on the altars of Aulis—and by her father's will. The music is self-contained; yet it expresses the mood and course of the tragedy. Gluck has attained for 1911 as well as for 1774 the fusion that is the end of such musical expression. No wonder his music lasts and kindles.

By this time, since "Iberia" is nearly two years old, the Debussyites must have found many an inner meaning, many a subtle suggestion in it. They will write their articles and hold their esoteric debates about it. Some day, perhaps, we that are mere listeners will follow them into these intricate paths. For the present the outward shows, the glamor of "Iberia" is musical intoxication itself. A penny for the means, orthodox or unorthodox, with which Debussy has achieved his ends. A ha'penny whether "Iberia" excels this, that or the other piece that he has previously or subsequently written, whether it is of a matured and mannered or of a still ripening Debussy. The music speaks for itself, and more. It runs into the hearer's blood like a fine and heady wine. Off it springs; and in it are the sounds, the colors, the lights, the air, the glow of the Spain of imagination, not the true Spain of Laparra and the veritists, and not at all the Spain of the more literal suggestion of music. Debussy's is a tonal phantasmagoria, a tonal and delirious dream of Spain, that dances before the eye of the fancy in a hundred colors to a goading rhythm. The melody of the night intervenes; it is song; it is beautiful song; fascinating, exquisite, the soft breath of the perfumed night, heard and felt afar, the musical speech, almost, of heavy stillness, the voice of its soft contentments and vague longings. The bells ring in the distant churches; the harps

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 and to the passing of the morning breeze the strings awaken to the light. Spain is alive again and off to its fete, another fete of rhythmical and instrumental phantasmagoria. Monet made forty pictures of water lilies and twenty of the facade of the Rouen Cathedral that he might catch the differing colors and aspects of them. Debussy has made one "Iberia" by like methods, but in it are all the colors and all the voices of his imagined Spain. H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Christmas Time Observed
 by Bach Pastorale.

Debussy's Pictorial "Iberia" Is
 Heard for Second Time.

Notes — Dec. 23/11

Mr Fiedler observed the Christmas time by beginning the program of his 10th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon with the Pastorale from Bach's Christmas Oratorio. The idyllic hymning of the wood wind instruments against the responses of the strings bore its own quaint and hallowed suggestion yesterday. It is music of tenderness, and breathes forth good will to all men who may bathe their souls in its tranquillity and repose.

Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" followed with suggestions of classic form the breadth of treatment. The playing of it was with becoming dignity.

Haydn's symphonies are filled with much of caution and delight. They are not merely the transparent network of archaic patterns. Their form is refreshing in its clearness, as it is in content. The vivacious, sprightly first movement, the largo of sustained and not unemotional song, the stately elegance of the minuet, for this is for patrician feet, and the ebullient exuberance of the closing movement.

Debussy's imaginative music grows upon another hearing. Here illusion must be as an invisible vapor, an incense detected, but not seen. It is music of a gorgeous palette of color, strangely incoherent, yet of moving beauty, music of subtle contrast, of pages so evanescent in texture as to defy orchestral reproduction or to be heard only in the dreams of the composer. Mr Fiedler and the players gave a careful and sympathetic performance.

Scenes from Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust" closed the program.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

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SUITE in D major, No. 3

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE and ARIA, "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin," from "Fidelio"

ENESCO,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

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CLOSING SCENE (Bruennhilde's immolation,) from "Dusk of the Gods"

Soloist:

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SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

WAGNER,

CLOSING SCENE (Bruennhilde's immolation,) from "Dusk of the Gods"

Soloist:

Madame BERTA MORENA

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Symphony Hall.

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to "The Marriage of Figaro"

BEETHOVEN (?)

"Jena" SYMPHONY in C major

- I. Adagio: Allegro vivace
 - II. Adagio cantabile
 - III. Menuetto, Maestoso: Trio
 - IV. Finale: Allegro
- (Edited by FRITZ STEIN)
(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" & ARIA
Komm Hoffnung," from "Fidelio"

ENESCO,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

- I. { Prelude à l'unisson
- II. { Menuet lent
- III. Intermède
- IV. Final

WAGNER,

CLOSING SCENE of "Götterdämmerung"
(Brünnhilde's immolation,)

Soloist:

Madame BERTA MORENA

*Mme. Morena First Noted for
Her Beauty as Artist's Model*



Berta Morena.

"JENA" SYMPHONY PRESENTED HERE

Question as to Whether It
Is One of Beethoven's
Compositions.

Journal Dec. 30/11
Was it a Beethoven symphony that was played for the first time in America at the Symphony matinee yesterday? It was announced as a Beethoven work, a la Haydn; but the program book editor put a question mark after the imposing name of the genius of Bonn.

Anyhow, the fact remains that the Symphony audiences this week are the first on this shore of the Atlantic to hear this so-called Beethoven symphony, now known as the "Jena" symphony, for the reason that the manuscript was found a year or so ago in the library of the university in the town where Napoleon held a hare hunt in 1808 to remind the Prussians how roundly he had licked them two years before. That was several years after Beethoven had written his "Eroica" symphony, which is supposed to be based on the rise of the "Little Corporal."

But whether this "Jena" symphony was written by the same hand that penned the incomparable Fifth symphony is not worth a controversy. It is a tradition that Beethoven composed several symphonies before he left his native town and before what is known as the First symphony, op. 21, was performed in Vienna, at a concert given by Beethoven for his own benefit. This "Jena" symphony may be one of them. If so, then it must have been written when the composer was very young and under the spell of "Papa" Haydn. It is intrinsically trivial. It may interest the magical archaeologists, but, judging by the reception it got here yesterday, it will bore the public. It sounded commonplace alongside Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" overture, which is even older than the "Jena" symphony.

Mme. Berta Morena, the dramatic soprano from Munich, is this week's soloist. She looked a very tragic queen yesterday in her severe emerald green gown—a large, statuesque woman, with clean-cut profile and lustrous raven hair and a manner befitting her reputation as an interpreter of the mighty Wagnerian heroines. She sang the aria "Komm Hoffnung" and the preceding scene from Beethoven's "Fidelio" in heroic style and with a vocal power uncommon in the prima donnas of the

day. Georges Enesco's "Suite for Orchestra," whose piquant melodies were first heard here last April, and the finale from "Gotterdammerung" brought the concert to a fine conclusion.

MME MORENA WILL SING.
George Dec. 27/11
Metropolitan Soprano to Appear as Soloist With Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The soloist at this week's Symphony concerts will be Berta Morena, one of the most distinguished Wagnerian singers of our time. Three years ago Mme Morena was soloist with the orchestra here in Boston, and her singing is remembered with much pleasure by those who heard her.



BERTA MORENA.

A member of the Court Opera of Munich, she succeeded to the principal dramatic roles after Ternina had retired. Her coming to Boston has enabled Mr Fiedler to place on his program a Wagner excerpt which has been absent too long, the great closing scene from "Goetterdaemmerung," commonly known as "Bruennhilde's Immolation." This was last sung at a Symphony concert by Mme Gadski in 1904. Mme Morena will also sing the "Abscheulicher" aria from Beethoven's "Fidelio."

TWO SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEATS
in a choice location for sale for the nine remaining rehearsals. Price \$13.50 each. Address S.H.S., Boston Transcript. (A)

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND ITS HARP Dec. 29/11

The Insistent Question of One Harp or Two—The Dancers, Their Skirts and "Coppelia"—Mme. Tetrassini and Mr. Constantino in "Lucia" at the Metropolitan—Mme. Maeterlinck Disembarks—Rostand's Sonnets to Massenet—Berlin and Municipal Music—Items as They Pass

ONCE more Mr. Fiedler has shifted the position of the harp in the Symphony Orchestra. It has gone from the side of the first violins, next the edge of the stage, and it stands now more obscurely near the violoncellos in the body of the orchestra. Any such change catches the eye at the Symphony Concerts, where orchestra and audience are weekly habituated to each other; but these frequent shiftings of the harp also indicate the conductor's occasional preoccupation with it. Does Mr. Fiedler shift it, as he has more than once, in the hope that it may sound more effectively and characteristically in the tonal mass? If he does, there is reason for his preoccupation. The Symphony Orchestra is one of the very few bands of its numbers and rank, either in Europe or in America, that regularly employs only one harp. It has two on occasion when the score imperatively requires them, but sometimes when the composer wishes, but does not exact, two, like Debussy in "Iberia," it disregards his desires.

When a particular piece asks two harps, as much contemporary music does, other orchestras have them in regular service. When the piece calls for a single harp, as much of the music of the nineteenth century does, these orchestras double the harp part and thereby make its voice clearer and more significant. The orchestra at the Opera House, which is by no means so large or sonorous as the Symphony Orchestra, employs two harps this season and the gain in intensive tone is obvious and commendable. It is not fair to reproach Mr. Schuecker, who is an able harpist for the relative insignificance of the harp in many a concert at Symphony Hall. The simple truth is that two harps are necessary to such a tonal mass, if the voice of the harp is to have its proportional place in it. Moreover, contemporary composers, who are sensitive and adept with harp tone, will more and more exact them. Very seldom does the Symphony Orchestra so lag behind the orchestral times—and its own necessities. Small economies, at the cost of exact and effective performance, have not usually been its way. H. T. P.

Voice Was "Discovered" by Lenbach, Munich Painter for Whom She Posed.

SINGS AT SYMPHONY TODAY

Herald Dec. 29/11
Mme. Berta Morena, who will sing at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow evening, did not begin life as a singer. Born at Wuerzburg in 1878, she was famous in Munich for her beauty as an artist's model. Lenbach, the painter, who admired her greatly, discovered that she had a voice and urged her to go on the stage. She studied with Mme. Roehr-Brajin of Munich and later with Mme. de Sales in London. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Munich Court and National theater, with which she has been connected ever since. She has won applause as Senta, Sieglinde, Bruennhilde at the Wagner Festivals in Munich. It was in March 1908, that Mme. Morena sang for the first time at The Metropolitan Opera house, New York. She there took the part of Sieglinde.

Mme. Morena has sung twice in Boston: once as Sieglinde at the Boston Theatre, April 8, 1908; once at a Symphony concert, March 6, 1909. At this concert she sang "Ocean Thou Mighty Monster" from "Oberon" and songs by Wagner and Strauss. This afternoon her choice will be the grand air from "Fidelio" and the final scene from "Goetterdaemmerung."

JENA SYMPHONY HEARD FOR FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

There is mystery in music as there is in murder, and yesterday's Symphony audience heard the first American performance of a mysterious symphony of whose authorship Beethoven is suspected.

The symphony is causing great excitement among the musical experts, who are discussing its authorship with the calmness, moderation, self-restraint and politeness of a pack of timber wolves.

A gentleman writing in the Transcript the other day after devoting two columns to proving to his own satisfaction that nobody wrote this symphony, added with magnificent effrontery, considering that he had never heard a note of the music, that it was a fifth rate symphony anyway.

The symphony was discovered by Dr. Fritz Stein of Jena University, among old papers in the music library of Jena, and is believed by him to have been written

by Beethoven in about 1790 or ten years before the First Symphony of Beethoven in C Major appeared.

The doctor makes out a pretty good case and far be it from us to get into the controversy. Whether Beethoven, Mozart, Hayden or John Philip Sousa wrote this symphony Dr. Stein has done a service in adding it to the existing repertory.

The Jena Symphony might have been written by Mozart or Hayden or the young Beethoven, for it is worthy of any of them. It is full of fresh, vivid themes, tunes that fall most pleasantly upon the ear.

The minuet is graceful and full of charm. The finale is sparkling, joyous. The treatment is as elegant and as graceful as Haydn. Far from being fifth rate, the symphony is charming. If old Doc Stein wrote it himself he is a marvelous musician because the composer who can write like Beethoven or Haydn is as scarce as writers who can imitate Shakespeare.

The soloist yesterday was Madame Berta Morena of the Munich Opera, who was with the Metropolitan several seasons ago. Morena sang an aria from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and the finale of "Gottterdammerung." She is a dramatic soprano with a voice of considerable beauty, but her bad method was shown up by the lyric music of Beethoven. In the death of Brunhilda, where she could scream all she liked, she was very effective, while the orchestral part of the finale was impressive as ever.

The immortal "Marriage of Figaro" overture of Mozart opened the concert, and a charming orchestral suite by Enesco, the Roumanian violinist, which was successful last season, was repeated with no loss of attractiveness.

"JENA" HEARD FOR FIRST TIME

Boston Symphony Orchestra
Performs Musical Work New
to This Country.

ITS COMPOSER IN DOUBT

Supposed to Have Been Writ-
ten by Beethoven Be-
tween 1787 and 1790.

Herald Dec. 30, 1911
By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Berta Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Munich Court and Na-

tional Theatre was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
"Jena" Symphony in C minor.....Beethoven (?)
Scene and aria from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Suite for orchestra op. 9.....Enesco
Finale of "Gottterdammerung".....Wagner

The "Jena" symphony was performed for the first time in this country. The parts were discovered some years ago by Prof. Fritz Stein of Jena, who was rummaging in the archive room of the university's music department. The portfolio that inclosed these parts bore the inscription "Sinfonie par L. van Beethoven," and on two of the parts the composer's name was written. Prof. Stein, who is a firm believer in the authorship of Beethoven, arranged the score from the parts, and the symphony was played at Jena on Jan. 17, 1910. It has been performed in other cities, as Leipzig and Munich.

Prof. Stein has written a long and elaborate study of the work. He concludes that the symphony was composed by Beethoven at Bonn some time between 1787 and 1790; that Beethoven sent it to an acquaintance at Jena. It may have been performed there at one of the "Akademischen Konzerte."

It should be said that certain critics in Germany, having examined the symphony and heard it, do not share Prof. Stein's opinion. They speak of the danger of using old parts as the basis of a hypothesis; they fail to find any hints at the later Beethoven; they believe that the symphony was composed by some minor composer who followed in the steps of Haydn.

It was natural that Mr. Fiedler should produce the symphony in Boston, for there was a mild curiosity concerning the nature of the work. It would be unnatural, inhuman in any one to ask for a second performance. For, apart from the question of authorship, the music is not interesting. There is an amiable arrangement of notes, after the manner of Haydn in his weakest and most perfunctory mood, but without any exhibition of Haydn's technical skill. There are a few echoes of Mozart in the finale. Nowhere in the whole symphony is there a hint at the Beethoven of the first symphony which was brought out at Vienna in 1800.

Let us suppose that the "Jena" Symphony was composed sometime between 1787 and 1790. Both Mozart and Haydn had written far better symphonies than this, before 1787. The three great symphonies of Mozart were composed a year later. Haydn's delightful Paris symphonies were written between 1784 and 1788. It is not easy to think that either one of these composers wrote the "Jena," with its childish prattle. In their lesser symphonic works preceding there is the promise of what was to come. Where in the "Jena" symphony is there anything that points to the first acknowledged symphony of Beethoven? It is not at all unlikely that

the "Jena" was composed by some industrious and forgotten Herr Schuster or Herr Mueller, an admirer of Haydn and Mozart.

The suite by the Roumanian, who, studying in Vienna, suffered for some time from Brahmsitis and then made Paris his dwelling place, where a little chapel was built for him and maintained through the pious interest of the Princess Bibesco, was performed here last spring toward the end of the season. In spite of Enesco's early devotion to Brahms and his association with Gabriel Faure, there is a certain individuality of expression in the suite, more pronounced than in his other works that we have heard, yet not commanding. The first movement is chiefly in unison for the strings, a unison of monotony. The chief theme of the minuet that follows is clumsily announced, and if this awkwardness were deliberate in the attempt to gain antique flavor, the result is disagreeable; but the development of the theme is unusual, harmonically and by reason of the pale coloring.

There are charming effects in this movement, also in the Intermezzo. The finale with its ground bass is somewhat exotic in tonality. The Suite as a whole is a singular one in the blend of archaic thought and modern expression. The performance technically was not up to the high standard of the orchestra. More than once there was uncertainty in the unison movement, and later there were disconcerting slips.

Mme. Morena was pleasantly remembered here as Sieglinde at the Boston Theatre nearly four years ago. She sang at a Symphony concert a year afterward. A singer is not often the best judge of her capability and her limitations. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles; too many contraltos are anxious to take dramatic soprano parts, that they may thus acquire a greater reputation—and a higher salary.

Mme. Morena has a fine voice of lyric quality. She sings much better than the great majority of her sisters in German opera, far better than the majority of the French and Italian singers who have been imported of late years. Her choice of arias yesterday was not favorable to her. She lacks the tragic breadth and intensity demanded for the full expression of Leonora's and Brunnhilde's emotions. As an exhibition of pure, free, tasteful singing, her performance gave pleasure. In the storm and fury of Wagner's music, she did not yield to temptation; she did not shriek; she accepted her lot and was a comparatively minor instrument in a bolsterous ensemble.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bruckner, symphony in E major, No. 7; Chopin, concerto in F minor, No. 2, for the piano; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

NEW BEETHOVEN? THE EARLY SYMPHONY RECENTLY FOUND

The Discovery at Jena—The Performance Here Tomorrow—The Discoverer's Ingenious Pamphlet Describing the Music and Defending Its Authenticity—His Arguments and Their Value

THE authenticity of the newly discovered symphony, supposed to be by Beethoven, which the Symphony Orchestra will play tomorrow and the day after, is discussed with exhaustive eagerness by Fritz Stein* in a forty-six page pamphlet. The text proves conclusively that Beethoven may possibly have had something to do with the work, and if this seems somewhat indefinite, let it be remembered that many a controversial treatise accomplishes much less. The pamphlet is not without "human interest," for it shows tender and confiding traits in the character of Mr. Stein.

Mr. Stein first points out that very few orchestral compositions are to be found among the works of Beethoven's "first period," so called, and he suggests that Beethoven very probably wrote more in this style than he suffered to be published—a reasonable possibility, since every conscientious artist destroys fully as much as he preserves. The question then arises, did Beethoven write a symphony, in whole or in part, before the one commonly called his first? Mr. Stein points out that plans for symphonies, other than the familiar nine, are to be found in Beethoven's early notebooks, and he cheerfully disposes of the somewhat uncomfortable objection that no sketches for this particular symphony are to be found in existent Beethoven notebooks, by pointing out that probably not all of the composer's notebooks have been preserved, and that no sketches have been found for one or two Beethoven works whose authorship is unquestioned.

The documentary evidence quoted by Mr. Stein is as follows: Instrumental parts to the symphony in question were found by Mr. Stein in the library of music at Jena, among the parts for a number of miscellaneous compositions by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Romberg, and others. The second violin part bears an inscription, "Par Louis van Beethoven," the cello part, "Symphonie von Bethoven" (sic); the watermark in the paper has been found elsewhere only in the wind parts of a symphony by Friedrich Witt, a contemporary and associate of Beethoven's. The cover containing the parts is labelled "Sinfonie par L. van Beethoven?", and the word "Beethoven" is struck out with a lead

pencil. Mr. Stein points out that a deliberate forger would have introduced the name Beethoven oftener, which is a reasonable contention; thence he wildly jumps to the conclusion that the signature must be authentic. It does not seem to occur to Mr. Stein that the inscriptions, which are of course not in Beethoven's hand, may have been placed on these parts, not by the original copyist, but by some hasty cataloguer, or even by some practical joker. Moreover, the first violin part is marked as the possession of "F. W."; Mr. Stein immediately thinks of Beethoven's friend, Franz Wegeler—but why not that Friedrich Witt, a first violinist, be it remembered, whose symphony was copied on paper of the same watermark as this?

Mr. Stein quotes correspondence between Ludwig Fischenich and Frau von Schiller to show that Beethoven composed some works during this period which have not been preserved to us; but while a "Dies Irae" is specifically mentioned, the new symphony is not. Moreover, Beethoven is not specifically mentioned by either correspondent in Mr. Stein's quotations, though the "young man whom the elector has sent to Haydn in Vienna" and who "will set Schiller's 'Ode to Joy'" is presumably Beethoven.

A thematic analysis of the work follows, from which I must confess the work does not give promise of being especially stimulating in performance. Then Mr. Stein devotes seventeen pages to proving that the style is Beethoven's by citations from the work. The melodies and harmonies, according to Mr. Stein, are characteristic of Beethoven in his early works; granting this cheerfully, I find them none the less characteristic of any other facile composer of the period, for Beethoven had at this time not parted company with his contemporaries; this bit of evidence is therefore suggestive rather than conclusive. Long passages which practically quote similar passages in familiar works by Beethoven seem greatly to impress Mr. Stein; but such passages support a theory of forgery quite as much as a theory of authenticity. The most convincing piece of evidence is the use in the new work of a pseudo-cadence in which a tonic-ninth chord is used instead of the customary dominant-seventh; this is a subtle and genuine "Beethovenism." The "long-breath" type of melody used in this and in authenticated works by Beethoven is another good point made plain by Mr. Stein.

In summing up, Mr. Stein resorts to a familiar form of argument; if Beethoven did not write this symphony, who did? The question, apart from its poor quality as argument, is not so hopeless as Mr. Stein seems to think. According to Mr. Stein, the nameless author would have to be a contemporary of Beethoven familiar with his style; and he dismisses the case by pointing out that

Beethoven at the period when this symphony was composed was not sufficiently well known either to have imitators or to be a name by which a forger could conjure filthy lucre from the pockets of obdurate publishers. Very good; yet why could not this same Friedrich Witt, for instance, who knew Beethoven's work and was composing music at this time, have written a symphony in which he consciously or unconsciously imitated his more individual contemporary? I am not for an instant advancing the theory that Witt and not Beethoven composed the Jena symphony. I merely point out that the style of the work is not conclusive; that the original score is lost, leaving only a number of anonymous parts in a copyist's hand; that while the name "Beethoven" appears on two parts, the initials "F. W." and the watermark of the paper used by Witt's copyist also appear; that the inscription on the cover in which the parts were found is evidently the opinion, perhaps hasty, of a library official, and that the erasure shows that some later person having access to the manuscripts disagrees with him.

On the whole Mr. Stein cannot be said to have proved anything except that Beethoven possibly wrote this symphony; but equally possibly, Witt or even some third person wrote it. The work itself is fifth-rate; and the recording angel will have to credit Mr. Stein, if not with establishing his theory, at least with investing with a sentimental and controversial interest a work which could never under any circumstances have interested the public on its own merits.

P. G. C.

* Ein unbekannte Jungendsymphonie Beethoven's? von Fritz Stein (Jena). Sonderdruck aus "Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft," xiii., 1.

REMARKABLE PROGRAMME AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

LEANED HEAVILY TO
THE CLASSICAL SIDE

Feature Was First American Performance of Beethoven's "Jena" Symphony, a Work of Doubtful Merit. *Ad.*

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Mozart—"Marriage of Figaro" Overture.
Beethoven—"Jena" Symphony. (First performance.)
Beethoven—Aria. "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio."

Soloist—Mme. Berta Morena.
Enesco—Suite, Op. 9.
Wagner—Finale from "Goetterdaemmerung."
Mme. Morena.

A remarkable programme, dignified or interesting in its every number and free from the vices that beset the modern school. The Mozart overture, short, chatty, and without development, was a good example of that middle ground where the musician and layman can meet and both be delighted. No introduction, clear themes, a short coda, everything is symmetrical, yet it all seems charmingly informal. It was well-played, too, and here at least Mr. Fiedler had good warrant for his rapid speed.

Now came a symphony, for the first time in America, by a composer named Beethoven. This man exhibits learning and learning and nothing but learning, and it is learning of a crude and undigested sort. It is a weariness to plod with him on his tiresome journey. When he attempts to vary a theme he does not know either how to choose his theme or how to treat it. He has not a bit of melody, not a bit of song.

No! Most ferocious reader, these are not our thoughts. They are exact reprints of reviews of Beethoven's works, printed in 1799, in "Die Allgemeine Musikzeitung," a little after the time at which this symphony is supposed to have been written. This is a work of Beethoven's earliest career, if it is Beethoven's at all. It was discovered in the university library at Jena, a few years ago, and a conflict is being waged as to whether it is genuine or not. In any event it does not represent the Beethoven that we know, and it is scarcely an honor to his memory to produce it. Yet, as the world always craves to know everything concerning its heroes, it will be intensely interested in hearing this work irrespective of its merits or defects.

The introduction had Beethoven chords if somewhat Haydnish modulations. The exposition was more coherent than Haydn, whose themes are seldom long-breathed. The expressive power with simple means was emphatically a Beethoven characteristic. There was a short development to the first movement, but it showed the Beethoven power of tone-color.

The adagio was especially like Beethoven. Here Mozart or Haydn would have been less intense. Both this and the first movement were more unified in effect than Haydn or Mozart could have achieved. The orchestration, all through, was more lucid and effective than one would expect in a Haydn or Mozart symphony, and the themes were better balanced than those of the earlier masters.

The symphony seems undoubtedly to be a work of a young follower of Haydn who had greater ideas than his model. But, for all that, the new work will not disturb the nine sisters and will not take its place among them. It is too evidently in the school of Haydn and, in spite of its

moments of power, is too evidently a copy to be of very great importance. Yet it is a feather in Boston's cap to have had a "premiere" of a Beethoven work.

The Enesco suite has been performed here within a year and therefore requires no renewed analysis. The young Roumanian is impressive enough from the unison passages of the prelude, to the counterpoint of the finale. There was more than a tinge of Debussy in some parts.

It was a keen delight to hear a great Wagnerian artist in two great numbers of the German school, supported by full orchestral accompaniment. We are having all the Italian and French operatic music that we can digest, and we are later on to have a Wagnerian feast under the direction of Weingartner, but just at present we have been hungry for some of the solid music of this broad and dramatic character with its symphonic background.

Beethoven's "Abscheulicher!" is an intensely dramatic work when one considers its epoch. It follows the regular "scena" model pretty closely, the opening passages being recitative, the beautiful adagio—"Komm Hoffnung,"—being like a Cavatina, and the rapid finale,—"Ich folg' den innern Triebe"—having some of the display work of the Italian vein, but for all that it remains German music, especially in its orchestral support. It does not deal in coloratura nor does it give extremely high notes (B in alt is its highest), but its sustained intensity is difficult to portray, and, like all of Beethoven's songs, it takes no heed of the needs of the voice. It has some most unsingable skips, one of nearly two octaves, and its furious ending is very trying to the singer. The Beethoven of this aria is a very different Beethoven from the composer of the "Jena" symphony.

All the difficulties were bravely met and overcome by Mme. Morena, who sang like a conscientious artist. But we doubt whether the world at present will vibrate much to the vocal ecstasies of Beethoven. The Beethoven of song and the Beethoven of symphony are two very different composers.

But the glory of this concert came in its last number, where singer and orchestra combined to give a picture which none but Wagner could have created. It was a wonderful idea to end the great trilogy in this manner. The chorus are all upon the stage, but they are mute. All the interest centres upon the single figure of the unhappy woman consummating her sacrifice. Any other composer would have ended with a powerful combination of soloists, chorus and orchestra. Not so Wagner. His treatment was the simpler, but infinitely the greater.

The present writer recalls this number, sung in Villa Wahnfried, by Materna, in her prime, with Mottl playing the piano arrangement of the orchestral score, Mme. Cosima Wagner turning the leaves, and a crowd of Wagner devotees drinking it in. But even that remarkable performance was nearly equalled by Mme. Morena yes—

terday afternoon.

The orchestral support must have inspired her. Every guiding-motive was clearly brought out by Mr. Fiedler and his musicians. The tempo was never exaggerated, the ensemble never disturbed.

At the close the singer was recalled two or three times with very spontaneous enthusiasm. It was a noble ending of a concert which leaned heavily to the classical side.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT From — Dec 30, '11 THE YOUTHFUL SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN?

Mediocre, Monotonous and Characterless Music, Whether or Not It Is Rightly Attributed to Him—The Possible Tokens of His 'Prentice Hand—Enesco's Striking and Individual Suite Repeated—Interesting and Original Music—Miss Morena for an Eloquent Singer and the Final Scene of "Goetterdaemmerung" After Seven Years

LATE in the distant eighties, Mr. Gericke and the Symphony Orchestra played Wagner's one and only existent symphony—written in his youth and then newly discovered. If memory does not slip, it was very long and certainly it was very dull. Any youthful composer of the thirties and the forties in any academic German town might have written the music, and the best and most diligent of wills was necessary if the listener was even to fancy that he found in it germs of the Wagner to come. Like this symphony, in matter, manner and suggestion, was the so-called Jena symphony of Beethoven that Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra played yesterday afternoon for the first time in America. In two respects, however, the twain differed. Wagner's symphony was his by twenty incontestable proofs. The Jena symphony is only attributed to the youthful Beethoven by Dr. Fritz Stein, who discovered the manuscript parts, and by sundry allies; while other German scholars and reviewers contend that it might have been written by almost any youthful or mediocre composer in the Germany of the last decade of the eighteenth century. Moreover, this Jena symphony is mercifully short. Otherwise the two symphonies are at one in their pervading and characterless mediocrity, and in the highly receptive and imaginative state of mind they ask in the listener, trying to discover their forerunning tokens of either master in maturity.

Like Dr. Stein, as the article, printed in the Transcript of Thursday, sufficiently indicated, you may sit down to the score of the Jena symphony and reason about col-

lateral and internal evidence that suggests Beethoven as the composer, according to your penetration and propensities. You may even affirm that such and such a musical period or some particular cadence sounds Beethoven-ish. On the other hand, the intelligent and responsive hearer, listening to the symphony in single performance as he did yesterday afternoon, must judge instantly and instinctively. If he has frequented the Symphony Concerts, he knows his Beethoven enough to recognize the composer's voice and style, without so much as a programme note to aid. So hearing, so judging, he probably found mighty little token of any Beethoven, however youthful or inept, in this Jena symphony. The audience as a whole was plainly between two stools. It could sit and applaud its Beethoven, genuine or attributed, as it is wont to do; or it could rebel mildly at what sounded like a very mediocre eighteenth-century symphony by an unknown hand. As it happened, it took refuge in knowing smiles and tepid applause.

Certainly the Minuet and the Finale of the symphony suggest, in such hearing, no conceivable Beethoven of any age or any stage of development. The Minuet is a wholly simple and neatly made dance-tune, moving to the appointed rhythms, making dutifully the routine contrasts. There is little imagination or ingenuity in it. Any promising pupil, decently familiar with the symphonies of Haydn and his contemporaries, might have written and dismissed it as the task of the day duly performed. The Finale lacks even creditable workmanship. The musical ideas are wholly commonplace, according to the conventions of the time; the treatment is clumsy, monotonous, sterile. The music saws its way through its brief course, and only close to the end, in a few sudden measures of a slower and softer voice, is there the faintest hint of the possible Beethoven of a very early and unskilful day. Possibly, though not very probably, there are Beethovenish touches in the first Allegro and the slow movement, but the listener needs the convinced, if not the persuading, mind of Dr. Stein to accept them readily. It is quite possible that Beethoven wrought them in his young years; it is not at all impossible that other composers of that time—and very obscure ones—were capable of them. There are no such tokens, however, in the monotonous course and the scanty development of the Allegro. Light melodies flow smoothly along at a running pace in the strings; chords interrupt them; there is easy figuration, sparse adornment. Almost anyone who wrote music at the end of the seventeenth century and knew his Haydn and Mozart might have written so.

Perhaps the few measures of slow introduction, with which the symphony begins, suggest a momentary breadth and intensity that might to a willing mind prefigure—a long way off—the later Beethoven. Possibly, in the Adagio, upon

the internal evidence of which Dr. Stein partly founds his attribution, there are plausible suggestions of the ways of a maturer Beethoven with such movements. The melodic thought does sound unexpectedly long-breathed and full-throated. The composer has meditated the development of his melody, and falls less often than elsewhere in the symphony into sterile and monotonous repetition. He has a perceptible "feeling" for his song. He treats it, especially in a variation toward the close, in a way that might plausibly be of an early Beethoven trying his wings. Thus, in itself and for its suggestion, this slow movement is the most interesting part of a mediocre and conventional symphony of the last decade of the eighteenth century. Were the music by a hundred proofs genuine Beethoven, it would not be less tame and tepid. Nor was Mr. Fiedler exactly kind to it, unless he wished to give his hearers basis for comparison, when he placed it between Mozart's lightly running and brilliantly figured overture to "Figaro's Wedding" and the declamatory and emphatic scene, "Abscheulicher," from the "Fidelio" of Beethoven's early prime. The overture to "Figaro" turns the artifice of eighteenth-century comedy spontaneous by sheer elasticity and buoyancy. The air from "Fidelio" is imposing, if vocally clumsy music.

Thus the purely orchestral distinction of the day—Mozart even included—fell to the modern and contemporary Enesco, whose Suite, discovered by Mr. Fiedler last April, was repeated between Mme. Morena's two "numbers." The music was interesting and unusual at the single hearing in the spring; it sounded uncommonly impressive and imaginative at the repetition yesterday. Enesco seems in it of neither the ancients nor the moderns, of the hide-bound conservatives or of the toiling innovators. He has a fitful musical individuality; he follows it in his own diversified way. There are inclusive and energetic imagination and large expressive eloquence in the songful declamation of the strings through the unisons of the Prelude. The concluding drum-roll, the thread-like fall of the dying melody, are strokes of genuine fancy.

The succeeding Minuet rises and in it is music of another quality of imagination. It is like to a dance of patched and powdered ghosts in a bare eighteenth-century room, seen in shadowy vision, heard in fitful tones. The weird harmonies, a little Debussy-like, but still individual, are ghostly voices. Against them moves the melancholy melody. The mood is like the mood of the wistful, dreamy French poetry that has been written in our immediate time, sorrowing, it knows not why, over the ghosts of the past, bidding them stir and move to its melancholy measure, faintly, remotely thrilling. If Enesco's harmonies a little imply Debussy, his

mood a little suggests Fauré. The Minuet may be ever-long, but when the ghosts scurry away in weird progressions and the tonal dark shuts out the vision, fantastic imagination and expression persuade again. It is of an individual temperament and voice.

The Intermezzo returns to the grave mood of the Prelude, pursues it more gently, asserts and reasserts a wistful melody, and diversifies it with happy imaginings like the interposing flute and the ingenious harp. The Finale is wild folk-dance not so clamorous as similar Russian music, but more exotic and more suggestively scored. Not for nothing was Enesco born in Roumania. Not for nothing has he dwelt in the Paris of many new and strange musical "chapels." He writes rarely interesting and individual music; and Mr. Fiedler might well go on, as Mahler did last winter in New York, to his symphony.

Miss Morena, the singer of the afternoon, was agreeable to see, beyond any other singer in recent recollection at the Symphony Concerts. She wore no hat, when she might have piqued the curiosity and the emulation of some of her hearers with fantastic head-gear; she actually discarded gloves as Miss Destinn does at concerts; her dress was the simplest of gowns in sober browns and greens. Above was the sculptural comeliness of her finely chiselled face and the rich brown of her circling hair. No wonder the painter, Lenbach, admired her for her beauty and—as they say in Munich—instructed her in her taste. If only her singing had been like her aspect! But Miss Morena has her vocal solecisms. She is not always true to pitch; her tones are not always steady; and on occasion she gradually lifts her voice to them when she should take them swiftly and exactly. Her uppermost tones are now and then shrill, but her voice in its middle range is rich and impressive, especially in broadly moulded and declamatory phrases. She is mistress, too, of the large and eloquent style of German music-drama and when she is on the stage of the Metropolitan, it is easy to forget her vocal shortcomings in the beauty of the singing actress, in the histrionic truth of her characterization, in the breadth and sweep of her style. The concert-room, the bare concert-room, is not so merciful.

Yet Miss Morena chose her "numbers" wisely. One was Leonora's impassioned declamation and contrasting air in the first act of Beethoven's "Fidelio" when the loyal wife almost despairs of her fortitude to save her husband from murderous doom. The other was Brünnhilde's long and mighty monologue (with the orchestral postlude) that ends Wagner's "Götterdaemmerung." If ever music was unvocal, it is the music with which Beethoven has clothed Leonora's soliloquy. By his almost perverse treatment of the singer's voice, by his hardening of his heart toward it except

as another and rather irritating instrument, he has almost defeated the purpose of his scene. His sheer power of expression achieves his end and often, though Miss Morena was plainly wrestling with the music, she aided him. She struck fire in the opening recitative; her phrasing was gravely and reposefully beautiful in the contrasting recitative; the richness of her tones told in the air even if her delivery, as the ministers say, was at moments constrained.

The singer succeeded far better with Brünnhilde's monologue. The opening declamation—the commands to the awestruck Gibichungs—was imposing of diction and style. In the succeeding passage of, regretful reminiscences Miss Morena colored her tones to grave pathos. She rose highest of all in the declamation of the illumined Brünnhilde, which she delivered with solemn, yet elated wonder. She subdued the mood and voice a little in the consigning of the ring to the Rhine, and then her tones mounted in solemn rhapsody and finally in impassioned ecstasy, as Brünnhilde dooms the gods and dooms herself. Finest touch of all was the flash in Miss Morena's tones, of the old Valkyr, of the warrior-maid of the beginning (so far away), of the tragedy of the Ring, when Brünnhilde summons her horse and hails her pyre. There were vocal shortcomings in Miss Morena's declamation of the monologue. There were also discriminating eloquence and large and fine intensities—many more than there happened to be in Mr. Fiedler's hard reading of the orchestral part.

H. T. P.

"JENA" SYMPHONY'S FIRST PRODUCTION

Slobe
Beethoven's Authorship
Fails of Proof. *Dezo*

Mme Berta Morena Is Soloist for
Orchestra Rehearsal.

At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon Mr Fiedler brought to its first performance in America the new "Jena" symphony, which is ascribed by its discoverer to Beethoven.

The other orchestral numbers were Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Enesco's Suite for orchestra, and the finale of "Goetterdaemmerung," with Mme Berta Morena as soloist. She was also heard in the aria "Komm Hoffnung," and in the preceding scene from Beethoven's "Fidelio."

A year ago last winter the following account of the resurrection of the "Jena" symphony appeared in the London Times: "On Jan 17, 1910, was played at the Akademische Konzert in Jena, a university town in Saxe-Weimar, a symphony in C major, dating from the end of the 18th century, an unknown work discovered in the archives of the A. K. in Jena, and prepared for the present performance by Fritz Stein."

It is said that Prof Stein firmly believes this symphony to have been a product of Beethoven's "first period," composed between the years 1787 and 1790, and has written a defense of his belief, in which he elects to find unmistakable traces of the master's hand in certain portions of the work.

The name of Beethoven is also said to have been deciphered upon certain of the parts. Even so, the theory of his authorship has not gained universal credence in European cities, as at Leipzig, where the work has already been played.

The symphony is scored for one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, kettledrums and the usual quintet of strings. The absence of trombones does not cause surprise, for Beethoven introduced them into but three of the nine symphonies, a trio in both the fifth and ninth, and a pair of them in the sixth.

The lack of clarinets is perhaps more noticeable and significant. Beethoven wrote parts for two of these instruments in each of his nine symphonies, and the first was performed for the first time in 1800.

This was a decade or more after the time when Prof Stein assumes that Beethoven wrote the "Jena" symphony, but even in 1787, the earliest date named by him, was the clarinet altogether a stranger in the orchestra?

Between June 26 and Aug 10 of the following year, Mozart wrote his three crowning symphonic works. It is true that the last of these to be completed, the "Jupiter" in C major, had no clarinets. They were absent in the original score of the G minor, but were afterward added, while the E flat, the first of the three, contained parts for two of the instruments, as did a symphony of his in D major, written as early as 1782.

Although Haydn used a full complement of wood wind when he had arrived at his "Creation," he had been sparing in his use of the clarinet in the symphonies which had preceded. With him the oboe was queen of the wood wind choir, and its naive yet aristocratic voice is the more characteristic in his music in the absence of the clarinet, characteristic in a manner not foreign to pages heard in this symphony yesterday.

It is not impossible that Beethoven could have written an early work without the clarinet, for Mozart was the first to give the instrument a permanent place in the orchestra, and Beethoven was unquestionably much indebted to him for models of style.

It is rather in the character of the work, the texture of mind and quality of mood which it betokens that the authorship is to be sought or confirmed. Taken generally, it was the thought, the spirit and even the idiom of Haydn rather than of Beethoven, which spoke yesterday.

The symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven have been not inaptly compared by styling those of the former as comedies, those of the latter as tragedies. Beethoven did not begin to feel the premonitions of deafness until several years later, but the fundamental elements of tragedy were ever present in his life. His spirit was never reconcilable to his environment. There is little of this note of combat in the "Jena" symphony.

When at the final concert of the season a year ago Mr Fiedler prefaced the ninth symphony with the first, there were the signs of a youthful Beethoven that foretold the master. The work of yesterday would precede that, but it is difficult to find a clear kinship, either in effectiveness of instrumental grouping, boldness of modulation, display of invention in development, or, above all, in the character of the movements.

The first suggests the opening movement of a dance suite, the form which Haydn extended and built up into the symphony. The chief theme is typical of him in its arch and naive resiliency, and the second is frankly feminine and tender, although it is approached at times in a manner to suggest that of Beethoven.

The slow movement opens with a simple theme of folksong character which presently returns in a variation for the first violins which reminds of Haydn in its attendant contrapuntal guise. But it is in the dapper and tripping neatness of the minuet that Haydn is most clearly recalled. It might have been written to piquantly remind aristocratic feet of the pleasures of the dance, and the first subject of the finale likewise would be expected to bear his signature.

It is a work of interest chiefly for historical association. It holds no pregnant or engrossing musical thought or reveals no processes of technic or of orchestral evolution that may not be found in symphonies by Haydn, in pages of Mozart, although it lacks his exquisite grace and his pensive melancholy, or in what has been known heretofore as the first symphony of Beethoven.

The performance of it was not always fortunate. Mr Fiedler's hot pace in the first allegro was prohibitive of authority or clearness, even with this body of virtuosi. The clarity and beauty of the orchestra in Haydn is well known.

Mme Morena sang the "Fidelio" aria, the one of which Beethoven's notebooks were said to contain 18 different drafts, with dramatic feeling, and interpreted effectively in its opening mood of abhorrence and in the calm of hope to which it gives way.

As a singer she lessens her power as an interpreter through a restricted emission of tone. Although a fine instrument by nature, her voice was not always adequate to the great demands of the "Goetterdaemmerung," pages of superb orchestral tone painting which Mr Fiedler is to be heartily thanked for restoring to the program.

Enesco's suite was played last year and was again found to possess some graceful and pleasurable melody.

FOR REMAINDER OF SYMPHONY CONCERTS—One seat for Friday afternoons and two seats for Saturday evenings. Address with price, M.G.T., Boston Transcript.

(A):

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND ITS HARP

Trans. Dec. 28/11
The Insistent Question of One Harp or Two—The Dancers, Their Skirts and "Coppelia"—Mme. Tetrassini and Mr. Constantino in "Lucia" at the Metropolitan—Mme. Maeterlinck Disembarks—Rostand's Sonnets to Massenet—Berlin and Municipal Music—Items as They Pass

ONCE more Mr. Fiedler has shifted the position of the harp in the Symphony Orchestra. It has gone from the side of the first violins, next the edge of the stage, and it stands now more obscurely near the violoncellos in the body of the orchestra. Any such change catches the eye at the Symphony Concerts, where orchestra and audience are weekly habituated to each other; but these frequent shiftings of the harp also indicate the conductor's occasional preoccupation with it. Does Mr. Fiedler shift it, as he has more than once, in the hope that it may sound more effectively and characteristically in the tonal mass? If he does, there is reason for his preoccupation. The Symphony Orchestra is one of the very few bands of its numbers and rank, either in Europe or in America, that regularly employs only one harp. It has two on occasion when the score imperatively requires them, but sometimes when the composer wishes, but does not exact, two, like Debussy in "Iberia," it disregards his desires.

When a particular piece asks two harps, as much contemporary music does, other orchestras have them in regular service. When the piece calls for a single harp, as much of the music of the nineteenth century does, these orchestras double the harp part and thereby make its voice clearer and more significant. The orchestra at the Opera House, which is by no means so large or sonorous as the Symphony Orchestra, employs two harps this season and the gain in intensive tone is obvious and commendable. It is not fair to reproach Mr. Schuecker, who is an able harpist for the relative insignificance of the harp in many a concert at Symphony Hall. The simple truth is that two harps are necessary to such a tonal mass, if the voice of the harp is to have its proportional place in it. Moreover, contemporary composers, who are sensitive and adept with harp tone, will more and more exact them. Very seldom does the Symphony Orchestra so lag behind the orchestral times—and its own necessities. Small economies, at the cost of exact and effective performance, have not usually been its way.

H. T. P.

Mme Berta Morena

Globe as Symphony Soloist

One of the most significant musical discoveries of recent years was the finding of the manuscript of the youthful symphony of Beethoven in the library in Jena. Mr Fiedler has the score of this work and had expected to put it on the coming week's Symphony program, but the parts have not yet arrived in this country. Consequently he will use instead the familiar Bach suite in D-major. His other purely orchestral number will be a suite by the Roumanian Enesco, which was so favorably received last year.

The soloist will be Mme Berta Morena of the Court Opera of Munich and the Metropolitan Opera of New York. Mme. Morena was a highly interesting and artistic singer with the Boston Symphony Orchestra here March 6, 1908. She sang for the first time in this city as Sieglinde in "The Valkyrie" April 8, 1908.

Her appearance will enable Mr Fiedler to close his program with a Wagnerian excerpt that has not appeared on a Symphony program in seven years. This is the closing scene from "Gotterdammerung," familiarly known as "Brunnhilde's Immolation," the culminating episode in Wagner's "Ring." Mme. Morena will sing the music allotted to Brunnhilde. Her other aria will be the big "Abscheulicher," taken from "Fidelio," by Beethoven.

JENA NOVELTY BY SYMPHONY

Beethoven Given Credit for Not Publishing Work

Post — Dec. 30/11

BY OLIN DOWNES

A "novelty" by Ludwig van Beethoven does not fall to the lot of every concert-goer. Yesterday afternoon at the 11th public rehearsal of the season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played a symphony now nicknamed by its finder, Professor Fritz Stein, as the "Jena Symphony in C Major." Professor Stein attributes the work to Beethoven, and believes that it was written prior to the appearance of the work known as the First Symphony, between 1787 and 1790.

Some years ago Professor Stein discovered parts of an unknown symphony in C major, along with a number of other manuscripts belonging to various of the great dead, in the arcade room of the College of Music, Jena. The portfolio that contained these parts, as well as a hand-written catalogue dated 1858,

in which the parts were numbered as "No. 30," under the heading "Symphonies by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven," bore the inscription "Ludwig van Beethoven." The word Beethoven was afterward pencilled out. But on the second violin part was written "Par Louis van Beethoven," and the cello part "Symphonie von Beethoven." "It should be here said," adds the compiler of the symphony programme books, "that the significance of these inscriptions is hotly disputed."

The question is now, of what worth is the symphony? If Beethoven wrote this symphony, he made an excellent exercise in writing in the strict classic form established by Haydn, and he knew enough not to publish it.

In the last measures of the adagio, mentioned by Dr. Fritz Steiner as evidence of Beethoven's authorship, and also in the introduction, where the composer modulates suddenly to a remote key, there is enough to admit of the possibility that Beethoven wrote the work. But if he did, he wisely put it back in his portfolio and kept it from the world.

Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" one of the finest comedy overtures in existence, and delightfully played, opened the programme. Mme. Berta Morena, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang the scena, "Abscheulicher," and the aria, "Komm Hoffnung," and the from Beethoven's "Fidelio," and the final scene from "Die Gotterdammerung."

The Beethoven aria, now approaches the sentimental, the passe. The preceding scena is stronger, and it was in this part that Mme. Morena was heard at her best. In the aria there were defects of execution and of taste in interpretation. The qualities of the music which should be transmuted by the art of the singer were emphasized to its disadvantage, and the great underlying spirit, which, if revealed, would doubtless thrill us again, was not strongly felt. In the Gotterdammerung excerpt the orchestra carried Mme. Morena to glory. Bernard Shaw thought this closing scene of the trilogy "a prolonged scena, extremely moving and imposing, but yielding nothing to resolute intellectual criticism except a very powerful and elevated exploitation of theatrical pathos, psychologically identical with the scene of Cleopatra and the dead Antony in Shakspeare's tragedy."

Some of this music is rhetoric, and some is gorgeous scenic accompaniment, but all of it is the most vital sort of music, and is scored with unspeakable magnificence. There in a concert hall Walhalla burns before our eyes, and the joyous song of the Rhine maidens who have recovered their ring floats up from the welling stream, and the deliverance of the world is sung with eloquence of 100 Homers. So we will enjoy our Wagner, and even be vastly moved by him, regardless of G. B. S., and resolute intellectual criticism.

The other feature of the programme was the masterly and original suite of

Georges Enesco, which was introduced to the Symphony audiences with such success last spring. The composer has struck an individual note of his own, and his superb technic enables him to express himself in a manner to win the highest praise. How seldom do we encounter new music—today—written-executed with such workmanship, and written from such a personal viewpoint. Fortunately this music is unlabelled, and we can enjoy its strange melancholy, its subdued richness of coloring, or its crackling brightness, its brusque and fantastic humor, each in our own way.

Tracing the "Jena" Symphony

The other day in London Mr. Landon Ronald's orchestra played for the first time there the so-called "Jena" symphony attributed to Beethoven that we in Boston heard at mid-winter. Wherever the youthful piece has been played the reviewers have been quick to discover its general resemblance to the symphonies of Haydn. Now the reviewer of the London Times goes a step further and suggests that the "Jena" was a technical exercise in imitation of Haydn's "Salomon" symphony in C, which dates from 1791-92. "The first movement," he writes, "follows the model most faithfully. The same time and key, the same orchestra, are used. A downward arpeggio of C forms the principal theme and reflects the first feature of Haydn's Allegro. The second subjects correspond closely, the sudden breaking of the strings into a downward scale in triplets in the codetta is practically identical; the developments have points of similarity, though the modulations in the 'Jena' are weaker, and the return to the first subject is managed in an exactly similar way. Most striking of all is a sudden modulation in the coda into the key of D-flat, which has been pronounced by some critics to be a point which indicates Beethoven's individuality at work. The same modulation occurs, in precisely the same place in the 'Salomon' Symphony, but in the 'Jena' it is more abrupt and less clearly relevant to the subject-matter. The slow movement contains further evidence to the same effect, especially the bass part of the Minore, which is practically identical with that of Haydn. Though the general influence of Haydn remains equally strong to the end, the minuet and finale of the 'Jena' Symphony have not the same obvious references to particular passages, and the second subject with the codetta of the finale has a touch of more original feeling, as though the model was put on one side as the interest of composition grew stronger, and he dared to indulge in freer experiment."

ry Hall.

1911-12.

NY ORCHESTRA.

R, Conductor.

NCERT.

ARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

amme.

Y in E major, No. 7

for PIANO and ORCHESTRA, in F

to "The Flying Dutchman"

ist:

HOFMANN

fiano used

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY in E major, No. 7

I. Allegro moderato

II. Adagio: Sehr feierlich und langsam

III. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Etwas langsamer

IV. Finale: Bewegt, doch nicht schnell

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in F minor, No. 2, op. 21

I. Maestoso

II. Larghetto

III. Allegro vivace

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "The Flying Dutchman"

Soloist:

Mr. JOSEF HOFMANN

Steinway Piano used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE ANNUAL RITE TO BRUCKNER CELEBRATED

Trans. — Jan. 6/12
This Time with the Symphony of the
Tenor Tubas—Audiences and Bruckner's
Music—Inspiration and Its Penalties—
Mr. Fiedler's Pains with the Piece—Mr.
Hofmann Plays a Concerto by Chopin—
The Discerning Beauty of the Perform-
ance

ONCE upon a time the manager of a theatre slipped a blank bearing a few questions into each programme and politely asked each spectator to answer them that he might learn his audience's view of his play. It would have been interesting so to question each listener at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon as to the impressions he or she had received from the annual performance of a symphony by Bruckner. Mr. Gericke used to play one or another of the nine when he chose to put it on his programme. He might elect to play two in a single season; he might elect to play none for three years. It was Dr. Muck—for the present generation of conductors is loyal to Bruckner—who set the fashion of an annual rite and with the single exception of last season, Mr. Fiedler has continued it. They have "musical solemnities" in Germany, or the devout call them so, and this annual performance of a symphony by Bruckner is becoming such at Symphony Hall.

Anyhow to be so solemnized much increases the esteem of the audience for Bruckner. In its heart, it may repine at symphonies that are sure to be nearly an hour long. It may suspect, and with reason, that there are frequent passages in which Bruckner is only groping, not very clear himself as to what he intends musically to do, or only marking time in counterpoint until he is ready to make a stroke that may be of beauty or of power. It may weary of his tricks of instrumental manner—of his liking for tremulous strings over songful horns and bass, of his liking for great, wavelike, tossing crescendos, of his Wagnerian idiosyncrasies. If it is musically learned, it will repine under his repeated inversions of his themes. If it is emotionally sensitive, it will weary of the plaintive note in his music, of the querulous urgency of an aspiration that very seldom attained its tonal and imaginative goal. But this same audience is seated at a musical solemnity. It listens gravely; it applauds generously; it suppresses all inclination to read the more interesting programme-book, and if mind and spirit try to rebel with weariness, it curbs them as

the old anchorites mortified their rebellious but natural flesh. No; Bruckner's music must be exalted music. Do not conductors annually "solemnize" it?

The symphony that Mr. Fiedler chose for the rite of yesterday was that in E major numbered seven—the symphony that utilizes the tenor tubas of Wagner's "Ring" operas and the slow movement of which Bruckner wrote as a kind of anticipatory dirge to "the master" because (as he naively explained) he once reflected that in the course of nature Wagner had not long to live. Certainly, the conductor spared no pains upon the performance, and the cynical might have believed him in his turn aware of Bruckner's shortcomings and idiosyncrasies and resolved to cloak and mitigate them. Diligently Mr. Fiedler sought to give movement and diversity to the music by variety of pace and range of tonal force and shadings. He read each movement largely, and in the finale in particular, except when long passages of aimless orchestral agitation, held his hand, he attained the sweeping bigness of utterance that seems Bruckner's goal. Steadily he sharpened rhythms, sought clarifying contrasts, tried to make weak places strong and assimilated the quality of tone, especially in strings, horns and Bruckner's beloved brass, to the voice that the striving composer would give them. Here and elsewhere Bruckner is well performed nowadays. The conductors believe in his symphonies, or play them as though they did. They help his music by their orchestral insight and tonal sense; while the ears of the hearers nowadays are better attuned to his full-throated, his sharply contrasted, his laboriously overlaid instrumental voices. Aptly, once upon a time a Viennese caricaturist drew Bruckner, sitting in the Elysian fields and smiling his cunning peasant smile at his fair fortunes with posterity.

This seventh symphony excels most of its sisters—for are not symphonies muses when they are animated on the stage around Beethoven's or—may be some day—Bruckner's dying bed. It nowhere matches the slow movement of the eighth symphony wherein for once Bruckner attained the sublimated ecstasy idea and expression to which he aspired and sloughed away all the gropings and haltings that usually beset him. Yet in this seventh symphony, there is more compensation for the hampering weaknesses, the tedious idiosyncrasies of some of their predecessors, perhaps there is even less of them. Bruckner conceived noble musical thoughts. There are melodic ideas in the first movement, in the slow movement, in the finale, which exalt the mood of the listener. The whole adagio is conceived in a spirit of austere lament, too grave and deep to be shrill and comforted by as grave a consolation. The Wagnerian echoes in it are the stirrings of beloved memories. Bruckner's idiosyncrasies fell away, as they do in the adagio of the succeeding symphony in the in-

y of his mood. He invents, he goes forward almost in spite of himself. In the first and in the final movements, there are passages of like loftiness.

Inspiration is a perilous word; but it may be justly used of the singular Bruckner. His melodies do seem to come to him by inspiration—in these days when composers usually contrive them. They are beautiful, eloquent, exalted, they thrill when they first, and usually gravely, enter the musical web. Then, when Bruckner would develop and make play with them, inspiration, mere invention even, often forsake him. He cannot write continuously, as a composer with a sense of musical design; he cannot discriminate between the commonplace and the significant like a composer with a true sense of self-criticism; he falls away into aimless repetitions, into pedantic counterpoint. And then inspiration comes again; his long melodies find breath; they move and mount. Yet often, especially to the ears of our time, the richness of his harmonies, the sonorities and diversities of the instrumental dress save him. He knew his horns and his brass with a sympathy for their mellowness that does not quicken all composers. Not for nothing, though seldom for imitation had he studied the harmonies and the instrumentation of Wagner. When he is not exacting as by his exaltation, he leaves us to recall that he helped to prepare for the glowing harmonies, the sonorous instrumentation, that we crave in the symphonies of our immediate time. Inspiration is fitful at best and Bruckner paid the penalty for it. At his highest in this seventh symphony, it is easy to agree with his partisans that he had a unique and sublimated genius. But he sorely needed talent also, to discriminate and design. The great composers have the two.

SYMPHONY GIVES BRUCKNER AGAIN

Public Growing Tolerant of His Music, Once Treated with Scant Applause.

ANALYSIS OF 7TH SYMPHONY

Josef Hofmann Gives an Enchanting Performance of Chopin's Concerto.

Herald Jan. 6, 1912
By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E major No. 7.....Bruckner
Concerto No. 2, F minor for piano....Chopin
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

There have now been 10 performances of symphonies by Bruckner at these concerts. The seventh was the first to be played. Of the other nine we have heard the third, fourth, fifth, eighth and ninth. The seventh has been played thrice, and the ninth twice. But the performances have been scattered through the last 25 years and it can hardly be said that we are well acquainted with this composer, who was naive and at the same time shrewd, in his music as in his daily walk and conversation.

The public is more tolerant toward Bruckner's music than it was. It has seen that Messrs. Gericke, Muck and Fiedler in turn thought this music should be heard. Each one of the three if any one had said to him, "We don't like this music," might have answered in the words of Carl Bergmann to some one complaining of pieces by Wagner: "Then they must hear it, till they do like it." There was a time when the announcement of a symphony by Bruckner aroused angry protestation; some stayed at home; some went to confirm their suspicions; there was faint, scarcely courteous applause. Yesterday there was hearty applause after each movement, and at the end Mr. Fiedler was recalled. It is true that the seventh is probably the least annoying of these symphonies, though some would give the fourth the precedence; it is also true that the performance was impressive.

If Bruckner's music were played here frequently, who knows whether there might not be a Bruckner cult? There is a Brahms cult; there is a Debussy cult, and the Debussyites, young and old, are at present in an agitated state; why should there not be devoted bands of Brucknerites, and Mahlerites, for Mahler as a symphonic writer is little known here. The Regerites in Boston at present are, like the conies, but a feeble folk.

The performance clearly revealed the strength and the weakness of this symphony, or rather of Bruckner's symphonic methods. He had noble thoughts and his manner of expression was often wonderful, overwhelming. He had little sense of proportion; he had not the knack of maintaining a continuous flow in the development; his habit of endless repetition became as tiresome as his trick of stopping his speech, to begin all over again. A most unequal composer, strangely gifted by nature, strangely

unable to make the most of his endowment.

In this symphony there are passages that remind one of the great Beethoven, passages of supernatural grandeur and unearthly beauty. There is music which, like that of Cesar Franck, is of another world, music that is disembodied. In each movement these passages are as prominent as the peaks of a mountain range, but between these peaks there are disappointing valleys, without refreshing verdure, without imposing glacier or rocky gorge, valleys of straggling vegetation or dreary wastes.

There is nothing more arresting in music than the opening of this symphony, the exposition of the first theme; there is hardly anything more stupendous than the long coda. Then there is the superb Adagio, probably the most complete and best rounded of the composer's works. The Scherzo has demoniacal energy. There are noteworthy pages in the finale.

The echoes of "Parsifal" and "The Ring" need not disturb anyone. Bruckner adored Wagner and at times deliberately borrowed from him, quoted him. The reminiscences in this symphony are harmonic or recollections of moods rather than copies of melodic lines. There is so much that is noble and spiritual that petty weaknesses, childish delight in tawdry contrapuntal ornamentation, the reiteration of something inherently commonplace, may well be ignored at the time. They are soon forgotten; that which is great endures, an abiding joy.

Mr. Hofmann's performance of Chopin's concert was enchanting. There are some—and they are among Chopin's admirers—who maintain that this concerto is only a pretty tinkling, tolerable in a small hall. They may be right theoretically in demanding a small auditorium, but now and then a pianist comes along, Mr. de Pachmann, or Mr. Hofmann, and proves that the concerto has sufficient vitality to be a thing of beauty even in huge Symphony Hall.

Mr. Hofmann did not inflate this delicate music for the sake of effect, nor did he condescendingly dwarf himself as a grown man sporting with a child. There was exquisite proportion, the purest taste, the lyric flight, brilliance; that was not irrelevant or aggressive, the perfection of mechanism. Mr. Hofmann might easily have revealed to us the "heroic Chopin." As a virtuoso he might have done this. As an artist, as an interpreter of Chopin, he could not.

A spirited performance of Wagner's overture brought the close.

There will be no concerts next week.

FOR SALE AT ONCE

Symphony Ticket AA No. 1, for balance of season. Address N.T.E., Boston Transcript.

BOSTON OPERA—Two tickets, "Pelleas and Melisande," C 141-142, first balcony, Friday night, Jan. 19. Subscriber's fine seats, \$3.00 each. Apply to Mr. E., 26 Broad St., city. (A):

HOFMANN DELIGHTS.

Plays Chopin Concerto in Admirable Vein.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony Takes an Hour in Performance.

Globe Jan. 6/12

The program at the 12th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Bruckner, seventh symphony in E major; Chopin, second concerto in F minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Josef Hofmann, soloist; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

The seer of music may rise with the sun; consult his calendar, turn his face toward Jerusalem, and say it will be a large day when Josef Hofmann comes to town. It was so yesterday, for he is not as other men are; yet he is neither Pharisee, Philistine, pedant nor pounder. May he flourish long, and live to be full of years and good deeds, even as that of yesterday.

Herculean pianists who would put to flight a whole orchestra of 100 men find little comfort or means for display in either of Chopin's concertos. They are as clusters of fragrant verse in pianistic literature, rather than poems of heroic proportions.

Chopin was unique in the shorter forms and, as a pianist, felt himself obliged to write the inevitable concerto. He was a lyric and not an epic poet; his imagination was more fanciful and exquisite in the miniature than when spent upon a bolder canvas, his muse better suited to a shorter than to a longer and more sustained flight.

The meagreness of the accompaniment may be heard, even in Klindworth's re-edited score, for Chopin did not know the orchestra. Except a trio and a cello sonata, neither of them happily undertaken, he evaded other instruments and, unlike Liszt, wrote for the piano alone. He thought in terms of it, even created an idiom for it.

How many pianists have respect for the delicacy and the grace of Chopin's diction, for a tonal vocabulary which indulged in expletives rarely, and whose whole scale of dynamic values set a larger price upon beauty than upon the rumblings of basic thunders?

Mr. Hofmann's playing yesterday was such as one might believe, from the accounts of Ehler and the contemporaries of Chopin, that the composer himself would have approved. The concerto is not to be heard as a work developing certain subject matter. It appeals by its simple naive beauty when the pianist so permits.

Yesterday Mr. Hofmann played with admirable reticence, yet not without spontaneity. There was the tenderness, the touch of latent melancholy never long absent in Chopin, the utmost clarity of design, both in the sensitively molded melody and in the wealth of

arabesque into which it flows ever and anon.

There was tonal beauty, not too sensuously colored, yet not without imagination and the play of half-tints. It was memorable playing of Chopin, in what may be called the true manner of Chopin. Would that those who perform upon the piano as though upon a training machine for a rowing crew would learn of Mr De Pachmann and of Mr Hofmann.

The pianist's art was not a thing of vital and refreshing imagination merely because it succeeded a mortal hour of Bruckner's symphony. An hour of platitudes, however dressed or delivered, is conducive to heaviness and slumber rather than to nimbleness and lambuoyancy of spirit.

The venerable schoolmaster knew his trade, and in his meagre and insular experience evolved some imposing musical thoughts. The noble first theme of the slow movement is one of them, as heard in the G string of the first violins, and as translated to other choirs and at length glorified in the brass. But what of the pedantic sequences, the dry reiteration, the wearisome and futile method of approach to a climax, upon an unending stretch of the final tonality, so that nothing arrives?

True, Bruckner knew and assimilated his Wagner, introduced the tenor tubas of the "Ring," and even as Mottl, then in his classes at Vienna, worshiped in the name of the projected Bayreuth. Nor was it in vain.

One morning the professor appeared in the class room dilating and stammering with joy, waving a letter in his hand. It was from the master. It read: "What I am to the music drama, you are to the opera." His cup was full; neither God nor man could say more.

In the light of this, what of the scherzo and its clownish, bumptious theme, italicized in the brass to the apotheosis of boredom? It speaks of the relentless logic of a pedantic, pitifully restricted mind and occluded senses, unquickened by the flame of life, by the spell of such an inspiration as Wagner knew in the days of the composition of "Tristan," days with secrets which Cosima's edition of his life have not fully revealed.

There will be no symphony concert next week in the event of the orchestra's absence.

HOFMANN SOLOIST AT THE SYMPHONY

Journal Jan. 6. 1912
Polish Pianist Begins Brief
American Tour and Is
Warmly Welcomed.

Josef Hofmann began a brief American tour here yesterday, when he performed the Chopin concerto, No. 2, in F minor, with the Symphony Orchestra.

It was this engagement with the Symphony Orchestra that alone induced the noted young Polish pianist to cross the ocean and interrupt his successful engagements abroad, and in this way, as his talented compatriot Paderewski used to do, he pays tribute to Boston's renowned band.

The concerto offers its best advantages to the soloist, and Hofmann made a splendid success with them. It was an artistic achievement pure and simple, without the frills or idiosyncrasies that are still assiduously cultivated by some of these virtuosi. As Hofmann would have the public make light of the fact that he was once trundled around the country as a juvenile prodigy, so he would have it ignore his personal appearance, which is plain and modest withal, and devote its attention entirely to his interpretations.

Hofmann is sensational only in so far as he is a complete artist, with a highly polished technique and with the feeling and intelligence that raise the truly great player above the familiar rank and file. All these attributes of his artistry were in evidence yesterday, and the large audience enjoyed them thoroughly. The pianist's success was built solidly upon beautiful tone and rare musical intelligence.

The seventh Bruckner symphony, which is the first number on this week's program, is impressive here and there. The adagio is famous, but Mr. Fiedler also gave a fine reading of the finale. The long applause was in a large measure a direct compliment to the orchestra for its excellent work.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture finishes this twelfth program of the season. The orchestra will be away next week, taking Mr. Hofmann with it as soloist.

HOFFMANN AT POV 12 1047 SYMPHONY

His Performance of Chopin
Concerto Musicianly

BY OLIN DOWNES

Bruckner's seventh symphony and Joseph Hoffmann's performance of the Chopin F minor concerto were features of the 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Mr. Hoffmann gave a finished and musicianly performance of the concerto. His tone was almost unfailingly beautiful, save when he saw fit to change the gay concluding measures of the last movement into a modern virtuoso tour de force—an unnecessary and distasteful proceeding.

Otherwise Mr. Hoffmann's performance was marked by refinement and confidence and sane appreciation of the qualities of a concerto old-fashioned in its style, but not old-fashioned in its melodic appeal. For Chopin, even when he had just escaped from his early tutors, wrote exquisite music. Not as individual, perhaps, as later in his career, but bearing the stamp of that delicate poetry and youth that time has not yet effaced.

No pianist can afford to ignore this concerto. It should be remarked in the same breath that few can afford to sit through a performance of the naive and exquisite composition under the hands of the average pianist. Mr. Hoffmann played the piece well.

Its technique, so far as hitting a given number of notes in a given amount of time is considered, are of course a little elementary today, and occasionally we catch a virtuoso in the act of maltreating the piano passages and doctoring up the thin orchestration to suit a public taste more swollen than in Chopin's time. Fortunately these "revisions," these detestable animadversions, do not last very long. The purity and refinement of Chopin's music has been its own preservation.

Well, Mr. Hoffmann gave a brilliant, a musicianly, above all, a level-headed performance of the concerto, and it must be added that he was long and loudly applauded. It must also be added, to be quite sincere, that his performance seemed a very long way from the music that Chopin must have dreamed and played almost in the manner of an improvisation.

Yet the rubato, the elasticity of tempo and of phrasing were all there, and in perfectly good taste. Where was the essential Chopin? The moonshine had departed, even in the adagio. The spirit of the man who wrote the piece was not there, and lacking its presence, it would have been more distinctive if Mr. Hoffmann had given a worse performance.

Bruckner's symphony is one of those great works from which generations of composers that follow derive sustenance. It seems that no man was more simple and more sincere, and very few men, indeed, could be said to have entered with Bruckner into his heaven, to have beheld with him his cosmic visions, to have gone on his knees, simply as a child, before the mighty universe unfolded to his sight, to have struggled with God, and then endeavored to put the experience on paper.

The defects in Bruckner's writing are common properties with reviewers today, and they furnish plentiful opportunities for those not sympathetic with this great genius to disparage him, but as a matter of fact, in nearly every symphonic movement that Bruckner wrote, from the 4th symphony onward, there is enough stuff for an entire symphony, if this material were given to lesser men, with more leisure to think out the manner and less desire to reflect upon the matter of their message.

The adagio of the seventh symphony remains one of the greatest movements written since the days of Beethoven, and its speech is tremendously enriched by the grand style and the gorgeous coloring that Bruckner derived from Wagner. The scherzo, like most of Bruckner's scherzi, is redolent of the sod, strong with the savor of the good brown earth. The last movement is perhaps the weakest of the four.

Mr. Fiedler gave a superb reading of the work, a reading that was eloquent in the highest degree, without exaggerating or rendering empty pompous passages of pontifical majesty. It was not necessary to drag the tempo in the adagio for the music to exert its greatest effect. The pace was happily taken. The whole work made a profound impression, and Mr. Fiedler was recalled. The concert came to an end with an enthusiastic performance of some of the most stirring and picturesque music that Wagner ever composed, the overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

The Return of Dr. Muck

It is a piece of very good news that Dr. Karl Muck will return at the beginning of next season to be again the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presumably for an indefinite period. The news is good for Boston and for New York. When Dr. Muck came to this country six years ago to succeed Mr. Gericke at the head of the famous organization from Boston, it took him only a very short time to establish himself firmly in the admiration and esteem of the audiences of the orchestra. In his two seasons with the Boston Orchestra he showed himself to be a conductor of remarkable gifts. He took up, to be sure, an instrument brought to the highest perfection by his predecessor, Wilhelm Gericke, whose memory is still fragrant and gratefully preserved. Without sacrificing any of this perfection, Dr. Muck swayed the orchestra with his own spirit and made its playing the expression of his own purposes. And it is giving him the highest praise as a conductor to say that those purposes were always those of the composer. Few conductors have shown, as he has, temperament and fire with so much poise and clear comprehension, so wide sympathies with music of every school, and so catholic an understanding of it. Few have been so free from whims and eccentricities of every sort. His two years with the Boston Orchestra were years of great enjoyment for its audiences in Boston and the other cities that have the privilege of listening to it; and his return promises more of the same sort of enjoyment. [The New York Times.]

Sym. Rehearsal Seats
BURKE ADAMS HOUSE
2t(A) Tel. Oxford 942 Ja 17

Dr. Muck and Boston

Somewhat later than the rest of the world the New York Sun hears that Dr. Muck is to return next autumn to the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—a fact that has been generally known, if not officially announced, for a year and more past. The conductor in Europe has said as much to his Bostonian friends for two summers; his return has been almost as long an open secret in the milieu of the Symphony Orchestra here. As the Sun truthfully relates, his engagement at the Royal Opera in Berlin expires next spring, and he has declined to renew it. Congratulations to our neighbor. They are too ancient to be proffered to this town and to the orchestra.

Girding at the Bostonians

Whenever Dvorák's symphony, "From the New World," is revived in New York Mr. Krehbiel, the reviewer of music for the Tribune, cannot forego the opportunity to prod his brethren who believe the music more Bohemian than American. Last week the Philharmonic Society played the symphony, and Mr. Krehbiel's pen ran lightly through the familiar task: "If the performance had taken place in Boston we should be prepared for the assertion that Mr. Strinsky, being a Bohemian, was easily and naturally able to enter into the spirit of a work which the wise men of the East have told us over and over again is an expression of a simple-minded Bohemian's nostalgia. But, with a memory of the genesis of the work and of the composer's own protestations in mind, and a knowledge of his purposes communicated by word of mouth, as well as by his score, we are still inclined to look upon the symphony as a fine expression of American nationalism in music."

The Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge

LAST evening, for the first time this season, the programme of the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge contained no piece that it has not played recently in Boston. Usually when a "soloist" appears at the concerts in both Boston and Cambridge, he plays a different concerto in each place. Mr. Hofmann, however, chose to repeat in Sanders Theatre Chopin's concerto in F minor which he had already played in Symphony Hall. If performance can make the concerto interesting nowadays, Mr. Hofmann's does so and last evening he excelled himself in the soft and bright tone with which he clothed the music, in the variation of its narrow range of color and expression, in the fluidity of his ornament and in the continence with which he kept the music to its unforced and a little archaic voice. The rest of the concert made one of Mr. Fiedler's agreeable miscellanies: A symphony of Haydn, played at a racing pace but with surprising lightness of tone and accent in a concert-room in which every figure was clearly audible; the overture from Mozart's "Figaro" a little epitome of

The Boston Orchestra, Jan. 12, 1912

A consistently good programme has come to be something of a rarity with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Last night's concert at Carnegie Hall was no exception to this rule. It ended with the "Meistersinger" overture, to be sure, and, as this was excellently played, the audience went home in good humor. But the first two numbers were Debussy's "Iberia" and the César Franck symphony, and the fact speaks for itself. The Debussy work will be remembered from last year, when Gustav Mahler brought it out at a Philharmonic concert. No doubt, it contains moments of picturesque atmosphere and beauty of coloring, but for the most part it is the old story—dulness. Dulness, too, pervades the Franck symphony, though it has its oases. Both works were admirably done by the Bostonians.

The soloist was Josef Hofmann, who made his reappearance for the year, playing Rubinstein's G major concerto. One always feels devoutly thankful to the pianist who does not neglect his Rubinstein, and Mr. Hofmann is one of this number. There is a habit among supercilious musicians to look upon Rubinstein as outmoded, but by exercising a little intelligence and discretion artists can easily separate the composer's grain from his chaff, and convince the public of the gross errors of his detractors. Mr. Hofmann received a veritable ovation after his performance last night. It was a superb one, in truth, which not more than one or two living pianists could have equalled, and none surpassed. The concerto itself does not equal the D minor in melodic breadth and richness of content, though it is somewhat better than the one in which Josef Lhévinne was heard last week, and its slow movement is poetic. Mr. Hofmann conquered its technical obstacles with ease, and played with splendid quality of tone and great brilliancy of effect.

eighteenth-century brilliance and elegant formalism and sparkle; the dances and the march from "The Damnation of Faust" for orchestral elasticity and orchestral power; and the glowingly pictorial "Iberia" of Debussy. Nowhere in the stouter music of his later manner has the Parisian been so scintillant of rhythm, fertile of song, so melodious, and dazzling of instrumental color. And every flash told in the sensitive Sanders Theatre. Its acoustics are like sunlight.

HOFMANN THE SOLOIST
WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Bruckner's seventh symphony, a Chopin concerto with Josef Hofmann at the piano, and the "Flying Dutchman" overture provided a far more interesting afternoon at the 12th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra than seemed possible from the mere reading of the programme. It was decidedly pleasing to see the Boston music lovers warm to Bruckner. After yesterday's playing and reception of the seventh symphony, it will not do to say that Bruckner has no Boston following. True, the composer is not always heard at his best in this number in that he appears to be groping his way a little too frequently, but when the real Bruckner speaks, there is music that not only compels attention, but wins admiration.

Josef Hofmann was charming in the Chopin concerto, playing like the true artist that he is, losing sight of self and surroundings in the all-absorbing desire to give his audience Chopin's real thoughts. He was deservedly recalled and recalled.

The Wagner overture provided just the right finish to one of the best concerts of the season. The orchestra is ever at its best with Wagner and can always count upon a sympathetic hearing.

There will be no concerts the coming week. Anton Wittek is to be the soloist on the 19th and 20th.

CORDIALLY RECEIVED

Globe Jan. 12/12
Boston Symphony Orchestra and
Josef Hofmann, Pianist, Fill
Carnegie Hall, New York City.

NEW YORK, Jan 11—Whenever the Boston Symphony Orchestra elects to play here it is assured of a warm welcome, no matter what the program. Tonight not a seat was vacant in Carnegie Hall when this fine body of musicians began its third evening concert of the season. One of the reasons for the interest was the reappearance of Josef Hofmann, the pianist.

It was unfortunate, however, that Hofmann selected so inferior a concerto as Rubinstein's No. 3 in G major. Hofmann played with every variety of tone demanded, splendid musicianship and a technique almost flawless. His efforts were enthusiastically rewarded.

loist:

ON WITEK

DR. KARL MUCK TO
RETURN NEXT FALL

Will Conduct Symphony
Orchestra for Term
of Years.

Journal Jan. 12/12

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announces that Dr. Karl Muck will return to Boston next fall to be the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for a term of years. When Dr. Muck left Boston in the spring of 1908 it was generally understood that as soon as his engagement with the Royal Opera Company of Berlin was ended he would return to Boston to become conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. Unexpected obstacles, however, have prevented his coming up to this time, and only now have the efforts to keep him in Germany ceased to be made.

Since Dr. Muck left Boston the German Emperor has made him general musical director, which is the highest post in the Imperial theaters. Great efforts were made to get him for Vienna as the successor of Weingartner, and last summer the strongest inducements were held out to him to accept the post occupied by the late Felix Mottl as general intendant of the Royal Theaters of Munich.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911--12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

STRUBE,

SYMPHONY in B minor

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in
D major

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "Fidelio"

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

STRUBE,

SYMPHONY in B minor

- I. Andante; Allegro comodo
- II. Adagio ma non troppo
- III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace
- IV. Allegro energico

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in
D major, op. 77 (Cadenza by Joachim)

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Fidelio"

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. STRUBE AND MR. WITEK HAVE
THEIR DAY

A Concert That Belied Anticipation of Dulness—The Interesting and Distinctive Qualities of Mr. Strube's Symphony—Its Orchestral and Harmonic Imagination and Its Themes of Mood—Mr. Witek Plays Brahms's Concerto with a Surprising Eloquence—The Violinist in New Aspects

THE superfluously prophetic, as the outcome proved, foretold a dull Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon—the first, they added apologetically, in the whole course, thus far, of a long season. Unusually with Mr. Fiedler, the programme followed the austere classic model—a symphony, a concerto, an overture. The symphony was Mr. Strube's, and though it had proved uncommonly interesting when it was first played here, an audience will not anticipate unfamiliar music by a resident composer, though he speak with the tongues of men and of angels, as it anticipates an unfamiliar piece signed with the illustrious names of Berlin and Paris. The concerto was Brahms's forbidding concerto for violin, while the violinist was Mr. Witek, the concert-master of the orchestra. As it happens, Mr. Witek has a very pretty international reputation as a violinist of high rank and it stretches from The Hague and Brussels to Berlin and Vienna, but to the average hearer he was, again, only a resident musician. The overture was that which Beethoven finally made for his opera of "Fidelio," and, as the concert actually ran, it was the only dull piece on the programme. Very seldom do we hear "Fidelio" in Boston; and nowhere but in the opera house is this overture often played. Even there, the audience barely listens to it, wisely waiting for the real overture to "Fidelio," the masterpiece, perhaps, of all overtures, the "Leonore No. 3," which wise conductors now play between the second and the third acts of the opera. The actual overture to "Fidelio" is merely a joyful noise before the opera begins, duly written according to the academic forms. It does not in the least suggest the substance or the spirit of "Fidelio;" it hardly suggests Beethoven, except in a horn passage or two and in the chords that interrupt a commonplace and sentimentalized cantilena. The cynics said, as they waded through the slush of Massachusetts avenue after the concert, that Mr. Fiedler must have played the overture as a curiosity.

Mr. Strube's symphony, however, was not dull. The orchestra played it as though they would make every shading in the instrumental coloring and every stroke in the harmonic background tell. Mr. Fiedler found the melodic line and the true pace in most of the music, though he took the Adagio so slowly that it seemed like color squeezed from a tube; and with the men he kept to the elasticity of modulation and the quality of tone that give the piece its freedom of form and voice and its recurring suggestion of mystery. Finally, the audience, almost in spite of itself, was interested and pleased and twice and thrice called Mr. Strube from his place among the violins to receive its plaudits. Usually composers, when they are at hand, conduct in their own unfamiliar symphonies. In the past Mr. Strube has done so often in his new music. Yesterday he was content, in his ordinary duties, to play a violin part in his symphony and in one of the most interesting and individual symphonies that has yet come from American hands.

It is easy to say that Mr. Strube's symphony is primarily a symphony for connoisseurs in harmonics and orchestration and that for this reason his comrades, conductors and specialists generally admire it. Now, it is quite true that Mr. Strube has not sat these twenty years in the Symphony Orchestra with closed ears. Strauss, in his earlier days, when he happened to be conducting a "repertory" performance of "Lohengrin" told a friend who pitied him in this routine job, that throughout the evening he had been studying the possibilities of the wood-winds. Similarly, Mr. Strube has heard, studied, meditated and imagined in his turn. Wherefore his symphony teems with telling strokes of instrumental contrast and combinations, with very sensitive feeling for different instruments, groups of instruments and their relations, with subtle and significant shadings of their voices. In a word, Mr. Strube has orchestral imagination. His Scherzo in the symphony is clear and particular proof of this quality. They say that in his "Fetes," Debussy saw and heard in imagination a dance of particles of light and air. In similar fashion, the hearer might say that in the Scherzo, Mr. Strube saw, heard and accomplished a fantastic dance of instruments, now parting and flashing through flickering rhythms, and now coalescing in a progress that momentarily seems rhythmically precise. Again, Mr. Strube has listened to the harmonic experiments that are the dear delight of ultra-modern composers. He has studied them, meditated upon them and gained the courage and the imaginative quickening to invent some of his own. Out of this harmonic imagination springs the veiled beauty of the beginning of the symphony, the voice of mystery and remoteness that recurs and summons so often through it, even when for a while the composer is open and exuberant. It has its instrumental fascination; it has also its har-

monic individuality and distinction. Properly Mr. Strube takes suggestions; he does not pilfer.

Of course, Mr. Strube in his symphony is the child of his time. He is a man, not a recluse; he lives in this good musical world of ours, and he writes in its idiom. He has caught, for example, the contemporary shrillness of tone in emphatic passages, as though composer and band could not be too insistent, though he carries this shrillness to no such excesses as does Reger. He merely sets a penetrating edge to his music. Again, he courts the sequence, the reiterated sequence, though he does not push his love for it to the amorous folly of Elgar, and he never uses it with heavy British assertion of the commonplace. Admittedly, Mr. Strube's symphonic voice is restless—otherwise it would not be a symphonic voice of our time. Yet thereby his music is always in motion and sometimes with the fine, swift energy of the finale. Anyhow, it never stagnates. Mr. Strube likes abrupt transition, sharp contrast, large climaxes—which are none the worse because they now and then recall the penetrating voice and the swelling motion of Mr. d'Indy's. Mr. Strube is not a composer in the symphony who meditates long over his musical ideas and cunningly and calculatingly develops them. He can and does sustain them in the slow movement and in the opening allegro—and to beauty of impression. Moreover, these ideas are less melodies to be "dealt with" as the English say, in academic fashion, than suggestions of mood to be varied and developed imaginatively through the symphonic movement that springs from them. They are themes of mood that do carry their suggestion; Mr. Strube even dares to make some of the moods light. In this moody quality is the thematic distinction and individuality of his symphony. It does not lack substance, but the substance is a departure from academic pretension—sometimes miscalled solidity.

A year and more ago for Mr. Witek's first appearance as a "soloist" at the Symphony Concerts, the violinist played Beethoven's concerto. He played it with an exceeding perfection of technical skill, with an exquisite feeling for the quality and the variations of his tone, for the leading of melodies, for adroitness of transition, with an unroughened elegance of style. There were beauty, charm, violinistic felicity in all that he did. Some objected, however, that he divitalized the music; that he made the concerto a sublimated virtuoso piece. As it happens, there is plentiful evidence, internal and external, that Beethoven so designed, and wrote the concerto; but in these days when he is a classic of classics, it is not "respectable," it is "irresponsible," to harbor such an idea and, much more, to put it into print. None the less the concerto itself proclaims it and Mr. Witek had studied the music so acutely and diligently that he made his playing accord with its true

voice and style and let the pedants wag their stupid heads. Yesterday, when he passed to Brahms's concerto, he showed equal discernment of the characteristic quality of the music and equal discrimination of style in his playing of it. The concerto is not elegant; it does not invite charm, or the more exquisite violinistic perfections. It exacts a large voice, a vigorous eloquence, mingled sureness and elasticity of style, revealing thought, touched by kindling fire. Brahms's music, though the devout like not to believe it, needs performance much more than does that of many a composer. It is not quite alive, not quite articulate on the engraved page. The conductor, the player, the singer must set the vitalizing, the characterizing spark to it and then steadily blow the flame.

All this Mr. Witek accomplished for the concerto. He might have played it pedagogically. The pessimistic prophets of the lobbies even predicted that he would play it pedagogically. But he did not. From the very first entrance of his violin, he struck fire. The entering cadenza disclosed the breadth and the vigor of voice and style with which Mr. Witek played the whole concerto. The first "passage-work" confirmed his mastery of intensifying tone and energizing repetition and variation. He "felt" his tone as sensitively as he had in Beethoven's concerto; when the music required fineness, it had its familiar delicacy; but oftener (as again the music demanded) it was large and rich, with the sober beauty, the penetrating gravity that is of the very spirit of Brahms. Often, the violinist seemed to release the music, to give it life and voice, not only by this tone, but by the eloquence with which he led it from modulation to modulation, from quiet through incisiveness to vigorous climax. Sometimes his violin spoke above and to the orchestra; again it was like a fine thread shining through the thick web of orchestral tone. Mr. Witek made the slow movement pungent of its bitter-sweet melody. He did not dry it; he did not sentimentalize. His tone and his feeling kept it of Brahms's soberly characteristic beauty. In the finale Mr. Witek's tone was at once bright and large; there was rhythmic fire in his play with the three melodies of the rondo; he kept the incessant ornament running freely, lightly, and yet how often have lesser violinists made it seem excessive and awkward. The finale measures rose to rhapsodic voice, as though a Brahms who can seem pedantic, and a violinist who also can seem so, had forgotten themselves and were writing and playing in hot blood. Since Dr. Muck played Brahms's first symphony and Mr. Fiedler his second, the composer and his music have not been so vitalized at our concerts.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two good seats (balcony) for remainder of season are offered for sale at a reasonable price. Phone Brookline 4560. (A):

SYMPHONY BY STRUBE GIVEN

Work in B Minor Is Heard
Again, at 13th Public
Rehearsal.

MR. FIEDLER CONDUCTS

Mr. Witek Gives an Admirable
Performance of Brahms's
Concerto.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Witek, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B minor.....Strube
Concerto for violin and orchestra.....Brahms
Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven

Mr. Strube is a fortunate man. He writes an orchestral work or chamber music and it is played before he is old, tottering, like unto Barzillai, the Gileadite, who, refusing to go with King David to Jerusalem, said: "Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

There is a stately row of Mr. Strube's compositions, played by the Boston Symphony orchestra and other organizations. He wrote violin concertos and Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Adamowski played them. He composed for viola and orchestra and Mr. Ferir was soloist for him; he wrote a cello concerto and Mr. Warnke chose it for his solo with the Symphony orchestra. A composer, unlike the traditional prophet, is sometimes honored in his own town.

This symphony in B minor has been played here before. It was produced at a concert in April, 1909. The first movement is the best of the four in conception and workmanship. The opening is angularly beautiful, and there are fine thoughts finely expressed in the pages that follow. The second movement, an Adagio, is interesting and expressive. The other movements are entertaining, but there is not sufficient contrast be-

tween them. The finale has too much of a scherzo character until the coda-apotheosis is reached. The last two will surely compel applause; the scherzo by its tricky themes, almost insolent use of trumpets, unexpected twists and turnings; the finale by its liveliness and pompous close. Nevertheless, the first movement is the best, and Mr. Strube may well be proud of it.

Nearly 17 years ago his "Maid of Orleans" overture was performed at a Symphony concert. The overture and his Symphony in C minor were of honest German manufacture. Nothing in them hinted at the Strube of later years. The composer was not incorrigibly German. Receptive, he became acquainted with the works of Cesar Franck, Vincent d'Indy, Debussy; nor did he shudder in his conservatism at the reckless Richard Strauss. The character of his own music began to change. His harmonic scheme became more and more varied; his instrumentation grew more bold and brilliant. Not that he assimilated merely for the purpose of aping the composers who interested him. They taught him to shape his own style. In this symphony in B minor there are Debussy-like effects; there are momentary moods like those in "Tristan and Isolde"; there is a motive that is eminently Tchaikowskian; but these are as ornaments on Mr. Strube's own rich costume. The dress itself is of his design and cut. There was a time of experiments; a time when Mr. Strube seemed fascinated chiefly by the bizarre; that was the time of his "Fantastic Overture." This passed and his later works, however fanciful they may be in development and adornment, rest on a firm foundation. He richly deserved the hearty applause of yesterday. The orchestra, led with care and sympathy by Mr. Fiedler, gave an eloquent performance.

The wonder is that the man who wrote the "Fidelio" overture was also the composer of the nobly dramatic and profoundly emotional "Leonora No. III" for one and the same opera.

Mr. Witek gave an impressive reading of Brahms's concerto. In the first place, it was a noteworthy exhibition of the higher form of violin playing. The music was vitalized by the intelligence of the player. The conception was lofty; the performance was masterly. We all have heard "intellectual" violinists saw through this long concerto without thought of grace or beauty of expression, and the result was the abomination of desolation. Mr. Witek, in his seriousness, did not forget the admirable qualities of a commanding virtuoso. There are violinists in whose hands the concerto has thickness as well as length and breadth. Mr. Witek gave a memorable performance of a work that undoubtedly strongly appealed to him. To some the orator was greater than the subject he treated.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, sym-

phony in C-major No. 2; Tschalkowsky, concerto in B-flat minor No. 1, for piano (Miss Katharine Goodson); Dvorak, overture, "Husitska."

WORK OF BOSTON COMPOSER HEARD

Strube's Symphony and
Witek as Soloist De-
light Large Audience.

This is a sort of home talent week at the Symphony concerts. The rare spectacle was seen of a composer playing in an orchestra playing his own symphony. Two years ago, when his second symphony in B minor was first performed, Gustav Strube stepped down from his modest place in the rear row of the first violins and conducted the work himself. Yesterday found him sitting well back in the orchestra, though not in his usual place, for there was a rearrangement owing to the custom which kept Concert Master Witek behind the stage until it was time for him to come forth as soloist.

Discovered by Audience

However, the audience, guided by Conductor Fiedler, discovered Mr. Strube in time to make him stand up and bow long before the end of the performance. When the end of this first number came the audience insisted upon having the player-composer come down front and make his bow where everyone could see him.

It was indeed a flattering reception that this German-American musician and his symphony got—and another proof, incidentally, of the local liking for the new music. For Mr. Strube is responsive to the drift of the day and dabbles merrily in the strange harmonies that to some are heavenly and to others an utter abomination. There was especially warm applause for the scherzo, which suggests Richard Strauss indulging in one of his rococo larks; and the impression was left, after the whole thing was over, that a good many persons in the very large audience had been thrilled and delighted, as they would be by one of the old-fashioned works by Beethoven or even Berlioz. Fashions come and go, in symphonies as in skirts; and there

is no telling what will next be all the rage.

Was Genuine Triumph

It was easier to understand the applause that punctuated the performance of the Brahms concerto, with Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, as soloist. The melodious romanza which constitutes the second movement makes the concerto welcome even to those who do not appreciate all the little features of the violinist's art. Mr. Witek's technique met the most exacting demands. His elegant rather than solid style was best displayed in the beautiful second movement. The performance was a genuine triumph for the player, who usually sits at the conductor's left hand.

The concert closed with a spirited performance of Beethoven's "Fidello" overture.

Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, will be next week's soloist. She will take part in the performance of the Tschalkowsky concerto in B minor, No. 1. Schumann's second symphony and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture will complete the program.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Witek's Admirable Playing
of Brahms Concerto.

Mr Strube's Symphony Is Repeated
and Generously Applauded.

The 13th Symphony concert yesterday afternoon laid stress upon the orchestra itself. For the symphony Mr Fiedler chose that in B minor by Mr Strube. Mr Witek was the soloist. He played the Brahms concerto, cadenza by Joachim. Beethoven's overture to "Fidello" closed the program.

Mr Strube's symphony was introduced at these concerts three years ago. It was well received yesterday, the audience twice insisting that the composer come down from his place among the first violins and acknowledge the applause.

As a whole it denotes vitality, progressive and individual musical thought, invention and a technical command of the orchestra. In it Mr Strube has not slavishly followed certain models. He has something to say for himself. In the first movement there are passing allusions, particularly in the horns, to the scale of the modern Frenchmen,

but they have their own voice. The composer does not set out as though for the mere purpose of an effect.

In flow of ideas the first section of the first movement, in which he exposes his musical material, is more coherent and vital than the development of it. Mr Strube is fond of sequence. Sometimes he deliberately repeats a phrase or clause verbatim without variation in contour of melody or in color of treatment. At times he enforces the effect; at others he weakens it.

There are themes in these opening and closing movements broken up into many notes of a rapidly rhythmical pattern that do not lend themselves as well to impassioned climax as those of more sustained or songful character.

Partly upon this account the slow movement invites and holds the attention of the hearer. The thematic germs out of which it grows are melodious, well defined in outline, sufficiently contrasted in nature, and are worked up into a highly effective piece of orchestral writing. There are colorful effects. Individual voices of the different choirs are heard, and there are climaxes of power. The movement was warmly applauded.

The scherzo is the most engaging movement of the four. It abounds with the arch and capricious humor which makes the composer's "Puck" overture a piece of graceful spontaneity and imagination. There were measures yesterday which, when read with a light and flexible hand, with a sense of the spirit of play, of its lights and its shadows, will emerge in a guise more appropriate to their true spirit.

Mr Witek played with the technical sovereignty, the thoughtfulness in interpretation, the breadth and refinement of style of an artist. His tone was flawless in its sweetness and purity. His treatment of sustained passages in the slow movement, particularly in the extreme upper register, was as exquisite singing as the belcanto of Mme Sembrich or of Mr Bonci, an art now cultivated by few.

The last movement, given over by some bizarre bowing and forced tone, retained its true rhythmic integrity and incisiveness, and its tonal beauty. Mr Witek played with that response which allows the music to speak through the performer, while the performer without obtrusion enhances and embellishes the beauty of the music, imparting a beauty where it sometimes does not inherently reside. He was repeatedly recalled to acknowledge applause.

The program next week will be as follows: Schumann, Symphony in C major, No. 2; Tschalkowsky, concerto for pianoforte in B minor, No. 1, soloist, Mme Katherine Goodson; Dvorak, overture, "Husitska."

FOR SALE

Two Opera Matinee Seats in F, Nos. 10 and 11. Apply to P. O. Box 5333, Boston. ThSW(A): ja 11

The Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge

LAST evening, for the first time this season, the programme of the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge contained no piece that it has not played recently in Boston. Usually when a "soloist" appears at the concerts in both Boston and Cambridge, he plays a different concerto in each place. Mr. Hofmann, however, chose to repeat in Sanders Theatre Chopin's concerto in F minor which he had already played in Symphony Hall. If performance can make the concerto interesting nowadays, Mr. Hofmann's does so and last evening he excelled himself in the soft and bright tone with which he clothed the music, in the variation of its narrow range of color and expression, in the fluidity of his ornament and in the continence with which he kept the music to its unforced and a little archaic voice. The rest of the concert made one of Mr. Fiedler's agreeable miscellanies: A symphony of Haydn, played at a racing pace but with surprising lightness of tone and accent in a concert-room in which every figure was clearly audible; the overture from Mozart's "Figaro" a little epitome of eighteenth-century brilliance and elegance, formalism and sparkle; the dances and the march from "The Damnation of Faust," for orchestral elasticity and orchestral power; and the glowingly pictorial "Iberia" of Debussy. Nowhere in the stouter music of his later manner has the Parisian been so scintillant of rhythm, fertile of songful melody, and dazzling of instrumental color. And every flash told in the sensitive Sanders Theatre. Its acoustics are like sunlight. *Trans. Jan. 19, 1912*

ACADEMIC PROGRAMME

AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Strube's Symphony

IS ONCE MORE HEARD

Anton Witek, Soloist, Flawlessly
Performed Difficult Cadenza in
Brahms' Violin Concerto.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Strube—Symphony in B minor.
Brahms—Violin Concerto.
Soloist—Mr. Anton Witek.
Beethoven—"Fidello" Overture.

Academic all through, and sometimes dull, was the above programme. Just why Mr. Strube's symphony should have been repeated is something of a mystery. It

had a hearing less than three years ago, and there are many native composers of worth who have to be contented with one hearing of their work, and under less perfect auspices than at a Boston Symphony concert. Happy the composer whose work receives such an interpretation as Mr. Strube's did on this occasion.

Let us by no means be understood as belittling the work. It is the creation of a thorough musician, and a composer who has won his high position without those social aids which have sometimes given a fictitious glamour to the works of lesser men.

The symphony begins well and the figure treatment of the first movement is ingenious enough. There was a pensive dreaminess given to the second movement that was not present at the former performance of the work. But there seemed to be an excess of melancholy in the first two movements. We liked the two last movements best. The third movement was Oriental in a large degree and it is not playful, as one might expect of a scherzo, but the muted horns and the trumpets suggest still further forebodings of evil. There is, however, a sense of triumph in the finale, and there are some fine climaxes. It is altogether a worthy work and might even have deserved this repetition were not other works clamoring for a hearing. We were glad to find the audience very appreciative, and Mr. Strube was called for twice with every demonstration of spontaneous enthusiasm.

We shall never thrill to Brahms' violin concerto. It is to us the academic exhibition of the composer's great skill in sonata-writing, and it also exhibits a great many technical difficulties in the solo violin part. But it has not the genial sweep of Mendelssohn's concerto with its Ossianic finale, nor the mighty power of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, nor the appealing and sympathetic sweetness of the slow movement of Bruch's G minor concerto. It is a skilful and long-winded musical disquisition, which is perfectly grammatical and defies you to pick out any slips, but one cannot detect any poetry either.

And like unto this was Herr Anton Witek. Calm and imperturbable, he surmounted every difficulty of the part without turning a hair. He could not put poetry where there was none, or make passages sympathetic which were simply ingenious. But he gave a gloriously broad tone, an intonation that was perfect (except for a slight aberration in the last movement) and he made the finale exciting and powerful. His surety in the highest positions was remarkable, and his double-stopping was very artistic. The extremely difficult cadenza was flawlessly performed. The public fully appreciated the merits of the performance and Mr. Witek was recalled again and again.

After this came the weakest of the four overtures to Beethoven's single opera. The "Fidelio" overture received a virile reading and everybody, from first violinist

to kettledrummer united in giving a very spirited reading. But, on the whole, we found the concert less inspiring than many that we have had in Symphony hall this season.

Charming Program By the Symphony.

The 13th rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon provided one of the best concerts of the season. The Strube symphony needs no introduction to Boston. It has already established its place in the heart of local music lovers as well as many another composition of this sterling musician. It was one of the pleasures of yesterday's concert to note the way the audience insisted upon Mr. Strube's coming forward and receiving its demonstration of approval. Belief still maintains that the better part of the symphony lies in the first two movements, more particularly the first. The second two are hardly worthy the high standard of the beginning, being more of what might be called "tricky" rather than substantial.

Mr. Witek's playing of the Brahms' concerto in D major for violin and orchestra was a wonderful revelation of the beauties of this composition and the possibilities of the violin when in a master's hands. It was the treat of the concert.

The Beethoven "Fidelio" overture provides a sprightly but, nevertheless, tame closing to an otherwise fine concert.

Next week's rehearsal and concert call for Schumann's symphony in C major, Tchaikowsky's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in B minor, No. 1, with Miss Katherine Goodson at the piano, and Dvorak's "Husitska" overture.

Items of the Day

Mr. Witek, the concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Witek, the pianist, appeared in New York yesterday in a concert of music for violin and piano like those which they have undertaken here. A small audience heard them; the reviewers are cool.

ANTON WITEK THE SOLOIST

Plays Brahms' Concerto at Symphony Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra received public distinction yesterday when Anton Witek, the concert-master of the orchestra, played the Brahms violin concerto, and Gustav Strube's second symphony in E minor was performed for the second time in this city. Mr. Witek, a sterling musician and a great virtuoso, has seldom, if ever, been heard to more advantage in this city. The concerto that he undertook, like Brahms' other concertos for solo instruments, is much more of a symphony with an obligato part than a piece for personal display on the part of the soloist. Mr. Witek interpreted the work with most exemplary fidelity to the ideas of the composer, with an authority and enthusiasm that made the music interesting even to anti-Brahmsites who were present. The concerto itself grows greater with every hearing. In its performance, Mr. Witek made the music, which is often quite complicated in its structure, absolutely transparent to the hearer. He played with such mastery and such well-defined purpose that the performance was of almost unprecedented unity and coherence.

For once there was not the sensation of a puny violin striving its life out against an invincible army of great instruments. The orchestra and the solo instrument were as one voice, and the instrumentation in this symphony certainly ranks with the most beautiful pages of orchestral music in all Brahms. So far as technical requirements were concerned, Mr. Witek quickly showed that he was not only equal to the greatest demands upon his skill, but that he could play all around anything that existed in that particular work. Such reserve power is essential in any artistic undertaking. Mr. Witek could forget the ways and means of his performance, and absorb himself in the interpretation of great music. Seldom, indeed, had that music been more convincing. It is needless to say that the soloist was repeatedly recalled.

Heard for the second time, the virtues and the shortcomings of Mr. Strube's symphony were the more clearly evident. Mr. Strube's instrumentation is a wonder of beauty and euphony and exquisite coloring. Few composers have such an intimate knowledge of every orchestral instrument, and few who write music

have had in an equal degree the opportunities of Mr. Strube to become thoroughly conversant with the best orchestral achievements of the day. From the modern Frenchmen he has caught many a color and many a ravishing harmonic progression, and from Strauss as well as others Mr. Strube has learned how to strike striking effects.

He has sedulously avoided any of the heavinesses or the bewildering complexities that are found in the more formidable pages of the German master, but there are pages in this second symphony which are by no means without parallel in the score, say, of "Till Eulenspiegel." And then Mr. Strube himself is a composer of genuine and considerable talent.

In this symphony there is an abundance of small and beautiful ideas, and about the whole work there is a joyous and lovely atmosphere, somewhat Pagan, perhaps, that in the first movement mounts to an almost Dionysian climax, and at the last shouts out in the brass. In this last movement are reminiscences of themes heard before. The second movement is more thoughtful, with a dramatic interlude, and a rather sentimental opening theme. The Scherzo is well flavored with some sharp dissonances, and some Straussian effects in the orchestra. The fault of the work is its short breath. The short and unsymphonic nature of the ideas, and the lack of real construction in their development. Phrases and figures are repeated or shifted about in a way that is pleasant-sounding enough, but without getting anywhere, and all the interesting harmony and all the pretty ideas in the world will not suffice if there is no real germination and evolution of the original thought. The glory of this symphony is its exquisite sound, sound for which the ears thirst, and which might well obsess even such an accomplished composer as Mr. Strube, and turn his mind from more substantial things. The performance of the symphony was brilliant, and in response to much applause Mr. Strube rose from his seat in the orchestra and bowed his acknowledgements.

Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture completed the programme.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

THOUGH Miss Goodson played Tchaikowsky's concerto in B minor at the Symphony Concert on Saturday evening with more of the freedom of mood and the intensity of accent that is the life of the music, though she regained some of her characteristic and nervous "springiness" in the performance, and though the audience applauded her warmly, it is a pity that she could not bring such a masterpiece nearer to its unique and rhapsodic voice. Concertos for the pianoforte and for other instruments worry the composers nowadays and they fear that, in spite of

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the interesting virtuoso, audiences find them dull. There is the prescribed form, and however freely they treat it, if the concerto is to be a concerto, they must more or less follow it. What, then, are they to put into it? Unless they have a power and imagination in the invention and the development of melodies that is rare in these days, they cannot fill the old bottle with the old wine of quite "absolute" music, blended according to the old academic prescriptions. If they take refuge in riches of ultra-modern harmonies and orchestration, they usually make the piano or the violin merely an additional and showy instrument in a symphonic piece. If they try to write rhapsodic music or music with an avowed or unavowed "programme," the necessities of the form and of the virtuoso constrain them. And so they shun the writing of concertos, preferring, say, a tone-poem with a solo instrument obbligato.

Now this engrossing, exciting, enduring piano concerto of Tschalkowsky makes free and wise play with the prescribed form. The composer keeps generally to it, but everywhere he makes it elastic to his moods and purpose. Again, he gives the pianist full opportunity to display the range of his—or her—technical powers, his sense of tone and rhythm, of song and rhapsody and all sorts of appropriate eloquence from the sweeping splendor of the chords of the introduction to the wild tumult of the finale. At the same time, the purely musical contents of the concerto absorb and stir the hearer. Mood follows mood at the height of Tschalkowsky's wild intensities, until they fire ear, imagination and emotion into hot excitement. The sheer rhapsodic heat of the music burns the weak places away, welds the passion and the wildness into the music, melts the form until it becomes the mould of the emotion, fuses the virtuoso's display into the whole. Tschalkowsky, out of the heats of his will and power and imagination has solved the problem of the concerto, as it is nowadays written, in what seems an enduring masterpiece in its kind. Where there is a will—such as his—there is a way, even with the concerto form. H. T. P.

At the second concert of the Symphony Orchestra in New York last week, Mr. Fiedler repeated Enesco's suite and Haydn's symphony in G from recent programmes at home, and the reviewers applaud the performance of both pieces. "The orchestra played the symphony," says the Sun, "with beautiful clarity and with dainty style," and the suite with "exquisite tonal beauty and finely wrought shadings." The Tribune is as warm over "the precision, lightness and beauty of tone" in the performance of the symphony.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 2

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in B minor, No. 1

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE to "Husitska"

Soloist:

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON

Knabe Piano used

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MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 2

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in B minor, No. 1

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE to "Husitska"

Soloist:

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON

Knabe Piano used

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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 2, C major, op. 61

- I. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace: Trio I. and Trio II.
- III. Adagio espressivo
- IV. Allegro molto vivace.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in B flat minor, No. 1,
op. 23

- I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso: Allegro con spirito
- II. Andantino semplice: Allegro vivace assai
- III. Allegro con fuoco

DVOŘÁK,

DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "Husitska," op. 67

Soloist:

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON

Knabe Piano used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. FIEDLER'S GOOD SERVICE TO SCHUMANN

An Eloquent and Releasing Performance of the Symphony in C—The Conductor and the Composer—A Resurrection from Dvorak in the Outmoded "Husitzka" Overture—Miss Goodson Misses Tschai-kowsky's Eloquent and Rhapsodic Concerto

MR. Fiedler has done Schumann some service in his time in Boston, and it was good to find the composer's symphony in C—the symphony of the "motto theme," the two trios and the melancholy and songful Adagio—leading the programme of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. Mr. Gerlicke put Schumann's music at dutiful intervals on his programmes and played it dutifully and well—sometimes indeed as in the symphony of the spring, with a rich and ardent eloquence. Dr. Muck was less minded to Schumann's pieces and not especially sympathetic in his versions of them. He was intelligent and able with them, but there he stopped. He put them as seldom as he put Schubert's into his concerts, and the two lyric and romantic composers went into momentary eclipse at the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler promptly brought Schumann forth again, and he has restored the composer to his just place in our orchestral routine. He has played nearly all of Schumann's symphonies and repeated the best-liked of them. He has recalled his overtures; he has even revived the concerto for violoncello, under the excuse of a centenary concert.

Such romantic music as Schumann wrote stimulates the conductor's best abilities. He does not over-labor it as he over-labors some of the classics, while he brings to it in his choice of pace, in his adjustment of phrases, in his balance of instrumental tone, precisely the clarifying and releasing process that much of the music exacts. The youngest of composers knows that Schumann lacked instrumental divination and even instrumental skill. He writes for orchestra thickly, clumsily, distributes his music ineptly, sometimes makes it seem less articulate than it really is. Schumann's music needs a conductor who can divine his instrumental purpose and find the skilful means to set it free from untoward circumstance. Mr. Weingartner has his particular aptitude with Schumann's music, and Mr. Fiedler shares it with him. His Schumann has not only been well, but also illuminatingly played.

These are the days of retrospects—perhaps of somewhat premature retrospects—over Mr. Fiedler's work here, but with his repetition of Schumann's symphony in C

yesterday, and under his illuminating reading of it, there came thought of these things and of the just credit to the conductor that they bring. Throughout the symphony he was now largely eloquent and now delicately felicitous, while at every turn his men answered him. The strings were winged with fleetness and had a gossamer lightness of tone through the rhapsodic haste of the scherzo, written as though Schumann feared that his imaginings and his mood might fly away from him before he could set them to music paper. The horns were beautifully flowing and mellow, the clarinets had their utmost of pungent melancholy tone through the slow movement, while the whole orchestra, without the smallest edge or the faintest lapse, sustained, swelled, diminished, the intense yet dreamlike song of the music. Here is the Schumann who could write music as one suffused with romantic mood and vision that only tones might express and that in this Adagio they express perfectly. It is as though he saw the vision of happiness, yet trembled at each instant that it might flee.

Again in the finale the trombones and the rest of the brass choir were rich and full, helping to bear the music on its waves of vigorous climax, while Mr. Fiedler made the whole orchestra and the audience with it feel the fine mounting of the rhythm, the rich clangor of all the music on its triumphant course. Here was Schumann set free and made puissant with the orchestral power for which he strove so hard and to which, as he fondly believed, Mendelssohn's music might help him. There was more power in his own spirit; the conductors to come were more to be trusted. Yesterday, indeed, Mr. Fiedler made the vigorous drum beats of the finale, which he loves as Mahler loved them, seem like the climax of this release and this triumph. No wonder the audience brought the conductor back twice and thrice and set the orchestra on its feet. They were next best to Schumann himself.

The rest of the concert was much tamer—once through the shortcomings of the composer and the changes in musical fashions and standards and once through the inadequacy of the pianist to her task. Dvorak's overture, "Husitzka," which reappeared on the programme for the first time in five years, is no very interesting piece nowadays, and the ardent young modernists hastened to say, when the concert was ended, that Dvorak was fading fast, faster even than Tschai-kowsky. It is the present mode of "the advanced" to find Tschai-kowsky somewhat antiquated, and a little of his music, but only a little, has faded, especially in its harmonic and instrumental dress. But the "Husitzka" overture is, like so much of Dvorak's music, gone now beyond resuscitation. If we must have occasional music of obvious pattern—the Husites' sturdy hymns, their songful advance to battle, the triumphant proclamation of their victory and all the rest—let us have

the occasional music of our immediate time and circumstance. Heaven knows it is written plentifully enough, and earth-born prophets can predict confidently that in a quarter of a century it will sound as outworn and banal to the youngsters as did Dvorak's overture yesterday.

Once upon a time, when our musical generation was young, it was told to heed the Bohemian's instrumental and harmonic panoply. How rich and colorful, how varied and eloquent we and our mentors believed it was. Maybe it was so for the eighties and the early nineties, but how faded and thin, it seems in this present year of grace. The externals, if not the substance, of music have advanced fast and far in the intervening years. We must have now in our symphonic music the instrumental and harmonic vesture of an Elgar or a Rachmaninoff, to say nothing of the stranger harmonic robings and orchestral tints of a Debussy or a d'Indy. How poor and pale seemed Dvorak's ideas through the rents in this vesture, how commonplace and a little inflated the music all sounded. To hear it was to hear regretfully—for a lost youth, a lost time as well as a lost composer. A few weeks ago Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" bore ill the acid test of our rich and exacting musical years. Before long, even the eclectic and elegant Saint-Saëns may come also to judgment.

Musically the Tchaikowsky of the piano-forte concerto in B minor withstands the test. Played as it should be played, no thought comes of the intervening years or the changing fashions and it is still thrilling to hear. Played as Miss Goodson played it yesterday, it lacks its proclaiming and animating voice. The concerto is music of wholly masculine substance and spirit. It was written by a man for men, to be played by masculine arms and fingers and wrists with a masculine imagination and spirit behind them. When a woman measurably achieves it, as some women have, the deed is a tour de force. Usually, they lack the physical strength and the pianistic tone for the splendors of the introduction, as Miss Goodson did yesterday, when the sweeping chords and the magnificent return of the "great theme" (as the programme book truly called it) went for almost nothing. Usually they sentimentalize both the plaintive song and the playful passages of the second movement as she did. Usually, they miss the rhythmic frenzy, the wild fire of the finale, as she did lamentably. The pianist must have vodka in his veins—if not in his head—really to play it.

In a word, Miss Goodson's performance was the performance of an expert, capable and diligent pianist, who skimmed the surfaces of the music, seeing it with feminine eyes, reading it with a feminine imagination. The hot blood of it ran tepid, the vigor, the wildness of it was stifled in a hot-house atmosphere, where they would only grow thin and colorless. Who that has heard the concerto does not recall

and await with anticipatory thrill the sheer magnificence of the beginning. What a theme of tonal power and beauty Tchaikowsky there imagined and then cast aside with the careless hand of a young man who suspects not that in middle-age he will ache to have such ideas come again. With what splendor it advances through progressions and ornaments and returns almost in might and majesty again. Miss Goodson missed all this power, all this magnificence. She played the allegro tamely and exactly, and its glow of tonal rhetoric, its fitfulness of mood were pale and prosaic. She sang her way salon-wise through the Andantino and it is charged with Tchaikowsky's mooning melancholy. And there was no more vodka in her version of the finale than there is on the sideboard of the president of the W. C. T. U. There was not even its rhythmic tumult.

H. T. P.

MR. CONVERSE'S NEW PIECE

His Return to Symphonic Music—A New Tone-Poem, "Ormazd," to Be Played at the Symphony Concerts—The Idea Behind

After three years of preoccupation with the organization of opera houses and the writing and the performance of his own opera, Mr. Converse has happily returned to the symphonic music in which his reputation first grew and in which his best talents have free play. It is long, comparatively, since the composer of "The Mystic Trumpeter" and the prelude to MacKaye's "Joan of Arc" has written a new orchestral piece, and the music of our younger composers has been the poorer for lack of it. A fortnight ago he finished a new tone-poem, "Ormazd," and he has handed it to Mr. Fiedler for first performance anywhere at the Symphony Concerts of Feb. 9 and 10.

Mr. Converse calls the piece "Ormazd," and for the first time in it he has chosen an Oriental subject. Ormazd is the spirit of good in the religion of Zoroaster, who does incessant battle with the spirit of evil and finally conquers. Such a subject invites musical exposition suggesting characterizing, contrasting and opposing musical ideas and the struggle between them. Mr. Converse uses a full modern orchestra, but the Oriental coloring is less important than the vitality and the suggestion of the musical and poetic ideas. May "Ormazd" match in interest and merit "The Mystic Trumpeter," which European as well as American audiences now know.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC AT THE SYMPHONY

Subscribers Insist On Bit of
Real Yuletide Melody
and Get It.

Journal Dec. 23/11

Even Symphony programs are not beyond the influence of the day. The one played yesterday, and to be played again tonight, opens with the little pastoral symphony from Bachs "Christmas Oratorio," and thereby hangs a tale.

It was not Mr. Fiedler's intention to have any Christmas music at all. The program first selected for this tenth pair of concerts consisted of the overture to Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," which Wagner has nominated as Gluck's best orchestral work; the symphony in G major that Haydn wrote during the period in which he enjoyed the patronage of the famous Parisian musical Four Hundred who took the name of Concert de la Loge Olympique and gave concerts in the Tuilleries; the triad of Debussy tone paintings called "Iberia," and three numbers from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the "Mauet of Will-o'-the-Wisps," the "Ballet of Sylphs" and the "Rakoczy March."

But this did not satisfy subscribers with a hankering for a bit of real Yuletide melody, and in response to their entreaties the conductor brought out the shepherds' music which the Germans first heard in the old days when Christmas plays were given in churches and the clergy took the part of shepherds. A similar symphony marks the first part of Handel's "Messiah."

Those who attended the Symphony matinee yesterday showed Mr. Fiedler that they thoroughly appreciated his response to the Christmas call. But there is a good deal of seasonable merriment in the Haydn symphony; and possibly Mr. Fiedler had this in mind when he made up the program first.

Except in parts of the symphony the performance from first to last was exemplary. It was perfection itself in the Debussy "Images," which require the highest technical skill to appear at their best; and the fact that the Symphony Orchestra meets this requirement irreproachably explains to a great extent why these impressionistic tone pictures are so favorably received by Symphony audiences.

'IBERIA' FEATURE AT SYMPHONY

Debussy's Production Given
with Evidences of Care-
ful Preparation.

Harvard Dec. 23/11

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Pastorale from the Christmas oratorio.... Bach
Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"..... Gluck
Symphony in G (B. and H. 13)..... Haydn
Iberia, from "Images"..... Debussy
Minuet of Will o' Wisps, dance of Sylphs
and Rakoczy march, from "The Damna-
tion of Faust"..... Berlioz

Bach's contrapuntally disposed shepherds gave a Christmas flavor to the program, which otherwise was without this ecclesiastical distinction. In Chicago the Theodore Thomas orchestra played a Noel by Block and a Noel by Chadwick, as well as the pastorale of Bach, and the Dance of the Angels from Wolf-Ferrari's "La Nuova Vita" was on the long program. The other pieces were by Franck, Dubois, Elgar—Mr. Stock apparently will never forsake Sir Edward—Ivanoff, Stock, Tchaikowsky and Hellmsberger's arrangement of Mayseder's "Ball Scene" was played by all the violins.

Each program would, no doubt, find assailants and defenders. A program given over wholly to specifically Christmas music would be tiresome to many and inevitably a thing of shreds and patches. It is enough that a program for a concert in the Christmas season should be for the most part joyous. That of yesterday evidently pleased the audience, and when this result is attained a program maker can cheer himself by the thought that he has not lived in vain.

Even if the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" were performed without Wagner's ending, the music would still be nobly antique and tragic. The instrumentation of Gluck would be adequate. There would still be the classic spirit, the suggestion of bodement. A few instruments were sufficient for Gluck's purpose. Think how an ultra-modern composer would treat the subject! He would first of all demand a pompous and swollen orchestra. There would be a motive for Iphigenia, one for Agamemnon, probably one for Artemis, and there would surely be themes for the delayed ships, the sacrificial knife and a trombone phrase for Calchas. We even now in the mind's ear hear the wild dis-

sonances, the orchestral din and fury. How fresh this overture, as Cherubini's "Anacreon" sounds today!

Haydn's gay symphony was written for the Parisians, who delighted in his music and were pleased by his finales, with their "rhythmical good nature and joyous alacrity." The finale yesterday was taken as though it were a presto.

The feature of the concert was Debussy's "Iberia," a remarkable example of ultra-modern impressionism. The performance had evidently been prepared with great care, and the many beauties of the work were brought into fuller light than when the composition was heard here for the first time toward the end of last season. "Iberia" is an answer to those who assert that Debussy has written nothing but pot-bollers since his "Pelleas et Melisande." The second movement, "The Odors of the Night," is exquisitely poetical, and the other movements are brilliant in rhythm, color and the suggestion of Spanish life.

The familiar pages from "The Damnation of Faust" were again heard gladly. The romanticism is that of the Thirties rather than the Forties. It is that of Hugo and the young Gautier, but this romanticism of Berlioz is now classic in its beauty, in its form, color and spirit. Sixty-five years from now Debussy may be considered staid and orthodox.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Beethoven, "Abscheu-licher!" from "Fidelio"; Enesco, Suite op. 9; Wagner, Finale of "Goetterdaemmerung." Mme. Berta Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the singer.

CHRISTMAS Part AT SYMPHONY

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Christmas concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was one of far more than ordinary brilliancy and interest. The orchestra played old and ultra-modern music with uncommon distinction; the programme was especially well constructed. Pastoral from the "Christmas Oratorio," Bach; overture to "Iphigenie in Aulis," Gluck; symphony in G major, Haydn; Iberia, "Images," for orchestra, Debussy; minuet of "Will-o-the-Wisps," "Ballet of Sylphs," "Rakoczy March" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

The pastorelle of Bach was not only appropriate to the season, but what is of vastly more importance, it is wonderful music. The pace set by Mr. Fiedler was exactly such as to do most honor to a seraphic melody—for this pastorelle, which is played for perhaps 10 minutes by the orchestra, consists of one single melodic

thought, that grows out of the inexhaustible soil of Bach's mind as inevitably as a plant springs and comes to flower from the ground.

Mr. Fiedler appeared to be in rare sympathy with all that he interpreted, and to have prepared these compositions with particular thoroughness. This was not only true of Bach, and Haydn's exhilarating symphony, and the grandly classic overture of Gluck, but also of the subtle and impressionistic music of Debussy and the brilliant orchestral diversions of Berlioz.

Debussy's "Iberia" was heard here last spring, and then it puzzled most of those who listened. If memory is reliable, the performance yesterday was vastly superior to that of last spring, and whether it was the performance, or the music, or the hearer, or all three, it is seldom that this writer has been so impressed by any of the recent music of Debussy. There are many who consider the singular Frenchman to have said his last word, that his race as a discoverer of new things is run. It is still too soon for such discussion of a composer who is so master of his means that he can write something beautiful and extraordinary, whether he means it or not, to be anything but a futile waste of time. It was yesterday that we heard "Iberia"; it is today that we talk about it. It is astonishing music. When the composer has not another end in view, it is unspeakably beautiful; when it is taken as a whole, it appears to me to be one of the most exquisite manifestations of Debussy's indisputable genius that have yet appeared. And it seems hardly possible to deny that, as no one else, this man has liberated music first from the thralldom of the classic masters, and then from the despotism of Richard Wagner.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

EXEMPLIFIES BACH'S

Dec 23 - 1914
FORMALITY OF KEY

Debussy's "Iberia" an Instance of
Work Which Lacks Real Tonal
Architecture.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Bach—Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio.
Gluck—"Iphigenia in Aulis." Overture, Wagner's version.
Haydn—Symphony in G major.
Debussy—"Iberia." Images pour Orchestra, No. 2.
Berlioz—"Damnation of Faust." Three orchestral selections.

DVORAK WORK BY SYMPHONY

Herald Jan. 27/12
Dramatic Overture "Husitska"

Played at 14th Public
Rehearsal.

MISS GOODSON PIANIST

Schumann's Symphony, No. 2,
C Major, Deeply Moves
Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Katharine Goodson was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, C major, op. 61... Schumann
Concerto for piano No. 1, B flat minor, Tschalkowsky

Dramatic overture, "Husitska"..... Dvorak

Two of these compositions are familiar to concertgoers in Boston. Dvorak's overture has not been played frequently.

It is not a composition that would bear many repetitions. Written for an occasion—the opening of a new Bohemian Theatre in Prague—it is appropriately theatrical. The composer attempted to celebrate in music the wars of the Hussites, and the important theme, which undergoes many changes, is a phrase from a Hussite hymn. The recipe for compositions of this sort is well known. As was to be expected, the solemn theme heard at the beginning, the typical motive of the faith for which men suffered persecution and death, is at the end pompously triumphant, shouted by the orchestra with beating of drums and other pulsatile instruments of joy and ceremony. Hanslick of Vienna found out that the allegro was fanatical in spirit, as though passages were "orchestrated with hatchets, scythes and battle maces," but today this fanaticism seems deliberately assumed and rather tedious. The overture is not one of Dvorak's best works, and in the flight of Time these best works are growing

few in number.

Miss Goodson has now played three concertos at concerts of the orchestra. She chose Grieg's when she first played here. I did not hear that performance, but competent judges praised it highly. For her second concerto she chose her husband's—for, though she retains her maiden name for concert use, she is the wife of Arthur Hinton. Choosing this concerto, she proved her wifely devotion and also acquainted us with an unfamiliar work.

Her choice of Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor was not fortunate. She was busy in the first and third movements, very busy, most industrious; but the concerto is beyond her grasp. Her performance was lacking in breadth, in Cossack fury and wild abandon, in the demoniacal spirit that redeems certain pages from downright vulgarity. She played the running passages nimbly; the lyrical episode in the first movement had refined expression; the second movement was read with pretty sentiment; but as a whole the performance of this tumultuous work, with its relieving pages of song that is quickly shadowed by melancholy, was not impressive or exciting.

The feature of the concert was Schumann's Symphony with its wonderfully beautiful Adagio, which would be a perfect work of romantic art were it not for the incongruous and academic contrapuntal episode. When Schumann wrote it he was more than ever a dreamer; he would sit for hours, silent, in a nervous state. We read that when he did work, he applied himself to contrapuntal problems; hence, no doubt, this disturbing episode. How Schumannesque the Adagio is! How peculiar and individual its beauty! No wonder that the audience yesterday was deeply moved by it.

There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make its western trip. The program of the concerts of Feb. 9 and 10 will be as follows: Symphony in F minor, No. 4, Tschalkowsky; concerto for 'cello, Lalo (Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist); "Ormazd," a symphonic poem (Ms., first time), Converse.

MME. GOODSON WINS

FRESH HONORS AT
SYMPHONY MATINEE

Journal Jan. 27/11

In a performance of Tschalkowsky's near classic concerto that strangely had its premiere in Boston in 1875, Katharine Goodson—no longer plain Katie since she married and became an international star—won fresh honors at the Symphony matinee yesterday.

It didn't seem as the tall, pale, frail Englishwoman turned the corner of the aisle leading to the front of the stage—looking taller and more tenuous than ever in a plain gown of faint blue over creamy white—that she could ever hold her own in the crashing first movement or in the big, melodious flourish which the popular Russian penned at the end. But she rose like the artistic heroine she is, with power, and, as becomes a pupil of the great Leschetitski, with perfect polish.

There are pianists who make much of the resounding chords at the start and little of the luscious cantilena that ripples through the rest of the concerto—the first one the Russian wrote. Mme. Goodson played it in masterly style yesterday, with proper regard for ensemble effects in the vigorous measures; with the mellowest tone, and yet without ever sentimentalizing, in the gentler passages. Nor did the truly formidable difficulties that abound in the concerto reveal any perceptible technical weakness. The orchestra vied with the soloist in a performance of true virtuoso beauty and brilliancy.

The hall was filled. The brilliancy of the afternoon began with a performance of the second Schumann concerto, in C major, that was altogether worthy of this solid and romantic work. Mr. Fiedler would not take all the applause to himself. The orchestra had to rise and take its share of it.

Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitka," is the final number on this week's program, which will be heard again tonight.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Orchestra Plays Work of Schumann Finely.

Mme Goodson Chooses Too Virile a Concerto for Her Style.

Globe Jan. 27/12
The program at the 14th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon was as follows: Schumann, Symphony No. 2 in C major; Tchaikowsky, concerto for pianoforte No. 1, in B flat minor, opus 23, Mme Katharine Goodson, soloist; Dvorak, overture "Husitska."

The symphony was the feature of the afternoon. It seems incredible that this was the work of a man sick in mind and body, music so abundant in ideas, so well proportioned and coherent, so varied in emotional expression, so spontaneous in spirit. In a letter of the

period Schumann wrote that he began to be himself only in the last movement, and was not wholly restored until the end.

In the Autumn of the year of composition, 1845, he had written Mendelssohn in Leipzig, "For days drums and trumpets have been throbbing in my head—trumpets in C. What will come of it I do not know." To Schumann, the true romanticist, the inspiration overruled, and the outcome was the theme in the trumpets of the opening bars of this symphony, a musical test to which he refers in the scherzo and again in the last movement, and 30 years were to pass before Cesar Franck should write the trio in F sharp of his opus one in the cyclic form.

The first theme of the scherzo becomes as champagne when played by the first violins of this orchestra. Fortunately fleetness which might terrify others is made ravishing by them. Set over in contrast to the exhilaration of these measures are the two trios, the first in the pleasant dialogue of the wood wind, and the second the rich four-voiced harmony in the strings. A movement of rare charm, simplicity and grace, unimpaired as some pages of Schumann's score by the heaviness of the orchestration.

Nor does he permit despondency to wholly overtake him in the andante, although he alluded to the "melancholy bassoon" which he "put in with especial pleasure." He strengthened the organic structure of the work here by carrying forward the pensive melody sung by violins and by oboe to become the second theme of the last movement, another token of the beauty of inner workmanship in which Schumann delighted.

The final allegro breathes forth the joy and exultations of life again, and concludes with superbly spirited pages, for with Schuman affirmation and exuberance of heart never inspire the weariness and oppression of parade or inflated bombast. Mr Fiedler's performance was one of unflagging energy, yet not without thoughtfulness and sympathy. The orchestra played with understanding, fine balance and beauty of tone.

Tchaikowsky's second concerto was a work of heartaches. Because of Rubinstein's vituperative misappreciation, it came to be played for the first time anywhere in Boston by Bulow, to whom it was rededicated. It presents more problems than the disappearance of the opening theme. That is a likely tune. If Sir Edward Elgar had ever achieved such a one, he would have worried it to death with new shapes, guises, garments, habits or other musical raiment with which to clothe it.

Besides accounting for its whereabouts the pianist finds a species of bravura in the first and last movements, music suggesting at times a stream of molten lava in its impassioned sweep. In the graceful arabesque of the second movement Mme Goodson played with lightness of touch, elasticity and fluency. The superb opening chords thundering in their rhythmic procession had something of their true import, but more masculinity and authority were needed in portions of this movement, and in the whole of the last.

The piano is frequently reduced to the

position of an instrument of the score, and the orchestra is intrusted with some of the most effective passages, also with the banal waltz, which seems an odd incongruity.

Dvorak's overture with its somber Hussite hymn and zealous use of brass brought the program to a close. The orchestra will be away on a Western tour next week.

MISS GOODSON Part THE SOLOIST

Symphony Wins More Laurels by Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, Katherine Goodson was the soloist, playing Tchaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor. The orchestral pieces were Schumann's Second Symphony and Dvorak's overture, "Husitka." The performance of the Schumann symphony was an admirable one, and in this connection it may be said that there are few conductors themselves so sincere and so in love with the music of Schumann that they can communicate his very personal appeal as can Mr. Fiedler. And there is, perhaps, no composer of orchestral music who speaks so directly and personally to the hearer. This becomes the more evident with every season that passes. The symphonies of Schumann become more popular, and more understood, rather than less so, with advancing years, and these are the symphonies that have been rather contemptuously described as in the style of piano duets, as quite unsymphonic in thought and style, as lamentably lacking in brilliance, clearness, individuality in instrumentation. But nothing heard yesterday was so touching as this symphony, with its short-breathed themes, its variety of little mannerisms so characteristic of Schumann, and considered so unethical in a composer when confronted by a symphony. And how one wishes for some more wood and brass in the final movement.

Superbly Played

Still Schumann speaks in a way that has not been imitated successfully, or very nearly approached since his day, and that turns an army of instruments into a single organ for the expression of the most delicate and intimate or strongly subjective moods. For all its stringy tone, the finale strides forward as surely and as proudly as the Winged Victory. Mr. Fiedler interpreted this symphony with the most admirable at-

tention to all its charming details, in a most romantic manner, and with a conviction that affected equally the players under him and the audience which applauded so warmly afterwards. The men rose to acknowledge the applause with the conductor.

Miss Goodson gave a virile and exciting performance of Tchaikowsky's gorgeous work. She took the piece in a symphonic spirit, and she played with the greatest authority and enthusiasm. She was abundantly equal to the large demands upon the muscle and the brains of the performer. This was good, straightforward, almost masculine playing, and it was more, for the final movement hung together as it seldom does and for once its first theme was taken with appropriate dash and savagery, and the grand final appearance of the singing theme with sufficient breadth. The pianist who handles this concerto must have two good hands, or fists would be a better word, and in addition to qualities of a thorough musician, at least a sufficiency of animal spirit to do justice to its furious vitality.

Miss Goodson Excels

Miss Goodson displayed all these qualities in a plentiful measure, and she played the slow movement without undue nicety or sentimentalizing. On the whole, while there are pages in this work which permit of more subtlety of treatment and more distinction of coloring than were given it, this was one of the best performances of the B-flat minor concerto that has been heard here in a number of years. It is seldom that a woman pianist appreciates so genuinely a work built on great lines and composed without gloves.

The "Husitka" overture was a completion of this mood. Today many of us find Dvorak a gifted lyricist, but a composer conspicuously lacking in modern intensity of feeling; but this overture, as Hanslick put it in 1892, "is of fanatical spirit, as though passages were orchestrated with hatchets, scythes and battle maces." The orchestra is a tumult of battle, and no finer backbone for the shouting, clanging music could be provided than by the themes of the old hymns employed by the composer with such skill and effect. This overture was played with due energy, and it was a pleasant, stirring sensation.

MR. FIEDLER AND THE REST OF THE
Trans. SEASON Jan. 24/12

The Interest and the Promise of His Remaining Work Here—The Conductor and the Public—Mr. Renaud, Mme. Tetrzzini and Mme. Gay and Mr. Marcoux in New Parts at the Opera House Next Week—

The Programme of the Munich Festival Next Summer—French Opera for New York?—The News of the Hour

MR. Fiedler is the present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. He will be such for three months and more to come through eleven pairs of regular concerts, a concert for the Pension Fund, two "trips" to the West and to New York and sundry "outside" concerts in the cities of New England. At the beginning of May, he will leave Boston, by an arrangement announced last autumn, and return to Europe to continue his work there with higher reputation, larger prestige and generally assured fortunes by reason of his four years with the Symphony Orchestra. In the three months of the season that remain, he will doubtless prepare programmes as catholic and interesting as those he has made throughout his term; he will give duly eloquent performances of the music in which his best traits as a conductor shine; he will, lead in some pieces as memorably as he has played not a few in the past; he will not spare study, pains or accomplishment with the rest. He will continue, in short, to be the able and diligent, the interesting and excellent conductor that he has been from the first, while a public that has liked him warmly, will not wane in regard and applause for him.

Why, then, with these three interesting months to come and with Mr. Fiedler in the fulness of his powers and energy, should those that profess to admire him most be seemingly determined to begin very prematurely the rites of farewell? In private talk they discourse of the conductor solemnly, as though he had finished his work in Boston, whereas he has a full half-year of it (as seasons are measured) still to do ably and pleasurably. They write letters to the newspapers enumerating Mr. Fiedler's virtues and lamenting his departure, as though his final concert were at hand or he already had his foot on the gangway of his ship. Mistakenly they would speed his farewell when the rest of us have hardly thought of it and are looking forward instead to the long series of concerts that he has still to conduct here. Thereby enthusiasts believe that they testify their particular admiration for Mr. Fiedler. A wiser and a truer way to pay this "tribute" is to treat him as the actual conductor that he is and to take the pleasure and the interest of all that remains for him to do. He could ask no better proof of the liking of his Bostonian public for him and the audiences of Symphony Hall are not likely to spare it.

H. T. P.

MME. GOODSON *Read* WINS SUCCESS

At the Symphony rehearsal Friday, Mme. Katharine Goodwin played Tschalkowsky's concerto in E flat minor. The orchestra played Schumann's symphony in C major and Dvorak's Husitzka overture. Of Mme. Goodson, Louis C. Elson says in The Advertiser:

Mme. Katharine Goodson evidently loves this concerto. Her performance showed something more than great technique and careful study; it revealed a sympathetic appreciation of the beauties of the composition, a comprehension of its poetic meaning. That this comprehension is not given to every musician is abundantly proved by the savage criticism of it by the composer's friend and admirer, Nicolas Rubinstein, a more unbiased critic than the great Anton, his brother.

Mme. Goodson made a success with this work which can be compared with the triumph which she won at these concerts some years ago in Grieg's concerto. All possible technical equipment was in evidence, but this was only a means to an end. The sharp contrasts of the first movement, the clear-cut style of the themes (one of them a tune sung by blind beggars at a Russian fair) the odd juxtaposition of the Andante Semplice and the little dance-tune in the second movement, the masculine vigor of the Finale (again dance-like) were all brought out in an excellent manner. To combine the technique required for the first movement, the force demanded for the finale, and the poetic insight and freedom exacted by each movement of the concerto, is something to be proud of, and we can only use adjectives in describing Mme. Goodson's performance of this titanic and kaleidoscopic work. Possibly at the end of the first movement matters were spasmodic and vehement rather than really broad, but the very beginning of this movement was so virile that it at once caused the auditor to sit up.

Under the circumstances the work was very brilliant and at the end the pianist was recalled over and over again.

At Symphony Hall

Miss Gerhardt's appearances with the Symphony Orchestra are appointed for the concerts of Friday afternoon, Feb. 16, and Saturday evening, Feb. 17.

The real Bostonian, to the bean-pot born, must always have two things at Christmas. One is a performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn society, and the other is Bach's "Pastoral Symphony" from his Christmas oratorio. Mr. Fiedler came near to forgetting the last half of this necessity, but bethought himself in time, and it was excellently played at the concert yesterday afternoon, and in a tempo that other conductors would do well to imitate—not dragging or sentimental.

Of course our musical readers know that "Symphony" in Bach's day meant prelude, interlude or postlude. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and dignified melodies of Bach. They seem most restful in these "most brisk and giddy-paced times." But many of them are barred from the modern concert-room because of the tiresome repetitions demanded in the "Da Capo Aria" form which this master often used. This pastorate, however, is not prolix nor too full of repetition. Its chief charm is in the duet of the two English horns, which was exquisitely played yesterday. This was originally written for the old-fashioned large oboe, an instrument now obsolete.

In this Christmas oratorio one can see Bach's great formality of key. The work is in six parts, played on the holy days of the Christmas season, and the last part comes 12 days after the first. Yet on that 12th day the master ends in the key in which he began almost a fortnight before! Think of that, oh ye modern discomposers who do not stay in one key for two measures at a time!

That Wagner, in spite of all his modernity, could appreciate the beauties of the stricter school is shown in many ways; his love of the conservative songs of Robert Franz; his use of the old diatonic modes in the motive of Faith, in "Parsifal"; and his careful revision and alteration of this overture of Gluck. These alterations were fully explained in the programme-book, and need no repetition here, but every auditor must have been convinced that the lofty power of Gluck was conserved in the version played at this concert. The introduction was a trifle slower than we have ever heard it, but was not ineffective.

The Haydn symphony in G, but not the old "Oxford" symphony, was in excellent contrast with the dignity and devotion of the two first numbers. We cannot help feeling that, with the exception of Mozart's G minor and Jupiter symphonies, Haydn's symphonies wear better than Mozart's. The reason is that Mozart was the more dramatic composer, and essayed more powerful modulations and scoring, which, however, seem watery when judged by the dramatic achievements in the orchestral music of today, while Haydn attempted nothing of the kind, but indulged in sunshiny melody and charming musical prattle which is as attractive today as a century ago, because it is so spontaneous, unaffected and simple. Yet there is enough contrapuntal skill displayed, as well, only it all seems very natural and unforced.

The work received a reading that was really masterly, and the great applause that followed it was a token that our public still crave melodic and symmetrical music.

Ten minutes' walk in the corridors brought a century of change when the second part of the concert began. Debussy's "Images" have feet of clay, and the iconoclast (the breaker of images) may cheerfully hammer at them. Was it irony which made Mr. Fiedler give such simplicity and dignity in the first part of the programme and then suddenly jump to modern elusiveness in the second? Better 50 measures of Bach than a cycle of Debussy. These images form a cycle devoted to Spain. Poor suffering Spain! Judging by this work the only tune that she has left is "Three Blind Mice," which comes in prominently after much that is unintelligible.

Debussy is a man whose chief characteristic is sensitiveness and delicacy. He revels in isolated chords and passages for the sake of their color, and therefore his work has no coherence, and could stop equally well at any point of the composition. There is some balance and contrast of moods, but no real tonal architecture. It is "aural" rather than "cerebral" music, for the brain is shocked by harmonic chasms, but the ear is always delicately appealed to.

In "Iberia" are many fine bits of tone-color and programme-work, but there is also the constant affront to the mind that appreciates logical and expressive qualities in classical or romantic music.

The selections from Berlioz were quite another matter. Dainty, melodious, and finally grand and massive, they were definite and well-contrasted. The Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps was most delicately played and the Dance of the Sylphs was more ethereal still. We doubt whether any of the gossamer webs of Debussy in his lightest touches could give a clearer picture of the subjects than Berlioz manages to convey with such tuneful daintiness. The exquisite harmonics of the harp told out beautifully in the Dance of the Sylphs, and the piccolo did good service in the Minuet.

Now Mr. Fiedler cried havoc and let loose the dogs of war, for the Rakoczy march was at the other extreme from such shimmering musical rainbows. Here there is savage force and intensity; martial ardor, even frenzy. It is no wonder that a Hungarian once rushed at Berlioz, after a performance of this march, and cried out: "You understand the Hungarians. The enemy—tear him to pieces!" There has recently been an important article written in the "Revue Musicale" ("S.I.M.") which proves that the gypsy music, although very popular in Hungary, is by no means the true and historic Hungarian music, and suggests that Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies should really be entitled "Gypsy Rhapsodies." The Rakoczy march, however, is actual Hungarian music, and Berlioz's treatment is, as above shown, essentially

Magyar in style. One can imagine how Mr. Fiedler revelled in the sonority of the composition. It was excellently shaded. Its moments of mystery, with impressive bass-drum pulsations, its wonderful crescendo effects, and its grand climaxes were all splendidly brought out. It made a most effective finale to a very seasonable concert, and won the greatest applause of the entire concert.

Mr. Fiedler and American Music

A vast amount of rubbish is printed about the prejudice against the native composer and there is a ceaseless wall going upward to the stars that his music does not receive a hearing. Very good; now let us have a glance at statistics. Since Mr. Fiedler took command of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1908 he has produced fifty-four novelties. Of these twelve, or almost 25 per cent, have been by Americans. Here are the titles of some of them: Suite for strings by Arthur Foote; symphonic poem, "Ormazd," by F. S. Converse; "Suite Symphonique," by George W. Chadwick; theme, variations and fugue for organ and orchestra, and also a sinfonietta, by the same composer; a symphony and an overture, by Gustav Strube; first performance of MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Lamia"; symphonic poem, "Atala," by A. M. Curry; Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "The Culprit Fay"; H. F. Gilbert's comedy overture on Negro themes; Maquarre's symphonic poem, "On the Sea Cliffs."

It is tolerably certain that the American composer has not suffered for want of opportunity in Boston. With the exception of MacDowell's "Lamia," all the native works brought out by Mr. Fiedler were heard for the first time anywhere. Some of them had the good fortune to be heard elsewhere after the Boston conductor had ushered them into the limelight. The truth is not that the American composer's music does not get a hearing, but that it seldom gets a second one. And that is not the fault of the wicked and conspiring conductors, but of hard-hearted, "unpatriotic" audiences who do not care a copper cent whether music is domestic or imported, but only whether it interests them. If the first audience does not make a sufficient tumult of joy over a new work to reach the ear of the conductor in the next town the second performance does not take place. The composition goes to sleep beside its cradle and never wakes up. And then the agitators begin the old outcry that the conductors do not give the American composer an opportunity to be heard. [W. J. Henderson in the New York Sun.]

Miss Goodson ^{Pratt} Plays Concerto with Symphony

One would have had to search diligently to have found a vacant seat at the Symphony Orchestra rehearsal yesterday afternoon, the 14th for the season, for Mr. Fiedler had prepared another of those famous programmes, Schumann's No. 2 Symphony, Tchaikovsky's No. 1 Concerto and Dvorak's "Husitska" Overture. In addition there was Miss Katherine Goodson at the piano in the concerto, and Miss Goodson has a noticeably good following in this city.

The concert was one of marked merit. Dvorak's overture with its hymn foundation has moments of real beauty and others that lead the listener to doubt if the same man was author of both. Miss Goodson played the concerto well, particularly the lighter passages, but something seemed lacking in the more forcible ones, those in which this pianist has been wont to excel heretofore. There was far from being enough fire. Repeated recalls followed with concerto. The Schumann symphony with the real Schumann speaking in every line was splendidly given.

A special western trip takes the place of rehearsal and concert next week. For Feb. 9 and 10 Mr. Fiedler offers: Symphony in F minor, No. 4, Tchaikovsky; concerto for 'cello, Lalo (Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist); "Ormazd," a symphonic poem (first time), Converse.

WOULD BORROW DR. CARL MUCK

This Said to Be One of Objects
of Visit of Berlin Privy
Councillor.

[By Wireless to The Herald.] 19/2
BERLIN, Jan. 27—Local critics of the management of the Kaiser's Royal Opera declare that its anxiety for a working alliance with the Metropolitan of New York is due to the realization that unless some such arrangement be

effected the Berlin Opera will decline and sink to the mediocrity of a second-rate provincial stage.

These detractors of Count von Hulsen-Haseler, the royal impresario, ascribe existing conditions principally to niggardliness in the salary question. It is alleged that if some singer demands an annual remuneration of \$10,000 the management lets him or her go, and proceeds to make up for the loss by engaging half a dozen whose combined salaries aggregate \$10,000.

It must be admitted that, with the exception of three or four singers of the first rank, like the American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Francis MacLennan; the German prima donna, Frieda Hempel; the young Italo-Spanish colorature artiste, Lola da Padilla, and the basso, Knupfer, the German Opera staff hardly bears comparison with the artists singing nightly in German towns of one-tenth the size of Berlin.

The outcome of the efforts of Privy Councillor Winter, the emissary whom Count von Hulsen-Haseler has sent to New York, is awaited in Germany with interest. It is rumored that one of Herr Winter's commissions is to negotiate with Col. Higginson of Boston for the "loan" of Dr. Muck, the ex-conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera, who was captured for the Boston Symphony orchestra for five years.

When Caruso comes to Berlin for three nights and gets \$2500 per performance the Opera management charges from \$7.50 to \$10 a seat. On other occasions prices range from \$1.50 to \$3 a seat, with casts of corresponding inferiority.

It was recently stated in the Prussian Parliament that the Kaiser spent his private fortune annually to the extent of \$750,000 to cover the chronic deficits at his half-dozen royal theatres and opera houses. His majesty's civil list amounts, roundly, to \$4,000,000, and he has no income whatever as German Emperor.

Count von Hulsen-Haseler frankly admits his inability to compete with the unlimited financial backing enjoyed by the Metropolitan.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA. Sun Jan 14-11 Another Large Audience at the First Matinee Concert.

The first matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was attended by an audience which filled the house. The programme comprised Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the "Spring Song" from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"; three songs, "Die Junge Nonne," "Tod und das Mädchen" and "Der Erl König," and Liszt's "Les Préludes." The singer was again Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Such a programme does not call for extended comment. It was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Fiedler would attempt nothing revolutionary in the symphony. He chose the wise course of seeking for a smooth and well accented performance, leaving the music to proclaim its own message rather than one he might pretend to have discovered newly.

The beautiful smoothness, solidity of tone and clarity of the playing of the orchestra in the other two numbers evoked that admiration which usually attends the concerts of the welcome visitors from the Eastern metropolis.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was not quite so happy yesterday afternoon as she was on Thursday evening. Her singing of the "Spring Song" had sincerity and some bits of really dramatic delivery to commend it, and her "Death and the Maiden" was well done. But in the other two numbers there was not a little to cause regret to her friends. However the honesty of her purpose must always command respect.

The management of the Boston symphony orchestra received a letter two years ago from a town of considerable importance a little over 100 miles from Boston, in which the management was informed that a certain society in that town was planning to give a grand concert and ball on an evening in February. They were anxious to have the Boston symphony orchestra, which they "heard was a very good one," and thought they could go as far as paying \$300, if the orchestra would play for the dancing as well as for the concert. A politely-worded note was sent, in which great regret was expressed that on the night in question the orchestra was engaged in giving a concert in Carnegie hall, New York, and would be unable to accept the engagement offered.

The New Grievance at Symphony Hall

At the end of the cast and the scenic particulars on the programmes for "The Boss" at the Majestic Theatre this week stands this unusual note: "Mr. Blinn will be grateful if members of the audience will refrain from reaching for and adjusting their hats until the fall of the curtain. Very often the enjoyment of the majority is ruined by isolated cases of unintentional discourtesy." Already letters have come to this paper suggesting that a similar note be printed conspicuously in the programme book of the Symphony Concerts, and unfolding what is fast becoming a new grievance with a part of the audience of Friday afternoons at Symphony hall. Long since it reconciled itself to the removal of its hats, and no woman, unless she is a stranger to the concerts, now makes herself conspicuous by a futile effort to keep hers upon her head. On the other hand, no sooner has the orchestra begun the first number on the programme or the music

shown the smallest sign of rising to what may or may not prove the final climax than many in the audience begin to put on their hats. In all quarters of the hall there is an upraising of arms, an adjustment of hat-pins and maybe a struggle with them, a general rustle and an irritating disturbance to the eyes and ears of some who are preoccupied with the music.

A few such have written letters to the newspapers setting forth their new vexation and asking "publicity" for it; more have complained to the management of the concerts; and still more have spoken regretfully or resentfully in private. Mr. Blinn, seemingly, has noted similar conditions in the theatre at the end of a play and is trying to abate the annoyance of them by such hints as that on the Majestic programme. In the theatre, however, the disturbing searcher for hat, coat and over-shoes, usually plunges under his seat, whereas in Symphony Hall, hats, hat-pins and arms go up simultaneously. There is no doubt that to sensitive auditors, the sight, the rustle, the momentary confusion are irritating and that they are becoming impatient under them. Those who so put on their hats might soothe vexed spirits (which no doubt they believe fussy and finical), if they would await the actual end of the concert before they begin an intricate process. Sometimes indeed they sorely misjudge the progress of the final number and put on their hats while it has still ten minutes to run. Per contra a wise management prefers to hamper its audiences with as few rules as possible, and nobody wishes to see our concert-rooms sprinkled with green signs of minute prohibitions like those that dot our parks.

MME. KATHARINE GOODSON

AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

adm 9427.12

HEARD IN DIFFICULT

TSCHAIKOWSKY CONCERTO

Her Performance Revealed Sympa

thetic Appreciation of Beauties

of the Composition.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Schumann—Symphony in C major. No. 2.
Tschalkowsky—Piano Concerto in B flat, minor.
Soloist—Mme. Katharine Goodson.
Dvorak—"Husitzka Overture."

A programme of convenient length and reasonable breadth. We do not think the second symphony the greatest of Schumann's works, but it remains much greater than many of the modern symphonies

which the concert auditor bows in reverence. Schumann had more contrapuntal skill when he wrote the C major symphony than when he composed the ones in B flat and in D minor, but the glow of inspiration was greater in the two earlier works. Yet the excellent contrasts of major and minor in this symphony are always striking. The foreshadowing of the thoughts of the subsequent movements in the slow introduction is a noble touch which one finds in other Schumann symphonies. He is thoroughly homogeneous in his symphonies, only Beethoven and Brahms being his equals in this respect.

The relationship of the later parts of the symphony to the introduction was made excellently clear in the interpretation. It was logical evolution in its best sense. The trumpet and horn calls of the first part were shaded exactly right, being rather a premonition than a full-fledged fanfare. The promise soon reaches its fulfillment, however, and the premonition ends in triumph, such triumph as only Schumann could write. There never was a more exultant composer than this man whose end was so miserable.

It is a pity, however, that the work should be so overshadowed by the greatness of modern tone-coloring. In the neutral-colored and sometimes muddy orchestration one is apt to lose sight of the loftiness of the ideas themselves. Weingartner has said that Schumann's symphonies sound better as four-hand piano-pieces than in the concert-room, and there is some truth in the remark. It might be well for one of our modern orchestral masters to rescure Schumann.

The first movement was finely read. The second was taken too fast. Our great violinists were able to keep the figures clear in spite of the speed, but we fear that many auditors could not grasp their beauty in such rapid tempo.

The Adagio was magnificently interpreted. It may not be as great as the slow movement of the B flat or the D minor symphonies, but it is of long breath and the final diminuendo was exquisitely shaded.

The finale was also perfectly given, virile, resolute and with the atmosphere of exhilaration in every measure. Now the trumpet and horn calls rang out lustily and triumphantly and our excellent kettle-drummer took his short "obbligato" at the end as if he enjoyed it.

And then Mr. Fiedler was called out twice, and the orchestra obliged to rise,—a good proof that Schumann's beauties have not faded even though Debussy decries them.

The Tschalkowsky concerto was erroneously announced, in last week's list, as in B minor. It is in B-flat minor. The error undoubtedly came about through the senseless German custom of calling B-flat "B", while the note B is called "H". It is a clerical error dating back nearly 1000 years and it is about time that it was corrected. We of Boston have an especial interest in this concerto, which was first launched in this city. We have not so many "first performances" of musical

works in this city that we can afford to slight any of them.

Mme. Katharine Goodson evidently loves this concerto. Her performance showed something more than great technique and careful study; it revealed a sympathetic appreciation of the beauties of the composition, a comprehension of its poetic meaning. That this comprehension is not given to every musician is abundantly proved by the savage criticism of it by the composer's friend and admirer, Nicolas Rubinstein, a more unblased critic than the great Anton, his brother.

There are several aberrations from strict form in the work, but there is passion and emotion galore, and there is melody. There is tune enough in this concerto to set up Reger and Elgar for life. But the tunes are not mere tunes "a la Schubert," in contrast with each other, but they are developed and evolved with sea-changes into "something rich and strange."

Such a concerto demands of the soloist (besides tremendous technique) absolute abandon, temperament, freedom. We cannot imagine a straight-laced classicist making anything out of it. We can imagine a hide-bound Hanslick frothing about it (not so insanely as he did about the violin concerto, however), and all the martinetts finding fault. In short, whether one is a fault-finder or a beauty-finder, one will find something to say on his side, in descending on this symphony.

Mme. Goodson made a success with this work which can be compared with the triumph which she won at these concerts some years ago in Grieg's concerto. All possible technical equipment was in evidence, but this was only a means to an end. The sharp contrasts of the first movement, the clear-cut style of the themes (one of them a tune sung by blind beggars at a Russian fair) the odd juxtaposition of the Andante Semplice and the little dance-tune in the second movement, the masculine vigor of the Finale (again dance-like) were all brought out in an excellent manner. To combine the technique required for the first movement, the force demanded for the finale, and the poetic insight and freedom exacted by each movement of the concerto, is something to be proud of, and we can only use adjectives in describing Mme. Goodson's performance of this titanic and kaleidoscopic work. Possibly at the end of the first movement matters were spasmodic and vehement rather than really broad, but the very beginning of this movement was so virile that it at once caused the auditor to sit up.

Under the circumstances the work was very brilliant and at the end the pianist was recalled over and over again.

But "Husitzka" was of quite another order. Dvorak gives alternate slices of chorale and battle music, and the work is about as inspired as the multiplication table. It is all "sound and fury signifying nothing." Compared with that other festival overture—"1812"—this shrivels up. Every measure of it seems "made to order." Out of respect for Dvorak's memory let it be put back upon the shelf.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY in F minor, No. 4, op. 36

I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima in movimento di valse

II. Andantino in modo di Canzona

III. Scherzo; Pizzicato ostinato; Allegro

IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco

LALO,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA

I. Prelude: Allegro maestoso

II. Intermezzo

III. Introduction: Rondo

CONVERSE,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Ormazd" (MS.)

(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

Steinway Piano used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONVERSE AND
THE 'CELLO

A Day in Which Nothing Went Too Well
—Tschaikowsky and His Formulas, Emotional and Musical—The Elegant Mr. Warnke in Lalo's Elegant Concerto—A Poor Performance of Mr. Converse's New Tone-Poem—Its Distinctions

ALMOST nobody fared too well at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. Mr. Fiedler was late in beginning and he prolonged the intermission by a full five minutes. Thus the concert continued nearly two hours, and toward the end the audience became restless. At the first hint of a climax in Mr. Converse's new piece, which stood last on the programme, up went the hats, though the actual end was still far away. Tschaikowsky, whose symphony in F minor began the concert, fared none too well, because the years and much repetition are beginning to wear upon his music and make it seem a thing of formula in mood and expression. Mr. Winter once entreated the actors to forgo for a while "The Merchant of Venice." They properly retorted that their audiences liked the comedy. From Baku to Boston stray voices among the reviewers are beginning to implore the conductors to forgo for a while Tschaikowsky's music. They properly reply that their hearers like it. They did yesterday so well that they called Mr. Fiedler twice back to his place and finally brought the orchestra to its feet.

Mr. Warnke, who played Lalo's concerto for violoncello for the middle piece of the concert, fared none too well, because even when his instrument is played with the grace, the lightness, the elegance of flowing tone and polished style that he brought to it and to Lalo's concerto, it does become tedious to the average ear. Finally, Mr. Converse, whose new tone-poem, "Ormazd," was the final number, was in none too good case and through no fault of his own. The piece had not been sufficiently rehearsed; it could be played with more discerning imagination and truer expression than Mr. Fiedler brought to it; and the audience earlier in the concert would have been more in the mood for close and sympathetic response. There is a psychology of audiences as well as of conducting, and both might have served Mr. Converse better. Of course the audience applauded; of course Mr. Converse wished to acknowledge it; but somehow he missed his way to the stage and came up against a locked door. Thus fate held on to the end.

Tschaikowsky's symphonic formulae is a formulae of mood and emotion—it can hardly be connected with thought—quite as much as it is a formulae of means. In particular, it gives shape and substance to the last three symphonies by which as a symphonist the music-hearing world has practically agreed to know him. What a creature is man, especially Muscovite man, runs this formulae. He is the prey of misery and despair; he broods over his mournful estate and lo! He is plunged deeper in it. He tries to find relief in the recalling of the memories of youth and happiness, of high ambition and fine achievement, and they mock him. He seeks it in ecstatic dreams, and the yawn hollow and fantasmal. He turns to the loveliness of life—usually in dance rhythms—and it quickly forsakes him. He rushes into the din of it and finds it only sound and fury. So Fate tosses men, its pawns, hither and thither, leading him nowhere but into blacker and blacker delusion and despair. When he would accomplish Fate sternly reproves him. When he argues, Fate whirls his aspirations to the winds. Vanity vanishes, saith the preacher, all is vanity. Hopelessness of hopelessness, says Tschaikowsky, all is futility and despair. Come, let us make music, even a symphony, out of it all.

And so has the Russian, who was really the slave of his temperament, made more than one that have spread his fame and that audiences like to hear. And so, in particular, he made the symphony in F-minor, as we heard it yesterday. There is Fate, thundering out its might, its irrevocable will at the very beginning, and returning to neither under all the rest or to smite each succeeding music of dream or receding hand. The clarinet of the first movement sings its song of happiness, the other instruments join and swell the mood. And then straightaway, Fate, misery, despair toss man about again. The second movement tries to sing the song of melancholy, yet happy recollection. It cannot last; Fate chokes it. There is no saturation in gaiety and fancy, even in a scherzo with the strings playing a brilliant pizzicato; whiel as for the tumult of wild life and revelry in the finale, Fate soon strides in and scatters it, sitting alone to hear the orchestra thunder out its own might of doom.

Throughout the symphony, the formula has had its perfect work, and with it, almost in formula, too! go Tschaikowsky's characteristic orchestral procedures. The music is endlessly chromatic. There is more repetition of a musical idea, a new version with new instrumental coloring than there is closely considered and fertile development of it. The songful melodies find voice in the wood-winds and they are melancholy. Dance rhythms and flickers of dance rhythms recur. There are moments of thunderous orchestral din, of abrupt contrasts. There are passages which merely fill space on music paper and time

till Tschalkowsky has gathered passion again. There is the inevitable brilliant episode—the scherzo pizzicato. There is rich glow or sombre shadows of instrumental color. Above all, there is direct emotional appeal, and the less emotional and the happier folk of the West sit in receptive and rejoicing satisfaction under it. They have no temperaments; they do not think twice in their lives of Fate; they know not brooding despair or wild elation. They have aspirations and not many dreams. But they love to hear them when a Tschalkowsky burns out his soul that conductors may wax eloquent as Mr. Fiedler did yesterday and elegant audiences clap their gloved and excited hands. Fate is fate, even in the concert-room.

Mr. Converse was to concern himself with the human soul, too, though not precisely in Tschalkowsky's fashion. There was need of an interlude for relief and refreshment, and Lalo's concerto and Mr. Warnke's playing provided it. He is the most elegant, the most polished, the most stylistic of the violoncellists that we hear in these days when few of the virtuosi of the instrument come to America. He plays the violoncello, he plays its music as an Italian treats song, for the sensuous loveliness of tone that he can draw from them, for the flowing grace, the polished ease that he can impart to them. Some play the violoncello and its music laboriously; some play it earnestly; some play it loftily, even nobly. Mr. Warnke plays it instinctively, plays it musically, plays it unforcedly, plays it with an exceeding polish. Other cellists may have searched out more deeply secrets of song, emotion and display even. Mr. Warnke is content to give it ingratiating voice, to refine upon all that may be accomplished with it. So, perhaps, he chose Lalo's concerto yesterday, and so certainly he excelled in the playing of it. For Lalo's music exhausts neither the sonful and the shadowed voice of the violoncello or sets it capering unwillingly through the feats of virtuoso that it may do. Lalo, like Mr. Warnke, would have the instrument ingratiating and elegant. He presents agreeably to the assembled drawing-room, touches its sentiment, gives it becoming artifice. A pleasurable voice is the Lalo-Warnke 'celo.

Unmistakeably Mr. Converse's new "Ormazd" might have more discerningly and expressively played. The orchestra returned last Tuesday morning from week of concert-giving to the westward. It is seldom at its best after these journeyings. "Ormazd" was twice rehearsed and delightedly. It was played at Cambridge on Thursday evening. It was played again in Symphony Hall yesterday. It will be played there for a third time this evening and perhaps more eloquently. Mr. Con-

verse has written in the contemporary orchestral action that asks a band of imaginative and eloquent virtuosi and does not spare it. Our orchestra is such a band of virtuosi; but it was not secure in "Ormazd" yesterday, and it was not too responsive to it. But it was more responsive than was Mr. Fiedler himself. The tone-poem begins in mystery, in vague suggestion. It is as though the mist were lifelong over the holy mountain, where Ormazd, god of light, abides. It is as though to it through the air were coming his assembled hosts. It is as though faint and far and then near and clear, we heard their tread, their trumpets. The music slowly gathers form, substance, assured voice. Mr. Converse has written hitherto no such subtle, suggestive, poetized music. Mr. Fiedler missed its mystery, its suggestion, its slow gathering and kindling; he made it mere affirmation of certain facts on the programme.

Again twice in the tone-poem, the song of the blessed, acclaiming Ormazd in glory, rises in long-drawn ecstasy. Hitherto Mr. Converse has written no such ethereal, such finely tempered music, nor given such close and imaginative thought to the fashion in which it shall sound in its true quality. Yet Mr. Fiedler missed the long-drawn progress, the ecstatic climax, and altogether misunderstood the end of tone-poem when the repeated song should evaporate Franklan-wise into the radiant air. As he so misunderstood Mr. Converse at his strongest, he failed to aid him at his weakest. The composer is not graphic in his suggestion of the grim underworld of the opposing god of darkness. His reiterated staccato phrases, his twisting and turning motives, his sharp dissonances hardly impart its moanings, its writhings, its gnashing of teeth, its whirr of evil. The conductor must do all he may to give music that is weak delineative substance and power. Mr. Fiedler did not.

CONVERSE POEM AT SYMPHONY

The symphony programme this week, which included Tschalkowsky's F minor symphony and Lalo's violoncello concerto, Heinrich Warnke, the soloist, had for its novelty a symphonic poem by Converse.

the vault of heaven, and to Gorodman, which is the opening in the vault above Albordj. Gorodman is the dwelling of the Fravashis and of the blessed, and the bridge leading to it is precisely above the abyss Duzalk—the monstrous gulf, the home of Ahriman beneath the earth."

The summary continues to recount in detail the creation of the sun, moon, planets and stars by Ormazd to be his captains and soldiery. It narrates the corresponding preparations of Ahriman in his contest for supremacy over Ormazd. It recounts the stubbornness of the battle between Ormazd and Ahriman, and continues to evolve a picturesque philosophy as to the fate of the first human pair, the growth of the human race, their judgment, resurrection and the final purification of Ahriman. This mythology is not only interesting for the intrinsic imagination displayed, but also for its striking similarity to many of the early conceptions of Judaism. But these developments are beyond the plan of Mr. Converse's "programme." Moreover Mr. Percy MacKaye has embodied in prose of striking virility and imagery such extracts from the Bundehesch as formed the basis of Mr. Converse's "Ormazd." For its intrinsic merit, and because of its authoritativeness, this prose poem deserves citation as a further introduction to the mood of Mr. Converse's tone-poem.

On the far mountain Albordj, in the realm of primal light, is the abode of Ormazd.

Beyond the spheres of high heaven he created his shining hosts: the Sun, his giant runner who never dies; the Moon, who girdles the earth; and the Planets, his splendid captains. Such like as the hairs upon a titan's head were the unnumbered stars on the ramparts of Ormazd. Seven were his splendid captains. Beyond the spheres of high heaven he marshalled them.

In the realm of Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music.

Below the bright bridge Chinavat, in the bowels of darkness, is the abode of Ahriman.

Deep in the abysmal Duzalk he created his terrible numbers—for every creature of light a Dalva of gloom. Like the death-rang of the primal Bull was the moaning of Ahriman—his loathing for Ormazd.

Twice on huge wings, above abysmal Duzalk, he fluttered up towards Albordj; twice he fell back.

Beyond his bleak pit of doom beautiful rose the peak of Albordj; in the bowels of darkness, like fire were the dreams of the damned.

A third time, then, Ahriman uprose; around him he marshalled his hordes—cold stars and wandering comets, the kings of chaos. Glittered against them the ranks of Ormazd. Dazzling and dark was the conflict.

For ninety nights the smoke of stars obscured them; till back into abysmal Duzalk fell Ahriman defeated. Golden then, was the laughter of Ormazd. Like laughter, the gold haired Planets rattled their shields.

In the realm of Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music.

With the foregoing extract as a basis, it will be easy to imagine the dramatic action which underlies the tone-poem—the

marshalling of the forces of "Ormazd," their passing to battle, the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman and their respective soldiers, ending in the overthrow of Ahriman, and the rejoicing of the holy Fravashis at the triumph of light (or the powers of goodness) against darkness and evil. This conflict, whether viewed from the standpoint of Persian mythology or that of today, has not only poetic imagery, but an intensely human and ever-present vitality. Once for all be it said that Mr. Converse has not attempted to write "Persian music," nor has he even suggested "local color" of any sort. He was concerned wholly with the poetic and dramatic outlines of the mythological conflict, and he has relied upon his own musical idiom to intensify the stirrings of his imagination upon a subject which is, after all, cosmic.

As for the musical analysis of "Ormazd," the work begins with a short sombre introduction of a few measures. Then follows a suggestion of the gathering of the forces of light. Beginning with faint and distant trumpetlike calls, there is a progress of impetus and sonority, constantly gaining in accent and brilliance up to a marchlike episode of martial splendor. Gradually the procession of Ormazd's forces passes into the distance, ending with a resumption of the distant trumpet calls in a passage of imaginative poetry. Then the Fravashis of holy men sing praises of Ormazd in chants of romantic uplift. Their rejoicings are interrupted by turbid and gloomy lamentations of Ahriman and his forces from the pit Duzalk. Their swelling wrath and envy is broken in upon by a poignant episode expressive of the memories of past happiness. Intermingled with the ferment of evil emotion is interwoven a motive descriptive of Ahriman's destructive unrest and "pernicious activity" which gains in malign power. Then follows the tension and grip of battle between the forces of Ormazd and Ahriman, but the composer has wished to portray spiritual rather than material conflict. The motives of Ormazd's forces gradually secure the ascendancy, and in an expansively powerful climax is pictured the defeat of Ahriman and his legions and their fall into the abyss Duzalk. The episode of the lofty praises of the blessed Fravashis returns, bringing the work to an elevated and mystical conclusion.

The motives most in evidence are: First, the distant trumpet calls; the martial theme of the forces of Ormazd; the lyrical episode of the Fravashis; the surging phrase of the envy and hatred of the followers of Ahriman; a short passage typifying "happy memories of the past," and the militant figure descriptive of the "pernicious activity" of Ahriman.

The orchestral requirements are those normal to the purposes of the modern tone-

poem. If Mr. Converse has used six horns (in place of his accustomed four) it is because the scope of his theme justifies it. So also the use of the glockenspiel, celesta, piano as well as harp is amply warranted to produce the glitter and vital radiance of the forces of light. In its general orchestral style, "Ormazd" shows that economy of resource (in the best sense of the phrase), poetic adaptation of means to descriptive end, the conspicuous brilliance and power which are associated with Mr. Converse's mastery of the orchestral medium.

If an introductory article may not venture far into comment on the musical subject matter of Mr. Converse's tone-poem, it may at least be stated that in formal treatment he has been happy alike in its freedom and concise restraint where there was abundant temptation to be discursive. That in its evocation of "atmosphere," the picturing of dramatic conflict with a definite contrapuntal skill in the combining and opposing of motives, and more especially in the largeness of ideas and outlines, Mr. Converse has shown that the interaction of his recent interest in opera has super-added an increased instinct for dramatic values in a purely instrumental work. In a word, "Ormazd" bids fair to be its composer's largest achievement in the orchestral field, and the audiences of this week may well be expectant.

EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

CONVERSE'S POEM PLAYED

Pub. 24.12
**Cordial Applause Greets
Performance by Symphony**

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall Frederick S. Converse's symphonic poem, after Zoroaster and others, was performed for the first time in this city. The work was given in St. Louis two weeks ago. It is based upon the wonderful tale of the conflict between Ormazd, god of light, and Ahriman, the prince of darkness, as told in the Zend Avesta and the Bundehesch of the Parsis. Ahriman and his hosts rise from their realms of darkness to conquer Ormazd and his Fravashis, the spirits of good men. After several conflicts Ormazd and his hosts will triumph. There will be a new heaven and a new earth, and Ahriman, "the backward thinker," will have done as much as his holy opponent to bring about this

end. It is hardly necessary to say that the various phases of the legend have not been followed literally. The symphonic poem is based upon the thought of the battle and the ultimate triumph of righteousness. There is plenty of opportunity for noble composition, for dramatic contrast and impressive peroration.

Mr. Converse has been most successful in those pages of his work which treat of Ormazd and his hosts and their victory. The final sweeping pages are the most moving in the piece. It is as if Mr. Converse, too, hated the thought of evil and its oppressive shadow, as though he could only truly imagine when he contemplated the ultimate salvation of man. It would be interesting to note the development of the harmonic style of any composer in these days. Mr. Converse has in recent years learned of the Frenchman as well as of others. He has steadily developed, added new colors to his palette, new idiosyncrasies to his manner of composition, a manner which, above all things, remains refined, clean of anything like mere sensuous appeal, and always the mould for a high thought.

There are some remarkable pages of workmanship in his score, and there are pages of true eloquence. The thematic invention is not, as a rule, distinguished, and yet the thought behind the music is often so potent and so refreshingly sincere that even the thinner pages affect the hearer while they remind him, at the same time, of a certain paucity of invention. The theme which remains in the memory, a theme of a Franck-like character, is that which is first exposed by the oboe, if memory serves, after the introductory matter has been well developed. This introduction carries the suggestion of starry space. It is in accordance with what the writer considers Mr. Converse's best vein. In the passages devoted expressly to Ahriman and his hosts the composer becomes unfortunately bombastic. Sizzling passages in the strings and the wood-wind, a whack of the bass drum, and all that sort of thing, does not necessarily convince one that the devil and his crew are flying about. There is, it is true, an ingenious suggestion of the cries of the damned, the scurrying off of a defeated multitude. The pages of the poem which are Mr. Converse's, and which will stand among his best pages, are those which contain, first a serene and compassionate sweetness, and then a triumphal sweep of line, orchestral pomp and panoply. There was cordial applause for the new work.

Warnke the 'Cellist

Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, gave a musicianly and entertaining performance of Lalo's 'cello concerto. Mr. Warnke is not only an experienced but an enthusiastic musician.

ly defined, so that there is dramatic action in music, whether the composition have a title and a program or be presented to the public as absolute music.

In Mr. Converse's symphonic poem, Ormazd assembles the heavenly hosts, and there is a martial motive. There is a contrasting motive which suggests "the pernicious activity" of the spirit of darkness. The two are in sharp opposition in the Conflict episode. But there is another musical thought that musically is of equal importance, and to the average hearer probably of greater importance in that it makes a more emotional appeal; that is the song of good souls, the blessed Fravashis, which is heard before the conflict and at the end with the hosts of Light exulting in praise of the Conqueror.

The more salient features of this work are those that are decorative and imaginative. The music that describes the wild regret and the moaning anguish of Ahriman and the lost is not so effective—or, rather, it was not so effectively brought out yesterday—as the episode of the marching hosts of light and the song of adoration and of triumph. And it may here be said that "Ormazd" was unfortunately placed on the program. Tchaikovsky's symphony, an intermission, and then a 'cello concerto did not leave the audience in an eagerly receptive mood. A symphonic poem of these dimensions, when it is performed for the first time, should come early in the concert. It may also be said without disrespect to Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra that longer rehearsal would have given more value to the pages that are not purely pictorial or objectively striking.

After the performance of yesterday it may be justly said that "Ormazd" is planned on a large scale, but the musical thought is clear and continuous, and the episodes proceed one after, and from the other toward a powerful climax. There is no attempt at orientalism or pseudo-orientalism in the musical expression. Mr. Converse is of the advanced modern group, and the modern idiom as shaped by his individuality and for his own purposes is ample and elastic. The themes are sufficiently expressive and they are thoughtfully worked out. There are harmonic progressions that arrest the attention of the hearer, but not merely because they are bizarre. The workmanship is rightly put aside in the thought of the imposing structure and the architectural effect. Mr. Converse employs a large orchestra, but the instrumentation is not thickened thereby; it abounds in pleasing contrasts of color, it is brilliant, it is sonorous, and even in a scene of battle, in which composers are now allowed to be blatant, screamingly vociferous, Mr. Converse respects the difference between sound and noise.

The audience welcomed the new work warmly, and there was a protracted effort to call the composer on the stage. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave a

highly dramatic performance of Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, which is more frankly Russian, less cosmopolitan, than the 5th or the 6th. The andantino was played poetically; the scherzo was performed with the utmost bravura, and the finale, often brutal in its gaiety, a gaiety that is alcoholic, was given with the appropriate fury. Mr. Fiedler doubled the horns and the woodwind instruments. Whether the effect was aesthetically doubled might be a subject for academic discussion.

Mr. Warnke played with fine tone and marked taste Lalo's 'cello concerto, which in spite of fortunate instances of instrumentation and the grace of the intermezzo, stands far below the composer's concerto for violin op. 20 and the Symphonie Espagnole.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Goetz, Air from "The Taming of the Shrew" (Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Hugo Wolf, songs with orchestral accompaniment, "Der Freund," "Verborgenhheit," "Er ist's" (Miss Gerhardt); Enesco, Rhapsodie Roumaine in A major op. 11, No. 1.

CONVERSE SYMPHONY DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Journal

**Composer Hears Brilliant
Performance and Congratulates Fiedler.**

At the close of yesterday's Symphony concert a young looking six-footer, who might have been an all-America guard in his college days, left his seat in the middle of the hall, with a smile on his face, and quietly made his way through the rising, clapping throng to the side corridor and disappeared.

Conductor Fiedler stopped bowing and looked all around the hall. The orchestra stood up and joined the search. There was no let up in the applause. Everyone seemed reluctant to go until someone had been found. But after a few minutes the clapping dwindled away and Mr. Fiedler gave one last futile sweep with the stick that he had been using to conjure up

the missing hero, and—

Just as the crowd rushed for trolley cars and automobiles Frederick S. Converse, the composer of the new symphonic poem, "Ormazd," stalked enthusiastically in through the stage door to congratulate the conductor and the orchestra on the fine performance of his orchestral masterpiece.

From Persian Mythology

"Ormazd" is a musical setting of a story taken from the mythology of ancient Persia. To the followers of Zoroaster, Ormazd was the spirit of light and Ahriman the spirit of darkness. Ormazd summons the hosts of heaven to repel the attack of Ahriman and his evil forces. Ormazd conquers Ahriman, "and from above is heard the rejoicing of the hosts of light, also the song of the blessed Fravashis," or the souls of the good, "in praise of Ormazd." Mr. Converse makes this philosophical comment: "There are, no doubt, an Ormazd and an Ahriman within each of us, and so my work may have subjective emotional significance as well as decorative and imaginative qualities."

It has all these and more. It has not only poetical and psychological qualities, but realistic features that vividly present the unearthly beauty of the existence of the blessed Fravashis, the hideous, despairing fate of the souls struggling desperately to escape from the pit of Dushak, the clash of battle, the holy joy of the conquerors. It is a remarkable composition, full of spiritual suggestion, musical resourcefulness, imaginative power and individual idioms that place Mr. Converse in the forefront of the progressive twentieth century composers, and its moral message to the world is well conveyed in measures of unmistakable significance.

First Performance Here

This admirable tone poem yesterday had its first performance in Boston. The performance will be repeated tonight. The orchestra did full justice to the work. The only disappointment came when Mr. Converse bashfully slipped out before the audience caught sight of him.

Heinrich Warnke played the solo part in the melodious Lalo concerto for cello and orchestra in a style that earned several recalls for him. The orchestra performed all but the first movement of the fourth Tchaikovsky symphony brilliantly.

MR. CONVERSE'S "ORMAZD"; DR.

MUCK'S RETURN

Trans. — Feb. 9, 1912
The New Tone-Poem Played in Cambridge—Its Quality and the Impressions of a First Performance—A German View of Dr. Muck's Departure from Berlin—The Conditions That Brought It About—The Gap He Leaves

MR. CONVERSE'S "Ormazd" was played last evening in Cambridge for the first time hereabouts since its initial performance under Mr. Zach at St. Louis and despite the variety and indubitable attraction of the rest of a programme which included Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Beethoven's fourth symphony, and Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin" and "The Mastersingers," curiosity and attention found their focus in listening to the latest tone-poem of a resident composer. In the seven years or so since Mr. Converse wrote "The Mystic Trumpeter" he has steadily broadened in his musical scope. From chamber and orchestral music, he turned to opera in "The Pipe of Desire," to a large choral "Job," to a dramatically illustrative style in the incidental music to Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," and finally to opera again in "The Sacrifice." In all of these, he has been practising and moulding not only dramatic style but cultivating the instinct for dramatic expression. He returns to the tone-poem with increased maturity of conviction, and with a considerable residuum of dramatic experience. Nor should it be forgotten that "Job" was to all intents and purposes dramatic also. "Ormazd" shows clearly that Mr. Converse can coalesce instrumental and dramatic style; it also convinces us that he can retain his grasp of structure without abating the intensity of his dramatic purpose. He has never been so concise, so normally balanced in form, and yet so apparently spontaneously forceful in expression. His themes are larger in their suggestibility, and his development of them freer in a broad and elastic interweaving of motives. The analyst would note the apparition here and there of the "augmented triad" and the "whole-toned scale" both dear to Debussy. But the "augmented triad" was used before Debussy, and the whole-toned scale has traversed the civilized musical world; it is to be found in later works of Scriabine and many ultra-modern Russians, it figures conspicuously in the last opera of Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Golden Cock"; it appears definitely in Strauss's "Salome" and in the works of Puccini. Mr. Loeffler is perhaps its pioneer in this country, but Mr. Strube and Mr. Eicheim have also used it for their own

expressive purposes. In short, it is no longer fair or just to say "Debussy" when the whole-toned scale is heard. It is common property, one might as well suggest plagiarism for using the common triads of the modal scales. In "Ormazd" there are scarcely a dozen measures which might attract attention because of this scale, and its treatment is dominated by the stamp of Mr. Converse's individuality. Too much space has already been allotted to this detail, for "Ormazd" as a whole is as thoroughly characteristic of the style and personality of the man as anything he has written.

From the point of view of the "programme" it might be questioned whether the music depicting the "blessed Fravashis praise of Ormazd" is as ethereal or disembodied as would seem fitting. This is a justifiable comment, but Mr. Converse has never written with a more persuasive humanity than in this section, and it is precisely the lyric beauty of melody and mood which linger in the mind. Objection might also be made on account of the introduction of a "combat" into music, as provocative of temptation to over-indulgence in cacophonous description. In this respect Mr. Converse is far from courting the realism of Strauss' "Heldenleben," for instance; his conflict is more emotional and dramatic, it is not without its spice of dissonance, but no reasonable auditor unless he be rooted in conservatism need find the means in excess of an adequately expressive end.

As a whole "Ormazd" may fairly be entitled Mr. Converse's largest instrumental achievement, although there are episodes in "The Mystic Trumpeter" which scarcely yield to it. But critical afterthought must confirm the larger outline, the dramatic vigor and maturity of expression of the later piece. From the standpoint of orchestral style Mr. Converse has never achieved anything at once more luminous, more amply sonorous without being blatant, more instinct with sense of contrast of color and timbre, more inventive in depictive device. Mr. Fiedler deserves great credit for the performance and for his rapid assimilation of the mood and content of the piece. A performance of a large tone-poem in Sangers Theatre presents difficulties, for a considerable proportion of strings have to be left behind for lack of space, with the full quota of wood-wind, bass and percussion, make balance the more difficult. All the more is Mr. Fiedler to be commended for his presentation of the poetic and dramatic elements in "Ormazd." The audience responded unusually readily to the eloquence and poetry of Mr. Converse's work, and the composer was compelled not only to bow his acknowledgements from his place in the second balcony, but to advance to its balustrade and bow to those applauding below.

For the remainder of the programme, the numbers are all stock pieces in the repertory of the orchestra. It is needless to re-

hearse their virtues, but it is needful to remark on the plenitude and sweep of Mr. Fiedler's conducting of Wagner, of his sense of proportion and vitalizing energy in his interpretation of his music. E. B. H.

DR. MUCK'S RETURN

Conditions in Berlin

Trans. — Feb. 9, 1912
IT has been possible within the last few days to read a most amazing collection of inaccuracies and false statements concerning Dr. Muck's Boston engagement, both in the German press and in the dailies of our neighboring capitals. Especially inexact was the account which appeared in the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Let it be said here that Dr. Muck, at that time when he had won, as the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a very distinguished following, declared to Major Higginson of Boston, in the most loyal manner possible, that, though he could give no definite promises, he would gladly accept a return engagement as soon as his obligations in Berlin were discharged. Privately he hoped that he could extricate himself from these contracts in Berlin at the end of twelve months. But he was not in a position to make a very determined effort to do this after he discovered that the German emperor did not wish to release him.

Meanwhile, the conditions in the Berlin Royal Opera had become worse instead of better; creditable artistic performances had become the exception, and poor performances had become—and still are—the rule. The Opera House possesses two famous general music directors, Richard Strauss and Dr. Karl Muck. Of their respective merits in musical affairs and their diverse achievements little can be said by way of comparison or parallel.

Dr. Muck can look back upon twenty years of activity on our imperial stage and in that long period this sensitive artist has exerted a sure, steady, and beneficial influence on all the forces under his command. Between Dr. Muck and the Imperial Orchestra the best relations appear to have existed; but an opera house does not consist of an orchestra alone.

The Negotiations

Dr. Muck's contract expired on the first of October, 1912, and he was expected, accordingly, to make it known before the first of January whether or not he intended to depart. The Intendence, however, was not willing to wait so long, and at the end of September of last year presented him with a new contract. The director was, therefore, invited to declare his intentions a quarter of a year beforehand, and the rumors of Dr. Muck's departure began to be noised among outsiders. Shortly before

New Year's came an exchange of despatches between Dr. Muck and Major Higginson in which they agreed that nothing now need dissuade them from a public announcement of the engagement. The statement is incorrect that Dr. Muck was engaged to lead the Boston Orchestra for ten years. His contract is for five years only. Likewise it is false that by his departure he forfeits his claims to the pension which accompanies his position here. Dr. Muck is a court functionary and cannot forfeit his pension. Of course while he commands in another position a salary so much higher than the pension stipend no pension will be paid to him. But the moment his other stipends cease his pension as a Prussian court functionary is payable.

The Result

Dr. Muck goes, and he goes to a place where—in contrast to the stubborn prejudices which ride us in Germany—he need make no compromise in the matter of his art. If an ideal position for an orchestral leader exists on this earth Dr. Muck possesses it, and he enters upon it under the most flattering and favorable conditions.

Dr. Muck goes, and what of the Berlin Royal Opera? Dr. Richard Strauss, of late, has seemed scarcely able to find time to direct a pair of symphony concerts by the Court Orchestra. That he will be able after Dr. Muck's departure to devote himself to the directing of opera is highly improbable. Where will another "talent of the first order" be found?

Or are secret preparations to another end in progress? Private Secretary Winter of the Royal Intendence has been preparing for a journey to America to treat with Mr. Gatti-Casazza (of the Metropolitan Opera House) in a sort of card-game between artists. But what will come of it when Mr. Gatti-Casazza holds the hands with all the trumps? Unprejudiced observers could wish that Private Secretary Winter would make a side-trip from New York to Boston and seek the acquaintance of Major Higginson. In him, the private secretary would discern a very cultivated and urbane gentleman who knows exactly what he has, and who has not the slightest intention of lending a talent like that of Dr. Muck as a "guest director" to the Berlin Royal Opera. [August Spanuth, in Die Signale.]

MR. CONVERSE'S NEW PIECE

HIS RETURN IN IT TO SYMPHONIC MUSIC

Trans. Feb. 7/12

The Tone-Poem, "Ormazd," to Be Played at the Next Symphony Concerts—The Persian Legend and Philosophy That Suggested It—The Course and the Sub-

stance of the Music—The Thematic Design and the Orchestral Means

FOR the first time since 1904, when he finished "The Mystic Trumpeter," one of the indubitable landmarks in American orchestral achievement, Mr. Converse has turned again to the orchestra without the adjuncts of voices, dramatic setting or action, and to the tone-poem as a medium of expression. "Ormazd," which was conceived and sketched last summer, and finished within a few months, has already had its initial production under Mr. Max Zach at the St. Louis Symphony Concerts of Jan. 26 and 27. While the subject of this work, the conflict between "Ormazd" and "Ahriman," the chief deities in Persian mythology, has already been announced in these columns, the nature of the tenets of Zoroaster and the poetic vitality of his philosophy is perhaps sufficiently remote from the average concert-goer to justify some exposition of their character by way of preliminary for the performances of this tone-poem at Cambridge on Thursday, and at the regular Symphony Concerts of this week.

Mr. Converse was incited to the composition of this piece by the graphic and dramatic presentation of the conceptions of Zoroaster in James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," a book which has passed through some thirty editions since its appearance in the early seventies. These impressions were heightened by a perusal of an elaboration of this philosophy in a later Persian sacred book, the Bundehesch. Some hint of the mystic quality of this mythology may be gained by a quotation from a summary by Mr. Clarke of the Parsi version as given in the Bundehesch.

"In the beginning, the Eternal or Absolute Being produced two other great divine beings. The first, who remained true to him was Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd) King of Light. The other was Angra-Mainyus (Ahriman) King of Darkness. Ormazd found himself in a world of light; Ahriman in boundless darkness, and the two became antagonists.

"The Infinite Being now determined, in order to destroy the evil which Ahriman had caused, to create the visible world by Ormazd—Ormazd began the creation by bringing forth the Fravashis. Everything which has been created, or which is to be created has its Fravashi, which contains the reason or basis of its existence. In creating the material world, which was in reality only an incorporation of the spiritual world of Fravashis, Ormazd first created the vault of heaven and the earth on which it rests. On the earth, he created the high mountain Albordj, which soared upward through all the spheres of heaven, till it reached the primal light, and Ormazd made this summit his abode. From this summit the bridge Chinevat stretches to

Of the new work Louis C. Elson says in The Advertiser:—

The concert ended with Mr. Converse's new symphonic poem, still in manuscript, entitled "Ormazd." If Mr. Converse is tepid in opera, in symphonic music he is the converse. His field is really the advanced orchestral one, for he has good control of the mighty modern tonal machine, and he is not only melodic in invention, but subtle in his treatment of themes and interesting in his development of them.

In this symphonic poem the composer has worked up a very striking climax, for it is almost a crescendo from the first. The gathering of celestial hosts is carried from vagueness to a triumphant military theme. Celestial music, the choruses of the blest, comes next, and then, in sharp contrast, suggestions of the turbulent and rebellious Ahrimanes. Guiding motives are used, and the auditor will readily recognize the figures devoted to the two combatants, the representatives of Light and Darkness. But one may first pay attention to the climax which is worked up on the Ahrimanes theme, the gradual rising of revolt. The combat, too, is interesting, although here one could demand more intensity of dramatic effect. The triumph and the celestial praises at the end are noble. It is very evident that by his studies in operatic work Mr. Converse has become stronger in his symphonic composition.

The spirits are, however, too often ruminative, and there is sometimes too much of complexity. The music is not Oriental at all, but that is no defect, the Occidental is not barred from treating Oriental topics in his music.

There are moments of great beauty in the work, and we think that it is a composition that will grow upon one with repeated hearing.

The spirits of the blest are at first rather given to chromatics, but they grow more diatonic as they progress. The earlier part of "Ormazd" is a trifle too fragmentary (possibly this was intentional) and the continuance of the tortuous harmony robs the composition of contrasted effect, but the beauties of the work overbalance these defects.

FOR SALE—Two Symphony Concert Tickets for remainder of the season. Row AA, Nos. 16 and 17. Price \$15. W. J. GARDNER, 298 Boylston St. (A):

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AT THE SYMPHONY.

Globe
Tschaikowsky's Noble
Work Played.

Mr Converse's New "Ormazd" Heard
for First Time.

The program of the 15th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon included Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, Lalo's concerto for violoncello and orchestra, Heinrich Warnke soloist, and "Ormazd," symphonic poem by Mr. Converse, played for the first time in Boston.

Tschaikowsky was not accustomed to attach a definite interpretative significance to his music. He wrote to his "best friend," Mme von Meck, to whom this symphony is dedicated, a letter shortly after its first performance in which he tried to analyze his mental and emotional processes in writing the work, a letter that pictures a great creative mind viewing itself as a spectator, and trying to spell out in words what can be expressed only by feeling.

To this remarkable woman, his benefactor, to whom by letter he laid bare his heart in all things, although she insisted that they never meet, he confessed a "program," the series of thoughts and feelings which to him the music inspired, or more probably the moods which were his inspiration. When he had finished the letter he read to himself in dismay at the stark concreteness, the limitations and inefficacy of written words to catch and convey the fugitive and intangible spirit of music.

The thought of fate brooding over and controlling the lives of men, superior to their wills, is an ancient principle in tragedy. Tschaikowsky was 37 years old when he wrote this symphony. Save the "Francesca da Rimini," and in lesser degree "The Tempest," it was the first of his works that denoted the master, and a worthy companion to the fifth and sixth symphonies, that were to follow at long intervals. He had lived long enough to suffer deeply from a morbid imagination as from reality, and through suffering he knew the true essence of joy, and could himself know happiness through the joy of others.

There is the sinister and bodeful text in the opening measures of the "fate" motive in horns and bassoons, and reinforced by trumpets, it recurs in the last movement, but is swallowed up and submerged under the flood of rejoicing that the composer bids his hearer find in the lives of others. Here is the triumph of a sweet, unselfish spirit, a transporting, yet a human benediction.

How might he have closed this movement? With ears stopped to the laughter of children, eyes closed to the light of the sun, with the mind brood-

ing upon morbidity and "the inevitable." Instead, Tschalkowsky wrote as a true poet of life, of life bigger than he knew it. Although cast down by melancholy at the writing, according to his own words, he did not fill these pages with whimpering, nor with pompous blasphemies in the face of heaven. He remembered rather the spirit of play, the pleasures derived from the memories of youth, days that to Wordsworth could make the sounding cataract haunting "like a passion."

There might have been pitfalls at every step, ways of artificiality, extravagance and error for a composer creating in music thoughts as majestic and terrible as man's struggle against the innate fear of his doom, but to listen to this music is to feel coupled with its imaginative sweep a sanity, a sweet and pervading humanness. Here are pages that kindle the fancy, that stir the heart, that touch and exalt the spirit.

There are measures of noble beauty as the episode for oboe in the second movement, and Tschalkowsky's melody had caught the Italian grace of contour without losing the Slavic fervor and power of content. The pizzicato scherzo is filled with ravishing surprises and should pass in its flow of nuances as light clouds over a Summer sun. It is music that carries on before it by the sheer force of its own appeal, and the orchestra made it significant and moving yesterday.

Lalo has written a plentiful amount of merely decorative and rapid music in his concerto for the 'cello. The slow movement holds a few opportunities and these Mr Warnke used to good purpose. Besides a singing style in cantabile he also was dexterous in florid passages. He was cordially applauded.

Mr Converse, by his analysis of his symphonic poem, "Ormazd," played here yesterday for the first time, has endeavored to incorporate two principles into the work, one typical of the Persian god of light, Ormazd, according to the followers of Zoroaster, and the other symbolical of Ahriman, the god of darkness.

Mr Converse not being a pessimist upon the future of music, one need not guess too shrewdly to surmise that the god of light will give battle at some point in the firmament to the god of darkness, and that he will triumph over him. The idea is not without analogy to "Paradise Lost," which has served as a musical test for many. The last new work of any pretence to celebrate it heard in Boston was an oratorio by Bossi, a gentleman who wrote excellent direful and horrendous music of hell and the forces of wickedness, but such pale and innocuous sounds for the suggestion of Paradise that in a choice between the two all active persons would have taken the former.

Mr Converse appears to have struck a contrast in his balance. The music typical of the god of light has strength and dramatic character as well as beauty in both melodic and harmonic structure and instrumental color. The measures dedicated to darkness and the dramatic conflict are less successful as sources of imagination. There was cordial applause and many waited to applaud the composer's public acknowledgment.

CONVERSE'S NEW WORK IS GIVEN

"Ormazd" Is Played Here for First Time by Symphony Orchestra.

SOUL CONFLICT IN MUSIC

Has Many Decorative and Sonorous Effects—Mr. Warnke Is the Soloist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Heinrich Warnke, cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, F minor.....Tschalkowsky
Concerto for 'cello and orchestra.....Lalo
"Ormazd" symphonic poem (MS.)...Converse

Mr. Converse's latest orchestral work, composed for the most part in the course of last summer, was played for the first time in Boston. The first performances were at St. Louis last month.

This symphonic poem has a program, which was published in The Herald of last Sunday. The subject is the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman, light and darkness, whom the disciples of Zoroaster deified as the gods of good and evil; the constructive and destructive principles. As in certain other religions, the conflict will finally end in the triumph of Ormazd. The poetic idea appealed to the composer, as he informs us, on account of its picturesque expression of elemental truths: for in each one of us the two spirits are contending.

Now in the sonata form, which is still the basis of many symphonic poems and of the first movement of a symphony, a conflict is established between two themes or musical ideas which, to quote M. Vincent d'Indy, present themselves in succession, each at one of the two poles of the adopted tonality; they seek each other, shun each other, arrive at an explanation, and end by uniting in one and the same tonality. The opposition of two decided elements of musical expression may be more or less strong-

A 'cello concerto is always a hard task, and oftenest a rather ungrateful one for the soloist. Yesterday Mr. Warnke made the most of the substance that he dispensed. The concerto of Lalo is slight and sometimes a little dry. It has, however, many of the enjoyable qualities of true French music, the orchestration is interesting, the writing for the solo instrument apparently idiomatic. Mr. Warnke was well rewarded for his efforts. He had made a 'cello concerto interesting by a perfectly sound, sane, broadly musical treatment.

Mr. Fiedler is one of the best interpreters of certain moods of Tschalkowsky who have led performances of his music in this city of late years.

The fourth symphony is not so fine a work as the fifth. There are weak pages and tawdry instrumentation and poorly chosen musical material. But, like the fifth symphony, this work is such a human document that it may hold its own long after the time when other things, better put, have perished.

Wrote of Himself

It is necessary to be more than an intellectual to understand Tschalkowsky. It is necessary to feel him and to realize the trammels of existence. His music is especially valuable, because it may show the strong the pity, the sorrow and the terror of the weak. In his own naive, sentimental and almost drunkenly emotional fashion Tschalkowsky wrote of himself and ourselves in a manner that few of us can sincerely condemn or ignore. This, in spite of the cheapness of some moments, the catch-trap for applause that is furnished by the scherzo.

It was one of the first occasions in recollection, yesterday, that the opening theme of the barbaric final movement went down headlong, the music of a man or a race, crazy with grief and rum. The final pages swept everyone away. At the concert's end Mr. Fiedler was called back to his stand several times, and his men finally rose and bowed with him.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Symphony Orchestra arrives in Boston this morning, after the first of the two trips to the middle West it is making this season. Last night it gave the last concert in Schenectady, when Mme. Olga Samaroff-Stokowski was the soloist. In all seven concerts were given, one each in Rochester, Cleveland, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Detroit, Toledo and Schenectady. A pleasant feature of the trip was a dinner given Sunday night in Detroit, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler. The trip was successful as usual. The orchestra again goes West in the week of April 8.

Symphony Returns From Western Trip

The Symphony Orchestra arrives in Boston this morning after the first of the two trips to the Middle West it is making this season. Last night it gave the last concert in Schenectady, when Mme. Olga Samaroff-Stokowski was the soloist. In all seven concerts were given, one each in Rochester, Cleveland, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Detroit, Toledo and Schenectady. A pleasant feature of the trip was a dinner given Sunday night in Detroit in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler. The trip was successful as usual. The orchestra again goes West in the week of April 8.

NEW SYMPHONIC POEM BY MR. CONVERSE

HEARD YESTERDAY AT

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Composer Has Worked up a Very Striking Climax—Mr. Warnke Violoncello Soloist.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Tschalkowsky—Symphony in F minor, No. 4.
Lalo—Concerto for violoncello and orchestra.
Soloist—Heinrich Warnke.
Converse—"Ormazd," Symphonic Poem.

It is unfair that the pathos of the sixth symphony and the fury of the fifth should throw Tschalkowsky's other symphonies in the shade. There is something attractive in each one of them, and something to study, too. In each one he teaches the lesson that intense emotion can be expressed without suppressing melody. In each one there are almost pioneer touches in the use of the modern orchestra, and particularly of the woodwind and the deepest brasses. When Tschalkowsky dedicated this fourth symphony "To my best friend" (Mme. Von Meck) he certainly felt it to be a work of great importance. In fact he felt convinced that it was his best work up to that time (1877-8), and he wrote as much to the lady aforesaid.

As usual Tschalkowsky uses an introduction to herald the chief thoughts of the subsequent movements, and this introduction carries the germ of the work within itself. The chief essence of the work is

sorrow, but not that dissonant, ascetic sorrow which many moderns affect. It is rather that melancholy and unsatisfied longing to which a true Muscovite takes as a duck takes to water. In the first movement there are contrasts of bright happiness as well, and these were finely brought out in the reading. But the predominant mood is one of sadness.

But in the finale these contrasts are made most vivid. Here we have the heartiest folk-music placed against the brooding figures of the first part, the suggestion of Fate. Only Berlioz made such a contrast, in his "Childe Harold" symphony, and he did not do it as melodiously as Tchaikowsky and we are getting to be grateful for crumbs of melody. Some day a modern composer will come along and again give us an entire loaf. But we get almost that (even if a trifle soggy) in the beautiful melody of the andante movement. The pizzicato effects of the scherzo, and the tricky humor of the trio of this, also form bright oases in the long stretches of despair. The first and third movements seem to be the strongest parts of the work, the second having a suspicion of sentimentality, and the finale an artificial merriment. It is, in short, the work of an orchestral virtuoso, bombastic at times and not always natural, but it pleased the audience, and the brilliancy of the finale won a double recall at which the orchestra was obliged to rise in response.

Boston is a city that has always been rich in violoncellists, even from the days (more than a century ago) when Mr. Schaffer played the instrument at the concerts of the Philo-Harmonic orchestra, and at present we have two great artists in a sort of divided consulship at the head of the violoncellos of our own orchestra. Recently we had Mr. Schroeder in excellent solo work in these concerts (next week we are to hear him in recital), and yesterday afternoon we heard Heinrich Warnke in Lalo's concerto for the instrument. This work has its faults, but there are not enough violoncello concertos that it can be spared from the repertoire. The first movement is rather too long, but the more popular character of the two last movements make amends.

While the first movement is earnest and dramatic, the second is pastoral even to the drone-bass stage, and the finale has some touches of dance themes. Both this number and the preceding symphony sound as if they were programme-music with the story left to be guessed at.

Mr. Warnke played like the finished artist that he is. He was cordially welcomed at the first, in a manner which must have showed him that his excellent work in Boston has been appreciated. At the end the audience recalled him twice. One could have asked a trifle more of breadth in the first and last movements, but the surety of intonation, the sympathetic quality of tone, deserve the heartiest praise. But we are by no means convinced that the Lalo concerto is a great work.

The concert ended with Mr. Converse's new symphonic poem, still in manuscript, entitled "Ormazd." If Mr. Converse is tepid in opera, in symphonic music he is the converse. His field is really the advanced orchestral one, for he has good control of the mighty modern tonal machine, and he is not only melodic in invention, but subtle in his treatment of themes and interesting in his development of them.

In the Persian mythology Ormazd is the deity of Light and Goodness, and Ahrimanes the ruler of Darkness and Evil. It would have been an excellent foil to the Converse work, and would have added to it, if the Ahrimanes music, from Schumann's "Manfred," could have been played together with it.

In this symphonic poem the composer has worked up a very striking climax, for it is almost a crescendo from the first. The gathering of celestial hosts is carried from vagueness to a triumphant military theme. Celestial music, the choruses of the blest, comes next, and then, in sharp contrast, suggestions of the turbulent and rebellious Ahrimanes. Guiding motives are used, and the auditor will readily recognize the figures devoted to the two combatants, the representatives of Light and Darkness. But one may first pay attention to the climax which is worked up on the Ahrimanes theme, the gradual rising of revolt. The combat, too, is interesting, although here one could demand more intensity of dramatic effect. The triumph and the celestial praises at the end are noble. It is very evident that by his studies in operatic work Mr. Converse has become stronger in his symphonic composition.

The spirits are, however, too often ruminative, and there is sometimes too much of complexity. The music is not Oriental at all, but that is no defect, the Occidental is not barred from treating Oriental topics in his music.

There are moments of great beauty in the work, and we think that it is a composition that will grow upon one with repeated hearing.

The spirits of the blest are at first rather given to chromatics, but they grow more diatonic as they progress. The earlier part of "Ormazd" is a trifle too fragmentary (possibly this was intentional) and the continuance of the tortuous harmony robs the composition of contrasted effect, but the beauties of the work overbalance these defects.

Symphony Hall: "Ormazd" and a Moral

ORMAZD was better played and better received at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening than it was on that of Friday afternoon. Repetition had made the orchestra surer and freer in the music; while Mr. Fiedler subdued the beginning (though he hardly glamored it), let the song of the blessed exfoliate more slowly and ecstatically and did not slip in the gentle evaporation of the end. Mr. Converse heard as a composer who is pleased and from the stage acknowledged the warm applause of an audience that had seemed to listen with equal satisfaction. Evidently a public here, interested in all that he does in the opera house or the concert-room, welcomed his return to symphonic music and his new accomplishment in it.

At first glance there is no moral, unless it be that Mr. Converse continue to write such pieces side by side with his music-dramas for the theatre. And yet there is a moral, too. The music of "Ormazd" runs in what is still called the "ultra-modern" idiom. That is to say, Mr. Converse does not hesitate to use in his own way, for his own purposes, modulations, harmonies, juxtapositions, instrumental combinations, contrasts and colorings, free form and delineative design, that were once called "impossible," "intolerable" and all the rest of the damning adjectives dear to conservatism. Then, as ears and imaginations became more accustomed to these things, they were merely "eccentric" or "daring," and those who used them or applauded them (when they were eloquent and imaginative) merely "advanced." Now, as with "Ormazd" and many another recent piece, they pass unscathed and almost unheeded. The composer may use them, if he will, may invent more of them, so long as they are well wrought into the fabric of his music, so long as they express what he is fain to express. Within our musical generation, they have thus become an integral part of music, amplifying its resources, increasing its delineative and emotional capacities, opening new avenues of imagination and technical accomplishment, new and fascinating suggestion, new and strange beauty to the composers who are open-minded and eager for them. Mr. Converse so accepts and uses them without parade or thought of "eccentricity." Three audiences in Cambridge and Boston, hear, feel, applaud a tone-poem so written without a thought that they are "advanced." And lo! "In our midst" is a musical transition accomplished.

H. T. P.

y Hall.

1911-12.

NY ORCHESTRA.

R, Conductor.

NCERT.

ARY 17, AT 8, P. M.

mmme.

in G minor

Strength is Spent," from "The Taming

M, "Death and Transfiguration"

ORCHESTRA:

unde
enheit

N RHAPSODY in A major, op. 11,

st:

Miss ELENA GERHARDT

236

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor (K. 550)

- I. Allegro molto
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai

GOETZ,

SCENA, "Die Kraft Versagt," ("My Strength is Spent,") from "Der Widerspendtigen Zähmung," ("The Taming of the Shrew,") Act IV., Scene 3

STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Tod und Verklärung," ("Death and Transfiguration,") op. 24

SONGS with ORCHESTRA:

WOLF,

- { a) "Der Freund" ("The Friend")
- { b) "Verborgenheit" ("Secrecy")
- { c) "Er ist's" ("Tis Spring")

ENESCO,

RHAPSODIE ROUMAINE, A major, op. 11, No. 1
(First time in Boston.)

Soloist:

Miss ELENA GERHARDT

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

STRAUSS, MOZART, ENESCO AND
MISS GERHARDT

Trans. Feb. 17/12
"Death and Transfiguration," with an Ex-
cited Conductor, Orchestra and Audience
—A Thrilling Performance of the Finale
—Mozart a la Mode—Enesco's Brave New
Rhapsody—Miss Gerhardt Sings at Her
Best

OVER Miss Gerhardt at her best as a singer and plainly stimulated by the occasion, over a new Roumanian Rhapsody by the interesting Enesco, which often struck fire, over even Mozart's symphony in G minor, which might have been more sympathetically read, Strauss in "Death and Transfiguration" triumphed at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Fiedler was his prophet and his exponent. The tone-poem ended in the final suffusion of its mighty climax. For an instant there was silence, as though the audience were coming back to itself again. Then the applause rang; twice and thrice it recalled the conductor; and then gave to the standing orchestra the applause that it richly deserved. For no very obvious reason, in the usual unaccountable fashion of such things, it was on its mettle yesterday. It was very brilliant of tone and accent in the high colors and the sharp rhythms of Enesco's rhapsody. Mr. Fiedler chose a pace that oftener was breathless than fleet, but the orchestra kept to it, made the music bite, gave it due exotic tang. In Mozart's symphony the wind choir had been beautiful to hear—the soft outward shimmer the plaintive undernote of the music were in the tones. Time and again in it, too, the strings had seemed to outbreathe rather than play their figures, such light tracery of tone did they make of them.

Yet, in Strauss's tone-poem and above all in the long and mighty crescendo of the hymn of transfiguration, the orchestra outdid itself. By conductor and men, the introduction was vividly and feelingly conceived and played. The very instruments became as tone-poets. There were the wretched chamber, the wrenching agony, the wan suffering, the feverish tremors, and there were the memories, soft, remote, haunting, that smiled across it. The tone seemed Strauss's music made penetrating, transporting sound. The tone-poem fuses almost perfectly its delineative and emotional purpose with the unfolding of the music that fulfills it. The actual performance yesterday was fused as perfectly with both. The death-agony, the death struggle, the ghostly retravelling of the joys and the pains of life ensued. Once as heretofore, Mr. Fiedler did not subdue and open the

orchestral tumult enough to give the full of death, its true mystery. He pret when it smote. The struggle of the ex- ing spirit lacerated the listening imagin- tion. Then the pause of blackness, blank- ness and stillness.

And then out of these dark places of sorrow, and silence the great, unfolding, upsoaring hymn of the transfiguration. There is no contemporary music to match in sustained magnificance of tone and progression, in the depths of its emotion, in the might and the majesty with which it finds expression. It is Strauss not cerebral (as his detractors say) but inspired, singing his apocalyptic song of final deliverance and freedom and singing it with true Ger- man bigness and intensity of ideal emotion. And yesterday conductor and orchestra seemed inspired, too. The sustained up- sweeping tone flooded and upbore those that heard. It was as flawless musically as it was impassioned emotionally. The hall seemed filled with it. Conductor, men and orchestra seemed transported by it. Throughout the year there has been no such thrilling moment at the Symphony Concerts. To Strauss was the first glory— for he stood at the highest point of beauty and passion that his music touches; and to Mr. Fiedler and the men, the second glory of complete translation. On occasion with Strauss Mr. Fiedler rises very high.

If Mr. Fiedler could only forget his Strauss, as the orchestra forgot theirs, if he could only subdue his exigent, accenting, big-moulded temperament, when he ap- proaches the music of Mozart, if he were only content to let it speak for itself. Mozart did not write an assertive, but an insinuating music, and it is vain to try to give the finale of this symphony in G minor the exciting accents of con- temporary music. To do so makes it seem coarse-fibred, over-strained. It is a finely touched music, even when as in this same finale, it is most nervous. The songful melody soon begins to soothe the uneasy strings. They have not even begun to rasp. And so with the scherzo. The counter- point is light, tracery, not a sturdy diagram but adroitly ordered arabesques of tone. The trio is the smile of Mozart over them as he sits tranquilly making them. Some one laughed lightly yesterday at the end of the scherzo, and it was the true response to the gladness of the music.

The Andante was the Mozart of his own time and of his own temperament and of no other that so often evades the con- ductors and the listeners of the twentieth century. Only a few contemporary French poets and composers have continued this Mozartian, this eighteenth-century melan- choly. It is pensive and plaintive, never woful and piercing. It would far rather sing beautifully than poignantly. It thinks of the artful breaking of its plaintive song. It knows when to brighten it with little glinting figures. It cannot make its shad- owed chords really heavy and dejected. It breathes out the end—and has never lost its elegance. It was in the sunshine and shade of Mozart's quick temperament; it

was in the wistful voice of so much of his music when he is not formally dutiful or mechanically gay. It is not an affectation, as it may be with the Frenchmen. It is sentiment sad-eyed; it is elegance wistful. The spirit of it was in the voice of the wood-winds yesterday.

SYMPHONY OFFERS VARIETY PROGRAM

Elena Gerhardt Makes Her
Debut as Soloist With
the Orchestra.

Journal Feb. 17/12

Talk about variety! There is enough of it in this week's Symphony attractions to satisfy the largest family in Boston. Everyone went away from yesterday's concert pleased with at least one of the five numbers.

For those that still dote on the old music there is the graceful Mozart symphony in G minor, about which they tell the famous Lachner-Liszt story. Liszt was after playing his own colossal transcription of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." "You are a perfect magician," said Lachner to the Weimar hero. "Think of playing literally everything in the second movement and with only ten fingers! But I can tell you one thing even you can't play, with all your magicanship." What's that?" asked Liszt. "The first sixteen measures of Mozart's little G minor symphony, simple as they are." "I think you are right," remarked the greatest of pianists, with a laugh. "I should need a third hand. I should need both my hands for the accompaniment alone, with that viola figure in it."

It is a little gem of a symphony, occupying not more than half an hour. Not for five years has it been on a Symphony program. After the applause for it had ended the soloist of this week's concert, Miss Elena Gerhardt, made her debut with the Symphony Orchestra here, singing the scene, "My Strength is Spent," from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew"—the scene in which Katherine, dumb-founded to hear Petruchio raging over

every dish she has put before him, promises to be good. This has not been heard at a Symphony concert since 1894. Later Miss Gerhardt sang three of Hugo Wolf's songs with that rare eloquence which has placed her among the foremost lieder singers of the day.

The second part of the program began with Strauss's marvelously graphic tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," played so well that the orchestra was applauded until it rose, and ended with a jolly novelty, Enesco's "Rhapsodie Roumaine"—real "Pop" music of high order and performed with a virtuoso brilliancy that made the number worth while.

MISS GERHARDT IN FINE VOICE

Singing Adds to Pleasure of the
Audience at Symphony
Rehearsal.

ORCHESTRA IS APPLAUDED

Performance of Mozart's Sym-
phony in G Is Greatly
Enjoyed.

Herald Feb. 17/12
By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces played were Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1. Miss Elena Gerhardt, who made her first appearance at these concerts, sang the scena, "My Strength Is Spent," from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew" and three songs by Hugo Wolf with orchestral accompaniment: "The Friend," "Secrecy," and "Tis Spring."

Enesco's rhapsody was played here for the first time. It is one of three based on Roumanian airs. This rhapsody is a

light-hearted piece that makes its way by frank tunefulness, liveliness of pace and plausibly brilliant instrumentation. There is, however, a monotony in tonality, and after the first half of the composition the invention of Enesco flags. There is apparently endless repetition and there is an unwillingness to bring the end. The rhapsody would be more effective if it were shortened, and even then it would not have the distinction of the better Hungarian rhapsodies by Liszt. As it stands, it is better suited to a promenade than to a Symphony concert. The themes themselves are inherently of little interest, but the composer has presented them clothed in holiday and varied attire.

The performance of the Symphony was much enjoyed, and there was hearty applause especially after the Minuet. Mr. Fiedler gave a dramatic reading of Strauss's tone poem with its feverish anguish, its pathetic memories of life about to end, and the sonorous close with the majesty that ennobles the humblest after he knows the one great secret.

Miss Gerhardt's voice was in excellent condition and she sang skilfully and with true expression. The scena from Goetz's opera has not been heard here for many years. The lyrical portion is more significant than the dramatic which precedes, and the beauty of Miss Gerhardt's voice and her sympathetic delivery made a deep impression. The songs by Wolf are better suited to a smaller hall, with the possible exception of "Tis Spring" and they are more effective with the original accompaniment for piano. The instrumentation of "The Friend" is singularly disagreeable, and the intimacy of "Secrecy" is impaired. Miss Gerhardt's singing of the last named song was admirable in every way.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for March 1 and 2 will be as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont;" Brahms, symphony No. 2; Liszt, piano concerto No. 2 (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

ELENA GERHARDT
AT THE SYMPHONY
Globe Feb. 17-12
Rhapsody by Enesco Heard
First Time in Boston.

Mr Fiedler Achieves Fine Climax in
"Death and Transfiguration."

Miss Elena Gerhardt was soloist at the 16th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. Not for some time has singing of such distinction been heard at these concerts. This is not to imply that Miss Gerhardt is heard most profitably to her art or to the pleasure of the hearer in a large hall and with an orchestra. It is true, her art is built upon so sure a foundation of technic and intelligence that this more imposing frame for her singing does not destroy its musical character, but as skillful vocalist and as illuminating colorist and interpreter, Miss Gerhardt sings with a finesse which shows its true and exquisite qualities in a small rather than a large hall, and in songs with piano.

Miss Gerhardt sang the soliloquy from "The Taming of the Shrew," opera by Goetz, third scene of the fourth act, in which Katharine ponders her incorrigible ways toward Petruchio, and determines to have no more of them. It is pleasing music and it arouses curiosity as to the quality of the opera which the ill-fated American opera enterprise conducted by Theodore Thomas brought to performance in English in New York in the 80's.

Yesterday there was occasion particularly to notice in this excerpt the dimensions of Miss Gerhardt's voice and the purity of her tone. It was a demonstration of what perfect control of breath and of resonance from overtone will do to permit a voice not large or robust by nature to yet make itself effective in music of a dramatic nature in a large auditorium and with an orchestra.

Beside the loveliness of quality, particularly of the upper voice, there was again the apt and telling use of color and the emotional aids of variety in attack and inflection of tone and the expressive use of the nuances.

These attributes were the more apparent in the group of songs by Hugo Wolf. There was a deep and strong spirituality in Der Freund. Unfortunately, the eager confidence which the singer wished to infuse into the last line was ruined by a tardily conducted accompaniment.

Wolf rarely wrote a strophied song, or one in which the accompaniment is restrained to a mere harmonic and basic support for the voice, but his Verborgenheit is a song of a fine sincerity and reticence for these qualities. It gave the best opportunity of the afternoon to observe Miss Gerhardt as a mistress of lieder. The upspringing, rhapsodic "Er est's" is too intimate, too resilient, too fleeting in its ecstasy of Spring to be encumbered by an orchestra. Sensitivity and precision of rhythm rather than an orchestral palette of color are its requisites. The singer has been heard in it to better effect with piano. Miss Gerhardt was highly appreciated by her audience, and was recalled many times.

The novelty of the program was the first performance in Boston of Enesco's Rhapsodic Roumaine in A major, op 11, No. 1. When played at the promenade concerts in London last Fall, the Telegraph could discover "no trace of inspiration in it," even less than that apparent in the composer's earlier works. The musical ideas are evolved from Roumanian folk tunes and all promises

well for a time. The prelude by clarinet and oboe is pleasantly naive, and the successive episodes which might be a nursery rhyme and a gay waltz are simple but enlivening in melody and their obvious but spirited rhythms. They are scored with evident taste and skill in orchestral color.

Later the composer achieves an imposing and precipitate climax like a headlong locomotive stopped on the verge of a chasm, but bucolic hilarity tends to run riot and the latter pages have less to say. Mr Fiedler permitted himself to conduct with some imagination and elasticity, and made the piece diverting even at the end of a program in which much had gone before.

The other orchestral pieces were Mozart's symphony in G minor and the "Death and Transfiguration." Both declared the discriminating intelligence and virtuosity of the orchestra, and both offered strange problems in Mr Fiedler's conducting.

He made the apotheosis of the Strauss, those unearthly and transporting measures of the transfiguration, a thing of broad and uplifting emotional sweep. It was for the moment admirable conducting. Shortly before in the symphony, he led the minuet with little suggestion of its elegant and graceful precision, and the last movement had little of the clarity and buoyancy of Mozart. The tone poem was the feature, and the audience appreciated and applauded heartily.

NEW WORK BY SYMPHONY

Enesco's Rhapsody Performed for First Time Here

Post ——— Feb. 17/12
BY OLIN DOWNES

At the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Elena Gerhardt was soloist. The orchestral pieces were Mozart's G minor Symphony, Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsody" in A major, op. II, No. 1, performed for the first time in Boston.

The Mozart symphony is amazingly dramatic, as one listens to the music and grasps the emotion that lies underneath the Hellenic beauty and serenity of the classic style. There is genuine sequence of moods as well as themes, and the slow movement begins where other slow movements stop.

But what is the use of talking. You might listen forever to Mozart symphony, and you would be far indeed from the tremendous tone-painting of Strauss and his transcendent spiritual power. We cannot be reasonably asked to substitute the music of yesterday for today.

We are not to blame if this, the music of Strauss fills and completes us more than the wonderfully beautiful music of Mozart. It is a new voice of tremendous import. Nor need we trouble ourselves about the durability of Strauss' music. It is the grandest music being written today. It stamps the composer as one of the great master-minds of the century. It compels the homage of the listener, and whenever it is placed on a programme it towers clean over everything else that is heard. Tomorrow is tomorrow. We are concerned with today. Mr. Fiedler read the tone-poem with the most contagious conviction and enthusiasm, and he was recalled several times on account of this performance.

Miss Gerhardt Well Received

Miss Gerhardt sang three songs of Wolff, which are well known and liked, and sang them admirably. These songs were "Der Freund," "Verborgenhelt," "Er Ists," and she also sang a scene from Goetz' opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," which has been rarely heard in this country. It is good music of the better German type, and it shows Katrina less a shrew than she appeared to be. Miss Gerhardt did not give this music the distinction that she gave the Wolff songs, with her admirable declamation and her beautiful singing of sustained passages. The music, however, came in the right place, for if it had followed Strauss' piece it would have perished on the instant. As it was, the music of Goetz provided an amiable moment, and after her performances Miss Gerhardt was well applauded.

Enesco's Rhapsody is a coruscating arrangement of dance tunes of the Roumanian peasantry. It is reasonable to suppose that the composer was present, more than once, at some of the dances in the country, and he has put such an experience down on paper, just about as it saluted his ears. There is too much material in this Rhapsody, and there is little development of the themes. The intention of the composer has been obviously to transcribe as faithfully as possible, in detail and in spirit, what befell at a festival in Roumania.

Of Gypsy Character

There is a gypsy character to most of the themes, some of which are profusely or extravagantly ornamented. The virtue of the thing, and its appeal, is the fact that it smells so strongly of the soil. There is no hyper refinement; there is no devitalizing or polishing up of the original tunes. They fly by in rotation, faster and faster; wilder and wilder, with capricious changes of rhythm, sudden pianissimos and mad bursts of tone, and whirling figures that set off the flight of the main melodies. And the orchestra—this is the only place wherein the composer has given his great modern technic full play—is amazingly sure and clear and brilliant, bristling with all sorts of strange effects. In doing this, Enesco has again served his own purpose,

for he has employed his knowledge solely with the means of obtaining a close resemblance to the sounds of the country bands and has succeeded, one is led to believe, in reproducing them with surprising fidelity.

As we have said, the shortcoming of the piece, to the ears of the trained musician, is its superabundance of themes, and the lack of musical evolution of this material. But the piece, as a whole, was rarely entertaining. Not as imaginative or as poetic a fantasy on folk-tunes of Roumania as is Henry F. Gilbert's cruder but more poetic overture on negro melodies, yet a highly effective and agreeable piece for the finale of a concert, and the work of an orchestra who certainly knows his business.

Trans. ——— Feb. 23/12
Miss Gerhardt and the Pension Fund

THE "distinguished singer," hitherto unannounced, who has proffered her services for the concert to increase the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra is Miss Gerhardt. Like most European virtuosi and singers of the first rank, she knows the great repute of the orchestra; she has heard it to admiration and she has sung with it to the applause of its public. It was with the Symphony Orchestra that Mr. Nikisch first made his place as a remarkable conductor. Miss Gerhardt owes her beginnings as a singer to him. The more, then, is it becoming in her to give her services to the concert of March 3. There is no need to recite their value after her three song recitals and her two appearances with the Symphony Orchestra. Clearly she has proved herself one of the exceptional singers of our time, in songs and in the fragments of lyric operas; and she has quickly won and firmly held a fine public here. Her share in the Pension Fund Concert and Mr. Fiedler's orchestral programme still remain to be determined. At it, however, the conductor will make his final appearance in Boston, outside the regular Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Fiedler in New York

Mr. Fiedler and the gentlemen of Boston glorified Strauss's music [in "Death and Transfiguration"] and themselves. The noble peroration of the piece was reached in a subtly planned series of gradations and when it came, its tonal proclamation was nothing short of stupendous. The performance of this tone-poem was a demonstration of what the Boston orchestra can do at its best. [The New York Sun.]

ALWIN SCHROEDER

my Hall.

1911-12.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

ER, Conductor.

NCERT.

BER 16, AT 8 P.M.

amme.

Y in B flat major, No. 4, op. 60

," for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA

IC VARIATIONS for VIOLONCELLO TRA

NE from the Opera "Feuersnot"
piegel's Merry Pranks, after the
d Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form,"

ist:

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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1911--12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 4, op. 60

BRUCH,

BOËLLMANN,

{ a "Kol Nidrei," for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA
b SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS for VIOLONCELLO
and ORCHESTRA

STRAUSS,

a LOVE SCENE from the Opera "Feuersnot"
b "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the
Old-fashioned Roguish Manner,—in Rondo Form,"
op. 28

Soloist:

ALWIN SCHROEDER

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "Egmont"

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2

LISZT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in
A major

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini"

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARDT

Mason & Hamlin Piano used

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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN, OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont," op. 84

BRAHMS. SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

LISZT, CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in
A major, No. 2

BERLIOZ, OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini" op. 23

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD

Mason & Hamlin Piano used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

In ans. ——— *Nov. 2, 1912*
COMFORTABLE PIECES COMFORT-
ABLY PLAYED

Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz and Liszt, with
Mr. Gebhard for the Pianist—The New
Gospel of Brahms—Old Overtures and
Their Modern Spirit—The Tempered
Liszt of Mr. Gebhard's Playing

PERHAPS it is easiest and truest to call the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon a comfortable concert. Three of the pieces on the programme were familiar by many repetitions from Mr. Gericke's even to Mr. Fiedler's time—Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," Berlioz's to "Benvenuto Cellini" and Brahms's sacred symphony in D major. Everyone who frequents the concerts for the sake of the music at them and almost everyone who merely hears it must have known approximately how all three would sound and how much or how little they were agreeable and stirring to hear. There was no need, moreover, of a very long memory to anticipate how Mr. Fiedler would conduct in them. Of old he has played the overture to "Egmont" with the vivid contrasts and the big voice that he sought and gained yesterday; of old he has made Berlioz's overture sound with its romantic grandiloquence and color-energy; of old he has made Brahms's symphony as emotional of voice and as varied of instrumental tint and detail as he and his men could make it. Yet again, the cautious auditor may always applaud safely and wisely these classic pieces and these established names. The fourth number of the programme was neither familiar nor unfamiliar. It was the second of Liszt's pianoforte concertos—the concerto in A that leads a much enduring and much transmogrified melody through all sorts of musical and pianistic adventures. It is played less often than the hackneyed first concerto in E-flat; it is, or it seems, in contrast quite as interesting and characteristic; while, if it is not always prudent to applaud Liszt's symphonic poems, it is becoming to clap his pianoforte pieces. Mr. Gebhard, appearing for the first time in his own right as "soloist" at the Symphony Concerts, played the piano part. He played it well as became so able and diligent a pianist. Yet he was not troubling to the judgment or especially exciting. Again, applause could be safely hearty.

Mr. Fiedler's Brahms has been and was yesterday the Brahms of our generation of conductors. They are content, as some of their predecessors were, merely to reveal the substance and the structure—and sometimes the tricks of manner and the devices

of workmanship in the music—in the daylight of clear and exact exposition. They would give the music emotional accent and vivid color—a living spirit and a changeful surface as well as large and sometimes complex substance and sound and shrewdly ordered form. Mr. Fiedler and the rest take this second symphony robustly, energetically, with plentiful accent and high instrumental color, and the quotations of authorities in the programme look rather mocked than when they dwelt upon the serenity of the music. The present generation will have none of a serene Brahms in his symphonies and so for the time the authorities seem, as they often do, quite out of immediate date. At the least to some of us, this emotionalized and colorful Brahms is much more interesting to hear than was the Brahms of the old dry exposition. Then he seemed to practise the exact science and not the expressive art of music; whereas on many of his pages there were signs in plenty, when eyes were not clouded and response dulled by that hateful thing "the tradition," that he wrote with deep feeling and that he could have when he chose an ear and a hand for conductors, when they "emotionalize" his music, as the old pedantic "Brahmsites" scornfully say, are only re-animating its spirit, and when they reveal its instrumental warmth and variety and give different timbres their adorning or expressive place, they are justly opening and coloring it.

Of course it is easy to overdo the re-animation, and perhaps Mr. Fiedler, like Mr. Stock before him last December, when he made the last movement sound almost tumultuous in its vigor and exuberant and in its high spirits. As the conductors will have it, not a "calmly serene," but a very lusty-spirited Brahms wrote it. Yet with all Mr. Fiedler's zest of pace and accent, he opened the music to the little thrusts of the wood-winds into it, to the Mozartian flange in the flute, for example, that now and then plays for it; to the piquant little rustles of the strings, before they break into exuberance again. Brahms so played is quickening to hear, and Mr. Fiedler was nearly as happy, in the new vein, with the scherzo and the slow movement. There were grace of accent and tone, a touch of poetry in the playing of the minuet, and the trios had their little bite, as of an unusually alert and playful Brahms. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler "emotionalized" the climax of the slow song quite as much as it required, but he did keep the frequent play of tonal light in the wood-winds and the horns over tonal shadow in the strings. Here is Brahms tone-picturing with the poetry of light and shade almost Rembrandt-wise. There is high pleasure in it. After all, the composer was a man—and not a formula.

GEBHARD PLAYS LISZT CONCERTO

Is Soloist at the 17th Public
Rehearsal of Symphony
Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Gebhard was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Concerto in A major, No. 2.....Liszt
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
Von Buelow used to say that the program of a Symphony concert should include a work by one of the three "B's" and he meant by them, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Inasmuch as he was an admirer of Berlioz, and even enjoyed conducting the overture to "The Corsair," he might have spoken of four "B's." Then there is Bruckner, Buelow himself composed music to "Julius Caesar," symphonic poems, "The Singer's Curse" and "Nirwana," a "Funerale" which has been played here at a Symphony concert, and other pieces—labored and boresome. He was not noted for his modesty, this strangely gifted and tortured man, but he did not include himself among the necessary "B's."

A conductor, at a loss in program making, might arrange a series of concerts with respect to the alphabet as far as possible. "A" would not present obstacles, and there are symphonies—one good one by Kalinnikoff—under "K," "T" and "X," "Y," "Z" might be less tractable.

Yesterday we heard the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Berlioz, three "B's" who are well contrasted. The overture of Berlioz might have been played with more elegance in the allegro passages, but the pace precluded it. It was a pleasure to heard the incidental oboe solo. The performance of the symphony was heartily applauded and that of the third movement, one of the happiest inspirations of Brahms, deserved this applause.

A Viennese musician once said that whenever he heard anyone of Brahms's

four symphonies he was inclined to prefer it to the other three; but he was a passionate Brahmsite. The second has a freshness and a spontaneity that are perhaps not found in the others, though the third presses it hard in these respects; but there is a rugged grandeur in the first that puts it above the others.

And to think that when this second symphony was first played in Boston one of the leading critics then found the music perplexing and declared, when he was apparently sober and clothed in his right mind, that he could conceive of Sterndale Bennett writing a better symphony! That was 33 years ago. In 1945 some student in the Brown Room at the Public Library will doubtless be amused by opinions expressed by us all of works first heard in 1912. Some of us will not then be disturbed by his laughter or by quotations ornamented with exclamation marks of contempt or wonder.

Mr. Gebhard gave a very musical performance of Liszt's second concerto, which, lacking the circus pomp and dash of the first, is not so greatly enjoyed by a miscellaneous audience; but it is the more poetic and the more sensuous work. Mr. Gebhard's performance was distinguished first of all by fine tonal gradations and by genuine tonal beauty. He has evidently labored hard to acquire a rich tone and variety in degrees of force and his labor has been fully rewarded. His performance was also distinguished by clarity in expression, a sense of proportion, and a realization of the spirit of the composition. The performance was eminently satisfactory and the pianist was deservedly recalled several times.

The program of the concerts of March 8th and 9th will be as follows: Weingartner, Symphony No. 3, E major, op. 49 (first time in Boston); Sibelius, concerto for violin, D minor, op. 47 (Maud Powell, violinist), and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride."

BOSTON SOLOIST IS LEADING FEATURE OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

For the first time this season a Boston soloist, not a member of the orchestra itself, is this week appearing at the Symphony concerts. No better choice could have been made than that of Heinrich Gebhard, as artistic a pianist as America can boast of, who has been a resident here since, at the age of 10, he came

over from Germany. This is his sixth appearance as a Symphony soloist—an honor highly prized in the musical world—and never has he played more brilliantly than he did at the matinee yesterday in the gorgeous tone poem known as the Liszt concerto in A major, No. 2.

It is a classic program that the orchestra presents this week, on the eve of its all-Tschaikowsky pension fund concert, with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, the second Brahms symphony and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture added to the Liszt number.

AT THE SYMPHONY, Heinrich Gebhard Again Heard as Soloist.

Plays Liszt's Second Concerto in A for Pianoforte.

The program of the 17th Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon included Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Brahms' second symphony, Liszt's second concerto for pianoforte, Heinrich Gebhard, soloist, and Berlioz' overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," numbers all more or less familiar and not calling for extended comment.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of "Egmont" is habitually one of strong dramatic accentuation and of contrast, as it was again yesterday. The playing of the symphony was notable chiefly for the euphony and virtuosity of the orchestra, a beauty and sonority of tone and faultless taste in style that gave significance to certain well-written pages, and partially robbed others of their power to induce weariness and the folding of hands. Even the playing of this orchestra cannot wholly dispel or transform the tedium of much of this music.

There is communicative enlargement upon the material of the first movement; the suave theme of the 'celli is grateful; there are agreeable pages in the second movement, but who can combat the heaviness of the third, or the sound and fury of the last, a vast deal of noise for the publication of the commonplace?

Nor did Liszt's concerto afford the comfort one could wish after weathering the symphony. It would have been a pleasure to have heard Mr. Gebhard in a work that would have given freer expression to the peculiar poetic qualities of tone and interpretation, in which he is expert. He played with brilliance and the abandon of a rhetorical im-

provisation in so far as he could, with a reading of the accompaniment that was exemplary for its rigidity, disagreement of rhythm and general innocence of distinction. At times in the cadenza Mr. Gebhard was inclined to force tone, an extraordinary thing for him, but in the few opportunities for lyrical feeling his accustomed sensitivity to tonal beauty and fine proportion of phrase asserted itself.

Liszt wrote much music which he did not publish. This concerto might have been suppressed without injury to his rank as a composer. It would be well if there were greater resemblance even to the E flat concerto than the reminiscent theme. There are few measures of worthy musical thought and they are obscured amid pompous processions and frenetic flights that are the veriest bombast, passages in which the pianist is made to sweep glissandos up and down the keyboard with all the aplomb with which Orpheus may have swept his lyre at the gates of hell, but with less moving music, passages also which even outdo the Brahms of the last movement.

Mr. Gebhard's technical skill, his dignity and thoughtfulness of manner and the distinguishing touches of superiority which he is able to impart to a musical performance did not go unappreciated, and he was recalled by cordial applause.

Next week the orchestra will play Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," the Sibelius concerto for violin and orchestra, opus 47, with Maud Powell as soloist, and the third symphony, E major, of Mr. Weingartner, a piece played for the first time in America Dec 28, 1911, by the Philharmonic Society at a concert in New York.



MISS ELENA GERHARDT,
Who is to be a soloist at the Pension
Fund Concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Gerhardt to Appear in Pension Fund Programme Next Sunday Evening

The second of the season's concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra will take place in Symphony Hall next Sunday night, March 3. At the first concert, early in the season, the orchestra had the assistance of Madame Schumann-Heink, and the concert was most successful from every point of view. For this concert a singer as distinguished in her line as Madame Schumann-Heink is in hers, Elena Gerhardt, has generously offered her services, which offer has been gladly accepted by the committee in charge.

Few singers have come to Boston, and in such a short time won so large a public as Miss Gerhardt. Heralded as one of the greatest lieder singers in the world it turned out that the reports which preceded her coming had not been exaggerated, for Miss Gerhardt in her recitals and at her appearance with the Symphony Orchestra exhibited traits and qualities of singing rarely found in the younger generations of artists.

It is still impossible to make final announcement regarding the programme, for Mr. Fiedler has been away with the orchestra during the past week on the fourth Southern trip. This announcement, however, will be made very shortly.

For the general public—that part of it which is not in regular attendance at the Symphony concerts—this concert will gain added interest because it will be the last time a special concert will be given by the orchestra under the leadership of Max Fiedler.

GEBHARD WINS RARE APPLAUSE

Soloist With Symphony Displays Virtuosity

Post.

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the 17th of the season, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of Beethoven's Egmont overture, Brahms' 2d Symphony, Liszt's A major

piano concerto, Berlioz' Overture to Benvenuto Cellini. Heinrich Gebhard was the soloist.

He gave a truly brilliant performance of the concerto which remains one of the most interesting works for piano and orchestra in existence. This concerto is, in fact, a remarkable portrait of the composer himself, courtier, philosopher, sentimentalist and cynic. The music is amorous or languishing, or there is heard the light mockery or the insolent laughter that must have gone, in Liszt's lifetime, with a Mephistophelean grimace.

And how far was Liszt ahead of his time! His concertos, even the more generally popular one in E flat, were mad-ness when they appeared. They are modern, and they are stirring, today. The A major concerto is an engrossing work for both music-lover and virtuoso, and orchestrally Liszt says things unheard of in his day, things which perhaps he himself had only heard in some strange dream. The piece smacks of the Orient, and in the Arabian Nights there is nothing more singular to relate than the swooning, incense-ridden introduction, the impossible kaleidoscope transformation of the themes.

Plays as a Master

Mr. Gebhard played the piece with rare authority and elan. From the moment when, after a languorous love-scene, Don Juan sets off after new prizes, when the pianist, following an insolent cadenza, mounts his instrument as though it were a fiery steed, to do battle with the formidable orchestral array, the piano was supreme and overwhelming.

Mr. Gebhard did more than play a modern concerto with musicianship and adequate technical apparatus. He played with the spirit of one who re-created the music, felt its fibre, thought the composer's thought, and dreamed his dream of conquest. He took with confidence a tempo that would have been the destruction of one less well prepared, and it was evident that the pace, far from being an attempt at self-glorification, was irresistible for him. Surely, for the performer, the walls must reel at this moment as they reeled when Mephisto fled for the dance in the tavern!

Won the Plaudits

At the first freer treatment of certain passages might not have been out of place, but it is one thing to play by one's self with a delicate and seductive rubato; it is another to feel sufficiently at home with an orchestra to play, for instance, the shimmering scales near the beginning as though casting spells about the wonderful song of the horn. Owing to Mr. Gebhard's treatment, the rhapsody—for such it is—cohered at every joint. And it glittered and cavorted gallantly. There was the excitement felt alike by audience and performer. Mr. Gebhard was long and deservedly applauded.

The remainder of the programme does not call for extended comment. The beautiful symphony of Brahms was read with much appreciation by Mr. Fiedler, and what is the use of talking about great music? Moreover, whether the music be by Beethoven or Berlioz, it is a fresh pleasure to hear it played by the Boston Symphony.

Mr. Fiedler in New York

The Symphony Orchestra, at its concert in New York last evening, played among other pieces Debussy's "Iberia" and Franck's symphony in D minor, both recently heard here. The reviewers received the two pieces according to their likes or dislikes for "new" French music, but they waxed particularly warm over the performance of Franck's symphony. Mr. Krehbiel in the Tribune calls it "superb," and Mr. Henderson writes in the Sun: "The symphony has never had a better reading here than that which Max Fiedler gave it, with so much warmth and understanding. The orchestra acquitted itself splendidly and the applause proved that the audience thoroughly understood the value of the performance."

y Hall.

911-12.

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CERT.

ER 30, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BACH,

SUITE in D major, No. 3

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE and ARIA, "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin," from "Fidelio"

ENESCO,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

WAGNER,

CLOSING SCENE (Bruennhilde's immolation,) from "Dusk of the Gods"

Soloist:

Madame BERTA MORENA

250

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911--12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BACH,

SUITE in D major, No. 3

BEETHOVEN,

SCENE and ARIA, "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin," from "Fidelio"

ENESCO,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, op. 9

WAGNER,

CLOSING SCENE (Bruennhilde's immolation,) from "Dusk of the Gods"

Soloist:

Madame BERTA MORENA

258

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WEINGARTNER,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E major, op. 49
(First time in Boston)

SIBELIUS

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in
D minor, op. 47

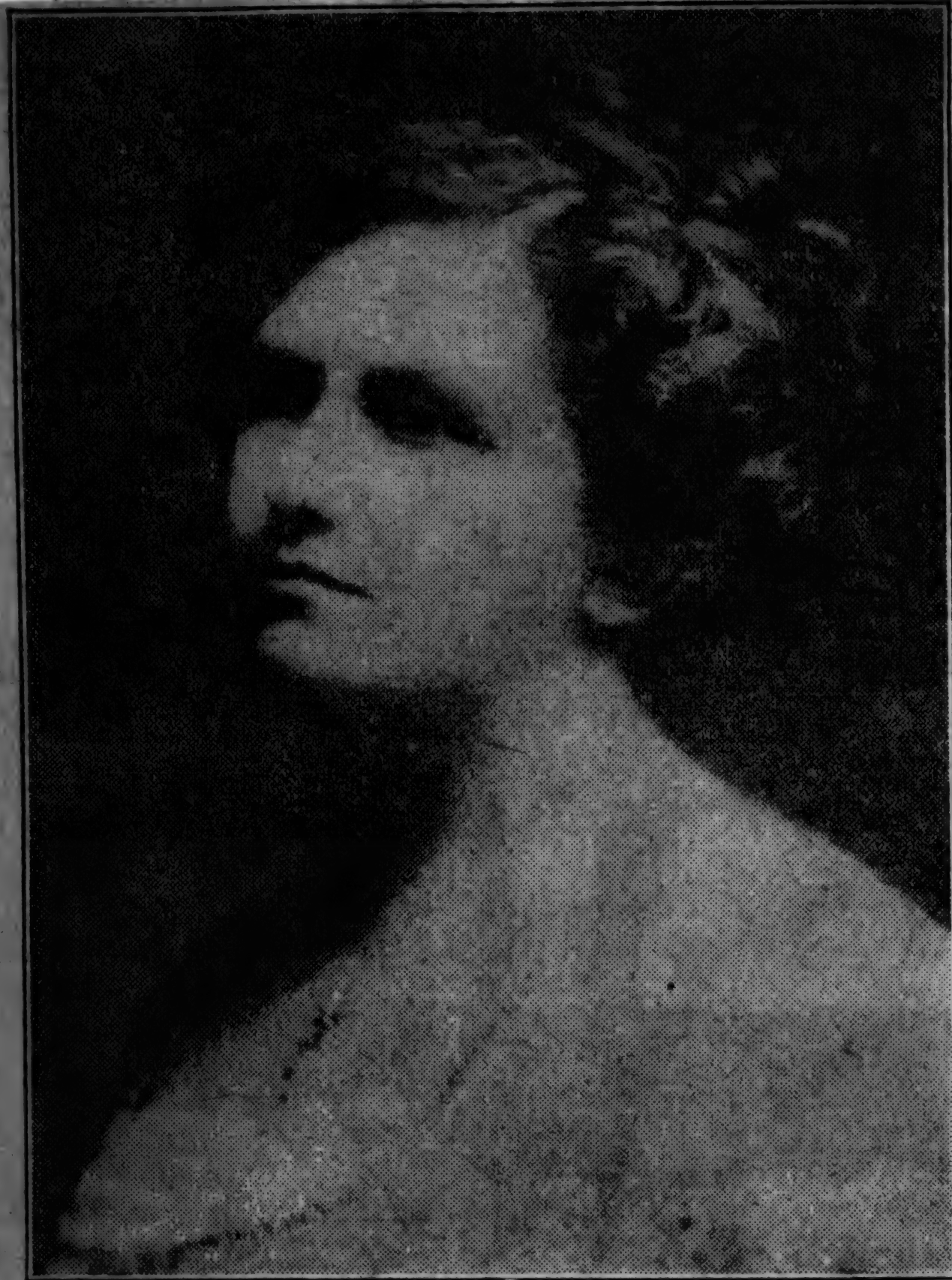
SMETANA,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "The Sold Bride"

Soloist:

Miss MAUD POWELL

RD. WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 28, 1912



MISS ELENA GERHARDT.

The announcement that Elena Gerhardt, in many respects the most interesting singer that Boston has heard this winter, is to appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony at the orchestra's concert for the benefit of its pension fund is good news for music lovers.

Miss Gerhardt owes her beginnings as a singer to Arthur Nikisch, who established his reputation as a great conductor with the Symphony. It is, therefore, a delicate

compliment that Miss Gerhardt pays the orchestra by giving them her services for their fund because of her indebtedness to one of its greatest leaders.

At both her appearances here in concert with and without orchestra she has shown that she was possessed of the most beautiful voice of any lieder singer whom the town has heard in years, and that she has a singing art which none surpass. Hence the pension fund concert takes on added interest at this time.

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, 1912
AT 8 O'CLOCK

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PENSION FUND

OF THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

SOLOIST
Miss ELENA GERHARDT

(Who generously gives her services to this cause)
Accompanist, Miss PAULA HEGNER

PROGRAMME

Tschaikowsky Symphony in B minor, No. 6, "Pathetic"
I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro, molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

Songs with Orchestra:

Wagner { (a) Stehe still
(b) Träume
(c) Schmerzen

Tschaikowsky Suite for full Orchestra taken from the score
of the Ballet "Nutcracker," Op. 71A

Ouverture miniature.

Dances caractéristiques: a. Marche; b. Danse de la Fée
Dragée; c. Trépak, danse russe; d. Danse arabe;
e. Danse chinoise; f. Danse des mirlitons.
Valse des fleurs.

Songs with Pianoforte:

Schumann { (a) Provençalisches Lied
(b) Mondnacht
(c) Die Soldatenbraut
(d) Ich grolle nicht
(e) Frühlingsnacht

Tschaikowsky Overture, "1812"

STEINWAY PIANO USED

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(d) Ich grolle nicht
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Tschaikowsky Overture, "1812"

STEINWAY PIANO USED

(a) STEHE STILL

WAGNER

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären in weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, lass mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Athem, stillt den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!

Dass in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonnen ermessen!
Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wieder findet,
Und alles Hoffen's Erde sich kündet;
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen spur,
Und lös't dem Räthsel, heil'ge Natur!

—*Mathilde Wesendonck.*

Madly revolving old wheel of Time,
Measuring æons vast, sublime,
Luminous spheres in the realms of space,
Whirling about this earth, apace!
Stay, mighty Creation, hear my behest,
Enough of living! let me rest!

Cease from thy work life-bringing Word,
Mighty thought of creation's Lord.
Stifle the life-breath, palsy the will,
Oh, for one moment let all be still!
Fetter the pulses throbbing within!
Let the eternal night begin!

In oblivion blissfully dreaming,
I'd fain of all joys learn the meaning,
When eye from eye delight is drinking,
Soul in kindred soul then is sinking.
Being finds brother in brother being,
And Hope her long-sought goal now is seeing.
The lips now are mute in silence and wonder
And the mind its thoughts can speak no longer.
Then man shall learn th' Eternal Way,
And bear thy secret, Nature, away!

—*Translated by Frederick F. Bullard.*

(b) TRÄUME

WAGNER

Sag', welch wundebare Träume
Halten meinem Sinn umfassen,
Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durch's Germüthe ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüthen küsst,
Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüsst,

Das sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihre Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

—*Mathilde Wesendonck.*

Say, oh, say, what wondrous dreamings
Keep my inmost soul revolving,
That they not like empty gleamings
Into nothing are dissolving?

Dreamings that with every hour,
Every day, in brightness grow.
And with their celestial power
Sweetly through the bosom flow?

Dreamings that like rays of splendor
Fill the bosom, never waning,
Lasting image there to render:
All forgetting, one retaining!

Dreamings like the sun that kisses
From the snow the buds new born,
That to strange and unknown blisses
They are greeted by the morn,

That expand they may and blossom,
Dreaming spend their odors suave,
Gently die upon thy bosom,
And then vanish in the grave.

—*Translated by Francis Hueffer.*

(c) SCHMERZEN

WAGNER

Sonne, weinst jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen roth,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
Doch ersteh'st in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düst'ren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht.
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
 Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich seh'n,
 Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,
 Muss die Sonne untergeh'n?
 Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
 Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
 O wie dank' ich, dass gegeben
 Solche Schmerzen mir, Natur!
 —*Mathilde Wesendonck.*

Sun, thou weapest every even
 Thy resplendent glances red,
 When into the sea from heaven
 All too soon thou sinkest dead;
 But new splendors thee adorn,
 Glory of the darkened earth,
 When thou wakest in the morn,
 Hero-like of proudest worth!

Why should I in vain regretting
 Load with heaviness my heart,
 If the sun must find a setting,
 If the sun e'en must depart?
 And engenders death but living,
 If but grief can lead to bliss:
 Oh! I thank thee then for giving,
 Nature, me such pain as this.
 —*Translated by Francis Hueffer.*

(a) PROVENÇALISCHES LIED SCHUMANN

In den Thalen der Provence ist
 Der Minnesang entsprossen,
 Kind des Frühlings und der Minne—
 Holden, innigen Genossen.

Blüthenglanz und süsse Stimme
 Konnt' an ihm den Vater zeigen;
 Herzensgluth und tiefes Schmachten
 War ihm von der Mutter eigen.

Selige Provence Thale,
 Üppig blühend war't ihr immer,
 Aber eure reichste Blüthe
 Ist des Minneliedes Schimmer.

Jene tapfern, schmucken Ritter,
 Welch ein edler Sängerorden!
 Jene hochbeglückten Damen,
 Wie sie schon gefeiert worden!

Sängerliebe, hoch und herrlich,
 Dich will ich in heitern Bildern,
 Aus den Tagen des Gesang's,
 Aus der Zeit der Minne schildern;
 Sängerliebe!

—*Uhland.*

In the valley of Provence
 Blossomed the Love Song,
 Child of Spring and of Love—
 Charming, fervent companions.

Blooming splendor and sweet voice
 Had he from his father;
 Heart's glow and deep languishing
 Were his mother's bequest.

Blessed valley of Provence,
 Luxuriant were you ever blooming!
 But richest blossom
 Is the gleam of your love-song.

Ye brave bejewelled knights,
 What a noble choral band!
 Ye most blessed gentlewomen,
 How beautifully were you honored!

O minstrel, noble and glorious,
 The days of the song and love
 Will I describe for you
 In bright and happy pictures.

(b) MONDNACHT SCHUMANN

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel
 Die Erde still geküsst,
 Das sie im Blüthenschimmer
 Von ihm nur Träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder;
 Die Aeren wogten sacht;
 Es rauschten leis' die Wälder;
 So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
 Weit ihre Flügel aus,
 Flog durch die stillen Lande,
 Als flöge sie nach Haus.
 —*Joseph von Eichendorff.*

It seem'd as tho' the heavens
 Had kiss'd the earth to rest,
 That she, 'mid moonlit flowers,
 Might dream of regions blest.

The breeze stray'd o'er the meadows,
 And stirred the waving corn;
 'Mid rustling forest shadows
 The stars shone mildly on.

My soul with outspread pinions
 Longing from earth to roam,
 Soar'd thro' the night's dominions
 To seek her heavenly home.
 —*Translated by Arthur Westbrook.*

(c) DIE SOLDATENBRAUT SCHUMANN

Ach, wenn's nur der König wüsst',
 Wie wacker mein Schätzelein ist!
 Für den König da liess' er sein Blut,
 Für mich aber eben so gut.

Mein Schatz hat kein Band und kein Stern,
Kein Kreutz wie die vornehmen Herrn;
Mein Schatz wird auch kein General,—
Hätt er nur seinen Abschied einmal!

Es scheinen drei Sterne so hell
Dort über Mariencapell';
Da knüpft uns ein rosenroth Band,
Und ein Hauskreutz ist auch bei der Hand.

—E. Mörike.

If only the king, too, were told
How true is my love, and how bold!
For the king he would shed all his blood,
For me just the same, so he would.

My love has no ribbon or star,
No cross such as nobles may wear;
He'll ne'er be a general, I know,
From the army I wish he could go!

Three stars they are shining so bright,
High over the town thro' the night;
Red shall a ribbon there bind us,
And in life many crosses shall find us.

—Translated by Dr. Theodore Baker.

(d) ICH GROLLE NICHT

SCHUMANN

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht;
Ewig verlornes Lieb, ich grolle nicht!
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht,
Dass weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht;
Ich sah dich ja im Traume
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang, die dir am Herzen frisst;
Und sah mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

—H. Heine.

I have no grudge, and if my heart should break,
Love, forever lost, I have no grudge.
Although in diamond splendor thou mayst shine,
There falls no ray in that poor heart of thine,
I know it well.

I have no grudge, and if my heart should break,
I saw thee in a dream again,
And saw thy heart with all its deepest pain,
The serpent biting it with cruel teeth,
I saw, my love, thy deepest misery,
I have no grudge.

(e) FRÜHLINGSNACHT

SCHUMANN

Ueber'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört ich Wandervogel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Träume rauschts der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagens,
"Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!"

O'er the garden, thro' the still air,
Wand'ring by a bird I hear,
Telling how the Spring gives odors
When its early blooms appear.

I could shout, or let me, weeping,
Speak of hope that seems too bright!
Sounds of olden days reviving,
Float beneath the moon's pale light.

And the golden stars repeat it,
O'er the plain it breathes divine,
While the nightingale is trilling,
"She is thine, yes, she is thine."

PENSION CONCERT.

Globe — Mich. 4/12
Elena Gerhardt Appears
as Soloist.

Tschalkowsky Program Played by
the Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, gave a concert in aid of the pension fund last night. Miss Elena Gerhardt, the eminent singer of lieder, contributed her services as the soloist of the evening. With the orchestra she sang Wagner's "Stille Still," "Traume und Schmerzen," and with piano, these songs by Schumann: "Provençalisches Lied," "Mondnacht," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Ich Gralle Nicht" and

"Frühlingsnacht."

The singer was greatly enjoyed for her rich and varied accomplishments in the interpretation of song. Her voice is not inherently of great power, but she employs it with uncommon intelligence, a fine discretion and a sincere and admirable art. As few other singers in concert or opera, she senses appreciatively and is able to impart vitally the emotional content of a song. She was particularly successful in the quietly rhapsodic Mondnacht, for it is in the lyric vein rather than in the heroic that she succeeds best. As an encore to the second group Miss Gerhardt added the Strauss Serenade. Miss Paula Hegner again accompanied exquisitely. One is not often privileged to hear the Frühlingsnacht arise from the piano as a flower exhales the fragrance of Spring.

The orchestral program was wholly from Tschalkowsky, the sixth "Pathetic" symphony, the "Nutcracker" suite and the overture, "1812." There was an audience of good size and cordial applause for players, conductor and Miss Gerhardt. For the singer there was also the customary wreath of laurel.

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Kein Kreutz wie die vornehmen Herrn;
Mein Schatz wird auch kein General,—
Hätt er nur seinen Abschied einmal!

Es scheinen drei Sterne so hell
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PENSION CONCERT.

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The orchestral program was wholly from Tschaikowsky, the sixth "Pathetic" symphony, the "Nutcracker" suite and the overture, "1812." There was an audience of good size and cordial applause for players, conductor and Miss Gerhardt. For the singer there was also the customary wreath of laurel.

CONCERT IN AID OF PENSION FUND

Tonnel
Symphony Orchestra Program Attracts Large Audience.

Max Fiedler conducted his sixth and final Symphony Orchestra pension fund concert at Symphony Hall last night. He made up an exceedingly attractive program, including such sterling Tschaikowsky works as the "Pathetic Symphony," which had not been heard here since the fifth concert of his first season; the light and delectable "Nutteracker Suite," which he introduced to Symphony patrons on Christmas eve, 1908, and the big "1812 Overture."

Miss Gerhardt Sings

To complete the excellent features there was Miss Elena Gerhardt, the distinguished German lieder singer, offering three of Wagner's songs with orchestra, "Stehe still," "Traume" and "Schmerzen," and also a group of Schumann songs, with piano accompaniment played by Miss Paula Hegner.

The audience was large, and probably but for the bitter cold night it would have filled the hall, for the Tschaikowsky music is very popular here and Miss Gerhardt has made many admirers with her beautiful art. It was well worth going to this concert simply to hear her highly poetical interpretations of the "Treume" song.

Auditors Enthusiastic

The "Pathetic Symphony" was performed with all the virtuoso power for which the orchestra is famed, and the players were deservedly applauded until they rose to bow for themselves. Mr. Nagel's celesta solo in the "Nutteracker Suite" and the charming flute playing of Messrs. Marquarre, Brooke and Battles also received special compliments from

the enthusiastic auditors. The orchestra acknowledged Miss Gerhardt's generous offer of her services with a huge wreath decorated with the German tricolor.

CONCERT FOR SYMPHONY FUND

Herald
Orchestra Entertainment Is Assisted by Miss Elena Gerhardt.

Symphony Hall was well filled last night at the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra. The orchestral selections of the evening were chosen from the works of Tschaikowsky and three of his best known compositions were given in the usual excellent manner of this famed band of musicians.

The opening number was the symphony in B minor, "Pathetic." The four movements were given with great power and spirit, the finale being notable for its melodic strength. Mr. Fiedler conducted with careful appreciation of nuances.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, who gave her services, was the soloist and sang in her ever delightful manner. Her first appearance was in three songs of Wagner, "Stehe Still," "Traume" and "Schmerzen," to the accompaniment of the full orchestra. She was in excellent voice and sang with wondrous sweetness and purity of tone. She was presented with a huge wreath of laurel, a yard in the diameter, by the orchestra in appreciation of her aid in their concert.

The second selection by the orchestra was the suite from the ballet "Nutteracker." Its peculiar, even fantastic, music was skilfully played and was one of the most delightful members of the program. The sudden and startling changes in the varieties of dance music were keenly appreciated by the audience, whose spontaneous applause carried a note of mirth with it. The players of the bells, flutes and harp were compelled to rise as their turns came, in answer to the demand of their lectures.

Miss Gerhardt's second appearance was in a group of songs of Schumann, "Provençalisches Lied," "Mondnacht," "Die Soldatentraut," "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Frühlingsnacht," with Miss Paula Hegner at the piano.

The concluding number was the overture "1812," by the orchestra with the organ, played with force and full martial effect.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, MISS GERHARDT,

Trans MR. LHEVINNE *May*

1912
A Concert for the Pension Fund and a Piano Recital—Present Moods Toward the Russian's Music—Miss Gerhardt's Singing in Most of Its Virtues—The New Lhevinne of Tempered Power, Tonal Beauty and Sober Understanding and Feeling

UNSATISFIED with Wagner's music, alike in the Opera House or the concert-hall, perhaps we in Boston are beginning to rebel a little at overmuch of Tschaikowsky. The orchestral part of the concert for the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra last evening in Symphony Hall consisted wholly of the Russian's music—the Pathetic Symphony, the dances from the ballet of "The Nutteracker" and the overture "1812," accounted the three best-liked and most generally "popular" excerpts from it. Yet there were rows of empty seats on the floor and a vacant chair here and there in the balcony that even the vogue of Miss Gerhardt, the singer of the evening, could not fill. Tschaikowsky was well-partnered and well-played, but he could not fill the hall, as Wagner has filled it on many a Sunday evening for the Pension Fund. Admittedly Tschaikowsky's music has been played too often in London, perhaps in New York, and in one or two other cities, but here in Boston in recent years there has been no such excess of it. Nowadays the Parisians and the Viennese like to plume themselves on their indifference to Tschaikowsky's music—behold, in the long run, it was we that judged it rightly—and it is becoming the part of superior musical righteousness the world over to depreciate it. As there has been a rebound from the earlier vogue and acclamation of Tschaikowsky in the Western world, so inevitably will come with the years a reaction from the present over-depreciation of it.

The depreciatory process is easy. The musical thoughts are too obvious and they lack subtlety. The dullest auditor readily grasps the songful melody of the first movement of the Pathetic Symphony, the syncopations and the reiterated drum-beat of the slow movement, the slithering feverish march tune of the scherzo and so on. The "Nutteracker" dances are no more than pretty and easy tunes, adroitly rhythmized, brightly colored; while the "1812" overture is "ordinary" in its conflict of French and Russian tunes, as "patriotic music" should be. The emotional contents of the symphony are as obvious—the reiterated struggle of a neurotic spirit with its despair and yet its infatuation with life. The turbulence of the march will not soothe it; nor yet the phantom pleasures of the dance that never dances; nor yet the

memories of sensuous delights that the songful theme recalls and curdles. There is feverish tonal struggle, furious tonal outbreak, weary tonal decline into the shadows of despair. Let us have done with these elementary Slav emotions, with these insistent singularities, running through three symphonies, of a racial and individual temperament. So runs the plaint of the weary, the over-righteous, the fashionably detracting. They go on to say, if they happen to be musically schooled, that Tschaikowsky varies, re-dresses, merely juxtaposes his melodies, whereas he should develop and interweave them; that he has a pretty knack or a large power with instrumental coloring; that the "Nutteracker" dances are only pretty tinsel and the "1812" overture mere sound and fury for a Russian "Fourth-of-July."

The Russians will hear the "1812" overture many times this year, for if the French in all these decades of Napoleon's centuries, have declined to celebrate his victories, the Russians are already preparing to celebrate the defeats that drove the emperor westward again. They will hear its "barbaric sonorities" as the detractors say, doubtless with due patriotic thrill, but we that sat in Symphony Hall last evening heard them also, unless we were superior, with a measure of response to their power of battling, upbilled, triumphant sound. And when the virtuosi of the Symphony Orchestra play the dances from "The Nutteracker," they are not "obvious," ballet tunes. (The "Arabian Dance," in fact, is very subtle in its languorous suggestion as most "oriental" music goes). They are rather delicate and adroit or rich and savory tonal fancies clothed with warm or shimmering instrumental colors and moving to irresistibly graphic and playful rhythms. And as for the symphony, some of us, who may be heartily weary of that recurring melody of sensuous satisfactions gone stale, still thrill to the stress of spiritual struggle with which the orchestra shivers and twists and cries and shudders in the first movement, and may still feel the ghostly voice of the hollow, broken rhythmized slow movement, the nervous excitement of the march (which Mr. Fiedler still takes too fast to get all its feverish accelerations and recessions), and the despair, darker and darker still, that dies into the utter blackness of their end. Barbarian, if you will, but who of us is not a barbarian, a little under the skin of all this precious civilization of ours? At least the orchestra had its meed last night. After the symphony, after the dances, the audience had every man on his feet. The Pension Fund Concerts are its concerts.

Perhaps for that reason, eminent singers proffer their aid so often to these concerts, as Miss Gerhardt did last evening, receive publicly the wreath tied with their national colors that the orchestra officially gives them and the personal gift—for Miss Gerhardt it was a silver case—that the men of themselves bestow. They receive also, again as Miss Gerhardt did, the applause

of an audience that adds to the pleasure of their singing, at least half a thought of the generous impulse behind. Miss Gerhardt sang with orchestra three of Wagner's five surviving songs, and with piano five of Schumann's, two or three of which she repeated out of her recitals here. Her singing was not quite so rich in sensuous beauty and in imparting emotion as it was a fortnight ago at the regular Symphony Concerts—one may not be so "on edge" at

will—but it was unclouded by any touch of weariness or bodily malaise. There was not a hint of the unsteadiness of voice which is the penalty with her, of weariness, and hardly a trace of the explosive upper tones which, with her, is the token of effort. So unclouded in voice and unvexed in spirit, Miss Gerhardt sang Schumann's "Mondnacht" with the deep, sustained, enfolding beauty of tone and intensity of brooding and rapturous mood that she brings to pieces so glowing with static emotion. Then, and again in Wagner's "Traume" her middle tones had their richest, their loveliest, their most suffusing quality. She was as fortunate, and by like means, with the sombre mood and the sombre coloring of "Ich Groeße Nicht," and again with the buoyant and mounting "Frühlingsnacht." For there can be lighter ecstasy as well as deep rapture in her voice, and she knows the secret of both thin and rich tones.

Above all, Miss Gerhardt excelled, as the singing of these elusive songs of Wagner goes, in "Stehe Still" and "Schmerzen." He and Mathilde Wesendonck were deep in their passion for each other when they wrote them. German-wise they turned it transcendental, when they set their verse-making or their music-making hands to paper. They set down big, vague almost steamy sentimentalities and aspirations, but to them they had a very personal and poignant emotion. In such wise Miss Gerhardt sang these songs. Her tones, her style with them was large and declamatory, yet propelling both was a keen and almost personal intensity. She sang them thus with beauty of voice, with pervading eloquence, and yet with the sincerity of emotion that lifts these German romantic moods into the high and abstract intensities of music. No singer that has come to us from Germany in recent years has been so potent with them as Miss Gerhardt. They are the complement of the richness of her voice, of her sense and skill of delineative style.

H. T. P.

LAST PENSION FUND CONCERT

Orchestra and Miss Gerhardt Share Triumphs

The last of this season's pension fund concerts was given at Symphony Hall last evening before an audience of good size, yet not so large as the merits of the night deserved, for the musical glories presented should have packed the house to the doors. The extraordinarily artistic and fascinating singing given for the occasion by Miss Elena Gerhardt alone, would have repaid anyone for journeying up to Massachusetts avenue. And there was much else for musical delight and inspiration.

Orchestrally, it was a Tchaikowsky night; Tchaikowsky in three moods, the hopeless, the gayly fantastic and the boisterously patriotic, which is to say that there were played the "Pathétique" symphony, the "Nutcracker" suite and the "1812" overture. In these three was enough of variety to prevent the sometimes cloying result of one man's style, and enough of splendor and beauty of playing to remain long in the memory.

Mr. Fiedler has won an especial reputation as an interpreter of Tchaikowsky's works. This he maintained at every point last evening. Save a trifling lack of elasticity in the bizarre 5-4 movement, the performance of the symphony was superb, while the grace, airiness and charm of the playing of the melodious "Nutcracker" music were beyond all praise.

Miss Gerhardt's fine poise, beautifully expressive voice and supremely artistic temperament made no less effect in Symphony Hall than in a smaller auditorium. She has personality enough for any place whatsoever. Her singing of the three Wagner songs with orchestra proved her as effective in the larger forms of song as in "Lieder." Rarely has the "Traume" been given here with such poetic phrasing and exquisite sentiment. After the group of Schumann songs with piano-forte accompaniment, of which the great "Ich Grolle Night" was sung with most overwhelming effect—though all were beautifully done—Miss Gerhardt gave the Richard Strauss "Standchen" in perfect style. Truly, here is an artist from whom we should hear much more. A word is due Miss Paula Hegner for her sympathetic and finely played accompaniments.

At the end of the Wagner group Miss Gerhardt was presented with a gigantic laurel wreath tied with the German colors, a token of esteem from the orchestra.

Composer's Tribute to Symphony Orchestra

Apropos of the Symphony pension fund concert this evening, Mrs. Henry Carmichael of Malden, authoress, composer, philanthropist, has written the following tribute to the great orchestra which has made Boston known wherever music is played:

A TRIBUTE

In a song of praise in words the voices of many people will join with mine in appreciation of all who educate and elevate the world through genius and industry. We need the artists of the serene and silent art. All the professions, all arts and crafts, the powerful press and beautiful music. All are influential in the highest education of the people. This tribute goes out to all these. It goes out to all schools of music, of instrumental music and song, to all musicians foreign, and American brothers and sisters in all lines of music. Among the relief associations which have been thought of for the betterment of humanity, the concert each year for the relief association for sick and disabled musicians in order to render timely aid, and the semi-annual concerts for the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should be widely and sympathetically encouraged by a large patronage of all these concerts mentioned.

Pension Funds Abroad

Foreign nations have striven ardently for the welfare of the pension funds of their orchestras. The noble scheme has been tried abroad with great success in Germany, England, France, Austria, Switzerland, Holland and other lands for 50 years or longer. Everywhere it has been adopted to provide for support of aged and disabled orchestral musicians, it has been a success. In Europe, every educated person considers the support of the orchestra's pension adds to the success of the highest education of the people, and he makes it a matter of duty and honor to help it in various ways. For instance, the pension fund of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra and the Berlin Royal Orchestra are each in possession of funds amounting to 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 marks, and there are many others not far behind these mentioned in the matter of large funds.

Work for Interests

In Berlin, for example, the highest pension is 3200 marks, or \$800, guaranteed, and as money is of greater value in Europe than it is here, these \$800 are equivalent to \$1500 here in Boston. The people abroad work for the interests of their orchestras. At a pension fund performance of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Hamburg, Germany, a number of leading women took the affair in hand and gave the performance of a comic opera by Strauss. All the solo parts were given by the Hamburg society. Eighty thousand marks, or \$20,000, were the net receipts for the fund on this one evening, and this was no exception, but the rule over there. In Frankfurt on the Main the same was done with a fine result of 40,000 marks. In Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Hanover and other places the people pay very often a three-fold to a 10-fold price for a ticket, with the laudable desire to help increase the fund. The new Tonkünstler Orchestra in Munich started its pension fund three years ago, and is already in possession of two million marks. The people in Europe not only show interest in being present at the orchestra's pension fund concert, but they go much farther, they get up entertainments for it and are able to add to the fund's large receipts. Individuals make generous gifts in aid of the pension funds in foreign countries.

The Pension Fund

In recounting the triumphs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its magnificent organization and brilliant conductorship, too little credit has been given by writers to the excellence and artistry of the individual members. The musical world has been ransacked to secure perfect masters of their respective instruments, and upon the uniform expertness of its individual members the unsurpassed reputation of this orchestra largely depends.

A musician retires from this orchestra at a certain age. The training and temperament of a musician are not such as to fit him for a business employment after has spent a strenuous, exacting life in an orchestral calling, and the need has long been felt for a consistent and sufficient pension fund. While various suggestions have been made for increasing the fund no arrangements have yet been made for doing so, excepting the two pension fund concerts. The suggestion of providing a pension for the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the outcome of the careful forethought of one of the conductors who came twice

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to this country as the leader of the orchestra. It was Wilhelm Gericke's idea. The fund has largely been kept alive by his semi-annual concerts and the sums paid by the musicians of the orchestra in annual dues.

Some 20 musicians are now being paid pensions out of the sum. A sum of \$5000 was early contributed by Mr. Higginson, who appreciated the importance of the fund. It is hoped that the semi-annual pension fund concerts will be a grand success and that large receipts will come from them, as the fund needs strengthening by a large patronage. The cause is such a noble one that many philanthropic people will probably make gifts to it and give entertainments for it, as is being done in Europe. A sufficient fund is a powerful inducement in securing the finest talent and a potent incentive to the best work of the musicians, who may look forward to some adequate support when from physical disability they are obliged to retire from active strenuous orchestral life.

It will be nine years this March since the pension fund was first started. At the present time some 20 pensions are being paid out of this amount. There have been a few kind friends who have given donations all the way from \$5 to a \$200 given them recently, and all favors of this kind from students, the well-to-do and the millionaires are equally acceptable when all give from the heart, the best they have to give in large or small offerings, their mites. A pension of \$500 to a retiring member is not altogether sufficient for one who has given his services for from 25 to 28 years. It is not large enough to protect him or his family in need. Although some kind friends have given donations to the fund, much more must be done to put the fund on a sure basis and not far behind European organizations.

Thirty years ago the Symphony Orchestra was organized and eight years ago the pension fund for its musicians was started with the hope that such a grand object would never lack the support of the Boston public. In regard to some of the rules which govern the pension fund; musicians who remain longest in the orchestra are entitled to more consideration than those who leave after they have been in the orchestra for four or five years only. Those who remain 20 or 25 years have given their most valuable years to the orchestra and to the public.

Demands on Funds Great

If several are retired about the same time the demands upon the fund are great. It is necessary to have a large fund to meet all exigencies. If it is not on a solid foundation it cannot give the pension which musicians may reasonably expect after their long service in music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has for 30 years made Boston one of the leading centres of music in the world, and through its wonderful accomplishments has done its mission nobly for the musical education and refinement of artistic taste, and it holds up to the whole world a standard of musical perfection, and its performances can be compared only with those of the royal orchestras of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and Paris. It is not surpassed by them. This orchestra is a part of Boston and the basis of its fame is founded on its perfection. There cannot be an educated man or woman in New England who does not take pride in this orchestra, no matter to what school of music, art or calling he may belong. At the start, foreigners who come here are affected by changes of country and climatic conditions. The fame of this orchestra is founded on the ideal work of the orchestral players, who are of every clime and country, including Americans.

Chamber Concerts

Aside from the demands of the orchestra upon their services, the musicians have been doing great work in the way of choice chamber concerts. Their professional services have been in demand for churches and cathedrals and as teachers in colleges, convents, music schools and homes, and as soloists in private musicales and salons. As teachers and interpreters, then, these musicians are needed here. Their range of work has been unlimited. Of all the data of interest which relate to their history, the most sublime one on the Boston Symphony Orchestra's book of records is the HUMANE CHAPTER—THE PENSION FUND.

THE SPRING!

The spring is greening, the soft breeze sifts through the pine trees and whispers "hope," and of the coming of all things good and fair, and the springtime breathes of hopes realized by the musicians in this worthy and noble cause, and the sun smiles down on this page.

PENSION FOR FIRE CHIEF

Henry A. Spencer, the retiring fire chief of the Chelsea department, was assured of a \$900 pension last night at a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen, called to pass a statute permitting the retirement of Chief Spencer on half pay.

This pension will take effect tonight, when Chief Spencer is succeeded by David Hudson, who was formerly chief of police in Chelsea.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WEINGARTNER,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E major, op. 49

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Allegro un poco moderato, Allegro vivo
- III. Adagio ma non troppo; quasi andante moderato
- IV. Allegro moderato, allegro vivace; tempo di valza
(First time in Boston)

SIBELIUS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in D minor, op. 47

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Adagio di molto
- III. Allegro, ma non tanto

SMETANA,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "Prodana Nevesta"
("The Sold Bride")

Soloist:

Miss MAUD POWELL

to this country to be the leader of this orchestra. It was Wilhelm Gericke's idea. The fund has largely been kept alive by his semi-annual concerts and the sums paid by the musicians of the orchestra in annual dues.

Some 20 musicians are now being paid pensions out of the sum. A sum of \$5000 was early contributed by Mr. Higginson, who appreciated the importance of the fund. It is hoped that the semi-annual pension fund concerts will be a grand success and that large receipts will come from them, as the fund needs strengthening by a large patronage. The cause is such a noble one that many philanthropic people will probably make gifts to it and give entertainments for it, as is being done in Europe. A sufficient fund is a powerful inducement in securing the finest talent and a potent incentive to the best work of the musicians, who may look forward to some adequate support when from physical disability they are obliged to retire from active strenuous orchestral life.

It will be nine years this March since the pension fund was first started. At the present time some 20 pensions are being paid out of this amount. There have been a few kind friends who have given donations all the way from \$5 to a \$200 given them recently, and all favors of this kind from students, the well-to-do and the millionaires are equally acceptable when all give from the heart, the best they have to give in large or small offerings, their mites. A pension of \$500 to a retiring member is not altogether sufficient for one who has given his services for from 25 to 28 years. It is not large enough to protect him or his family in need. Although some kind friends have given donations to the fund, much more must be done to put the fund on a sure basis and not far behind European organizations.

Thirty years ago the Symphony Orchestra was organized and eight years ago the pension fund for its musicians was started with the hope that such a grand object would never lack the support of the Boston public. In regard to some of the rules which govern the pension fund; musicians who remain longest in the orchestra are entitled to more consideration than those who leave after they have been in the orchestra for four or five years only. Those who remain 20 or 25 years have given their most valuable years to the orchestra and to the public.

Demands on Funds Great

If several are retired about the same time the demands upon the fund are great. It is necessary to have a large fund to meet all exigencies. If it is not on a solid foundation it cannot give the pension which musicians may reasonably expect after their long service in music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has for 30 years made Boston one of the leading centres of music in the world, and through its wonderful accomplishments has done its mission nobly for the musical education and refinement of artistic taste, and it holds up to the whole world a standard of musical perfection, and its performances can be compared only with those of the royal orchestras of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and Paris. It is not surpassed by them. This orchestra is a part of Boston and the basis of its fame is founded on its perfection. There cannot be an educated man or woman in New England who does not take pride in this orchestra, no matter to what school of music, art or calling he may belong. At the start, foreigners who come here are affected by changes of country and climatic conditions. The fame of this orchestra is founded on the ideal work of the orchestral players, who are of every clime and country, including Americans.

Chamber Concerts

Aside from the demands of the orchestra upon their services, the musicians have been doing great work in the way of choice chamber concerts. Their professional services have been in demand for churches and cathedrals and as teachers in colleges, convents, music schools and homes, and as soloists in private musicales and salons. As teachers and interpreters, then, these musicians are needed here. Their range of work has been unlimited. Of all the data of interest which relate to their history, the most sublime one on the Boston Symphony Orchestra's book of records is the HUMANE CHAPTER—THE PENSION FUND.

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OVERTURE to the Opera, "Prodana Nevesta" ("The Sold Bride")

Soloist:

Miss MAUD POWELL

Maud Powell a Suffragette? Certainly Not, Says Husband



Miss Maud Powell.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Mel. 9/12
A LONG, NEW SYMPHONY FROM MR.
WEINGARTNER

The Conductor as Composer—His Rhetorical Resources and Skill—The Contrasting Substance — The Viennese Note — The Keen Interest of It All—Miss Powell Plays Sibelius's Violin Concerto Out of the Exotic North

BECAUSE Mr. Weingartner is a very eminent conductor, and because of late the musical public of Boston has found him also a very interesting "personality," the cynics have been saying for a week past that the audience at the Symphony Concert yesterday would applaud his new symphony and profess a lively curiosity over it whether it was good, bad or indifferent. The listeners on Friday afternoon did hear it with a pleasant eagerness and applaud it with a pleasant heartiness—once indeed at a mighty climax that did not, as they mistakenly believed, end the slow movement. By so much, the predictions of the cynics, who think but poorly of Mr. Weingartner as a composer, were fulfilled. On the other hand, it is quite possible to carry too far the belief, supported though it is by many examples, that mistrusts the conductor, who would be composer as well. The interpretative and the recreating faculty is one thing; the creative and inventive faculty is another; and very rarely do the twain meet in a Richard Strauss who is both eminent conductor and eminent composer. Yet when this belief hardens into a prejudice and sets some listeners down before a new symphony or a new tone-poem by Mr. Weingartner, firmly convinced that the music cannot be interesting, they fail to keep the openness of mind that is a condition precedent to understanding and appreciation and they do the composer manifest injustice. And every new symphony need not and cannot be what the Germans call a "classic master-work."

Mr. Weingartner's "Viennese" symphony in E major, heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, is not a masterpiece—probably he himself has no illusions on that score—but it is often interesting music and as often it bears the clear marks of his supple and fascinating mind and personality. Not for nothing has Mr. Weingartner, these many years, studied the music of all times and schools and conducted in it in opera-house and concert-room. Not for nothing has he an unusually sensitive and assimilative mind, that responds to many impulses and holds fast to what has touched it. To say this is not to say that

Mr. Weingartner's symphony is "reminiscent" in the conventional sense of the word, but inevitably in his studies and conducting, he has become familiar with all sorts of melodic, harmonic and instrumental procedure, until he readily commands and applies it. The truer saying is that Mr. Weingartner is now a master of musical rhetoric and that he has applied his knowledge and skill to the utmost in this new symphony. It has been said that there is everything in it from figures that suggest Haydn to Brucknerian crescendos and Debussyan progressions. There is, if the listener has the mind that fastens upon what he is pleased to call "reminiscence." But all this is the common heritage of the composer of 1912, and, besides, the new symphony contains something in its own right.

On the rhetorical side, however, the music is most interesting. Mr. Weingartner has written it richly, full-throatedly, with keen sense of the songful, the harmonic, the rhythmic and the colorful possibilities of the full and reinforced modern orchestra. On this score, at least, he is of kin to Rachmaninoff and Elgar. Like most of his contemporaries, he likes the higher and the sharper tones of the violins and uses them wherever he would have incisiveness or agitation. Like them, he knows and uses the deep and songful richness of the lower-voiced strings. In true Viennese fashion he loves the embroidery that flutes and clarinets may lightly and brightly weave; he is quick to utilize the penetrating song of the oboe, and the rich intensities, glowing or shadowed, of the horns. He appreciates his trumpets, though he does not use them flamboyantly, and to the sonorities of his trombones—and indeed of the whole orchestra—he adds rather superfluously, at the climax of his adagio, the great voice of the organ. Yet he keeps his tonal mass and his instrumental coloring diverse. It is full, even thick, or else sharp and nervous, in the dramatic and agitated first movement; it is shadowed and songful in the slow movement; and oftenest light and bright in the scherzo and the finale. Mr. Weingartner distributes his melodies and his ornament, and makes his transitions in the choirs or the individual voices where they will most tell. He does all this felicitously and significantly, with artistry and imagination. Even the variations of the finale are colorful counterpoint.

Throughout the symphony Mr. Weingartner plies all the arts of the musical rhetorician. The preparation for the waltz with which the symphony ends is ingenious and titillating. The waltz itself is less an intricate and inarticulate "symphonic waltz" than a frank and pleasantly invented Viennese dancing tune that gains by its candor and its innocence of sophistication. The preceding variations are artful, if sometimes more reflective than fanciful. In the slow movement, Mr. Weingartner is a master of the long-breathed, slowly gath-

ering, broadening and breaking Brucknerian crescendo. The whole orchestra rolls upward; the climax spreads itself upon the air; then the strings upbear the song shimmeringly or the horns begin to cast their shadows over it. Artfully, too, Mr. Weingartner varies the musical thoughts of this slow movement; they are grave and sober; brooding and shadowed; broken, tremulous, upsoaring; or they suffuse the orchestra at the end with luminous glamor. The design is rhetorical, Brucknerian, if you will; but the "effect" tells. Brucknerian, too, is the heavy beat, the thick tone, the pleasant jollity of parts of the scherzo, and rhetorically true and telling at least, are the quickly contrasting passages, clear, light, graceful, fanciful. Again, as the contemporary symphonists like to do, Mr. Weingartner would dramatize his first movement. There is struggle between his musical thoughts; there is songful triumph, and he conducts the struggle after the ways of present musical rhetoric. He overlooks not one of them—the telling pause, the reiterated rhythmic beat, the cumulative chords, the slithering progressions, the nervous instrumental tremors, the slowly exuding songful sweetness. At the very start he arrests the hearer's attention and draws him into the struggle. At the beginning of each movement, as with a little glance backward, he so catches and interests him.

So much for the artistry and the rhetoric of the new symphony. They are steadily interesting and often distinguished, while time and again, especially in the lighter movements, they bear the marks of Mr. Weingartner's alert, graceful, easily and unaffectedly brilliant mind and personality. Admittedly his musical ideas in their naked selves are less distinctive and interesting. They do not seize the ear and the imagination; they are not kindling and engrossing as he develops and makes play with them. They seem evolved and serviceable musical thoughts meet for the engrossing rhetorical treatment they are to receive. It is the contemporary way with themes and nobody is likely to quote Mr. Weingartner's for the stimulation, though possibly for the admonition of another generation of composers. Mr. Weingartner does not find the symphonic form stubborn to his ideas and purposes. He moves freely in it, but it would not be the truth to say that the development of his themes is profound, individually inventive or poetically imaginative. The rhetorical treatment is the glamorous cloak of excellent workmanship.

Mr. Weingartner has given no hint of a "programme" for the symphony. Yet he has permitted it to be labelled "Viennese"; and he has not denied that the temperament of the Viennese folk and a characterizing suggestion of Vienna have their play in the moods of the music. Of such, then, as the Viennese musical idiom goes, is the waltz of the finale and

the insistent waltz rhythms in the scherzo. Of such may also be the Brucknerian jollity of parts of that same scherzo and the lightness of the contrasting passages. (Behold the Viennese at play in their fields). Viennese, perhaps, too, is the Brucknerian note of grave exaltation in the slow movement; and if the first movement is restless and tumultuous, so also has Vienna been known to be. There is a grave as well as a gay Kaiserstadt.

The symphony filled a full hour and the other two pieces on the programme made due contrast to it. Smetana's overture to his operatic comedy, "The Bartered Bride," ended the concert in lively fashion, and perhaps left the thought that Bohemian folk-tunes and a simple, spontaneous, vivacious imagination in a composer have their place and their fruits in music no less than the reflection, the resource and the rhetoric of the astute and "mental" Weingartner. Between the symphony and the overture Miss Powell, returning to the Symphony Concerts after five years, played Sibelius's concerto for violin and orchestra, or rather his tone-poem in which the violin is the particularly penetrating voice. Miss Powell is mistress of the technical exactions in which this other Northern concerto matches Tchaikowsky's. She commanded them so completely that the listeners unless they happened to know the music, were probably unaware of their existence. She is mistress, too, of the peculiarly incisive tone, as of a single bitter-sweet and penetrating voice that much of the concerto demands. She has also the grim energy of accomplishment that bears the finale forward to the end, and her temperament responds quickly to the moods of Sibelius in the piece and the concise and grave expression he has given them.

We cannot all be Finns, or know our Finland, though the "nationalists" in music would have us change our country and recompose our point of view with the shift of race and land in each composer. The learned programmer may instruct us briefly in the physiognomy of Finland and of the Finnish spirit and suggest their play upon and in Sibelius. We may have these hints, but we must listen to this concerto for what it is and what it bears in itself. The reticent energy, the grim terseness of the music are a pleasure to hear in these days of musical prolixity and effusiveness. Its sharpness of voice and its sombre coloring are the northern exoticism that now tempts us because our musical palates are sated with other exoticisms. On the other hand, it is as easy to resent the inability or the refusal of Sibelius to coördinate his solo violin with the orchestra. He works with his solo instrument and he works with his band; but less often does he make fusing or contrasting play with both. And, as he often lacks diversity of color in his music, so he keeps the violin too insistently in its upper ranges and the orchestra too insist-

ently making sombre backgrounds. In mood, emotion, poetic quality, the concerto stirs the imagination. It is grim and sombre; it is melancholy or plaintive; it marches Viking-like, or it whistles as with the eerie voices of the air. It is sharply stinging, with the prick of its harmonics, or it tempts by the exotic beauty of its bitter-sweet song. But never quite do the brooding clouds lift from it. The fitful sun only half shines through, and the energy it kindles dies in grim shadow again. Sibelius is not for all tastes; he is for many young enthusiasms.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY HAS 18TH REHEARSAL

Weingartner's New Composition
the First Piece on the
Program.

LONG AND UNINTERESTING

Miss Maud Powell Plays Sibelius's Rhapsodic Finnish Concerto.

Herald — *Nov. 9/12*
By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Maud Powell was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 in E major.....Weingartner
Concerto in D minor for violin.....Sibelius
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

Mr. Weingartner is a distinguished conductor; a man of ingratiating manners and agreeable conversation. He has composed some songs that are interesting and effective. He has written sensibly about the Symphony since Beethoven and shrewdly about the art of conducting. We have yet to hear any orchestral work or chamber music by him that shows conspicuous melodic invention or marked skill in thematic development and instrumental coloring.

A Symphony and a Symphonic poem have been played at these concerts. They were the respectable fruit of hon-

est labor. This new Symphony was produced in Vienna a year ago last November. It was played in New York by the Philharmonic Society at the end of December, 1911.

It might be described as a pretentious composition, pretentious in the true sense of the word, not as it is used, a synonym of "sumptuous," "gorgeous," in the vocabulary of the modern press agent. It is laid out at great length and consumes an hour of valuable time in the playing. It is scored for all sorts of instruments, though we miss the concertina which appeals to the ingenious Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, nor is the ocarina family represented. Nothing, however, is gained by the use of the extra instruments. The organ swells the volume of sound in the third movement, and, as is always the case when an audience hears an organ with an orchestra, applause yesterday followed the climax, although the movement was not at an end. With all this apparatus, Mr. Weingartner does not succeed in procuring new effects, nor are his combinations unusual in color. The instrumentation is conventional. At times, as in the variations of the finale, it seems experimental and is ineffective. There are times when it is paltry, feeble, as when the waltz movement is played by the flute with accompaniment of celesta and harp. There was a Frenchman by the name of Auber who with the ordinary orchestra of his time scored more brilliantly and with a finer sense of proportion and color in the overtures to his operas. There is a Frenchman named Saint-Saens whose scores look thin to the eye and ravish the ear. It is not the number and variety of instruments employed that give a work distinction; it is the manner in which the ordinary orchestra is used. And it may here be said that in the majority of pages of this symphony the extra instruments could be dropped out without making any material difference.

There is a decided lack of melodic invention in this symphony. The influence of many composers is recognized. There are few musical thoughts worthy of attention. In the first movement the opening theme promises something, but the development of this motive and of the broad chromatic theme, and of fragments of the two, is laborious and wearisome. There is little variety in the successive treatments. There is endless repetition. The second movement, which may be called a scherzo, is cheaply constructed. Its chief theme is common, not piquant. The trio section is no better. The third movement, an Adagio, is the best of the four. There are moments of genuine beauty, of true nobility of thought, but they are few. I have already spoken of the variations in the Finale. They are now halting, now pedantic. There are thundering hints at the waltz to come; for the conclusion is in waltz form, a form dear to the Viennese, and at that time Mr. Weingartner was director of the Vienna Court Opera.

and also of the Philharmonic concert. The waltz finally comes. It recalls the apology of the old Grecian for having such an elaborate funeral when the dead child was so small. A waltz by any one of the leading Viennese operetta composers would be much more to the purpose.

It was the intention of Miss Powell to play Beethoven's violin concerto at this concert. Enthusiasts over the music of Sibelius wrote to her, urging her to play the concerto of the Finnish composer, which she introduced in Boston about five years ago, when she played with the Symphony orchestra. She heeded the request, although she, liking the concerto, must have known that she would have won more applause if her task had been more grateful.

It is true that the first two movements are unusual. They are in the nature of concert pieces for orchestra with violin. The first is rhapsodic, grimly emotional, elemental in its stubborn fierceness. It is granitic music, and what beauty there is in it is the beauty that may be associated with a desolate moor and a threatening sky, while the rebellious sun sinks slowly behind a bank of clouds. The second movement is of lofty, sustained and sombre eloquence. The Finale, with the coda by Pietro Floridia, is of less value, but its aggressive and defiant rhythm is more to the taste of the people than are the features of the preceding movements.

Miss Powell, as before, overcame the technical difficulties with consummate ease, and played with the conviction and the authority that have ranked her high in the list of violinists.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Strauss, Symphonie Domestica; Beethoven, Concerto in E flat major, No. 5, for piano and orchestra. Wilhelm Bachaus will be the pianist.

WEINGARTNER'S NEW THIRD SYMPHONY

Globe — *Mch. 9/12*
Orchestral Color Excels
Power in Invention.

Maud Powell Plays Brilliantly in
Sibelius Concerto.

The program of the 18th Symphony rehearsal included Weingartner's symphony in E minor, No. 3 (first time in Boston), Sibelius, concerto in D minor

for violin and orchestra, op. 47, Maud Powell soloist; Smetana, overture to the opera "The Sold Bride."

Mr Weingartner's symphony was played for the first time in this country last Dec 28 by the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York, and for the first time anywhere a year, a month and a day previous to that, by the composer himself, at the season's third concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he was conductor. Mr Weingartner's name first appeared upon the programs of the Boston Symphony concerts Oct 29, 30, 1897, when his arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" was first performed here. Mr Gericke played his second symphony in G major in 1901 (April 12-13) and his tone poem, "The Elysian Fields," in 1903 (March 6-7). During Mr Weingartner's recent visit to Boston interest and admiration was deepened for his creative talent by the performance by Lucille Marcel at a Sunday night (Feb 18) concert at the Boston Opera House of three of his songs, with orchestra. They disclosed fertility of invention, a sense of color, of apt interpretation of the text and a regard for proportion.

It is little more than a fortnight since Mr Weingartner's return to Europe after his brief sojourn here, one which begot pleasant memories of him as conductor, composer, accompanist and genial gentleman. The performance of the symphony yesterday again called to mind the range and diversity of his musical labors. Of his contemporaries, Mahler alone bears comparison, for aside from his exacting occupation as a conductor in Vienna, both in the opera house and concert room, he was writing titanic symphonies. Nine were finished and he was engaged upon the 10th at the time of his unfortunate illness and death.

The new symphony is laid out on a large scale, and demands a large and somewhat unusual orchestral apparatus, four flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), hecklephone, the comparatively recently devised baritone of the oboe family; three clarinets, two in A and one D, although B flat and A, rarely C, are the accustomed keys for the orchestral clarinet, until Strauss insists upon transferring the shrill voiced one in E flat from the military band. By demanding an instrument a half step lower the composer evidently has a brilliant timbre in mind. He also requires for his orchestral machinery six horns, a bass trumpet, if possible four instead of two harps, and these in addition to the large roster of instruments now considered established members of the modern orchestra.

In the use of this large orchestral mechanism—in which the organ also is included—the composer has obtained some interesting and engaging effects. In the spontaneity of his creative power and in a sense of proportion and of coherence in the development of musical thought there is less to provoke admiration.

The thematic material is on the whole favorable and well suited to elaboration, germs of musical ideas and not fortuitous combinations of notes. The exposure of the principal and contrast-

ing themes of the first movement promises well. There is indisputable skill in combination and in instrumental treatment. The section of development is less well sustained. There is a tendency here to monotony through unrelieved and insistent sequence and through level lines of dynamics, traits which are unfortunately prevalent in other portions of the work, and which dull nerves against appreciation rather than inciting them by means of variety to it. The approach to what appears to be a recapitulation of this movement is a case in point. The composer obviously desires an impressive ascent, but it is labored rather than winged and inevitable, both by reason of the sequence of a figure and the color of the harmonization.

The second movement is the best in creative fancy of the four. A vivacious phrase leaps up in the strings, as is true of the last. Its several spirited repetitions find momentarily disappointing answers in the chords of muted horns, but the spirit of the movement quickly emerges and is well sustained thereafter, with vivacity and charm. The principal theme is of fine animation, spontaneous and communicating, and it passes lightly through strings and woodwind. In the latter choir occurs one of the most apt touches of the work in the quiet episode alternating with muted horns.

The third movement, alternating with the second in the usual order, is an adagio. There are plausible, even fertile themes, but in seeking breadth and majesty the composer has oftenest found heaviness. The melody of the clarinet in the middle section is gracious and inviting, yet he has encumbered it with an organ point and an accompanying figure repeated to the length of tedium and of the obscurity of the solo voice, a strange condition when one remembers some of Mr Weingartner's salient traits as a conductor, and Mr Fiedler obviously led with care yesterday.

The last movement contains a bewildering array of contrapuntal and coloristic dexterity. There is a piquant fugue whose first subject is announced by clarinet, answered by oboe, with 'celli, violins and basses then following. There is a waltz in which it has been said exist memories of "Die Fledermaus." It may be that in his treatment of it the composer was recalling his final combination of all the themes in his arrangement of the "Invitation to the Dance." The sustained character of the theme in the basses somewhat detracts from the brilliance of the waltz rhythm. There is also a recollection in this movement of the theme in the scherzo, one of the best in the symphony. Mr Fiedler had evidently prepared the work with painstaking and the orchestra played with sensitiveness and appreciation.

Mme Powell is to be thanked for playing a concerto of sincerity of speech and of musical value, rather than a medium for technical display. The music of Sibelius is of a noble sombreness, which often attains elegaic exaltation and grandeur, as though the composer would break the bounds of one instrument's limitations and set it soaring with the gift of many voices.

The soloist played with masterful authority, breadth and dignity of style in bravura, with abundant command of technic in passages demanding the skill of the virtuoso, and with a wealth of

expressive power in cantilena. Unfortunately her keen sense of rhythm was not aided by her accompaniment. There have been occasions this year when a soloist would have been better supported by the piano.

MAUD POWELL CHARMS AS OF OLD AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Journal — *Mch. 9/12*
F The American Maud Powell, most famous of all the women violinists on the concert stage today, is this week's Symphony soloist. Twenty-five years ago last Monday this gifted Illinoisan made her debut at the Symphony concerts, and, with the exception of Lady Halle, she has been the leading representative of her sex in the violin field ever since. Yesterday marked her first appearance here since 1907, and the impression she made five years ago with the Sibelius concerto was so strong that she chose the same work for her present engagement here.

Miss Powell—who in private life is Mrs. H. Godfrey Turner—said in New York the other day that the Sibelius concerto is one of her favorites; that she was to play it in Boston at the request of "critics and public, both." Sibelius's compositions are indeed sympathetically listened to in Boston, and Miss Powell's art is admirable from both a technical and an interpretative point of view. Yesterday the audience was duly applauding. It was also restive, as most of these matinee audiences are, and a good many persons went out after the first of the three movements included in the concerto.

The novelty on the program this week is Felix Weingartner's new symphony in E Major, which was first heard in Vienna last season and which was recently performed in New York.

The brilliant overture to Smetana's "Sold Bride" is the last number on the current program, which, of course, will be played again tonight.

Wilhelm Bachaus will be the soloist at next week's concerts and he will play Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for piano and orchestra. Strauss's "Domestic Symphony" and Weber's "Der Freischuetz" overture will complete the program.

WEINGARTNER ON PROGRAMME

His 3d Symphony Played
for First Time Here

BY OLIN DOWNES

For some reason, Felix Weingartner's Third Symphony was played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. The work is grandiose and empty like a shell. The mountains labor terribly, and scarce a mouse! Alas! Such pages of golden orchestration gone to waste—although, even in this respect, it is open to question whether the conductor-composer has used his army of instruments to the utmost advantage. For it certainly seemed in many a place that as brilliant result could have been secured with lesser effort on the part of the players who toiled so long and so hard. The symphony has a brave exterior, and about all is said.

The color is so striking at times that it arrests the ear, and there are some harmonic progressions, some excellent contrapuntal writing, which in themselves stand as examples of virtuoso composition. Then the ears become surfeited with the constant clogging tone, the attention wanders, the composer is felt, saying nothing at all with distressing good will and complete lack of ideas. The piece is a virtuoso composition for orchestra.

The slow movement pleased most yesterday, by reason of its sustained and sonorous character, enforced by the organ. There was cordial applause for a fine performance, to the preparation of which Mr. Fiedler had devoted all possible thought and energy.

Maud Powell Soloist

Maud Powell gave relief with the fine violin concerto of Sibelius, a work, indeed, well worth re-introducing in Boston after the first performance by Miss Powell, under Dr. Muck, in 1907. Neither the form nor the style of this composition is iconoclastic, and yet how rich it is in ideas, how noble is its appeal! And how refreshingly, though doubtless often in a manner very taxing to the soloist, does the composer write for the solo instrument. It is seen that within fairly orthodox limits he has found something quite his own, of much interest and of striking adaptability to its idioms. The slender violin becomes now and again epic in its expression.

Each string has a heart, each register is a due revelation of especial tonal and emotional qualities. Great ideas make their style before them. As a result of Sibelius' style, he has written something between a rhapsody and a saga for his virtuoso to perform. An exceptionally prominent part in the development and transformation of themes goes to the violin. Although the work is difficult, it is surprising that more virtuosos do not take up this work.

Miss Powell was applauded with the greatest enthusiasm and recalled many times. In the first movement she was hampered by the fact that the orchestra and the soloist, whosever the fault, were not wholly at one. As Miss Powell gained her grip, she played with the more fire and authority. In the romanza she excelled. Few women violinists have such a tone; fewer still have such artistic perception behind it.

Rare Tonal Beauty

Miss Powell is now at her maturity as an artist, and with her her audience enjoy the fruit of years of labor and the self-development still more essential for great playing. Miss Powell will probably play more brilliantly this evening than she did yesterday afternoon, yet her performance was not only remarkable for tonal beauty and emotional appeal, but for artistic proportion and balance that held the piece splendidly together, refined and ennobled measure that some may have thought over barbaric, a performance in a word which did admirable justice to the composer and to the performer.

The concert came to an end with the brisk and delightful playing of some of the finest comedy music since Mozart's Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride."

The "Symphony Trip"

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" is the most conspicuous item on the programmes of the concerts that the Symphony Orchestra will undertake in other cities this week. It will be played in Philadelphia, Washington, New York and Brooklyn. New York will also hear Mr. Fiedler's admirable performance of Brahms's Symphony in E minor, and in Baltimore, with the assistance of a woman's chorus, he will repeat Liszt's "Dante" symphony. Brahms's "Academic" overture and Tschalkowsky's fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," are the other frequent pieces in the programmes for the journey. Miss Parlow, the violinist, will play with the orchestra at each concert, sometimes in Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia," sometimes in Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor.

Violinist Too Busy with Her Music to Stop to Deny Stories.

PREPARING NEW CONCERTO

Herald — *Mch. 8/12*
"She is not a suffragette!"

This fact was authoritatively stated yesterday with emphasis on the "not" by H. Godfrey Turner, husband and manager of the distinguished violinist, Miss Maud Powell, who will be heard in Boston this afternoon.

"She hasn't time to be," continued Mr. Turner, who, owing to a protracted rehearsal, was courteously endeavoring to satisfy the importunate and persistent reporter. "She has been associated with suffragettes a good deal, and as a result of our bringing two over from England she has been referred to as an ardent supporter of the cause. So far we've never even taken the trouble to deny it.

"Of course, it's all right for some women, Nordica, for instance; she's rich and can afford to have outside interests, and Mrs. Langtry, that poor old beauty! Then there are some women, who positively must have an outlet, to whom suffrage is a godsend. I've seen processions of them in London, creatures who could not get any one to marry them, with thin wisps of hair pulled back in hard knots, huddled up in awful brown ulsters so that one could scarcely tell which was the back and which was the front.

"Yes, suffrage is good enough for them. And as for America, well, the vote had better be taken away from the negroes before it's given to women.

"It's something to be able to say that this woman is an American," went on Mr. Turner, waving his hand enthusiastically in the direction of his wife. "And do you realize too that this is her ninth consecutive season in this country and that next year is already booked far ahead. And so Miss Powell is an exception to the old adage, 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.'

"Of course, I take great care of her," Mr. Turner proceeded to explain proudly. "I always try not to have her play more than three times a week, and she never arrives in a town later than 12 o'clock on the day of a concert. She puts in only three or four hours a week of actual practice, but mentally she never stops.

"All this talk of 'greatest' seems to me very vulgar. Who can say whether Ysaye or Kreisler is the greater. It is

merely a matter of individuality. As for competition, it's the duffers who kill the great ones. A second rate violinist, who plays an uninteresting program badly, will do more to harm the attention at fiddle concerts than a constant succession of fine artists."

But Miss Powell is not merely an American violinist. She has many interests and activities, a keen power of observation and an undaunted fearlessness in the expression of intelligently formed opinions.

Besides being the founder of the Maud Powell quartet, which is said to be the first female quartet to have been established in this country, she has been the means of presenting many new compositions to the American public. She admits that the violinist's field for selection of interesting works is limited, while in a recent interview she intimated that Elgar's much discussed concerto was to her mind emptiness and vanity. A new composition soon to be played by her is a concerto by Coleridge-Taylor.

WEINGARTNER, COMPOSER

HIS NEW SYMPHONY TO BE HEARD TOMORROW

Trans. — *Mch. 7/12*
The First Performances Here at the Symphony Concerts—The Viennese Suggestion—The Clear Influence of Bruckner—Waltz Rhythms and the General Handling

A NEW YORK publication recently introduced an article by Weingartner with some prefatory remarks in which it was made to seem, as far as possible, that Weingartner writes music as modern but not so ill-sounding as that of the bold, bad Richard Strauss; the anonymous editor did not hesitate to imply that the works of the former in general, and his new third symphony in particular, would survive those of the latter because of a happy conjunction, which this editor seemed to perceive very plainly, between ultra-modern (i. e. Straussian) treatment and the "classical ideal." It is therefore fortunate that we Bostonians are about to hear the new composition, not only because we may possibly learn from it how to fill old bottles with new wine, but because it is seldom that we have the privilege of beholding a work of art which in adapting the discoveries of somebody else than its creator is more epoch-making than its prototype. We do not esteem the Russian "National Five" because they succeeded in establishing their "school," we rather forgive them for inflicting upon us their pupils because they themselves wrote well. Those of us who enjoy the music of Wagner or Brahms do not usually care for that of their followers.

There are a very few people who both compose and conduct excellently; there are more who do one but not the other well. The born conductor composing is likely to resemble the secondary current of an induction coil; the strength will be partly determined by the strength of the primary current and partly by the number of turns in the secondary coil, but the direction will be absolutely determined by that of the primary current. In the same way, the interest of your kapellmeister piece depends partly on the composer's own gifts and partly on whether he is fortunate in his choice of a model, but the quality of his ideas and style is entirely predestined by his forerunner.

The man, however, who follows closely upon the heels of the fellow who is really clearing the path has an easy task in winning popular favor. The musical innovator is blackguarded now for his latest heresies; five, ten, or fifty years hence the public will have accepted them as dogmas, but the innovator will still be blackguarded because he will have progressed to new heresies. Here is the golden opportunity for the disciple; adopting the accepted earlier manner of the still hated innovator, he produces a highly proper yet up-to-date pot-boiler, and is hailed forthwith as the man of the hour. It takes cleverness of a sort to do this—for instance, in view of the unpopularity in Germany of Massenet, Puccini, and Strauss, it was shrewd of d'Albert to realize that the synthesis in his opera, "Izeyl" of the plot of "Thais," the melody of "Bohème," and the harmony (considerably watered, to be sure) of "Salome" was bound to succeed in the cities which had eschewed the works from which the opera was compiled; this kind of ability, however, is not to be confounded with artistic genius.

Mr. Weingartner's symphony, we are told, portrays the life and spirit of Vienna; the work, however, is not minutely programmatic, and one can hear in it as much local color as one pleases. The first movement opens, after a short introduction of two measures, with a theme for 'cellos, accompanied by violins in thirds tremolo, which resembles in style and general treatment the opening theme of Bruckner's seventh symphony; as in the latter, wind instruments answer the 'cellos and then a return to the tonic key reintroduces the theme in a higher octave with somewhat fuller accompaniment. Some counterpoint in Bruckner's manner leads by a transitional theme to the second principal theme, and after long development of this last there is a more energetic concluding theme; but not even the very Brucknerian climax can suppress a new "control" which has been asserting its malign influence with increasing force ever since the transition, and which now declares itself frankly, in the codetta,

as Strauss of the "Don Juan" period, and which is not shaken even by the appearance of certain use of the harps in a way hitherto employed only by Mahler. The long development is conventional in its employment of the figure-by-figure plan, and the recapitulation is more nearly literal than is usually the case nowadays. Near the close both the principal themes are heard together.

The second movement, except for a short introduction in two-four time which is quoted towards the end, is in waltz-rhythm throughout. The main theme is full of harmonic shifts designed to give a whimsical character to the movement, but it seems to me that the theme remains heavy none the less, the rhythm lifeless, and the harmonies both artificial and obvious. There is long development and playing with the theme and subsidiary material, much as in the Bruckner scherzos. The theme of the trio is very Brucknerian in character. The return of the first part introduces nothing unexpected.

The slow movement is based upon two principal themes, the one a choral-like period for bass, followed by a less severe but still solemn response by strings and woodwind, all obviously derived from Bruckner's slow movements; the second a close imitation, as successful in manner as unsuccessful in matter, of a passage from Mahler's sixth symphony. There is no development as such, but the themes are elaborated upon their return, and are finally heard together.

It is the finale in which Weingartner quotes and uses extensively a theme from the "Fledermaus." The movement is in two parts, a sort of condensed sonata-form and a long waltz in which many themes are combined. The first part possesses little distinction; the waltz is more ingratiating, but it must be admitted that Weingartner does the same sort of thing better in his paraphrase of the "Invitation to the Dance," wherein all the themes instead of only one are furnished him by somebody else.

The whole symphony gives me the impression of having been written more because Mr. Weingartner was able to write it than because he had to do so; there is everywhere evidence of great facility, but there is little or no drive back of this surface productivity. The themes will possibly appeal to some as "tunes"—i. e., as collections of notes carefully phrased off into groups of four measures; but of "melody" in the sense of warmly emotional instrumental song there is none in the work. The themes seem to me to be lacking in spontaneity and therefore in sincerity; it is as though they had been constructed to follow a successful model rather than composed to express a genuine state of feeling. The harmonies in general lack distinction; bizarre and artificial changes alternate with the most trite and played-out stock progressions, but the former give no impression of originality, nor the latter of reserve. The orchestration has analogous failings; the

swing is sonorous and euphonious, but there is little individualization of the instrumental tone-colors, while the doubling and grouping is such that a clever conductor could reduce the wind instruments by a fifth without exciting the suspicions of an audience, because the extra instruments are not heard as characteristic soli.

The formal treatment is heavy, pinning its faith rather on adherence to rule-of-thumb precepts than to closely knit original structure in the attempt to preserve coherence; the lengthy literal recapitulations, so far from rounding out the forms, weaken them with tautology, while the practice of uniting the principal themes at the close of a movement—the only "departure" from convention used—is so worked to death that its at best artificial effect becomes very tiresome. Finally, the continual imitation of Bruckner's manner, executed as it is without Bruckner's grandeur of thought but with a sophistication of procedure which makes the naïve Bruckner's mode of speech seem here affected and hypocritical, is unfortunate from both the artistic and the ethical standpoint.

However, the symphony fortunately does not need such help as it might derive from a little more intrinsic merit. The favorable testimony of, say, a distinguished clergyman who knows absolutely nothing of chemistry will sell thousands of bottles of some worthless patent medicine; and we may be sure that the fact that Mr. Weingartner is one of the greatest living conductors will induce in a large portion of his audience a feeling of awe which will effectually inhibit such sacrilege as critical analysis.

P. G. C.

Sibelius and Melody

Those that listened a second time to Sibelius's concerto for violin at the Symphony Concert on Saturday evening heard a more spirited, secure and generally just performance of the piece than that which Miss Powell and the orchestra accomplished on Friday afternoon. As it often happens with the "soloists" at the Symphony Concerts, the violinist was more in the vein by night than by day, while the band gave her a better balanced and more understanding accompaniment. Out of this bettered performance stood clearly one of the rare distinctions of Sibelius among contemporary composers. He can invent and, as the analysts say, expose melodies. They may be born of Finnish folk-song; they may spring from the composer's own imagination; they may be, and they probably are, a blending of both. The listener may or may not answer to their incisive voice, to their bitter-sweet pungency. Melodies, however, they are beyond mistake—instrumental song, clean-cut, long-breathed, interesting and kindling in themselves regardless of the treatment the composer may mete out to them. There is much "passage-

work"—again as the analysts say—in the concerto, though it exists less for the display of the violin than as the moody and rhapsodic musing of Sibelius himself. There is plentiful play with rhythmic figures in the finale. Yet through all these neither ear nor imagination loses its hold upon the underlying, the essential melodies. Recall the penetrating and insistent melody, that now shadowed and now in pale tonal color, runs through the slow movement in long ascent from its clear beginning until it seems to decline and vanish—a beautiful voice—into the air. Recall, again, the grave and piercing beauty of the song of the violin with which the concerto begins. The defining Grove can find no better qualification for a melody than that it is "musically effective." In these melodies of Sibelius there is musical and emotional ef-

Mme. Powell and Her Concerto

When Maud Powell, the violinist, reappears at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, she will repeat Sibelius's concerto that she first made known here four years ago. She gives a hint of her reasons for the choice in the following fragment from an interview with her printed today in the New York Times: "We violinists do have our difficulties in finding new pieces. Bruch's new concerto is only moderately satisfactory. I have played it on some of my programmes this season, but the unfortunate lack of a third movement has proved a drawback. Then the slow movement is lacking in contrast. I think the slow movement Bruch wrote in England, and the first movement when he was twenty years old. He simply put them together. Their publication is recent, but not their inspiration, I am sure. Sibelius's concerto is a great favorite of mine, and I am to play it in Boston this week with the Symphony Orchestra, by request, mind you, of critics and public both. The music has not been liked in New York, but they are fond of it in Boston."

"What are we poor violinists to do? The literature for the violin is so poor. The critics in Berlin recently jumped on Elman because he performed Tchaikowsky's concerto. Is he going to play this forever?" they asked. But what is there? Even the good violin pieces are usually not the great music of the composers. Brahms's concerto is inferior to his symphonies; Tchaikowsky's concerto is inferior to his symphonies. Perhaps Beethoven's isn't. And Mendelssohn's concerto is assuredly better than his symphonies, a master work for the violin that, but so hackneyed! Even in my recent trip to Florida they asked me not to play it. Occasionally one can play Goldmark's concerto, but it is not the composer at his best as he is in 'The Queen of Sheba' or 'Sakuntala.' Vieuxtemps is almost dead, and de Beriot quite. Elgar's new concerto seems to me empty and pompous."

Yano, March 4, 1910

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Der Freischütz"

STRAUSS,

SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, op. 53 (in one movement)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 5, in E flat major, op. 73

I. Allegro

II. Adagio un poco moto

III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

Soloist:

Mr. WILHELM BACHAUS

Baldwin Piano used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. FIEDLER AND THE ORCHESTRA ON THEIR METTLE

A Stirred Audience, Too—The Overture to "Der Freischuetz" in Glowing Performance—Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" Brought to Its Full Beauty and Power—Mr. Bachaus for a Pianist, Calm, Cool and Collected

NEXT week Mr. Fiedler will conduct with the Symphony Orchestra for the last times in the cities to which for four years he has paid monthly visits. By way of prelude to this leave-taking his audience at home seemed yesterday especially cordial to him. It greeted him warmly when he came to his place. It liked the overture to "Der Freischütz," with which the concert began, and applauded music, conductor and orchestra heartily and insistently. A whole century, nearly, has passed since Weber wrote his opera—a century of endless changes in music and the appreciation of the music. "Der Freischütz" in its entirety, as the sounding phrase goes, is rather a dull piece nowadays. The youngsters call a liking for it "distinctly bourgeois"; they are still good enough to let us who are middle-aged and older stir to the romantic imagination and ardor of the overture, to the richness of melody that gives it voice, to the harmonic and the instrumental glow that Weber pours over it. He could strike fire; he could invent melodies that are an emotion in themselves by their beauty and that bear other emotions home. He could fling them together and toss them up again like a magnificent romantic improvisation. The Weberian glow, the Weberian flourish glints and glamors them. Rhetoric, say the youngsters; but rhetoric has been known to stir the human heart and imagination even in a prosaic time. Yesterday, too, it had for aid Mr. Fiedler in his impassioned and orotund vein, with romantic music and the beauty of tone that flowed from horns and woodwinds, while the shadowed or the shimmering strings accented it. The overture yesterday was no exercise in orchestral routine, busy with an "opening piece" that should give late-comers time to hear the ensuing "Domestica." They say that the overture was encored at the first performance of the opera. It deserved to be yesterday.

Orchestra, conductor and audience, too, were on their mettle through the performance of Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." (Oh ingenious Fiedler so to place it on the programme that late-comers could not escape and those that

were fain to hear the new pianist must hear the tone-poem first.) Like all of Strauss's pieces, it teems with opportunities for an orchestra of virtuosi to prove its quality, collectively in the several choirs, individually as the music for the instant was almost a single voice. In no way does Strauss prove his superlative orchestral imagination more finely than in the adroitness with which he gives this virtuosity play, yet never obtrudes. The opportunity comes in the normal course, the coordinated design of the music. Yet it almost always tells with the listeners and pricks the choir or the individual player to the utmost of valor. The strings were as one man yesterday in the "Domestica" but one man with manifold and significant voices. The trumpets whether they shouted in the fugue or flung a glowing bridge over a transition were thrilling to hear. The bassoons led the way into the fugue as though they at last had the right to call the whole orchestra to their particular tone. The voice of the child was like a wistful and soft little voice, like the reaching of the little hand toward its mother, as it fell upon the ear from the oboe. And so through all the tone-poem.

Not an instrumental detail seemed to lack due utterance, yet not once, unless it was so designed, did it twist the tonal web or break the flow of the music. Where euphony was the word, as in the music of happy affection and ardent aspiration or in the sleep-chasings the tone of the orchestra was beautiful in its soft, rich, deep texture. It rolled up toward the climax of these songful episodes in all the magnificence of rich and pulsing sonorities. And in the fugue, it leapt with its zests for all these tonal gymnastics, it almost rasped (as it should) in its springy vigor or it seemed to outrun its own and Strauss's ardors. With the "Domestica" two years ago, Mr. Fiedler did not equal himself in Strauss's music. Perhaps after his eloquence with "Eln Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote," we listeners expected too much. Yesterday, with the "Domestica" again, and after a week of unusually assiduous preparation, he excelled anticipation, excelled himself. As with "Don Quixote," he missed hardly a detail, yet kept every one in its place in the voice and the design of the whole tone-poem. The "Domestica" seemed to rise out of itself, to make its own form out of its own compelling moods. At every turn, the music had its due quality of gentle playfulness, of high emotion touched to high beauty, of tender wistfulness, of manly strength, of large, wild elation sporting with its own exhilaration. The whole performance had a magnificent unity, intensity and eloquence. The pace was just and revealing; the rhythms were musical like themselves; the quality was the aptest voice the moment could ask. Seldom has Mr. Fiedler seemed at once so large, so sensitive, and so justly eloquent a conductor.

The "Domestica" is no curiosity now that it has kept its place in the concert-room for eight years. Nobody, who has their musical senses, niggles and sniggers over it in the old "humorous" fashion. Nobody listens to it now merely to sneer and jeer. Nobody, except the learned programmist who must, is much occupied with the delineative details that may be or that have been read into it. Most of us prefer to listen to the music for the beauty that fills it, for the power that propels it, that no passing and usually harmless freak of an overstrained and a little irritated imagination can spoil. Few now, unless they are case-hardened with prejudice or triply shelled in obtuseness and insensibility, can listen to the music of affection and aspiration without thrilling to the beauty and the intensity of its gathering and upsoaring orchestral song. Polyphony of a most intricate sort has wove in this music, yet it seems as the outpouring of impassioned melody to deeper and deeper beauty. Imagination in tones has fashioned the flickering, evasive, shadowed music of the sleep-chasings. A tenderer spirit than Strauss often releases, warms and colors the music of the childhood—as though his son—and all men's fatherhood—had touched him. He sports lightly in parts of the music, and Strauss at innocent play is as rare as Strauss, the wistful father. And then with what zest of life and creation, with what passionate flinging-about in superhuman jugglery of tones, he races, rushes, whirls through the fugue. It is the father turned musical super-man.

Yet why, some will say, this huge tone-poem, rising in endless polyphony and endless instrumental device, to express the beauty and the power of such tender and intimate emotions and to be reared upon such slender themes. When a man is deeply moved, he expresses himself in his most natural idiom. To Strauss, composer as well as man, such a tone-poem, so wrought, is his natural idiom. He has written in it almost epically, so big were his emotions. He has transmuted the prose of domesticity into its poetry, written it in tones, and yet kept just a tang of the humors which as all who have liked it know, is a part of its tender emotion. The tone-poet, like other poets, distills out of common things and common experience their beauty, their spirit, their thrill. His transforming wand is the wand of imagination. His voice is an exalting voice. Has not Strauss done these things in this music of the "Domestica"?

BACHAUS PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Pianist Is Soloist at the 19th
Public Rehearsal of
Orchestra.

STRAUSS IS FEATURED

Domestic Symphony Heard
Again—Performance Is
Impressive. *March 12*

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wilhelm Bachhaus was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Symphonie Domestica.....Strauss
Concerto in E-flat major, No. 5.....Beethoven

There are some who characterize the Domestic Symphony as abominable, because, forsooth, it reveals the composer as a colossal egoist. And so there are also some who cry out against Walt Whitman because he began his "Leaves of Grass": "I celebrate myself," and cannot endure Montaigne on account of his "egotism." There are many who take this symphony too seriously. Among them is Mr. C. L. Graves of the Spectator, who really thinks that music died with the passing of Johannes Brahms. Mr. Graves is thought in England to have a pretty wit, and he himself would admit, if he were pressed, that he is a funny man, but he is never so amusing as when he berates the modern composers and all those who admire them. According to Mr. Graves, the composer of the "Domestic Symphony" is deliberately eccentric, a self-advertiser, one who turns his family into copy for the purpose of making the bourgeois sit up:

Grant that all said about Strauss is true; what, pray, has it to do with his music? This music is either good or bad. It is effective and engrossing, or it is dull. It is eloquent or it is prosy. Who cares whether the household in

which this musical life passed was that of Strauss, or of a neighbor, or an imaginary household?

Then there is this question of an explanatory program. When Strauss was in New York in 1904 when the symphony was produced, he said that he wished the work to be taken as "music for what it is, and not as the elaboration of the specific details of a scheme of things." When the symphony was first played in Europe—at Frankfurt—he allowed the publication of only a few notes, which pointed out the themes typical of husband, wife and child and named the themes of the double fugue. But in 1905 when the symphony was performed in London, an elaborate analysis by Messrs. Kalisch and Pitt appeared and the hearer of the music was then able to identify the child in its bath and tell when the dispute arose between the parents concerning the future of the boy. Was Strauss consenting? Or did he with mistaken humor stuff his friends who were happy to extract sunbeams from cucumbers?

What matters it? There are beautiful and noble pages in this symphony, as in the "Love Scene," so called. The double fugue would be dramatic and exciting even if there were no thought of labels "Assertion" and "Contrary Assertion" attached to the two subjects. The child's theme, charming in its simplicity, may be taken as any motive for subsequent and elaborate treatment. This symphony holds the attention from the beginning to the end.

The pleasure of the hearer who seeks no "explanation" other than that given by the title is purer and keener than that of him who is endeavoring to follow a story. Here is an instance, one of many, where a program to be read while the music is playing is a hindrance and a nuisance. Let the hearer listen to the music as music. Let him dream the dreams suggested by it. They may be even more fantastical than the thoughts which, as some say, inspired the composer.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave an unusually impressive performance of this symphony, one that put the work in the most favorable light, so that even doubting Thomases were inclined to be enthusiastic.

What would conductors do without the three familiar overtures of Weber? They are to them in time of perplexity what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to opera managers. And yet, in spite of countless performances, the overture to "Der Freischütz" is not stale. The part song for the horns still charms the ear, although it is now associated with "When the sun glorious" and other "sacred" words for service in the meeting house. The Samiel motive is still dramatically sinister and brings back memories of the red-cloaked fiend as we have seen him on the German stage. And the clarinet theme, typical of Max, is still worthy of the famous praise of Berlioz. When there is talk of this overture there is frequently a ref-

erence to an article about it written by Douglas Jerrold. Was this article ever republished in an edition of Jerrold's works? Has any one now living ever read it?

The spirited performance of the overture awoke unusually hearty and protracted applause.

Mr. Bachhaus, who is known to his family and Europeans as Backhaus, gave a recital here last January. The audience was a small one, and it is said that the pianist was then so chagrined and chilled that he could not do himself justice. His playing was then technically smooth and polished, but his interpretation was singularly lukewarm. Yesterday his performance of the concerto was thoughtful, well proportioned, free from affectation in the reading, without any attempt at self-glorification. The hearer sat in a respectful attitude. He was calm. And when it was all over he felt like asking: "Is that all?" He gladly acknowledged the clearness, fluency, and sanity of the performance, but he missed poetical and emotional expression. Take for instance the faint suggestions of the Rondo theme, a little passage that only the greater Beethoven could have conceived. Mr. Bachhaus made little of it. And even the Rondo did not have the defiant brilliance that some pianists of less mechanical proficiency are able to give to it. Mr. Bachhaus was warmly applauded.

There will be no Symphony concerts next week. The program for the concerts of March 29, 30 will be as follows: Rachmaninoff, Symphony in E minor, No. 2, op. 27; Mozart, concerto for violin and orchestra, D major, No. 4 (Mr. Sylvain Noack, violinist); Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

BACHAUS PLAYS AT SYMPHONY

March 12
Fiedler and Men Triumph
at 19th Rehearsal

BY OLIN DOWNES

The "Freischütz" Overture, Strauss' Symphonie Domestica, and the "Emperor" piano concerto of Beethoven made the programme of the 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wilhelm Bachhaus was the pianist.

The Weber overture was given a fiery performance, and the music by one of

he pioneers of the romantic movement in Germany still stir the blood, still savor of the wildness and the mystery of untamed nature. What a triumph of the German folk-spirit in tones!

Whether it is advisable to wind up a performance of this overture at such a rapid tempo as Mr. Fiedler took yesterday is another question. The march theme with which it concludes is not too distinctive in the first place. It is easily vulgarized; it becomes circus-like if not tactfully played.

The performance of the Domestic Symphony was a triumph for Mr. Fiedler and his men. If anyone could have found fault, it would have been that the exposition of the themes at the beginning was almost too clear and precise. It was as clean as a steel engraving.

In the Domestic Symphony there is an unusual amount of splendid music. We have here the matured Strauss, with his emotional powers and his amazing constructive ability at full tide. The chief themes are not as great as the themes of some of Strauss' other works, but their manipulation is masterly in the highest degree, and thrilling in its tenderness, rollicking humor and tonal splendor. The concluding fugue is one of the healthiest and most rousing jests yet provided an expectant public. Strauss not only laughs; he roars, with the heartiest German good will. Perhaps this is the most German of all Strauss' music. It is certainly one of the most refreshing of his compositions, by reason of its red blood, its open-air sanity and the magnificent soundness of structure.

If, in addition to these things, as a side issue, the composer wishes to indulge in pure nonsense by imitating the sound of splashing water and the screams of a baby, it may be possible for those who are not too sedate to join in with him in the laugh. A joke is not impossible to associate with a symphony, even with a good symphony. It was good to observe the appreciation that the work and its performance met with. Mr. Fiedler was called back several times and then the entire orchestra rose to their feet with him.

Mr. Bachaus gave a lusty performance of the concerto, which now, with the exception of its second movement, is getting to be old-fashioned. Today the G major concerto is more interesting than the one played yesterday. And so the wheels of time go turning around. It is well enough to hold up hands in holy horror. This concerto is going to pot, not in a rapid or undignified manner, but going just the same.

Mr. Bachaus played the slow movement with poetic feeling, and without sentimentality. He took the first movement too rapidly, in the opinion of many, although he played throughout with great enthusiasm and sincerity and with regard for the orchestral character of the work.

Mr. Bachaus did not dally with his cadenzas. He went at them like a full-blooded, masculine member of the profession. The audience displayed unusual enthusiasm throughout the concert.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

Fine Performance of the Symphonia Domestica.

Mr Bachaus Displays More Technic Than Temperament as a Pianist.

The program at the 18th Symphony rehearsal was as follows: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Strauss, Symphonia Domestica; Beethoven, concerto for pianoforte No. 5, in E flat major, Wilhelm Bachaus, soloist.

Neither the program nor the performance call for extended comment. This gigantic page from Strauss' autobiography is now known. The composer has been sorely rebuked for committing an intimate account of his daily walk and conversation to an orchestral narrative for the world to hear. If he chooses to perpetuate in tone the doings of the Strauss household from 7 p m to 7 a m, pater, mater and the young Strauss Jr, then who is he that shall frown. It is an excellent thing to see a family astir betimes in the morning. This one shows remarkable activity at the break of dawn.

It is related by trustworthy and competent testimony that Mr Strauss' first acquaintance with the lady who subsequently became Mrs Strauss was at a rehearsal in a theatre where she was a singer. It appears that a certain portion of her performance invited criticism and admonition from the conductor, who was none other than Herr Strauss. At this juncture the singer straightway threw her score at his head. The conductor dodged the same, permitting it to hit the concert master, and then turned to him with the remark that the woman had made a favorable impression upon him.

It is unfortunate that the Domestica did not begin in point of time so as to include this episode, inasmuch as other more minute but less striking occurrences in the family history are duly recorded. There are those to whom the employment of Strauss' epic and epoch-making musical invention and his mastery of a titanic orchestral apparatus, to mouth the rhymes and the pretty exhibitions of the nursery, is irrelevant and even grievous. To some it savors of a colossal egotism, of a type which certain so-called clever men know not that they possess.

Whatever the program which Strauss employed, the orchestral sounds remain, and as a gorgeous tapestry of tone, it

can suggest its own pictures. There are pages wherein the composer appears to dwell too long, as in the love music, not a common trait with him, but the sweep of the man's imagination is breath taking, appalling. The infinite range of variety in his sense of the aesthetic and the dramatizing value of rhythm, of an instrumental timbre, is the oboe d'amore (used yesterday) for the naive voice of the child, and of the combination of tints, his amazing skill in graphic realism, in complicated combinations, in contrapuntal weaving.

The work betrays a weakness at times in the point and force of theme, and there is not always the coherence in the evolution of section from section that marks even the earlier Don Juan, but there are pages of lofty inspiration, and the orchestra is made a glorified, puissant instrument.

It was such yesterday. There were a few moments of a disturbing tonality in the cellos late in the love music, but the performance as a whole was superb, a magnificent exhibition of virtuosity in which even Strauss' merciless demands upon the trumpet and the brass were not made in vain.

Mr Fiedler conducted with an ardor stirred by imagination and refined by a discretion which he has not often shown here. There were moments, as in the overture, of elasticity and direct emotional appeal. The enthusiastic applause for both conductor and players was richly deserved.

Mr Bachaus' playing was distinguished chiefly for the remarkable fluidity of his hand and finger technic. In rapid passages he seems to pour the tone along the keys. He exhibits great dexterity at the keyboard, in fleetness, accuracy and precision. In New York, he has been pronounced a player of dignified yet communicating emotion. None but those gifted with a rare and psychic discernment, however, can hope to divine such qualities in his performance.

In the slow movement his playing was architecturally praiseworthy but emotionally meager. His tone was frequently harsh, was devoid of sympathy or singing quality, and in the lighter arabesque was at times inaudible.

Next week the orchestra will make its fifth Southern trip. The program at the concerts of March 29 and 30 will include Rachmaninoff's second symphony, Mozart's concerto No. 4 for violin, Mr Noack, soloist, and Mendelssohn's overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

PIANIST BACHAUS

MAKES DEBUT AS A

SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Wilhelm Bachaus, who has been a prominent piano player in Europe since he was 16 years of age, which was in 1900, made his debut as a

Symphony soloist yesterday afternoon, playing Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. He scored an unquestioned success in the presence of one of the largest audiences of the season.

The orchestra was paid a similar compliment following the performance of Richard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," which tells all about "papa, mama and the baby." But the loudest and longest applause of all came after the orchestra had played Weber's "Der Freischuetz" overture—the queen of overtures, as Berlioz called it—in the most sparkling fashion.

The orchestra will be away next week on a tour which will signalize Mr. Fiedler's farewell to all the cities outside of Boston. There was a touch of parting enthusiasm in the unusual applause that greeted the conductor when he appeared yesterday.

"DOMESTIC SYMPHONY"

SUPERBLY INTERPRETED

AUDIENCE IN FRENZY

Adv. '12
March 16 '12 OF ENTHUSIASM

Yesterday's Performance by the
Boston Symphony Orchestra Was
a Memorable One in Every Respect.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Weber—"Der Freischuetz" Overture.
Strauss—Symphonia Domestica.
Beethoven—Piano Concerto, No. 5, in E-flat.
Soloist, Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus.

Somehow the concert seemed immensely more effective than the one of the week before. It was but natural that it should be so, for Beethoven and Weber shine like sun and moon over the modern frenetics, and the great orchestral juggler of the present has always something to say that is interesting, even in his Domestic Infelicity, which, by the way, is by no means Chamber-music.

The strong climaxes of the "Freischuetz" overture, the contra-bass pizzicati, the trombone mockeries and the violin runs, were given with graphic power. The horn quartette, too, began the work with romantic beauty. Yet there are other American orchestras which can equal ours in the

matter of brass tones; it is in the strings and in certain parts of the wood-wind that our band wins its undoubted supremacy.

How much there is in this overture of Weber's that a 20th century tone-poetaster would take an orchestral cyclone to express! There is tender tranquility, there is mystery and foreboding, there is irony, and there is jubilant triumph. And it is all done with the "classical orchestra." And it is all done in symmetrical form, too! Not that we crave form in every work, but we deny the modern assertion that form must be broken before emotional power can be attained. It was gratifying to note that the public have not tired of the old school of music. They take occasion to express this at every opportunity, and Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Haydn, etc., are applauded with a vigor that may be one means of conveying a remonstrance, or a protest, against something else. The work was splendidly played, and without any rehearsal, we understand.

We shall always consider the domestic revelations of Strauss as a blemish on Art so far as regards their subject matter. For a man to vaunt himself, his wife, and his infant, in this Brobdignagian fashion, is not in good taste (even if done in a semi-humorous vein), and it might lead the reviewer, since the subject is frankly opened to him, to ask if the tradesmen, the butcher, the baker, and the housemaid, would agree with the musical picture of Mrs. Strauss. If half of the European gossip is true we throw not; and while we are throwing, we might also throw that the infant is not as remarkable as he is painted.

But one must put aside the puerile story, which gives the latchkey to Strauss's home to every auditor, and try to listen to the work purely as a wonderful exhibition of orchestral virtuosity, and a display of figure development, that is skillful in the highest degree. This is presented at its best by our orchestra, and Mr. Fiedler is at his very best in interpreting Strauss. Not a figure is lost. Every strand of the tonal web is clearly woven, and the whole result is something to grow very enthusiastic over.

Our orchestra has graduated many celebrities. Gericke and Muck were famous both before and after their Boston sojourn, but Mr. Paur now becomes Imperial Opera conductor in Berlin, Nikisch became world-renowned after his return to Europe from Boston, and we believe that Germany will prize Mr. Fiedler higher than before after his great achievements in our city. Among all his readings his Strauss work has been the highest and the most phenomenal. We believe that no one can excel him in this field.

And this performance of the "Symphonie Domestica" was certainly high-water mark. It was one of those phenomenal performances that the auditor may remember for a lifetime. The different scenes were brought out most graphically. The oboe d'amore pictured the baby with good expression. The trombones brought out the four-noted figure at the end in a

manner that caused the auditor to sit up and watch with interest whether the players or the instruments would explode. In augmentation, in diminution, in expansion and contraction, in contrary motion, in short in every known fashion, this figure was thundered and whispered at the auditor in the close of the work. Even the kettle-drums had a bit of tune to play, and those who know the excellent artist who wields the sticks can imagine how striking it was.

We will not search for a soothing-syrup motive, or a safety-pin motive, in the work, but we may express surprise that there is no servant-girl motive. Alas, in the "Domestic Symphony" the domestic is left out. It is all "Monsieur, Madame, et Bebe."

But it is a work that must ever remain interesting. There is a Titanic surety in it that ought to inspire respect even in the critic who sees its faults. And the performance brought out the merits as we have never heard them before. The double fugue was simply wonderful. Every climax was perfectly worked up to, every complicated passage made clear. It was no wonder therefore, that the audience burst forth in a frenzy of enthusiasm at the end. That the conductor is leaving us in a blaze of glory was made evident in this concert. Greater success no man could win, and we are glad to pay a most emphatic tribute to a performance that was most memorable. Of course the orchestra was obliged to rise in acknowledgment also, but the tribute must have been chiefly intended for Mr. Fiedler.

Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto has not been superseded by any of the more recent works in this form. The latterday concertos may be larger, but they are not greater. If any piano concerto goes beyond this one it is Beethoven's own concerto in G, the fourth. We found the work to suit Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus very well. He is a pianist of great technique, but not too temperamental. Therefore he does not "individualize" Beethoven as some pianists do. Yet he is not rigid or stiff in his interpretation. He does not scorn a "rubato" even in Beethoven.

We found the beginning of the final rondo a trifle too aggressive, but having stated this we can praise entirely. It was scarcely fair to Mr. Bachaus, nor to Beethoven either, to place them after Strauss' dazzling glow of modern orchestration. But perhaps it taught the lesson that even modern meteors do not dim the light of a fixed star.

What we admire in Mr. Bachaus's work was his attention to ensemble and his reserve force. One never got the impression that he was at the end of his muscular power. The concerto is absolutely a three-movement symphony, and the orchestral support was all that it should have been. Although it was the end of the concert and people were gathering up their umbrellas and pinning on their hats, yet Mr. Bachaus was recalled several times.

There has seldom been a symphony con-

cert where the applause was so continuous from beginning to end. Each number won its triumph, but the Domestic Symphony must remain its most wonderful and brilliant part.

Mr. Fiedler's Leave-Takings

When the Symphony Orchestra next week pays the last of its monthly visits for the season to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, Mr. Fiedler will take leave of the public in those cities before which he has conducted for four years. The prescribed rite for such "farewells" is a programme of classic masterpieces, but Mr. Fiedler has not been minded to such a choice. In Philadelphia, in New York and in Brooklyn, the chief item for his final concert is Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica;" in Washington he gives the whole programme to Wagner's music; and in Baltimore, Brahms, Strauss (with "Death and Transfiguration") and Wagner divide it. The only classic pieces in the severer sense on all the lists are Brahms's first symphony, Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture and the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz." No conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has been so devoted to the music of Strauss or so masterly with it, by and large, as Mr. Fiedler has been. Appropriately, perhaps, he chooses it rather than the classics for his "farewells."

MR. FIEDLER'S FAREWELLS

Trans. — Mch. 22/12

New York Begins a Warm Leave-Taking by Both Audience and Reviewers—Philadelphia and Washington Applaudive, Too

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, on its final visit of the season to New York, gave the first of its two concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. At these concerts Mr. Fiedler makes his last appearances here as conductor of the orchestra, as his engagement in Boston ends with the present season. The fact was recognized by the audience last evening, which gave Mr. Fiedler long and enthusiastic applause as he came upon the platform. It had occasion through the evening to renew this enthusiasm repeatedly, for the performance, both Mr. Fiedler's part in it and that of his men, was of such magnificence as this wonderful organization has rarely given in all the glorious years of its history. There was a renewed demonstration in his honor at the close of the concert, and he was made to feel the esteem in which he is held here. [The New York Times.]

The performance of Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture was solid and excellent, but it was not the grand proclamation of the concert. This came with Brahms's symphony in C minor. From beginning to end its performance was one of the most notable ever heard in New York. Flawless beauty of tone, perfect balance of the

instrumental parts, absolute precision and an orchestral cantilena of matchless smoothness were the striking technical merits of this performance. But these mechanical excellences were the means by which a noble and indeed majestic delivery of the symphony was brought about. In the last movement the interpretation rose to such a height as almost to justify the use of the most exclusive of all adjectives, sublime. At any rate it was a glorious and inspiring performance of one of the mightiest masterpieces of orchestral music, and with the memory of it in mind the Thursday evening subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts will cherish kind thoughts of Max Fiedler. [The Sun.]

It was an evening of triumph for Mr. Fiedler, whose departure from America is sincerely deplored by the patrons of the Boston Orchestra in New York. He had a superb welcome on his entrance, was called and recalled to receive demonstrations of enthusiasm after every number and at the close was applauded to the echo. [The Tribune.]

Max Fiedler, the conductor, had every element likely to leave pleasant recollections for his final appearance in Philadelphia with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Monday evening in the Academy of Music. Mr. Fiedler is just now compassing the round of cities which the band from Boston visits annually, making his devoirs and farewells. His work as an expert leader of orchestral players and accomplished reader of orchestral music has made a favorable impression on local, as well as New York and Boston, music lovers during his incumbency of the directorship of the Boston Symphony, which he is about to relinquish. So Monday night he had an audience that taxed the capacity of the Academy and one which, was bent on paying the tribute of appreciation, as expressed in applause, to a very able musician. [The Philadelphia Record.]

Mr. Fiedler received a most cordial greeting upon his entrance on the stage [in Washington], but this was eclipsed by the splendid tribute of applause which followed his dramatic and heroic reading of the "Tannhäuser" overture, which brought his services in the Capital to an end for the time being. [The Washington Times.]

FIEDLER LONG APPLAUDED.

John — Mch. 22/12
Boston Symphony Conductor Fairly Overwhelmed in New York—Organization Unexcelled.

NEW YORK, March 21—Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for three years past and who shortly leaves to take up other work in Europe, was the recipient of a demonstration in Carnegie Hall tonight, when he made his final appearance here

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at an evening concert by the Boston musicians.

When he first appeared on the stage the retiring conductor was fairly overwhelmed by long-continued and spontaneous handclapping. The musical director will lead Saturday's Boston Symphony matinee, which marks his last bow.

For sheer beauty of tone, shading, perfection of technical precision and other essentials to superlative endeavors of a great orchestral body, the Boston organization was unexcelled.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RACHMANINOFF, SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2, op. 27

MOZART, CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA in D major, No. 4

MENDELSSOHN, OVERTURE, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," op. 21

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

at an evening concert by the Boston musicians.

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XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RACHMANINOFF, SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2, op. 27
I. Largo—Allegro moderato
II. Allegro molto
III. Adagio
IV. Allegro vivace

BRUCH, CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in
G minor, No. 1, op. 26
I. Prelude—Allegro moderato
II. Adagio
III. Finale—Allegro energico

MENDELSSOHN, OVERTURE to "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"
op. 21

Soloist:

Miss BESSIE BELL COLLIER

NOTE.—Owing to a slight injury to his right wrist, Mr. Sylvain Noack, announced as soloist for this week, is unable to appear. Miss Bessie Bell Collier, on short notice, has kindly consented to take his place. Mr. Noack's appearance will be announced later.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

RACHMANINOFF'S SYMPHONY ONCE MORE

Trans. — Mich. 30/12
An Eager Audience Renews Its Pleasure in It—The Music Under a Second Hearing—The Enduring Virtues and the Intruding Shortcomings—Mendelssohn and a Little Masterpiece—Cordialities for Mr. Fiedler

P ERHAPS taking the cue from incidents at the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra last week in New York, Mr. Fiedler's following here made a beginning yesterday of demonstrative leave-takings. The conductor was applauded long and loudly when he first appeared on the stage on his way to his place. The applause was renewed at each pause in Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor, which began the concert, though a part of the clapping was no doubt intended for the piece which the audience evidently recalled and enjoyed. At the end the applause waxed anew, twice and thrice was the conductor recalled. He waved his arms comprehensively and paternally to his men; they rose; and the clapping redoubled. So ran a very applaudive afternoon, wherein Mr. Fiedler also enjoyed the very obvious "homage" of Miss Collier, the violinist of the occasion. Report said that she owed her appearance to Mr. Fiedler's good voices, and time and again, her eyes sought the conductor's face with youthful reliance and smiling admiration. Throughout the concert, Mr. Fiedler strove mightily and visibly with the orchestra to gain the expressive eloquence that he sought. Since his earliest days here, he has seldom conducted so laboriously and with so many physical ardors. Yet the orchestra has played often under him with tone of finer texture, smoother surface, and more incisive brilliance. It has also been much more eloquent with this same symphony of Rachmaninoff. Until it reached the twitter and patter of the strings and the lovely song and the suffused phrases of the wood-winds in Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the orchestra decidedly had an off day.

Rachmaninoff's second symphony, which filled an hour of the concert, came to an interesting test. When it was first performed here in the autumn of 1910, it was received with uncommon interest and liking. Since the days of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" no new symphony by a contemporary hand had called forth such warm and general admiration. It was repeated

"by general request" within a month, and it was played many times in the course of the season by the orchestra in other cities. Yesterday, after an interval of fifteen months, it stood again on the programme of the concerts. By every token that the audience could give, the music and the performance renewed the anticipated pleasure. Yet, like so many other of the pieces by the Russian composers, wholly nationalized or partly Germanized (as is Rachmaninoff) the symphony seemed hardly so engrossing and impressive as it did at the earlier hearings. Moreover, though the performance occasionally lagged, the occasional disappointment and disillusion can hardly be laid at its door. Inevitably, the symphony thrilled at those earlier performances. In it was music upspringing from long-breathed melodies that from the moment when they were first proclaimed caught the listener's ear and held his imagination. These melodic thoughts in themselves and as they developed were clothed in all the sumptuous or vivid sonorities of contemporary harmony and instrumentation. Rachmaninoff was writing a very colorful, a very highly accented, a very ardent and eloquent music. More: he seemed to have imbibed the contemporary zeal to make a symphony, "absolute" music though it is, a drama, distilled and concentrated into tones. A reiterated musical thought, published at the beginning of the symphony, recurred often in its course, swelled, toward the close, seemed finally to dominate it. Other melodic ideas strove with it, strove with themselves. As the contest waxed or waned, there were passages of tumultuous agitation, moments of sharp or mocking outcry, moods of sustained and mounting passion, ironic episodes and contrasts. The listener followed this strife of ideas and emotions eagerly, with what—to borrow a term of the theatre—may be called tonal illusion.

It was possible and easy to do so again before the symphony yesterday afternoon. Again the music, again the chief musical thought, seemed to emerge out of the tonal blackness in which Rachmaninoff begins. Again music and orchestra tossed in feverish and passionate agitation or freed and soothed themselves in aspiring song. The scherzo ran as wildly and moodily as of old, and once more the strange and fugal chant seemed to mock its bodily revellings with the things of the spirit. The adagio renewed the passion of its rising and falling song. The finale once more asserted the zest of living, of struggle, of victory and bore the chief theme almost to apotheosis upon the passion of the preceding song. Then suddenly, as in all the other movements, it ended as though Fate had set an abrupt period to it, thrust the striving, the almost triumphant, mortal force back into the pit of darkness again. So it had cut the first movement and the scherzo; so it had summarily hushed the slow song. And the listener heard this drama played on the vivid and moving stage of contem-

porary music, with its glowing or biting harmonies, with its endless play of the light and shadows of orchestral coloring.

The listener received anew all these fine sensations yesterday, but his increasing familiarity with the music made him take involuntary thought of detracting or clouding circumstance along the way. Perhaps, Rachmaninoff's drama in tones is a somewhat long-winded drama. The composer will not forsake the passionate song of the Adagio until he has wrung the last drop out of it. The tumultuous agitations of the first movement, the whirl of the scherzo, the ardors of the finale spare not in repetitions. Rachmaninoff has the Russian imagination and spirit that surrender themselves to these moods and give them eloquent expression; he has also the Russian instinct to repetitions. The nights are long in Russia; and so are concerts and so is music there. The Russian temperament is a receptive temperament, and the huge Brucknerian crescendo and climax have become a mighty fashion, for the time, in contemporary music. So Rachmaninoff's song rises upon itself, swells, breaks, dissolves into the shimmering tones of the violins or into the shadowed voices of the horns. There is no reminiscence in Rachmaninoff's symphony. There is rather the following of current symphonic fashions—of Bruckner in these climaxes, of Tschalkowsky in occasional emphasis, of Rimsky-Korsakoff in the momentary and vivid intrusion of single instruments, like the mocking bassoons of the finale. Rachmaninoff's other piece familiar here, "The Isle of the Dead," seemed to us such a tone-poem as Brahms might have written. Had tone-poems been the fashion of his time and had he possessed the tone-painting instinct. This second symphony, with all its exaltations of feeling and its gravities of expression and workmanship is too feverish and passionate of spirit to be of a Slavonic Brahms. The moody and nervous Slav, though he live and work in Dresden and his countrymen call him Germanized, will out in it. Perhaps we listeners of 1912 have the warnings of the past too vividly before us. We know, to weariness, how Wagner's generation rejected and derided his music. In our fear lest we make the same error and expose ourselves to the same scorn of generations to come, we have rushed to the other extreme with the composers of our own time. We are fearful lest we should under-praise them or hear with dull ears. Perhaps we in Boston, in prey to such desires, have a little over-estimated this symphony of Rachmaninoff.

Rachmaninoff, we say truly and cheerfully, has used imaginatively the harmonic ways and means, the glowing and variegated instrumental palette of modern music. But, how modern, after all, are some of these harmonic dances and instrumental colorings, and what shall it profit the

composer how many or how few he uses so long as he gains his imaginative and expressive end. Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ended the concert—a repertory piece, a hackneyed repertory piece, if there ever was one. It is possible to hear it year after year, once, twice and thrice in a single season. Yet it is impossible to hear it without fresh admiration, even emotion, for the inventive, imaginative and delineative sense with which Mendelssohn uses the harmonic and instrumental coloring for his fairies, for his voices of night and moonlight and still woodland, for his revels of clowns, for his pomps of courts, for the whole atmosphere of poetic fantasy that he would have his overture weave. Imagine a composer of the hour, spurred out of his heart and mind, as Mendelssohn was, to write an overture to Shakespeare's play. He might be more intricate, he could hardly be more fortunate, with the fairy lilting and pitty-patting of his strings at the beginning, with the suffused and evanescent voices of his clarinets and his horns for the mystery, the loveliness, the stillness of fairy night. He might even be less apt with his measures for clown and courtier. Our music becomes more dramatic, more pictorial, more atmospheric each year. Our composers strive—and often achieve. Yet Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture remains a masterpiece of preluding to a tragic drama and Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" a masterpiece of preluding to fantastic comedy.

Between whiles, Miss Bessie Bell Collier, called at last to the Symphony Concerts, of which she has been long ambitious, played Bruch's concerto for violin in G minor. She played it amiably and prettily, with a bright little tone, a pleasant sense of rhythm and climax, not too accurate an ear and unfailing a hand for true intonation, and without much variety of expression—if indeed Bruch's pedagogical "violinistic" music has any expressive quality. Miss Collier's performance of the piece was not disagreeable; it would have had its just place in many a concert. But it was not for the Symphony Concerts accustomed to call only violinists of high rank and large and individual attainment. Each year, the conductor and the management swear by all the high gods of musical art that they will summon no soloist below their just standards. And each year they yield, as they yielded yesterday with Miss Collier. The annual exception is becoming an annual rule.

H. T. P.

BESSIE COLLIER SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Record Mel. 30/12
At the symphony Friday the E minor symphony by Rachmaninoff, a Mendelssohn overture and the Bruch violin concerto, Miss Bessie Collier, soloist, were played. Of the performance Louis C. Elson says in The Advertiser:—

Sylvain Noack, our excellent violinist, had been announced for this concert, but the fates willed it otherwise. A siege of neuralgia with the addition of a sudden fall and a resulting sprained wrist, placed that artist "hors de combat." But there are always eminent artists to draw upon in Boston. Miss Bessie Collier was to have appeared with the orchestra in the concerts of April 19th and 26th, and an emergency call brought her to the platform three weeks earlier than had been planned.

Instead of a Mozart concerto, which Mr. Noack would have played, we had the romantic G minor concerto by Max Bruch, one of the very few great concertos for the violin. It is astonishing how much stronger this work is than the second and third violin concertos by the same composer. Miss Collier gave the first movement, with its improvisational character, in a commendably clear and elastic fashion. When one compares this style of freedom with the solo display that was given in the Sibelius concerto recently one realizes how poetic and superior this movement is. But the slow movement which follows is to us the gem of the work. Its sentiment was most charmingly caught by the young violinist. The ensemble was perfect, the orchestra balancing the soloist and neither trying to force the other. The perfect intonation, the clear double-stopping in the first and last movements, the surety in high positions were matters to grow enthusiastic over. The artist's tone was delicate and sweet rather than broad.

SYMPHONY BY RACHMANINOFF

Herald Mel. 30/12

Mr. Fiedler and Orchestra
Warmly Greeted on Return
from New York.

INTERPRETATION VIGOROUS

Mr. Noack Unable to Appear Because of Injury Due to Fall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Symphony in E minor, No. 2; Bruch, concerto in G minor, No. 1, for violin and orchestra; Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It had been announced that Mr. Noack would play a violin concerto by Mozart; but he fell and injured his wrist so that his appearance as a soloist was necessarily deferred. Miss Collier took his place at short notice. She expected to play later in the season. There were agreeable features in her performance of the first and second movements of Bruch's concerto; but however estimable her talent may be, she has not yet fully attained to the artistic stature which should entitle her to play at these concerts. Yesterday she was applauded liberally.

Mr. Fiedler was warmly greeted on his return from the last trip of the orchestra to New York and other cities, and his reading of the symphony evidently gave great pleasure to the audience, yet this symphony has been played here with more marked technical brilliance and with greater regard to nuances of expression. Yesterday the performance was steadily vigorous; one might even use the word muscular. Yet in its way this reading was effective by dint of sonorousness.

The symphony was played twice last season. It was immediately enjoyed by many; some praised it extravagantly, and one or two, I believe, described it as "epoch-making." The music does not wear well; its diffuseness is more and more apparent, and in a symphony that lasts nearly an hour, there is really little musical thought that is taken away by the hearer. The broad and sweeping themes are often Tschalkowskian in profile and in harmonic and orchestral dress, and there are instances of Tschalkowskian detail. It is natural that Rachmaninoff should be influenced in a measure by his predecessor, but it is also natural to expect from the composer of "The Island of the Dead" a stronger revelation of individuality.

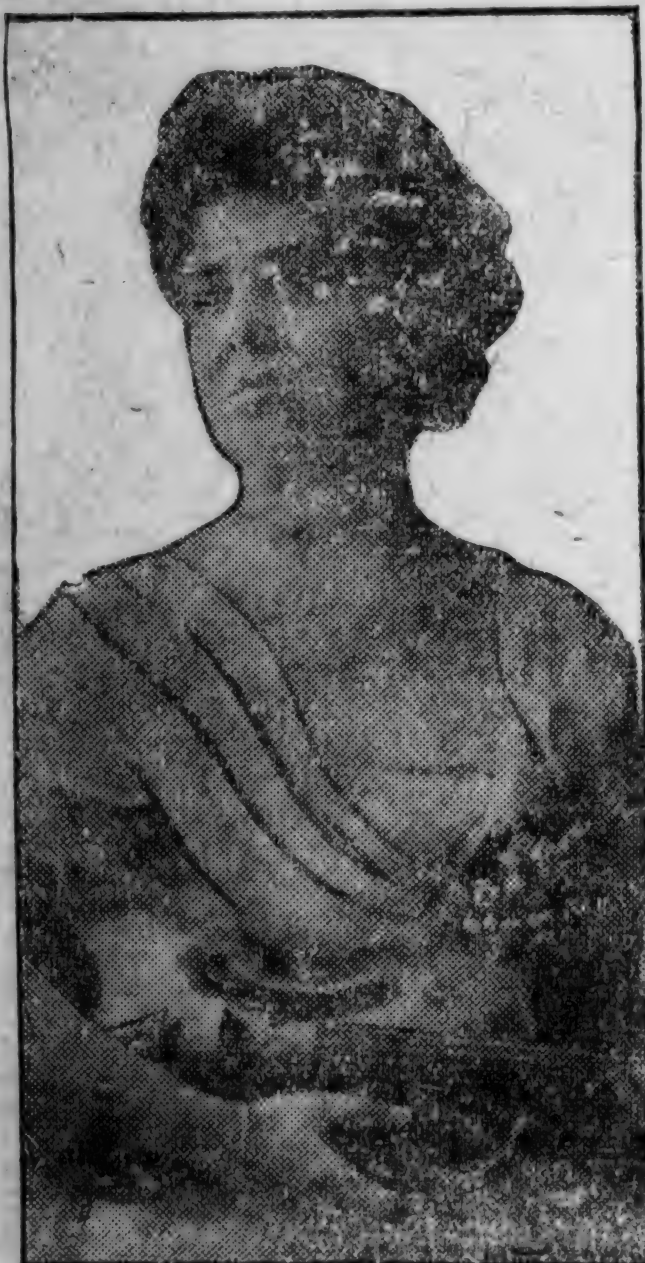
It is easy to see why this work stirs an audience, especially when it is performed in a flamboyant manner: there

are obvious melodies, and I am not denying the effectiveness of some of them; there is pomp and there is glitter; there are climaxes—too many of them; there is decorative music galore.

Would that Mendelssohn had written always in the spirit of the overture played yesterday and in that of "Fingal's Cave"! Would that he had not fallen into the evil ways of formalism and sentimentalism and wallowed there!

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven's overture "Leonora," No. 3; symphony in A major, No. 7; symphony in C minor, No. 5.

Boston Violinist Who Appears as Soloist at Symphony Hall Today



Monitor — Mch. 29, 1912

(Photo by J. E. Purdy, Boston)
MISS BESSIE BELL COLLIER

Miss Bessie Bell Collier, the violinist who takes the place of Sylvain Noack as soloist with the Boston Symphony orchestra today and tomorrow, made her

first appearance in Boston on Dec. 19, 1904, at a concert in Steinert hall. On Nov. 7, 1905 she played with the New Haven Symphony orchestra at New Haven, presenting the Raff concerto for violin. She played with the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of Franz Kneisel, at the Worcester festival, Oct., 1906, her selection being Saint-Saens' rondo capriccioso. On Nov. 12, 1910, she played the Bruch G minor concerto with the New York Symphony orchestra at Brooklyn, and on Nov. 17, the same concerto with the Boston Symphony at Cambridge. On Feb. 23, 1912, she appeared with the Boston Symphony orchestra at Brooklyn, N. Y., playing the Saint-Saens B minor concerto. She took a western trip in 1908, and has played extensively throughout New England and the middle states.

MISS COLLIER PLAYS BRUCH CONCERTO

Boston Violiniste Gives
Fine Performance.

Rachmaninoff's Noble Symphony
Heartily Applauded.

Globe — Mch. 30/12

Miss Bessie Bell Collier, the young Boston violiniste, played Bruch's concerto in G minor at the 20th symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. Miss Collier appeared at short notice on account of an injury to the wrist sustained by Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, who was announced as the soloist of the week.

Miss Collier acquitted herself with great credit and won an unusually enthusiastic reception from both audience and orchestra. She played with marked technical proficiency and with musical taste. Her grasp of the composition was firm and her discrimination of its variety in style was intelligent.

She displayed facility in passages demanding a florid execution and sincerity and depth of sentiment in measures of lyric character, as in the slow movement. Here her tone was of a pure, singing quality, and her bowing of marked breath and elasticity. She has a keen sense of nuance as of rhythm, and is able to impart a quiet

and impressive beauty to a piece of cantilena without mannerisms or exaggeration.

She showed admirable presence of mind in the readjustment of the tuning of her instrument, an insistent matter which caused her some anxiety in the double stopping of the brilliant finale, but she came off scarcely less happily in intonation than in the other requisites of the art.

Best of all Miss Collier's ability does not lie in digital expertness, nor in a precise articulation of the bow—a thing not to be underrated. Her playing indicates a refined mind, sensibility to emotion and a respect for her instrument as a medium for interpretation rather than of mere display.

This was a significant point in Miss Collier's career, for although she played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Worcester festival in October, 1905 (Saint-Saens, Rondo Capriccioso), Mr Kneisel conducting, and the concerto of yesterday at Cambridge, Nov. 17, 1910, this was her first appearance with it in Boston.

Born at Cohasset, Mass., April 3, 1885, Miss Collier began violin lessons at four with Mrs. Charles W. Gammons. At five she played in a concert. At eight she began study with Mr Kneisel, whose pupil she remained for 10 years, with intermittent instruction from Willy Krafft and Mr Svecenski.

Miss Collier made her debut Dec. 19, 1904, in a concert at Steinert Hall, and has played publicly as follows: Nov. 7, 1905, Raff Concerto with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra; Nov. 12, 1910, Bruch G Minor Concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra at Brooklyn; the Saint-Saens B Minor Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Brooklyn, Feb. 23, 1912; a tour through the West in 1908, and various concerts through New England, and the Middle States.

The symphony was Rachmaninoff's second in E minor. It occupied exactly an hour in performance, too long a time for the ear and brain to remain keenly appreciative, and unfortunately so, for there is a wealth of invention here, of expressive musical thought, of fertile development of ideas, and of originality, charm and dramatic force of orchestral treatment.

It would be interesting to trace the genealogy of the chief theme, which is a motto for the entire work. Puccini last night, in his latest opera, as well as Pantoek, has found use for the formula, as have others. The first movement is laid out upon a plan at once coherent, yet seemingly spontaneous. The second movement is in fine contrast, with its spirit of play, which never loses the spell of imagination. The third movement contains beautiful thoughts, but is unduly prolonged, and is deliberated rather than inspired until the happy return of the motto theme. The last movement contains some of the Russian's most forceful pages.

The orchestra played superbly, and Mr Fiedler conducted at times with a sensibility of touch that he has shown too seldom. He was greeted with longer applause than usual when he mounted the stand. There was a demonstration for conductor and players after the symphony. Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" closed the program.

The next concerts will occur April 5 and 6. The program will be of Beethoven, as follows: "Leonora" overture No. 3, symphonies Nos. 7 and 5.

BROOKLINE GIRL, VIOLINIST, PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY



BESSIE BELL COLLIER.

Traveler — Mch. 29/12

Today's soloist at the rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Bessie Bell Collier, violinist, of Brookline.

Miss Collier was called on when Sylvain Noack of the first desk in the violins, who was to have been the soloist, was incapacitated by a sprained wrist.

Miss Collier played Bruch's concerto in G minor, No. 1.

Miss Collier, born at Cohasset, April 3, 1885, began the study of the violin at the age of 4 under the instruction of Mrs. Charles W. Gammons, a pupil

of Carl Miesel, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the age of 5 she played in concert, and went under the instruction of Franz Kneisel, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the age of 8, continuing under his instruction 10 years, studying between lessons with Messrs. Svecenski and Willie Kraft of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

On Dec. 19, 1904, she made her debut at a concert in Steinert Hall.

Today's appearance marked her debut with the orchestra in this city.

BESSIE B. COLLIER SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Cohasset Violinist Proves
Delightful Surprise
to Audience.

Journal — *Mar. 30/12*

Boston and Cohasset can each claim a share of the success won at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon by Bessie Bell Collier, the violinist, who came hither from the South Shore town to study and who made her first important appearance in 1905 with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Collier was not due to make her debut as a Symphony soloist until later on this season, but an accident that temporarily incapacitated Sylvain Noack, the soloist first announced for this week's concerts, prompted the management to call upon her at the eleventh hour. Her praiseworthy and highly appreciated performance of the Bruch concerto in G minor was, under the circumstances, doubly successful. It proved her assurance and her art simultaneously. Her technique was brilliant and her tone was remarkable for its deep feeling. The audience found the young soloist a delightful surprise and applauded her with more than friendly warmth.

Rachmaninoff's lyrical second symphony was played in a sparkling style that made the audience applaud until the orchestra rose to

share the honors with Mr. Fiedler. The "Midsummer Night's" overture of Mendelssohn tempted more than the usual number of people to stay to the end of the matinee.

There will be no concerts next week. The following week the program will be all Beethoven, including the fifth and seventh symphonies and the equally famous "Leonora" overture.

NEWS OF MUSIC

At the Symphony Concerts *Trans. Mar. 28/12*
MR. Noack, the violinist, who was to play a concerto at the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday, has sprained his right wrist and can hardly use it for ten days or a fortnight to come. Accordingly his appearance as a "soloist" with the orchestra is deferred for a while. In his stead on Friday and Saturday Miss Collier, who has been engaged for later concerts, will play Bruch's concerto in G minor for violin and orchestra.

A week hence, for the first time in some years, a pair of Symphony Concerts is to be devoted wholly to the music of Beethoven. Mr. Stock and the Thomas Orchestra celebrate such a rite annually in Chicago; but in Boston, there has been no such programme at the Symphony Concerts since Dr. Muck chose one for a pair that fell close to the anniversary of Beethoven's birth. For the first time also in Mr. Fiedler's conductorship here, he has included two large symphonies in a single programme. They are the seventh and the fifth. The third "Leonore" overture will precede them.

Only three pairs of Symphony Concerts remain beyond those for which the programmes are already announced, and they will befall in weeks wherein the orchestra has few engagements to fulfil outside of Boston. It is to be hoped, then, that in one or another of the three, Mr. Fiedler will find a place for his promised revival of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Antar." Last autumn he specified it among the important undertakings of the season and spoke with just warmth of the diverse beauty, the unflinching ardors, the glowing Oriental color of the music. "Antar" deserves to rank beside Rimsky's "Scheherazade," though it is played less often. It has not been heard here in years; it is music in which Mr. Fiedler's best powers would tell; while a public that has warmly liked "Scheherazade" would hardly be less appreciative toward "Antar." Indeed, it is already curious about it. Moreover, Mr. Fiedler has not been wont to disappoint expectations that he himself helped to raise.

NING, MARCH 30, 1912

MISS BESSIE COLLIER SYMPHONY SOLOIST

BOSTON ARTIST WINS

FLATTERING SUCCESS

Was Suddenly Called on to Fill
Place of Sylvain Noack, Who
Was Indisposed.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Rachmaninoff—Symphony in E minor, No. 2.
Bruch—Violin concerto in G minor, No. 1.
Soloist, Miss Bessie Collier.
Mendelssohn—"Midsummernight's Dream" Overture.

Sylvain Noack, our excellent violinist, had been announced for this concert, but the fates willed it otherwise. A siege of neuralgia with the addition of a sudden fall and a resulting sprained wrist, placed that artist "hors de combat." But there are always eminent artists to draw upon in Boston. Miss Bessie Collier was to have appeared with the orchestra in the concerts of April 19th and 20th, and an emergency call brought her to the platform three weeks earlier than had been planned.

Instead of a Mozart concerto, which Mr. Noack would have played, we had the romantic G minor concerto by Max Bruch, one of the very few great concertos for the violin. It is astonishing how much stronger this work is than the second and third violin concertos by the same composer. Miss Collier gave the first movement, with its improvisational character, in a commendably clear and elastic fashion. When one compares this style of freedom with the solo display that was given in the Sibelius concerto recently one realizes how poetic and superior this movement is. But the slow movement which follows is to us the gem of the work. Its sentiment was most charmingly caught by the young violinist. The ensemble was perfect, the orchestra balancing the soloist and neither trying to force the other. The perfect intonation, the clear double-stopping in the first and last movements, the surety in high positions were matters to grow enthusiastic over. The artist's tone was delicate and sweet rather than broad.

As the sudden change of programme prevented the programme-book from giving an account of Miss Collier's career, this biographical notice may be pertinent:—

"Bessie Bell Collier, born at Cohasset, Mass., April 3, 1885. Began the study of

the violin at the age of four under the instruction of Mrs. Charles W. Gammons, a pupil of Carl Kneisel, of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"At the age of five played in concert. Went under the instruction of Franz Kneisel, concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, at the age of eight. Continued under his instruction 10 years, studying between lessons with Messrs. Svecenski and Willie Kraft, of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"Dec. 19, 1904, made her debut at a concert in Steinert hall. Nov. 7, 1905, played with the New Haven Symphony orchestra at New Haven, the Raff concerto for the violin.

"Played with the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of Franz Kneisel, at the Worcester Festival, October, 1906, her selection being Saint-Saens' Rondo Capriccioso.

"Nov. 12, 1910, played the Bruch G-minor concerto with the New York Symphony, at Brooklyn, and Nov. 17, the same concerto with the Boston Symphony, at Cambridge.

"Feb. 23, 1912, with the Boston Symphony orchestra, at Brooklyn, N. Y., the Saint-Saens B-minor concerto.

"She took a western trip in 1908, and has played extensively throughout New England and the middle states."

We have already intimated that something more of breadth is needed by the artist. When this is attained she will rank with any female violinist of the present. As it is she is an excellent concert performer and the great enthusiasm which greeted her clean-cut, unaffected work was fully deserved. She was recalled again and again at the end of the concerto, and won a complete success.

The Rachmaninoff symphony was reviewed in these columns about a year ago—in October and in November, 1910. The Russian composer has no cause to complain of cold treatment on the part of Mr. Fiedler, for this symphony was repeated within a month of its first Boston hearing, and now we have had it again. We confess that the work gains by repeated hearing, but there are many others that might improve on closer acquaintance, yet such opportunities are denied them.

The work is, of course, for the largest of orchestras, since no modern except Wolf-Ferrari and Debussy cares to retail his orchestral ideas; it must be wholesale or nothing. But Rachmaninoff does not follow the modern school into the bog of formlessness. There is a continuity of idea running through the work, which is partly attained by transference of thematic material from movement to movement, the finale being especially rich in reminiscence.

Although the work is not formless, it is not as melodic as some other Rachmaninoff's compositions. It is not as impressive as the "Isle of the Dead." Nevertheless it shudders and shivers, and roars and sighs, and whispers and explodes, much as many other modern "mood-pictures" do. It seems to be "programme-music" with the programme left out—a

that we have sometimes found with Mahler's symphonies.

There is no real scherzo in the piece, although the movement which took its place was bizarre enough. It had a fugue of quassia bitterness, a mixture of counterpoint and vinegar. The adagio pleased us, although there is much to admire in the finale also. But at the end one desires to know what all the pianissimo mysteries and whisperings are about. In largeness of plan, broad architecture and impressive presentation of string contrasts, the first movement leaves the most lasting impression. It is really a noble movement, and the climax of the finale was overwhelming.

The performance was one that aroused the audience. Mr. Fiedler is very much at home in just this school of music and rides on the waves of its difficulties with no more symptoms of being swamped than a cork would be. He is doing wisely in showing his power in this field in these last concerts, for he will leave an impression in Boston that will be indelible. He was recalled with great enthusiasm at the end of the symphony and the orchestra was also compelled to rise.

New York and Mr. Fiedler

Trans.
Mar. 25/12

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its last appearance in New York in the present musical season Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. It was also Mr. Fiedler's last appearance in this city, as his engagement as conductor of the orchestra is ended with the close of the season in Boston next month. The matinee audience realized this fact, and conspicuously gave expression to its feelings of regret at his departure and of gratitude for what he has done for the New York musical public in the four years that he has been at the head of the orchestra. As at the evening concert on Thursday, he was greeted with a long continued applause when he appeared to take his place at the head of the orchestra; and at the close the listeners remained to applaud and to cheer for many minutes, recalling him again and again.

Finally Mr. Fiedler raised his hand for silence, and spoke in excellent English. He said that he could not "conduct his feelings" on that occasion so well as he could the orchestra, but he expressed his gratitude for the kindness that had been shown him in the four years during which he had been the director of the orchestra; said they had been four years of happiness for him, and hoped that the New York public would not forget him, as he would never forget the experiences he had had here, and closed with a heartfelt good-by. The tribute to him was sincere and well deserved, for Mr. Fiedler has kept the high standards of the orchestra and has maintained not only its material prosperity in New York, which could not be greater, but also the artistic value it has had to the most cultivated and fastidious music lovers

of this city, and the place it has occupied in the very forefront of its musical activities. [The New York Times.]

In the four seasons of his conductorship Mr. Fiedler has outgrown most of his undesirable peculiarities, while he has retained his force and his acumen. His conducting has found continually increasing favor, and that means that it has deserved it, for in the long run the musical public of this town is not to be deceived. Mr. Fiedler retires to give way to the conductor whom he succeeded, Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin. Doubtless the German Empire will survive the loss, especially as we are sending back to it a greatly grown Fiedler. New York has enjoyed much good music under Mr. Fiedler's direction and will part with him with sorrow. And it will bless him in that he has left his matchless instrument behind him unimpaired. [The Sun.]

New Yorkers Acclaim Fiedler

They gave Conductor Fiedler of the Symphony Orchestra a big farewell reception at Carnegie Hall, New York, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Fiedler finally had to make a speech—in "excellent English," according to the report—thanking the New Yorkers for their kindness, and adding that his four years in America have been among the happiest in his life.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "Leonora," No. 3

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5

fault that we have sometimes found with Mahler's symphonies.

There is no real scherzo in the piece, although the movement which took its place was bizarre enough. It had a fugue of quassa bitterness, a mixture of counterpoint and vinegar. The adagio pleased us, although there is much to admire in the finale also. But at the end one desires to know what all the pianissimo mysteries and whisperings are about. In largeness of plan, broad architecture and impressive presentation of string contrasts, the first movement leaves the most lasting impression. It is really a noble movement, and the climax of the finale was overwhelming.

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New York and Mr. Fiedler *Grand March 25/12*

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN, OVERTURE, "Leonora," No. 3

BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7

BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN, OVERTURE to "Leonora," No. 3, op. 72

BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92
I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace
II. Allegretto
III. Presto: Presto meno assai
IV. Allegro con brio

BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67
I. Allegro con brio
II. Andante con moto
III. Allegro: Trio
IV. Allegro

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week

SYMPHONY CONCERT

ENTIRELY BEETHOVEN

ad. 6. 12
CONTAINED NOTHING BUT
ORCHESTRAL NUMBERS

Proof Anew How Infinitely More
Versatile Beethoven Was Than
Latter Day Composers.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. "Leonora, No. 3," overture.
Beethoven. Symphony in A major, No. 7.
Beethoven. Symphony in C minor, No. 5.

Not since the symphony concerts were started, more than a generation ago, has there been a programme of this character presented. Two large symphonies by the same composer, and a good-sized overture thrown in as "Lagniappe." Wagner programmes we have often had, but such a classical Beethoven programme never. Two symphonies! It is only a step from this to the Bulow idea of playing a symphony twice over, in the same concert, so that the laity may have a chance to study it. The laity are seldom grateful for such chances, since they do not generally take concerts in such a pedagogical manner, but this was a notable exception.

This concert was by no means as severe or taxing as many a previous one in which three or four modern composers have vied with each other in new progressions, heavy scoring or enigmatical meanings. It was a supreme test of Beethoven and it showed that no amount of modernity can dim his power or make him seem old-fashioned. It was a fine proof of the fact that our sheet anchor still holds and that we are not drifting aimlessly, to see the attention given to the works and the hearty applause following them.

Yet we would have preferred to have heard our well-beloved conductor in a Strauss or Wagner programme, where he seems so pre-eminent, rather than in a set of Beethoven works in which we have had many great readings. Nikisch, Muck, Gericke, Paur, have all done great things with this or that Beethoven symphony.

Such a programme proved how infinitely more versatile Beethoven was than the latter-day composers. There was not only no monotony in the concert, but there was excellent contrast. The "Leonora" overture, best of the dramatic school, was finely effective with its touches of sorrow, suspense, its trumpet calls, and its final delirium of triumph. When Beethoven was exultant his joy became a wild frenzy, as witness the end of this overture, or the end of the opera which follows it.

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Against this there was the rather dance vein of the first movement of seventh symphony, which was finely caught up. And after this came the gem of the concert, the slow movement of this work, almost a threnody, yet having divine consolation in its second part—the essence of consolation and hope. And Mr. Fiedler did not dawdle the tempo of this "Allegretto," but gave it rather as pensive brooding than as a funeral march.

The scherzo of this symphony, with its unnecessary repetitions, is scarcely as strong as the first two movements, but the brilliant finale was exciting enough although taken a little too quick. Beethoven prized this work as the best of his symphonies, and with the exception noted it is certainly as strong as any of the nine.

The fifth symphony is the favorite war-horse of all conductors, but we question whether their enthusiasm is shared by all auditors. Of course there is a good deal to be made out of the "fate knocking at the door" figure, and of the struggle between the chief and subordinate themes, in the first movement, but if any auditors imagine that Beethoven had any idea of "Fate" when this four-noted figure came into his mind, let them examine the first sketch of the work as preserved to us by Nottebohm, and they will see that he thought of it only as a rather rollicking and chattering subject. The clearness with which all this ingenious figure-treatment was brought out wins admiration for both conductor and orchestra.

The strings were on dress parade in the variations of the slow movement and the bassoon at the end (in the coda) also deserves mention. But of course the contrabasses shone preeminent in the scherzo that followed. It is to be noticed that Beethoven made the contrabass part especially prominent and especially difficult in this symphony, possibly as a defiant answer to Von Weber who had satirized his difficult contrabass passages of the fourth symphony mercilessly. At any rate, these passages, which were once deemed almost impossible (as were the high violin passages in the "Egmont" overture) were by no means so to our great orchestra, and they were played with clearness and power.

The finale was again the triumphant Beethoven. It has been well said that this finale (the first use of the heroic trombones in sympathy is here) would have been the fittest ending to the "Eroica" symphony.

From all of the above it may be seen that the contrasts of the programme were as wide and vivid as the instrumental character of the scores could possibly give. It showed the sorrows, the joys, the playfulness, the romance, the intellectuality, and the tone-coloring of the Genius. It made it clear to the layman why it is that when we think of great composers we generally put Beethoven in the first place. Bach was greater in intellectuality, Schumann in pure romance, Chopin in emotional power, but no one presented intellect and emotion with such equipoise as Beethoven. Therefore it was well, for once,

to have this object-lesson, to allow this innovation in the make-up of a symphony programme.

That the public enjoyed it was very evident. The applause was of the heartiest and was given after each work. We wonder if such marked applause after classical works is not also a remonstrance against the modern symphonic distortions.

One thing is certain! The public is showing in a very emphatic manner how much it prizes Mr. Fiedler. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." Whenever our conductor comes upon the stage he is welcomed with remarkable enthusiasm, and yesterday afternoon, at the end of the concert, instead of pinning on hats and rushing for trolleys, the public stayed to recall the conductor three times. The tribute was very pointed, for the applause went on after he had caused the orchestra to rise in response. No conductor has become a greater favorite in Boston than Mr. Max Fiedler.

REHEARSAL IN SYMPHONY HALL

Twenty-First of Season Given—
Program Exclusively from
Beethoven.

THREE GREATWORKS PLAYED

Overture "Leonora" No. 3 Fol-
lowed by Seventh and
Fifth Symphonies.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Without any obviously impelling cause the program included only compositions by Beethoven.

The overture "Leonora," No. 3, the overture that is much more dramatic than the opera for which it was written, was followed by two symphonies: Nos. 7 and 5. These three compositions are undoubtedly among the greatest works ever written for the orchestra.

The symphonies are so great that they should not be heard one after the other. Either one would have stood out more boldly and inspired the more awe, if the other compositions had been in sharp contrast and of a lighter nature. Nor is it well to be over familiar with gigantic works.

The performance of a colossal symphony should be anticipated long before. The greatest pains should be taken in the preparation. The performance should be an event to be remembered with gratitude. There is plenty of every-day music, excellent of its kind, that gives reasonable entertainment, delights the ear, awakens pleasant thoughts, consoles one for the fret and routine of prosaic life and invokes visions of grace and beauty. It is not good for man to live in close companionship with a genius or to dwell on a mountain peak.

The rhapsodists have had their say; the commentators have pried and conjectured; these three compositions are still sublime in their grandeur. They well high express the inexpressible.

Nor have the legends, fondly believed for years, done injury to the music. It matters not whether the characterization of the first theme of the Fifth symphony—"So knocks Fate on the door!" attributed to Beethoven—was invented by Ries, or the rhythms of the theme were suggested by the note of oriole or goldfinch heard by the composer while he walked abroad. It matters not whether the Seventh symphony be a description of Germany exulting in its deliverance from the French yoke, or the apotheosis of the dance; whether the allegretto picture a procession in the catacombs or be the love dream of an odalisque. Whenever the music is played; whenever it comes into the mind, it awakens new thoughts and each one dreams his own dreams.

M. Vincent d'Indy in his life of Beethoven, a book of only 150 pages but a golden book, finds that the Seventh is in reality a pastoral symphony. To him the rhythm of the first theme is not that of a dance tune but one that might have come from a bird; the trio of the scherzo is a pilgrim's song and the finale has the reckless gayety and the tumult of a village festival. And so each one in turn publishes in print or by word of mouth his little explanation, but Beethoven broods, mysterious, gigantic, above the commentators, above even conductors when they misunderstand him, or plume themselves upon a new and striking interpretation, or in their endeavor to grasp and convey to others the essential greatness of the composer put their trust in din and speed.

The audience yesterday enjoyed the program and the performance; it applauded conductor and orchestra most heartily. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be on a special western trip. The program for the concerts of April 19 and 20 will be announced later. Mr. Noack, violinist, will be the soloist.

ALL BEETHOVEN PROGRAM GIVEN

Symphony Holds Its First
Good Friday Matinee in
Several Years.

Yesterday's Symphony matinee was the first given on Good Friday afternoon for several years; but as no allowance was made at the beginning of the season for a change of date, the so-called rehearsal had to be given according to the ticket. Nor was any particular attention paid to the day in the program that Mr. Fiedler arranged, although the famous allegretto in the seventh Beethoven symphony, with its melancholy theme, strongly suggested the somber character of the day.

There was a large audience, but a performance of Beethoven's great fifth symphony by the finest orchestra in the land deserves nothing less than a crowded auditorium. There is an all-Beethoven program this week, including the fifth and seventh symphonies and the third "Leonora" overture, and yesterday the audience gave Mr. Fiedler and the players an ovation after the brilliant performance of the overture and lingered in the hall after the last thrilling chords of the fifth symphony to give the orchestral heroes of the occasion still another.

Mr. Fiedler was in fine fettle yesterday. He conducted the whole concert without a score and consequently he was able to give full rein to his enthusiasm. He brought out the same three works last year and also during his first season, and on all these occasions he has found the orchestra well able to second his efforts.

The orchestra leaves town this afternoon for Mr. Fiedler's farewell tour of the Middle West.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME WITH
TWO SYMPHONIES

A Rejoicing Audience Besides—Mr. Fiedler Applies the Current Fashions with Beethoven's Music—Mahler's Example in Them—The Conductor's Own Particular Ways and Their Results—Some Random Comparisons

A SATIATED but cheerful cynic remarked at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon that probably there would not be another "all-Beethoven" programme at the Symphony Concerts until the orchestra celebrated, in March of 1927, the centenary of the composer's death. By that time, the cynic believed "the subsequent proceedings would interest him no more," and so he endured as best he might through Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, followed by Beethoven's symphony in A-major, No. 7, and followed yet again by Beethoven's symphony in C-minor, No. 5. The larger part of the audience, however, was of quite another mind. It filled the hall, as it usually does, even to the "rushed" places in the second balcony, which sometimes are not exhausted when there is no "soloist." It listened with such absorbed and undivided attention that scarcely a hat and the attendant pins and arms went up during the Finale of the Fifth Symphony. The applause, moreover, at the end of each piece and even in the pauses between the movements, was long, general and hearty. Twice at the end of the Seventh Symphony was Mr. Fiedler recalled and twice again at the end of the concert. Each time he had the orchestra or what remained of it—for it had already begun to disperse—on its feet, while he beamed happy and paternal, upon all and sundry. Surely Mr. Fiedler cannot complain of the length or the ardor of the leave-taking that his audiences on Friday afternoons have already begun. To signalize further his "all-Beethoven" programme and with two symphonies on it to boot, Mr. Fiedler conducted throughout from memory, and once, for the rarest of incidents with him, let the orchestra go its way through the repetitions of the Scherzo of the Seventh Symphony with hardly a beat from him. The conductor is seldom so trustful.

In all three pieces, Mr. Fiedler followed most of the current fashions with Beethoven's music and the methods he has usually chosen with it in the four years of his conductorship here. Mr. Mahler, it is to be feared, set too many

of these current fashions. He was all for a very strenuous and emphatic Beethoven, who might have done this, that and the other, had he guessed a hundred years ago the dimensions of present concert-halls, the numbers of present orchestras and the present tendencies to make the most of every instrument therein. Mr. Mahler liked to hear the kettle-drums smitten, or as some said, thumped, through many a measure wherein Beethoven has used them. Mr. Fiedler yesterday was often like-minded. Mr. Mahler liked to hear the trumpets sounding shrilly above and through Beethoven's full-bodied and tumultuous Finales—liked to hear them scream, as again the resentful said. Mr. Fiedler was so minded, too, in the Finale of the Seventh Symphony, and he fairly pinched the piccolo to a shriek through the whirling Finale of the Fifth. Everyone—inclusive of Mr. Henry Holt, who recently found Beethoven old-fashioned—knows that he would have made fitter use of his wind choir had it been the instruments of our time. Unfortunately it did not, and so thoughtful conductors must do their best in 1912 to repair this oversight of fate. Accordingly, Mr. Fiedler, like Mr. Mahler, before him, sought often to emphasize the wood-winds—to open the orchestral mass for their significant entrances, to make their tone as incisive and characteristic as possible, to throw them vividly against the background of the shadowing or pulsing strings. In fine, the conductor missed hardly an opportunity "to play them up," as the phrase is. Yet the censorious will have it that Beethoven was not without his own ideas of the balance and the emphases in his tonal mass, and that it is becoming in conductors to respect them.

By so much the music of Beethoven ran in the current fashion yesterday afternoon, according to the original Mahleresque prescriptions. Now it is all very well to resent a devitalized Beethoven, such as Mr. Bachaus proffered his audience the other day in his playing of the "Emperor" concerto; but it is as easy to resent an over-vitalized Beethoven such as these pounding drum-beats, screaming trumpets and sharp-voiced wood winds suggested. Beethoven was undoubtedly a man of power, but, after all, he was no raging Roosevelt. Side by side with these current and relatively impersonal fashions went the peculiarly Fiedlerian ways that now after nearly four years, the discriminating part of his audiences has come to expect in his versions of Beethoven. That is to say the conductor labored incessantly and ardently with the music. He was never quite willing to let it run at its own obvious pace, as it were, and to its own clear rhythm, or to let it speak with its own unaided and eloquent voice. Yet some conductors have found this course the truer and the more revealing method

with Beethoven and some that have reflected long and diligently upon his music have fused all their reflections into a seeming air of large and candid simplicity.

Mr. Fiedler must be always moulding a songful passage, until he has curved every phrase in it, until he has wrung the last drop out of it. In fact, he moulded the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony so assiduously that it became as another thing to what it seems to some of us on the engraved page. It was hard sometimes to recognize the reiterated phrase which sets the music in the memory or to hear the song—now cut into short phrases and forced into many "effects"—moving, as it were, to its own beauty. Yet it is possible to fulfil Beethoven's inscription "Andante con Moto," and make the music the beautiful voice of a sad simplicity. Be it in the "Leonora" overture or in either of the symphonies, whenever opportunity offered or could be made, Mr. Fiedler would have his protracted and emphatic holds, his sharp contrasts, his restless modulations of pace and rhythm, his gusts of incisiveness and insistence at no very obvious suggestion of the music. As German scholars are prone to exhaust their subjects turning them incessantly in their hands, so Mr. Fiedler sometimes seems to be trying to exhaust Beethoven's music and to be ceaselessly "moulding" it.

Yet the conductor had his distinctive virtues with the two symphonies. Beethoven in them is master of the long progression wherein a musical thought beginning low-voiced and almost obscure, spreads through the orchestra, masters it and almost overwhelms it. Now Mr. Fiedler is very comprehending, skilful, eloquent in the marshalling of these thrilling advances. Again, he can be vivid and sensitive in some of his ordering of details as in the slow fall to the murmuring strings and the clucking bassoons of the Scherzo of the Fifth Symphony before the celebrated transition to the Finale begins. The big power that is in Mr. Fiedler sorts well with such tumultuous music as that of the beginning and the end of the Fifth Symphony, while his version of the Seventh Symphony was surely of the dance in the vehemence, if not always in the lightness, of his rhythms. Milton's hackneyed phrase about great poetry, that it should be simple, sensuous, impassioned, has its application to great music—such as Beethoven's—too. Mr. Fiedler is never quite willing to let it be all three unless he is conscientiously and laboriously trying to make it more so. And he has his inclinations to the rough and vehement Beethoven that Mr. Mahler conjured into his music rather than out of it. No doubt Beethoven could be a vehement even a furious soul; but when he wrote, the restraints that make artistry more potent, rose instinctively in him.

High on the medallion in the centre of the gilded rectangle that frames the stage

stood Beethoven's name. The wonder was that a bust of him had not been set for the occasion on the lintel behind the orchestra. By oversight, too, the programme-book forget to call him "the Shakespeare of music." Yet, as the overture and the two symphonies went their way, such thoughts now and then came as come before a succession of plays by the great Elizabethan. For three hundred years all sorts and conditions of men have sat before them and had their emotions of them. For a hundred years almost as many sorts of men have listened to the music of Beethoven and had their emotions of it. They have felt the bursting vitality of the plays and rejoiced in it. There is like bursting and gladdening vitality in the music. As they have thrilled to some big and sounding phrase in Shakespeare's verse, so they have answered as often to a like phrase in Beethoven's music. Often in the plays, in passages of sustained beauty, they have seemed to ride and this Seventh Symphony in their passage of sustained song they may seem to ride on the wings of music.

Are not Shakespeare's clowns romping and frolicking in what our later time would call a rough humor—somewhat akin to Beethoven's boisterous Scherzi? There are some of Beethoven's melodies that heard afresh fill the listener with an irresistible desire to sing them for himself, so seizing is the music of them. Who of us as a sensitive and eager lad has not read to himself a resounding or a ravishing passage in Shakespeare's verse and been seized straightway with a desire to read it aloud? The one in his verse, the other in his music commanded a magnificent rhetoric that the years may not dull or the centuries still, because there is a great human voice in it. They ranged—these two—as no other dramatist, as no other composer has ranged, through the passions, the griefs, the struggles, the mirths of men, feeling them, uttering them beautifully, roughly, brokenly, wildly, in tumults or in depths of emotion, but always with magnificence and power of word or tone. They—but the two symphonies, the concert and this article are done.

H. T. P.

BEETHOVEN PROGRAM.

Leonora Overture and Fifth and Seventh Symphonies Heard at 21st Rehearsal Yesterday. *Stob*

The program of the 21st symphony rehearsal yesterday was devoted to Beethoven, including the Leonora overture No. 3, the seventh and fifth symphonies.

About seven years intervened between the composition of the latter two. There is a boldness in modulation in the later not to be found in the fifth, as the progressions in the first movement from a minor tonality to a major one a semitone below, unrelated keys,

yet suggestive in this transition of a new vista of poetic beauty.

The second movement of the seventh is a treatise in itself upon compact, yet fertile and imaginative development of a few musical ideas, development which finds freshness and novelty in expanded melodic form, in enriched counterpoint, in embellished harmonic and orchestral dress. Yet the movement has less universal appeal than the corresponding one of the fifth.

The playing of the overture was the feature of the afternoon. The tonal qualities of the orchestra in pianissimo have never seemed more pure or golden. The contrasting dramatic passages stood out in bold and effective relief. Thus far Mr. Fiedler's conducting was commendable.

In the seventh symphony the type of leadership began to appear which needs no comment. There are few string choirs with the virtuosity to scramble through the finale at the speed of yesterday. Such precipitation has neither poise nor celerity, and is rather the reverse of inspiring. He had a keen ear who could detect the outline of the musical figure even from the violinists.

There will be no concerts next week in the event of the orchestra's absence on its last Western tour.

BEETHOVEN ENTHRALLS VAST CROWD

Post — Apr. 6/12

Remarkable Demonstration of Delight at Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

For the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler took his courage in hand and gave a concert of Beethoven music: the third Leonore overture, the seventh and fifth symphony. The placing of two great symphonies by one composer on a single programme has not occurred in many years, if at all, in the history of the orchestra. In these

days the attempt is a courageous one, and yesterday afternoon it succeeded amazingly well.

STAY AND APPLAUD

After each of the performances Mr. Fiedler was repeatedly recalled, and twice in the course of the concert the orchestra rose to its feet with him. Finally, at the end, an audience which usually grasps hat and gloves before the final chord and files for the exits remained for fully five minutes applauding for all it was worth. The concert was felt to be in the nature of one of the farewell ceremonies, for the programme was so much after Mr. Fiedler's heart, and the music was interpreted with such characteristic enthusiasm and devotion.

Nearly all of the music sounded magnificently. This was first of all on account of the undying sincerity of music which, in contradistinction to the efforts of thousands of music-makers, was written through sheer necessity of expression, through a profound inner need—and secondly, the sincerity of the interpreter. Perhaps in these days our ears naturally and inevitably crave more contrast of color than is furnished in the course of an all-Beethoven programme by, say, the unobtrusive key-sequences of the seventh symphony, but, as a whole, the concert gave an astonishing amount of pleasure. Again, it should be emphasized, largely on account of the feeling for every note on the part of the conductor. Conductors find it necessary, in these days, to devote infinite pains to the preparation of a work by Strauss and Debussy, and by consequence the Beethoven symphonies and other works suffer, because they are so well-known and so likely to be accepted by any but genuine and full-hearted musicians as a feature of routine.

Brilliant and Dramatic

The performance of the overture was a brilliant and dramatic one, although each detail, too, was carefully observed and always perceptible in its correct proportions. The music is invincibly thrilling, as it was a couple of generations ago, as it will be for generations to come. For the farther the search the greater need for Beethoven's incomparable greatness of soul, for his all-embracing humanity. Art is not entirely a matter of style, and sincerity is still of some slight value to the artist and the public.

Moreover, this marvellously clear, clean, glowing, healthy instrumentation, and the elemental force of the music are still novel. Still, however, the music is adequately played; it moves one to the marrow. It is still marvellous to feel the sweep, the overwhelming might of the overture. The puissant swing of the introductory theme of the 7th symphony, in the wind instruments, as the strings dance rapturously up a Jacob's ladder of

tone is an Olympic thing.

Finally, all were thrilled by what is deservedly and creditably to the public the most popular of symphonies, the symphony in C minor—by the opening that remains more titanic than anything accomplished lately, by the force which, one would imagine, would have cloven in twain the man who dared to handle it. To feel this consuming and replenishing energy, and the majesty of its expression, the superb arrangement of every phrase, every beam and arch of the structure, is one of the most intoxicating experiences that can befall the modern music lover, and one that may well lead him to ponder upon the glory of the new gods.

There was a large audience, although the fast of the concert occurring on Good Friday kept a number away.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

PROGRAMME

TO BE ANNOUNCED

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK, Violinist

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Programme.

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| MOZART, | OVERTURE to "The Magic Flute" |
| MOZART, | CONCERTO for VIOLIN, D major, No. 4 (K. 218) I. Allegro II. Andante cantabile III. Rondo |
| FOOTE, | FOUR CHARACTER PIECES, op. 48 I. Andante Comodo II. Allegro III. Comodo IV. With strongly marked rhythm (First time in Boston.) |
| WALLACE, | "Villon," SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 6, for ORCHESTRA (First time in Boston) |
| DELIUS, | "In a Summer Garden" (First time in Boston) |
| WAGNER, | PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" |

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

CHILD VIOLINIST IS GIVEN OVATION

Irma Seydel Plays Brilliantly as Soloist With Symphony.

Journal Apr. 26/12

Once in a dog's age a child appears as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra, and last night at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, the honor sought by virtuoso musicians the world over was bestowed upon a violinist in short dresses and with a schoolgirl's bow in her hair. The recipient, Irma Seydel, who was born in Boston and who has been studying with C. M. Loeffler, chose the Vieuxtemps concerto for her debut with the premier American orchestra, and she triumphed almost like a veteran. In fact, if applause were the only criterion, her performance would rank as a completely satisfactory success. It was nothing less than the proverbial ovation that she got when she tucked her little fiddle under her arm after the last brisk chord and curtsied her way off the stage.

Miss Seydel is an extraordinary player. Otherwise an exception to the rule of soloists would never have been made in her favor. To see this Alice in the musical wonderland produce so big and brilliant a tone was prodigious enough, but on top of that she displayed a depth of feeling and a technical power extremely rare in one so young. She requires still more technique to perform the first movement of the concerto with the utmost effect, but that will come in time, and then she will be a full-blown artist.

This was Mr. Fiedler's farewell appearance in Cambridge and the audience applauded the popular conductor enthusiastically. The second Brahms symphony opened the program and the Strauss tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben," closed it.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THREE NOVEL AND INTERESTING
PIECES

Trans. Apr. 20/12
Mr. Foote Takes a Hint from Omas, Mr. Wallace Finds Suggestion in Villon and Mr. Delius Writes a Rhapsody of a Summer Garden—The Pleasures of Each—Mozart Besides and Wagner—Mr. Noack as a Violinist of Taste

HAD the three several composers of the new pieces played at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon been present in the flesh what might not have happened? The audience, the usual numbers of which the holiday had plainly lessened, liked all the novel music—Mr. Foote's "Character Pieces," Mr. Wallace's "Villon" and Mr. Delius's rhapsody, "In a Summer Garden." It approved Mr. Foote most and Mr. Delius least, but it was not chilly to any one of the three. Mr. Foote was listening in the parquet, a few rows from the stage. When the applause swelled after each of the "Character Pieces" Mr. Fiedler indicated the composer with a gesture and a smile, and when all four were done the audience called him twice or thrice to his feet. For the second time within two months, at the concert of the Cecilia and now at this Symphony Concert, Mr. Foote has deservedly received such reward from his audience. Like our other resident composers, he is not without honor among his own people. For the other two, Mr. Wallace, who is an enigmatic personality, was presumably somewhere in London, and Mr. Delius was sitting in the French springtime at his villa on the outskirts of Paris. Had they been visible, as they were audible, in Symphony Hall yesterday they, too, might have received and acknowledged due plaudits. Such fortune at home has been rare enough with either. As it was, Mr. Fiedler bowed in their stead and in his own right, for the audience of Friday afternoon loses no opportunity, now that he is soon to go, to show its liking for him. It liked Mr. Noack, too, when he had played his little violin concerto out of Mozart. For he has gained quickly an individuality among the hundred men who yield the public of the Symphony Concerts its weekly pleasure and of whom separately it takes somewhat too little heed.

Mr. Fiedler is an elastic maker of programmes. He can be as austere as any academician of Leipzig or Vienna and let an overture, a concerto and a symphony (or its equivalent tone-poem) fill an afternoon. Or else, he can forswear academic precedent altogether, let the symphonies rest on their shelf, and arrange a pro-

gramme, as he did on Friday, of six short pieces. According to his frequent liking, too, it blended the old classics, the new classics, and contemporary pieces; while some were familiar and some were strange. Mozart served for the old classics with the overture to his opera, "The Magic Flute" and the concerto in D major for violin that Mr. Noack played. Wagner in the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" stood for the new and served also to show Mr. Fiedler's unabatable passion in displayful music for the rushing pace that blurs outline and shadings and for the tone that sacrifices sensuous quality to sweeping force. The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was not good to hear yesterday, in such slurring and mechanical performance. It suggested a tired and careless orchestra, near the end of the season. Yet two hours before the band had been quite its normal self in the finely tempered sonorities of the overture to "The Magic Flute" in the running figures into which they fade, and in the rush and suspense of the ensuing fugue. All of which signifies that orchestras, like the rest of us, are human.

Mr. Noack was human, too, when he chose a concerto so inviting to his qualities as a violinist as that which Mozart wrote "when he was studying the violin to please his father." In the process he thought nothing of writing five concertos. Yet nowadays when Elgar, for example, writes such a piece for the violin, its occupies him for a year; he works with wrestlings, with prayer—and with occasional outgivings to the press. Perhaps the difference in quality of the concertos warrants the difference in the creating process. Mozart's, yesterday, was little more than agreeable tracery of ordered sound, in which the solo violin was the chief pattern-weaver. Elgar's, a few months ago, was sundry other things, compact of sober thought—and many notes—of grave emotions, and exacting passages for violin and of desire, thick with modern harmonies. Mozart's ran to a very light orchestral background, so light that Mr. Fiedler wisely reduced the number of the heavier strings, and even so could not escape a tone somewhat too weighty for this filigree music. For a while, through the first movement, the concerto ran to light brilliancy of figure and ornament that broadened now and then into flowing song, that had its play in an amiable little cadenza, that meandered in and out of tonal light and shadow. The slow movement was mere pensive song, but less touched than is usual in Mozart, with the charm of the mood that the eighteenth century called melancholy. But it did not lack the eighteenth century elegance when it kept the voice of the solo violin like a fine thread of song, or fused it with the woodwinds or let it whisper away among the other strings. And the final rondo was as elegant with its little leaping figures and its gaily artful play of melodies.

Mr. Noack's poise of style and his fine and delicate tone were the complement of

this music. He did not try to emphasize it or to give it the modern emotional or intellectual quality which is wholly alien to it. He was content to let the fine shimmer of his tone play over its figures, to take the little cadenzas with a light, cleanly cut, wholly elegant, but never hard, dexterity, to lead the melodies through their pretty curves of delicate song. The eighteenth century praised acutely in its phrase, "a man of taste." It implied a fineness of understanding and appreciation, and of the means whereby they are expressed. It implied poise and charm. Mr. Noack, when he plays a concerto by Mozart, is a man of taste in all these senses.

Two of the three novel pieces had a literary background and sprang from poetic or characterizing suggestion fertilizing itself in and by music. Mr. Wallace, indeed, is almost as much writer as he is composer. He has written learnedly and originally of musical aesthetics. He has expressed himself in much verse and prose. He has even cultivated the graphic arts. And he has composed much music, little of which has made its way out of English concert rooms or for long in them. Once the discoverers and the defenders of the new generation of British composers built high hopes upon him. Now, some of them are prone to believe that his abilities and his inclinations are too diversified for concentrated achievement. The first impressions of his "Villon," as it was played yesterday, praise both. After the fashion of our musical time he has tried to characterize Villon in a tone-poem, and he bids us hear with the ear of the imagination, the vagabond poet roistering among the taverns of his medieval Paris, singing the praises of the trulls and thieves who are his companions, or else mournfully meditating over their vanished ghosts, or maybe hymning Our Lady for his poor old mother, or vanishing finally into the mists—as they seem to us moderns—of medieval poetry and romance. Wherefore Mr. Wallace has set appropriate fragments of Villon's verses over the divisions of his tone-poem.

With this stimulating hint, the music speaks readily for itself. It does suggest in tones the Villon who loved his vagabondage, who had his zest for tavern bouts and routs, who, being poet too, idealized his fellow-roisterers, who could turn mystic and pitiful, and who comes and goes to our latter-day imagination, with his troop of youth, through the lights and shadows of the Paris of Louis XI., to the rhythms of romance and the echoes of its voices. Mr. Wallace has been happy musically in the expression of these things; he has been truly poetic in the suggestion, at the end, of this final vision of Villon. He has written music that develops and unites itself symphonically and yet bears his imaginings of Villon upon its course. He is apt with the characterizing and intensive

phrase, with the heightening touch of instrumental color. He is not so individual in his broader melody; it moves too steadily in large progressions to secure-toed rhythms. It suggests the fulness of body, the amplitude of march that are already among the conventions, from Strauss downward, of much ultra-modern music. This melody is almost too amply, too securely songful, too "effective" for such a reckless and moody figure as Villon. Yet to most ears, that do not hear it too often, there is no resisting this largeness.

Certain familiar quatrains from the Rubaiyat make Mr. Foote's literary background and give him the suggestion that his music fertilizes—the quatrains of the lion and the lizard, of the book of verses underneath the bough, of the hour that is not to be wasted, of the spring that vanishes with the rose. They have stirred Mr. Foote to the writing of music that translates into tones the two voices of Omar—the voice of immediate sensuous delight and the voice of elegiac and quasi-philosophical reflection. Without elaboration or emphasis, the music has its exotic, its tangible, Oriental quality, not so much in the ordinary sense of rhythms, progressions and instrumental colorings that are the conventions of "Oriental" pieces, but in its distilling into tones of the mood of languorous, meditative reverie, the epicurean and fatalistic mood of Oriental poetry. Mr. Foote, with unusual imagination and with no obtrusive effort has found felicitous expression for it in these "character pieces." It is their "character" and the listener hears it with answering imagination, in the quiet play of tonal light and shade over the languorous organ-point of one of the pieces, hears it in the sensuous warmth of some of the melodies or in passages where the music turns gently grave again and falls into its reveries after it has sounded with Oriental pomps and excitements. Like Mr. Wallace, Mr. Foote knows the means whereby musical development may go hand in hand with the poetic idea and in all the "Character Pieces" there is a pleasant surety and fitness of harmonic and instrumental means. Not often has Mr. Foote written for orchestra so happily, imaginatively and completely.

Mr. Delius, though he pins two verses of Rossetti to the title page of his rhapsody, "In a Summer Garden," looked in his heart and wrote, and looked also perhaps upon the colors of his flowers and the lights upon them as the breeze touched them—looked and felt and then set to music making, in his own peculiar spirit and fashion. The sunshine in the garden was bright and high; the flowers, may be, grew fantastically and were as glowing of hue; the breeze set them quivering like rippling waves. And so perhaps he keeps his flutes and oboes and clarinets and all his means to high instrumental coloring, playing bright-

ly, lightly, almost flamingly and almost always in insistent motion, over the main body and substance of his rhapsody. That body is a low-voiced love song, insistently in the minor key, reticent but intense of feeling, avoiding every commonplace of melody or phrase or accent, yet charged with a gravity of intimate passion that can hardly release itself. It has its strange, subdued, austere, almost economical beauty. There is no expansiveness in it—no mere sensuousness for its own sake. Its voice is low, as of a passion that is articulate almost in spite of itself. Its coloring is the rich and shadowed coloring that horns lend it. It is the affectionate thought that is within the lovers in the garden when they may not and would not speak their passion. And around them are the high lights, the high colors, the incessant wavelike motion of the breeze. Once and once only does the still passion release itself and suffuse deeply all the music. Even then it remains of Mr. Delius's austere intensity that disdains all common means and voice, that would keep its own grave and terse distinctions. In all his music that has been played here none has had such full and rare beauty of design and accomplishment, of mood and impression. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THREE NOVELTIES

Globe Apr. 20 / 12
Mr Foote's Character Pieces

Give Pleasure.

Mr Noack Plays Mozart Violin
Concerto in Admirable Taste.

There was an abundance of new music at the 22d Symphony rehearsal yesterday. Four Character Pieces by Arthur Foote, William Wallace's Symphonic poem, "Villon," and "In a Summer Garden" by Delius were played for the first time in this city.

Of these the most interesting were Mr Foote's short pieces, which are orchestrations of his set of "Five Poems after Omar Khayyam" for pianoforte. Although impressionistic, they observe organic form and a coherent development of detail. They exhibit freshness, charm and versatility of imagination. There is no attempt at slavish or literal imitation of the verses chosen as text, but rather a free fantasy, at times rhapsodical, improvisational, rather than studied, and colored with fancy and deft skill.

There is variety of orchestral timbre and combinations of timbres, as in the prodigal and barbaric glory of the first theme of the second number to the lines

beginning "They say the Lion and the Lizard keep," or the changing play of light on the languorous organ point on E against the stanza, "A book of verses underneath the bough," etc., or the spec-
catti in triplets on muted violins in the passage termed Scherzo, or the voluptuous song for cello preceding the last—were all instances of a graceful and poetic imagination and a cunning hand in orchestral painting.

Mr Foote has obtained effects by his no less happy invention both in melodic curve and the cast of his rhythms, heightening, by both devices the Oriental character of his music. This is a quality present in a variety of moods, both in contemplation, as the exquisite middle section of the first piece, and in opulent splendor, as the pages which precede and follow it. There is, however, no disturbing symbolism involving any disputed pedigrees either of the lion or the lizard, nor is there any fastidious and pedantic system of labeling themes to provoke the pathological fanaticism of some or the supercilious contempt of others.

Mr Fiedler conducted these pieces with regard for their oriental grace and beauty, and the orchestra played with sensitivity. Mr Foote was obliged to stand three times at his place forward on the floor and acknowledge the applause.

The skillful modulation of emotional effects which make this group both a recurring inspiration and alleviation to the ear Delius' number conspicuously lacks. Why should the tonality of the Summer garden be unremittingly minor? Mr Delius has not always pitched his tent in England, but dwelt for a time in Florida. There is marked economy in contrasting harmonic and instrumental color. There is also a wearying repetition of figurative accompaniment, a trait which has frequently freighted down Granville Bantock's style.

Delius is cosmopolitan in taste. He acknowledges no obvious model, yet there are passing allusions in grouping to Puccini, and he favors the strabismic Debussyan scale. There are good ideas and evidences of good craftsmanship in the work, but there is little fertility of invention or sense of variety either in form or arrangement.

The symphonic poem, "Villon," by William Wallace, a contemporary Englishman who preferred music to his father's profession of surgery, proved an interesting work, revealed no mean order of imagination or of technical ability, one which invites further comment than can be made this morning. The characteristics of that graceless scamp "Villon," his superb daring in the fashioning of both his pungent verse and his riotous deportment, are not mere fanciful attributes of this score, nor is it lacking in a lively and discerning sense of tonal color and of various interpretative devices. The piece was an agreeable acquaintance, and was warmly applauded.

Mr Noack gave true pleasure by his finesse and informing spirit of his playing. He was content to interpret and reveal Mozart rather than renovate or distort him. Here was grace, elegance and true refinement of style, clarity in florid passages, bel canto worthy of Mr Bonci in sustained song, and a pure and expressive tone.

The prelude to "The Mastersingers" made the program over long, and Mr Fiedler conducted it slightly after

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showing marked care and appreciation for the novelties. The overture to "The Magic Flute" was the opening number.

22D SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Three Novelties on the Program, as Well as Mozart and Wagner Pieces.

Herald Apr. 20/12
By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Concerto for violin No. 4, D major.....Mozart
Four Character Pieces.....Foote
"Villon," Symphonic Poem No. 6.....Wallace
"In a Summer Garden".....Debussy
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

Mr. Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, gave a polished performance of Mozart's concerto, one of a set that Mozart wrote for his own use when he was at Salzburg. Mr. Noack's tone and art are admirably suited to this music which demands absolute purity, fine taste, a certain elegance, a certain distinction. The Andante and the Rondo are today the freshest portions of this concerto, which is nearly 137 years old. The opening Allegro has less character; in fact, it is rather tedious. Mr. Noack's performance was a noteworthy exhibition of the higher art of violin playing, and it is pleasant to add that it was fully appreciated by the audience.

The compositions by Messrs. Foote, Wallace and Debussy were heard here for the first time. They are examples of program music. Mr. Foote's pieces are musical impressions inspired by a few quatrains of Omar Khayyam. They are short and unpretentious, but they have the requisite exotic flavor; they are conceived in a poetic spirit; and some of the pages are delicately imaginative. These little pieces, furthermore, are melodically and harmonically interesting; the themes are not too obvious although they make a direct appeal, and the harmonic scheme is not a case of hothouse modernity. The instrumentation is warm in color, appropriately varied, and without abuse of orientalism, real or pseudo. The piano pieces from which this music was transcribed were written in 1898. The orchestral pieces were first played in Chicago late in 1907.

William Wallace is best known here by virile songs for baritone; but he has

composed many works of importance, and is an original thinker in music and also in literature, as is shown by his remarkable book, "The Threshold of Music," published four years ago. In "Villon" he attempts to reflect some of the moods of the poet, the "lettered holligan," as Henley described him; "Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!" to quote from Swinburne's ballad.

And so Mr. Wallace, beginning with the general motto, "A poor little scholar who was named Francois Villon," gives a quotation or a title from Villon to the succeeding sections of his symphonic poem, as "Booze and the Blowens Cop the Lot," "I Mourn the Time of My Youth," "There's No Good Girl's Lip Out of Paris," as Swinburne translated the line, although "Lip" is hardly the word for "Bec." The music that portrays Villon as the wanton rolsterer and knavish mischief-maker is somewhat in the vein of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," though to hint at any deliberate plagiarism would be unjust. It would be difficult to depict in tones two similar characters without a certain similarity in treatment, or rather a suggestion of similarity.

Two or three sections of "Villon" stand out with peculiar distinctness and show vividly the indisputable talent of the composer: the section inspired by the famous "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis"; that which reflects the prayer of Villon's mother to the Lady of Heaven and Earth; and the ending with the bell of the Sorbonne sounding the Angelic Salutation. The first is eloquently melodic; the second, with its antiphonal use of harmonizations in old modes, has a quaintly pathetic, simple and mediaeval character; the third is strikingly original and effective.

All in all, "Villon" is one of the most interesting of the new orchestral works that have been produced here of late years. We should hear more music by this Scot of decided originality in thought and ability in expression.

The impressionistic sketch by Mr. Debussy also has a motto—two lines from one of Rossetti's sonnets. To those dissatisfied unless they hear a "real tune," the opening and closing sections will seem vague, but even they must admit the singular charm of the middle part, with its amorous eloquence, its tonal sumptuousness. And to those who believe in "impressionism," this whole work will be a thing of beauty, rich in color and nuances, atmospheric, vocal in suggestions of nature, "and all sweet blooms of love * * * while Spring and Summer sang."

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Wagner, a Faust overture; Shepherd, Marsyas, a mythological scene; Forsyth, Chant Celtique for viola; Strube, Fantastic Dance for viola; Debussy, Three Nocturnes; Strauss, Salome's Dance. Mr. Ferir, viola, will be the soloist.

COMPOSER FOOTE IS GIVEN OVATION

Symphony Audience Pays
Tribute to Dean of Boston Musicians.

Journal Apr. 20/12

It was to Arthur Foote, the composer, and not to any conductor or soloist, that the big reception was given by the audience at yesterday's Symphony matinee.

Mr. Foote, who now ranks as the dean of Boston musicians, was represented on the program by his "Four Character Pieces," transcribed from his piano setting of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." These charming pieces were never heard here before, though they were played by the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago several years ago. Mr. Fiedler discovered the composer seated down front, and the enthusiastic applause lasted until the writer of these little tone poems stood up and bowed again and again.

Two other compositions were performed here yesterday for the first time, the Scottish William Wallace's symphonic poem, "Villon," and the English Frederick Delius's impressionistic pastel, called "In a Summer Garden." The soloist, Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster of the orchestra, exhibited his delicate art and suave tone in the Mozart concerto for violin—the fourth of the Salzburg concertos—in D major. The overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" completed the program, which will be performed again tonight.

Emil Ferir, the viola player, will be next week's soloist. The orchestra will offer two novelties, Salome's dance, from the most famous of all the Strauss operas, and "Marsyas," a symphonic idyll by Arthur Shepherd. A ladies' chorus, made up of members of the Musical Art Club, will assist in the performance of one of the Debussy nocturnes.

Mr. EMI

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME MAINLY NEW WORKS

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OF GREAT INTEREST FROM
BEGINNING TO END

Chief Offering Was Wallace's Symphonic Poem, "Villon," Which Has Dreamy Central Theme.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Mozart—"Magic Flute" overture.
Mozart—Concerto for violin, in D major.
Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.
Foote—Four Character pieces for Orchestra.
Wallace—"Villon" Symphonic Poem.
Debussy—"In a Summer Garden."
Wagner—Prelude to "The Meistersingers."

Here upon the very verge of Mr. Fiedler's departure, it is fitting to say that no conductor, since the days of Mr. Henschel, has paid so much attention to keeping the Boston audiences abreast of the newest and the most important in music. Mr. Fiedler's programmes have generally been models in their make-up and generally in their performance as well. The programme of yesterday was fairly bristling with new works and had therefore an especial interest from beginning to end. The chief new work was a symphonic poem upon the subject of "Villon," the rascally French bohemian whom almost everybody is interested in, spite of his villainous career. Possibly Wallace followed the splendid essay of Robert Louis Stevenson in sketching the life of this "sad, mad, glad, bad poet." At any rate one would be more "en rapport" with the music if one read Stevenson's essay before hearing it.

William Wallace has thus far led a life very much in contrast with the adventurous career of William Vincent Wallace, with whom he is not related. He is the son of an eminent surgeon and himself began a medical career, which he finally changed to enter the musical field. He has written musical books and essays as well as symphonic poems. Of course there is a certain amount of pepper in the music which deals with a poet who is at the same time a thief and almost a murderer.

This symphonic poem is somewhat more tangible than the average modern works. There is a dreamy central theme, which might apply to a saint rather than to Francois Villon. There is a touch of the wildness of bohemia, and there is a gentle Carillon at the close, which is not nearly as good as Bizet's excursion into this field. The work was worth hearing and won sufficient applause.

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But Mozart seemed especially attractive when contrasted with the modern musical fables. The concerto was charmingly played by Mr. Noack. It is practically a long dialogue between the solo-instrument and the orchestra. And these works of Mozart are more difficult to play than at first appears. One may make a dozen errors in the heavy modern concertos, but make one slip in such a work as this and it stands revealed like a flaw in a crystal. And there were two different Mozarts in the concert yesterday, for the Mozart of the "Magic Flute" overture was decidedly in contrast with the suave gentleman of the concerto. Mr. Noack was applauded to the echo, and recalled again and again.

Why do all the virtuoso conductors take the Fugal exposition of the "Magic Flute" overture, so furiously fast. Our violinists can carry out the lightning tempo, but it is almost impossible to follow the figures and the work might gain by a slightly more moderate Presto. But after Mozart there came more of the modern torture. The work by Delius is linked bitterness long-drawn out. There are about fifty places in the work where one hopes that the composer is going to wind up. But in every case he slips off and goes on further, until the auditor loses all patience. There is no valid reason for such a trial.

The much-debated composer Delius ought to change his name to Devious, for it would describe his music better. He is one of the men who carry a bunch of keys which they use in season and out of season. Even so pastoral a picture as "In a Summer Garden" has to be unlocked by several different keys. When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young, she used to stay in the key of C or G long enough for the auditor to catch his breath. But nowadays she sprints through the 24 major and minor keys, and a few others which have not yet been invented, until it resembles a musical Marathon rather than a symphonic poem.

Mr. Arthur Foote's orchestral vignettes were much more enjoyable, because less stilted and affected. We have sometimes thought of Arthur Foote as being of the contrapuntal school of Stainer, Bridge, Macfarren & Co., a school to which our \$10,000 operatic composer, Horatio Parker, belongs. But in these little poems, inspired by certain stanzas of "Omar Khayyam," we found a surer hand, a most graceful and easy leading of the voices. The audience certainly appreciated the little poems and the composer was obliged to rise from his seat and bow his acknowledgments continually.

But this morning is not well-adapted to long musical reviews in a newspaper. The works of Foot in which most of the public were interested yesterday were found in the Marathon contest.

Suffice it therefore to add that the mastersinger Prelude was most grandly given, although there were some new points of tempo revealed. But we had not recovered from the tortures of Delius to be fully in the mood for Wagner.

"VILLON" HEARD AT SYMPHONY

Post — Apr. 20/12

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, two orchestral works by William Wallace and Frederick Delius, modern Englishmen, were performed for the first time in Boston. They were the symphonic poem, "Villon," designed to express certain moods found in the poems of Villon, the glorious rascal of the 14th century, and the piece "In a Summer Garden," the title of which implies the thought of the composer.

It does not profit us much to inquire very closely into the meaning of each section of Mr. Wallace's symphonic poem, because the music itself has comparatively little significance or value, and if music is not vital in itself, as was pretty well proven yesterday, no amount of programme or of argument for its existence can make it so.

Mr. Wallace is commonly accounted one of the most individual spirits of the contemporaneous English school, a school which is doing its active most to throw off the shackles of tradition, discover national talent, if there is any, and encourage it to the utmost possible extent.

Mr. Wallace's excellent book, "The Threshold of Music" is considerably more creditable to him than his music heard yesterday. In the book Mr. Wallace, a truly progressive spirit, and a keen critic, is firmly on his own ground. But if the music heard yesterday is one of his most representative works, which we would be loath to believe, then it is fairly clear that Mr. Wallace had far better continue his inquiries into the future of musical development as a writer and a theorist rather than as a composer.

To the reviewer, there were two salient moments in "Villon": the impudent theme of the bassoon near the beginning, and the passage in the old mode which is quietly and but effectively and greatly instrumentated. Other than this, the music interested very little at a first hearing. And whatever the greater or lesser value of the passages just mentioned, it is very clear that there is little or no development and cohesion of themes or mood. The music is patchwork. The composer has a working knowledge of the orchestra, though not distinctive orchestral speech of his own. He has adopted a rather piecemeal programme for his work, and the score itself is even more piecemeal, disconnected, lacking any big propulsive main idea.

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And many measures are nothing but padding, poor padding, padding which shows that when Mr. Wallace wrote this symphonic poem he had not at command even the routine knowledge which helps many a modern writer who is short of ideas out of difficulties.

And the work of Delius was fully as disappointing, if not more so. This on account of the fact that Delius has shown himself to be a man of an exceptionally refined and poetic nature, that he searches hard after that beauty that so eludes him, and that if his desire for a certain rare harmonic expression that he cannot find were less wanting, he might come nearer to an artistic ideal that is evidently far above the heads of most who make music today. These two pieces were very disappointing, and we have yet to hear the new word in music so anxiously awaited and so often heralded by patriotic writers of Great Britain.

For the rest of the concert, Mr. Sylvain Noack, the second concertmeister, gave a very artistic performance of Mozart's D major violin concerto, which will soon be extinct, and which for the most part is very tiresome to hear. One can except the simple charm of the slow movement, and the beautiful second theme of the finale. Mr. Noack was applauded with justice, although he would have been much more warmly received had he played more interesting music.

The other orchestral pieces were the delightful overture to "The Magic Flute" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," which was not well played.

The Symphony Orchestra Goes West

TOMORROW afternoon, Mr. Fiedler and the Symphony Orchestra depart for the second time this season on a journey to cities of the Middle West and to other cities along the way. Heretofore, there has been only one such journey each year—at the end of January. This spring the experiment of a second "Western trip" is to be tried, but the authorities of the orchestra say that the venture will not be repeated. The concerts befall in succession at Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Canton, Grand Rapids and Detroit, with a halt at Pittsfield on Monday evening, April 15, on the way home. At two of these concerts, Mr. Schroeder, the cellist, will be the soloist; at another, Miss Hinkle, the soprano; while at the rest it will be unassisted. Mr. Fiedler's programmes range widely—from Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert, to Wagner and Tchaikowsky, Strauss and Debussy. Evidently the Middle West has open and interested ears to ultra-modern music; for Cleveland is to hear "Ein Heldenleben"; Canton, "Til Eulenspiegel"; and Grand Rapids, "The Afternoon of a Faun."

FOOTE IS GIVEN MUCH APPLAUSE

Pianist Pleases With Character Pieces

Post — Apr. 21/12

Yesterday evening at the Symphony concert in Symphony Hall Arthur Foote was again called to his feet after the performances of his "Four Character Pieces," based on or suggested by certain verses of Omar Khayyam. The music was applauded with reason, as it had been at the public rehearsal of the orchestra on Friday afternoon. Its orientalism need not be taken too seriously, but the eastern coloring, the odd and pleasing turns of harmony and of instrumental song give the pieces a charming flavor which is neither forced nor overdone.

These were originally compositions for the piano. For once piano music has not suffered by orchestral treatment. The orchestration is characteristic and piquant; it truly enhances the mood of each piece, and each little sketch has the appropriate flavor of eastern languor or eastern passion, set forth with distinction and refinement of style. Mr. Foote is much to be congratulated upon these charming miniatures, which were welcomed, if anything, more warmly than on Friday afternoon.

Mr. Noack again gave an admirably artistic performance of Mozart's rather perfunctory concerto and the audience again listened with interest to the new compositions by William Wallace and Frederick Delius.

THREE NOVELTIES AT NEXT SYMPHONY

As the Symphony Orchestra is in the West this week there will be no concerts on Friday and Saturday. Next week the soloist will be Sylvain Noack, second concert master of the Orchestra who was announced for a fortnight ago, but was unable to play on account of an injury to his wrist. As announced for that concert, he will play Mozart's concerto for violin in D-major No. 4. Mr. Fiedler has placed three novelties on this programme, two of them by an Englishman and the third by an American. These are William Wallace's symphonic poem "Villon," Delius' "In a Summer Garden" and four character pieces by Arthur Foote of this city.

The New Piece by Delius

Delius's music is admittedly disputatious matter, about which few contenders can keep their temper or avoid the temptation to be "smart." Next week, we in Boston are to hear at the Symphony Concerts for the first time his tone-poem, "In a Summer Garden." London has already heard it, and it is amusing—and informing—to quote two of the critical opinions that it provoked. Said the Morning Post: "In a Summer Garden" is intended as a musical picture, and as such is an impression of sensations; these sensations, however, are likely to be interpreted differently by everyone that hears them. The composer's description is conveyed in terms which show his command of orchestral color, and he is successful in maintaining a background to his picture. But what that picture really portrays is somewhat open to conjecture. Mr. Delius seems bent upon restricting it to the delineation of a garden; then it must be a garden that is occasionally zoological in its character and in parts wild and uncultivated."

And the Times: "Mr. Delius has thoroughly studied and reproduced modern 'atmospheric' effects; but as there is no organic idea in the piece, no thematic germ of any consequence, it is a little like a play in which there should be nothing but scenery and limelight. The poverty of material would possibly be unnoticed if it had not been necessary to augment the orchestra for the realization of the composer's desire for effects of orchestral coloring; but the list of extra instruments leads ordinary hearers to wonder what is the object of employing so many players to say so very little."

Mr. Fiedler's New Pieces

MR. FIEDLER'S zest for novel music, which of late has seemed to be only smouldering, has flamed up again in the programme that he has made for the Symphony Concerts of next week. It is one of the agreeable miscellanies which please his audiences and three items in it will be wholly new to them. One comes from Mr. Foote: four "Character Pieces"—that is to say little orchestral vignettes to be played from the composer's manuscript. Another is "Villon," a tone-poem by the little-known English composer and writer about music, William Wallace. The third is a long-promised piece by Delius, the rhapsodical tone-picture "In a Summer Garden."

Of Mr. Foote's new pieces we hope in a few days to print some interesting particulars. Mr. Wallace's "Villon" was performed for the first time in America in the autumn of 1910 by Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra in New York. The reviewer of the Sun then wrote of the music: "It would be interesting to know whether a certain masterly short story of Robert Louis Stevenson sent Mr. Wallace rollicking into the devil-

tries and staggering fancies of the French poet. Or perhaps it was that extraordinary 'mad glad sad bad brother' line of Swinburne that did it. At any rate there is the symphonic poem and the programme notes tell us that the score is larded all over with quotations from Villon's works and with other interesting matters. The first inscription tells us that the composer thought of Villon as a poor scholar of this university, as Stevenson makes him say. Then comes a remark that he was a 'good rogue.' Next an inquiry as to where 'it' all goes, and the answer is to the taverns and the girls. Then comes a ballade of ladies of the olden time, which is followed by a ballade to 'Our Lady,' made at the request of Villon's mother. There is no good living except in Paris, is the next inspiring sentiment, and this one is followed by another equally touching, 'I weep for the time of my youth, when I was wilder than anyone else.' Near the end of the symphonic poem we learn that Villon hears, in the bell of the Sorbonne, which always sounds at nine o'clock, the salvation the angel predicted. After that Villon lies down and dies.

"About the same time the hearer wakes up and wonders whether Villon was a relation of Til Eulenspiegel. In many respects they were kindred spirits, and so Mr. Wallace ought not to be censured if he has found some of his principles of method in the way of Strauss and some of his thematic suggestion in the score of the merry pranks. On the whole this orchestral rhapsody is pleasing, if not profound. It serves to warm a properly prepared fancy and Mr. Wallace has written a perfectly orderly composition in the manner of Strauss."

NEWS OF MUSIC AND PLAYS

Mr. Foote's "Character Pieces" at the Symphony Concerts Next Week—An Informing Note About Them—Mme. Simone Departs, Promising and Praising—Sir John Hare and America—Miss Nielsen in a New Part

Mr. Foote's "Four Character Pieces" for orchestra to be played for the first times in Boston at the Symphony Concerts of next week are—as he writes in a courteous and informing note—transcriptions of his piano pieces—"Five Poems after Omar Khayyam," written in the summer of 1898 and soon published thereafter. Two or three years later, more for his own satisfaction than in expectation of performance, Mr. Foote transcribed them into orchestral form and voice. They were performed—nevertheless—for the first times by Mr. Stock and the Thomas Orchestra in Chi-

cago at their concerts of Dec. 20 and 21, 1907. They pleased both audiences and reviewers. Still later Mr. Sousa discovered them, had two arranged for a concert band and played them at one of his concerts here in the old Providence railroad station.

"All four pieces," wrote Mr. Foote in the programme book of the Chicago Orchestra, "are short—rather impressions or sketches than compositions written with any 'development.' They are suggested by verses from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The first of the "sketches"—Andante Comodo in B major and 3-4 time, moving to a strumming sort of rhythm—illustrates the quatrain:

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

The second—Allegro in B minor and 3-4 time, asking a full orchestra and broken by a middle section of softer revery—was suggested by the two quatrains:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;

And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

The third—Comodo in A-Major and 4-4 time, with a single subject, rising and falling above an organ-point, and with no contrasting theme—springs from the quatrain

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

The fourth—in E minor and 6-8 time, with strongly marked rhythm, many changes of mood, a scherzo-like passage, and a gentle close—proceeds from these musing quatrains:

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter, Fruit.

MISS SEYDEL SOLOIST.

Young Violinist Wins Honor of an Appearance With Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Irma Seydel, the talented young violinist, enjoyed the proudest moment of her life last night when she stood before an audience in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an honor rarely if ever conferred by this organization upon an artist as young as she.



IRMA SEYDEL.

Miss Seydel has appeared in Boston and in neighboring cities in concerts and recitals, wherein her exceptional skill and promise as a performer upon the violin were at once acknowledged by musical authorities.

Last night the enthusiasm of the audience after the introduction and adagio religioso of Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor, No. 4, op. 31, kept her bowing repeatedly in acknowledgment, and after the finale marziale she was recalled to the platform three times to accept the applause.

There appeared to be general surprise in the audience to see such command of the difficulties of the instrument and the music chosen, and such self-possession in a player of her years.

The concert was the last of the season in Cambridge by the orchestra. Max Fiedler, the conductor, and the members of the orchestra were also heartily applauded. The numbers played were the symphony in D major, No. 2 by Brahms and "Ein Heldenleben," by Strauss. The audience filled Sanders Theatre.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica"
In Memoriam, April 14, 1912

WAGNER,

"A FAUST OVERTURE"

WAGNER,

"A SIEGFRIED IDYL"

a) CECIL FORSYTH,

"CHANT CELTIQUE" for VIOLA and ORCHESTRA
(First time at these concerts)

b) STRUBE,

"FANTASTIC DANCE" for VIOLA and ORCHESTRA

DEBUSSY,

THREE NOCTURNES: "Clouds"; "Festivities";
"Sirens"; (Chorus of Sirens sung by the ladies of
the Musical Art Club)

STRAUSS,

SALOME'S DANCE from the Opera, "Salome"
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

Mr. EMILE FÉRIR

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Ferir played at afternoon concert

Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Ferir it has been necessary to change to-night's program.

The revised program is as follows:

Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica"
In memoriam, April 14, 1912

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Wagner | "A Faust Overture" |
| Wagner | "A Siegfried Idyl" |
| Strauss | Salome's Dance, from "Salome" First time in Boston |
| Debussy | Three Nocturnes: "Clouds"; "Festivities"; "Sirens" (Chorus of Sirens sung by the Musical Art Club) |
| Berlioz | Overture "Roman Carnival" |

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the third selection

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
Trans. — Apr. 27/12
STRAUSS, WAGNER, DEBUSSY, AND MISCELLANY

An Afternoon of High Pleasure from Conductor, Orchestra and Music—Salome's Dance Shifted from the Opera House to the Concert Hall and So Only Half Itself—Debussy's Nocturnes Beautifully Performed—Other Intimate Music—Mr. Ferir and the Viola

THE weeks come and the weeks go, and conductors and orchestras change with them, so that one element of saving variety in our long series of Symphony Concerts is the diversity of quality that Mr. Fiedler and the band reveal in them. A week ago, he seemed no more than an intelligent, painstaking, open-minded and generally efficient conductor, while the orchestra played somewhat coarsely and mechanically. Nowhere was there much regard for quality of tone, for delicately sustained mood, for finesse of accent. Yesterday in a programme that ranged from the romantic and orotund Wagner of the "Faust" overture to the visionary and vaporous Debussy of The Nocturnes, from the intimate and whispering "Siegfried Idyl" to the clamorous and biting dance of Salome in Strauss's music-drama, Mr. Fiedler seemed a very discriminating, apprehending and imparting conductor, who found for each piece its animating and characterizing voice, who held to its peculiar atmosphere and its particular suggestion. Pace, accent, adjustments and above all, the quality of the orchestral tone were altogether just. Mr. Fiedler's ear seemed as finely attuned to it as Mr. Gerlicke's used to be. The men of the band became as by one accord little masters of the blendings and the shadings of sound. The "Faust" overture had its true restlessness of contending voices, its sombre color shot with gleams of suffusing melody. The "Siegfried Idyl," though a large orchestra was playing it in a great concert-room, kept its intimate note, its refinement of phrase, its gentle brightness of changing color. For once it was not inflated into a tone-poem, for once it sounded like a lyric fancy. In turn, the conductor and the orchestra kept Debussy's Nocturnes beautifully vaporous, glamorous, plastic, fanciful. They, too, with such quality of tone and such poetry of accent, did not sound like pieces of the concert-hall, but like fitting images and visions to which tones gave momentary form, substance, color. And when the women's voices of the Musical Art Club joined the orchestra in the Nocturne of the Sirens, the

quality of their tone was beautifully sympathetic to the remote and passing music and beautifully euphonious to the timbre of the glancing flutes and clarinets. Then, in the dance of Salome, the conductor and the orchestra gained all the intensities of rhythm, all the force of melody, all the glitter of color, and excitement of transition with which Strauss has written the music.

And in all this and in the two solo pieces for viola that Mr. Ferir played there was recurring but wholly unobtrusive proof of individual virtuosity. There week after week on the stage sit Mr. Ferir with his viola, Mr. Maquarre with his flute, Mr. Grisez with his clarinet, Mr. Witek in his concert-master's chair. We listen and take them for granted. Then we hear other viola players, other flutists and clarinetists, other concert-masters, know that they are good, but know also how wide is the gulf that separates them from the little masters of our own band. It was good that Mr. Ferir and Mr. Maquarre and Mr. Grisez should so stand out in the concert of yesterday and Mr. Witek had had like advantage in the performance of "Ein Heldenleben" the evening before in Cambridge. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra will surpass themselves if their final concerts next week match that of yesterday in fulness of accomplishment and fineness of pleasure.

Who has forgotten those horrible perils of mental, moral and spiritual corruption from which the censors of our musical and theatrical pleasures, who knew not a line of Wilde's play or a measure of Strauss's music, delivered us what time Mr. Hammerstein purposed to perform "Salome" at the Boston Theatre? Who does not recall the revolt of those same moralists from details of instrumental and harmonic suggestion that they, being wiser in morals than in music-drama, believed were acted out upon the stage? Some of them, if recollection does not slip, occurred in the dance of Salome. It was played yesterday for the first time in Boston; it was played to the utmost of the expressive quality of the music, apart from its place in the music-drama and the visible action and environment of the stage; it was played for fifteen corrupting minutes. Yet the austere matrons and the tenderest maidens remained in their places through it all, heard, applauded, departed, and as they vanished, through the doors of Symphony Hall seemed no other to themselves or to anyone else than what they had been when they entered them. Truly, the corrupting influence of "Salome" is insidious—so insidious that it is sometimes hard for the mere unmoral mind to apprehend.

The real truth is that the dance is music of the scene and ill bears shifting to the concert-room. To have musico-dramatic character, to seem more than a curious exercise in orchestration, it must come in its place in the cumulative suspense of the

a. We must see the great terrace of palace, the prophet's cistern, the star-night, Salome dancing, the glowering Herod, shaken, tortured, almost writhing under her beauty. In the theatre the dance is musico-dramatic, more dramatic than musical, and those who know "Salome" in its place and integrity found themselves yesterday involuntarily trying to reconstruct the scene. Do what they would, they could not hear the music quite as music. Of course, in such a performance as Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave of the dance it had its full musical value. The listeners heard its languorous or its whipping melodies; its sweeps of passionate motion and its titillating pauses; its incessant and nervous rhythmic excitements; its leaps and jets of instrumental color; its blinding flash of trills at the end. They may have suspected that in the complex fabric of the music were woven endless suggestion of Salome and her traits, of the drama that was rising to climax. They heard Strauss's music in its integrity, in its power of imagination and expression; but they heard it without its animating reason for being—the drama. In the concert-room, like all good opera, it can be only half itself.

Salome's Dance and the "Faust" overture aside, the concert consisted wholly of intimate music, so that Mr. Fiedler was again the shrewd and sensitive programme-maker when he let Wagner's piece begin it and Strauss's end it. The ghost of Liszt is known to haunt Wagner's music on occasion, and it haunts this "Faust" overture by right of much finer achievement in the species. For of all the music of the concert-room that Goethe's poem has suggested, none—not even Schumann's—bears comparison with Liszt's "Faust" symphony. Therein are Faust, Mephistopheles, and Gretchen embodied and characterized in tones as they have been nowhere else. Therein is hint, so far as tones may give it, of the celestial and philosophic, the earthly and the human substance of the poem. Already this "Faust" symphony seems Liszt's fullest and highest achievement. Already it makes other symphonic exercises upon the Faust legend and Goethe's poem seem either mere episodes or mere studies. Wagner's overture falls readily into the latter category. It is a study in the delineation in tones of Faust's restless, striving, tortured and tireless mind and spirit. Musically and poetically, it is vividly delineative, truly characterizing, romantically colored music that holds its own today in a highly developed species. Yet beside Liszt's symphony it seems no more than a preliminary study for a great musico-poetic scheme. Wagner dreamed of it; Liszt achieved it.

The rest of the concert was intimate. They say that Humperdinck wrote "Hänsel and Gretel" to amuse the children of his household—who must have expected much of their elders. It is a

fact that Wagner wrote the "Siegfried Idyl" to be music for Cosima's birthday and for their new-born son in the villa in which they were living. The outside world quickly took Humperdinck's opera and Wagner's Idyl to itself, thrust Hänsel and Gretel into great theatres and turned the music of the little band on the staircase in the villa into a piece for big orchestras in symphony concerts. Happy the conductor and the orchestra who can subdue the tone, lighten the instrumental colors, and keep the music running so brightly and plastically that it shall seem, as it did yesterday, the play of fancies, the hints of work done and to be done, the reflection of happiness, the joys of hopes fulfilled that only Wagner and his Cosima in their solitude could fully feel and understand. Then the Siegfried Idyl cases to seem long-drawn or mannered, and becomes the music of half-secret emotion whispered into the ear.

Debussy's Nocturnes, in spite of the louder climactic passage in the midst of "Fetes," are a whispered music, too, and now the wise among an audience hear them with an ear single to their beauty of tonal image and suggestion. The Nocturnes are twelve years old now; and they seem even older, so fast have the open and the sensitively minded advanced in comprehending responsiveness to Debussy's music. Nobody now hears them—or ought to hear them—with controversial thought about Debussy's whole-tone scales, harmonic procedure, juxtaposed chords and all the rest. These new resources in the hands of those that can use them have widened the expressive means and amplified the colorful diversity of music. The revolution, as some over-heatedly chose to call it, has justified itself, because it has opened the way in music to new beauty, to new tonal suggestion, to new voices that are rare and lovely in themselves. The Nocturnes, to which few listen now awkwardly, have their right to existence by the same title—the suggestion and the achievement of a strange, new beauty; the translation into tones of such evasive things as sound, light and their motion; the making of a music of glamorous and evanescent image. They are music, too, of a rare and pervading sensuousness. It is in the languorous and aerated suggestion of the slowly gathering passing, vanishing clouds in the first Nocturne—music of the stillness and the monotony of the heavens. It is in the fitful and idealized intoxication to the sensibilities of the march and the dances of light and star-dust in the Nocturne of "Fetes." Above all, it is in the Nocturne of "The Sirens" with its rising, falling, passing voices, heard out of the foam of the sea, yet vanishing when a glint of starlight or a ray of phosphorescence touches the curling wave. The sea-drift passes; the ship goes with it; the song is stilled. Not even Franck's music seems

so to vaporize itself into silence.

Intimate, finally, was Mr. Ferir's playing of the viola in Mr. Forsyth's "Celtic Song" and Mr. Strube's "Fantastic Dance." Neither piece has too much intrinsic interest, though Mr. Strube's has far more musical and imaginative substance and diversity than Mr. Forsyth's amiable and ambling song. Both serve the viola well and under Mr. Ferir's hand it becomes not merely a colorful element in the string choir, but a fascinating and an individual instrumental voice. The violin shimmers or the violin penetrates. The viola is a graver voice with deeper lustres. It insinuates the beauty and the suggestion of its plaintive tone. The tone of 'cellos and basses is often deep and heavy. The tone of the viola has the richness of old wine, long casked—a woody richness. Beyond the clarinet, it is the voice of melancholy musing. Beyond the oboe, it can weave its fine, clear thread of sound into the tonal web. Or it is so when Mr. Ferir plays it with a grave perfection that seems to caress it, with an unconsciousness of himself and of his hearers that seems to isolate its intimate voice.

H. T. P.

NOCTURNES ARE EXQUISITE

Herald Apr. 27/12
Symphony's Performance of

Debussy's Works One Long
to Be Remembered.

TRIBUTE TO TITANIC DEAD

Salome's Dance, Heard Here
for First Time, Loses Effect by Isolation.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Emile Ferir, first viola of the orchestra, was the soloist. Members of the Music Art Club sang the vocal parts in Debussy's Nocturne, "Sirens." The program was as follows:
Funeral March, from the "Ereica" Symphony Wagner
A Faust Overture Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl Wagner
Chant Collique for viola and orchestra, Forsyth
Fantastic Dance for viola and orchestra, Strube

Three Nocturnes Debussy
Salome's Dance, from "Salome" Strauss

Beethoven's Funeral March was played in memory of those lost on the Titanic. As has unfortunately been the case whenever a musical tribute of this character has been paid in the past at these concerts, there were restless souls in the audience that applauded without thought of the incongruity.

The music of Salome's Dance in Richard Strauss's opera was played for the first time in this city. How the opera itself was announced for performance at the Boston Theatre and how the performance was prevented will form one of the most entertaining chapters in "The Comic History of Boston." When the music of this dance is played in concert, without the scenic accessories, without the sight of the dancer and Herod feverishly looking on, without the preparation of the preceding action and dialogue, it necessarily loses greatly in effect. There is the first languorous tune; there is the sweeping melody for the strings; there is the brilliant instrumentation; but as a whole the dance is of little importance as a concert piece. It served yesterday to display the virtuoso ability of the orchestra. The skill and the exquisite taste of Messrs. Maquarre, flute, and Longy, oboe, were, as always, conspicuous, perhaps never more brilliantly displayed than in this composition and in Debussy's "Nocturnes."

Mr. Fiedler conducted a finely proportioned and delicately poetic performance of these Nocturnes, compositions of the rarest beauty. When they were played here late in 1908 under his direction, the singers were too prominent. It was as though the Nocturne "Sirens" were a cantata for female voices and orchestra. But these voice parts vie in reality only as instrumental parts, factors in an ensemble, now swelling, now sinking, their tones now hardly distinguishable in piano passages from those of certain wood-wind instruments. The members of the Musical Art Club contributed greatly by their charming tonal quality and aesthetic appreciation of the composer's purpose and wishes to a performance that will long be remembered.

The Nocturnes must be ranked with Debussy's most imaginative and daring achievements. Impressionistic, they are not formless and vague; harmonically audacious, they are not wantonly bizarre; each in its own way is wonderfully atmospheric, nor is it easy to say which one of the three is most alive with the beauty that voices impressions, souvenirs, dreams, not to be expressed in speech or in the printed page of an eloquent and subtle rhetorician. In these Nocturnes the composer reveals himself as master of melody, rhythm and color in the service of purely musical thought. And in comparison with them the music of many others, fine fellows in their way, seems prosaic, coarse, or tawdry.

Mr. Fiedler is heartily to be thanked for giving this admirable performance.

There are not many conductors who, even with catholicity of taste, are able to enter into the spirit of each composer represented yesterday.

Mr. Ferir's full, rich, haunting tone and his consummate art were displayed in the Celtic song by Forsyth, an Englishman, and the Fantastic Dance by Mr. Strube of the orchestra. The soloist gave momentary importance to Forsyth's Song, which in itself is of slight significance, a pretty little piece for a promenade concert. Mr. Strube's Dance is truly fantastical; fantastical, ingenious and thoroughly musical.

The program of the concerts next week, the last of the present series, will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Brahms, symphony in C minor, No. 1; Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Lohengrin" and overture to "Tannhaeuser."

"SALOME" DANCE AT LAST IN BOSTON

Brilliant Performance by
Fiedler and Orchestra.

Mr Ferir, Violist, Shows Admirable
Qualities of His Art.

Esch Apr. 27/12
Salome's dance from Strauss' opera of the name was played yesterday afternoon at the Symphony rehearsal for the first time in Boston. The audience apparently was perplexed by the intensely dramatic character of the music, the precipitate and violent abruptness of the final and frenetic climaxes, and gave the number but scant applause. In no afternoon concert of recent memory has there been less.

All of which has no bearing whatsoever upon the interest-begetting power of this music. It only calls to mind how unfair to the composer of a lyric drama it is, to extract a portion of his work and spread it to view in the concert room, when the concomitant aids of action and all the illusive means of the stage constitute its true environment. It will be to the lasting misfortune and disgrace of this city that a hearing of the music in such a manner was thwarted when Mr Hammerstein was willing to produce the opera in Boston. It is now an oft told tale of how the righteous were then appeased with the proffered though uneffected substitution of "Samson and Delilah," wherein the chosen of Israel actually falls a victim to pagan wiles. Such is the reasonableness of a censorship by telephone.

Mr Fiedler is to be thanked for placing this excerpt upon his program and for the brilliant performance which he and the orchestra gave of it, even though when heard in concert it must suggest its incompleteness and incongruity without the context.

Here Strauss is again the masterful technician of the complicated apparatus of the modern orchestra, the dazzling colorest, the man of brilliant and versatile imagination. With what economy of musical material and orchestral resource he begins, and yet with what dramatizing force he interprets. Here are the languors of pagan eroticism, yet with a simplicity, a spontaneity, as though the luxurious sensuousness of Herod's court were the natural environment of young women whose abandonment became them as innocence.

Strauss has not always characterized in this opera as graphically nor written as confidently of his appeal. He invites study and admiration in the plan of development in the differentiation in the music when Salome succeeds the dancers, the restraint in intensifying the nervous stimuli until the hearer feels suspense, but the ear is not jaded, not dulled under an avalanche of sound. There is emotional power in the cumulative ascent and quickening of pace, at first suppressed then whipped into the delirium and erotic frenzy of the final measures, a high and temperature too excessive to keep, therefore the gigantic leaps to silence, as sharp in contrast as a blinding flash of light out of the darkness, only to be succeeded by another sweeping climax.

Such music is too breath-taking to gain immediate appreciation. The composer does not unloose all his bolts until the last few seconds, and their force is spent like the lightning. Mr Fiedler conducted with keen dramatic sense, and the performance was worthy the individual virtuosity of this superb orchestra.

Emile Ferir, the eminent principal of the violas, afforded rare enjoyment in the two numbers by Cecil Forsyth and Mr Strube. The Chant Celtique by the former—a member of the younger British school—proved a pleasing piece of sustained writing, suggestive in its melodic form and content harmonic background of folk song material. It gave Mr Ferir opportunity to display the marked beauty of his tone, a tone like dull or sombre gold, and the sincerity and breadth of his style.

In Mr Strube's number, heard before at these concerts, the orchestra divides interest with the solo instrument by its weird and sinister tone painting of the dissonant and magic dance, as set forth in William Lyman Johnson's flaming verses. Mr Strube has gained effects in the upper register of the viola which tends naturally to stridency. Mr Ferir gave dramatic and pictorial significance to the solo part here, and was particularly telling in the songful episode of wearied protest in the lines.

The delicate and tenuous tone tracery of Debussy's Nocturnes ("Clouds," "Festivals" and "Sirens") was again welcome. Unfortunately there was a moment of insecure intonation in the wind at the close of the first. The movement had been one of nebulous, vaporous beauty. Where is the choir of strings that could make it as imaginative? The brighter and more fantastic "Festivals" to a de-

gree foreshadows "Iberia" in its rhythmic mosaic and piquant coloring. The parts for women's voices in the "Sirens" were sung by members of the Musical Art Club with purity of tone, good balance and attack. The use of voices here in mere vocalization is exacting in color and in variety of nuance.

Wagner's "Faust" Overture, and "Siegfried" Idyl, and the funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony constituted the first part. It was unfortunate

FUNERAL MARCH AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston First to Pay Musical
Tribute to Titanic
Victims.

Journal Apr. 27/12
Boston is the first city in the country to pay a musical tribute to the memory of the heroes and heroines who went down with the Titanic. The place of honor on this week's Symphony program is occupied by the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. Yesterday a little round of applause followed the performance of the mighty march in which, according to some, Beethoven has provided a panegyric for Napoleon.

This next to the last program offered by Max Fiedler abounds in contrasts. Aside from the Funeral March, the most striking feature is Salome's Dance from the Strauss opera, whose performance was forbidden in this city after some mysterious woman had telephoned City Hall to say how shocked a second cousin of hers had been when she witnessed the opera on gay Broadway. This prohibition was followed by vulgar burlesque performances at which the authorities winked. The result was that until yesterday this wonderfully vivid dance music from the most powerful opera of the new century had never been performed here. The performance was brilliant—like the music itself.

Emile Ferir, the modest, gifted first

violinist of the orchestra, is the soloist of the twenty-third pair of concerts. His ripe art and mellow tone distinguished the performance of Forsyth's "Chant Celtique" and Strube's "Fantastic Dance." After the second number Mr. Ferir hid himself away in the orchestra. Mr. Strube shared the applause with him, and he merited the honor, for this "Fantastic Dance" is one of his most fascinating compositions.

The Debussy Nocturnes and Wagner's "Faust" Overture and "Siegfried Idyl" complete the program, which will be performed again tonight. The Chorus of Sirens in the third Nocturne is sung by the Musical Art Club.

IV. ORCHESTRA

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MR. KREISLER AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. Apr. 12/12
A Brief Return to America Under Its Auspices?—The Debated and Impending Delius—More and Authoritative Particulars About Boito's "Nero"—Operatic Deficits in Chicago and Philadelphia—Mr. Toscanini Departs—Minor News

ACCORDING to despatches from Paris Mr. Kreisler, the eminent violinist, who has not visited America for two seasons, has signed a contract to return next autumn. The despatches give no particulars about the contract, but if we are not mistaken it is very like the agreement that brought Mr. Hoffman, the pianist, to America last winter. That is to say, Mr. Kreisler has been engaged for a short series of appearances with the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Cambridge, New York and the other cities that it regularly visits, and for a few incidental recitals—all in November or December. Whatever the particular circumstances, it will be good to hear Mr. Kreisler again. If the pianists are likely to be few next season in America, the violinists—with Ysaye, Elman, Kreisler and Zimbalist—will not be lacking.

FIEDLER'S LEAVE-TAKING IN CAMBRIDGE

Trans. Apr. 26/12
Magnificent Performance of Strauss's "Heldenleben" Poorly Rewarded—The Consequences of a Child Violinist—Dr. Kunwald the New Conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra—Garnerings of Assorted Wisdom—The King "Honors" Mr. Hammerstein—Items as They Pass

MR. FIEDLER conducted for the last time in Cambridge yesterday at the final concert of the series that the Symphony Orchestra annually undertakes at Harvard, and if the leave-taking was less hearty and prolonged than there was reason to anticipate, the conductor has only himself to blame. For the first time within memory, he chose to open a concert of the Symphony Orchestra to a child performer, Irma Seydel, who in many private and a few public appearances here has proved an unusual aptitude for the violin, considerable accomplishment in the technique of the instrument and instinctive feeling for its tone. This particular child's merits or demerits have nothing to do with the case. As well Irma Seydel as any other, if the concerts of the foremost orchestra in America and of one of the foremost orchestras in the world are to be opened to child performers, under personal and social pressure and the accommodating mood of a conductor at the end of his term.

The Symphony Orchestra, the conductors who are charged with the control of the concerts, the audiences that hear and appraise them, are bound to maintain the standards that have made the band what it is, even though the partisans of this, that or the other player, cult or school count them austere and censorious. Once before, Mr. Fiedler has relaxed them under similar pressure in the closing weeks of his term. It was not a pleasant thing for those of us who cherish such standards to hear the Symphony Orchestra playing its way through one of Vieuxtemps's trumpet concertos in accompaniment of an apt, promising and pretty child in short skirts. She has her deserved and interesting place in this musical world of ours, but that place is not a concert of the Symphony Orchestra. As it was, circumstance retaliated promptly. The audiences at these Cambridge Concerts are proverbially good-natured, and they applauded the interesting child more heartily and for longer than they did the departing conductor whom for four years they have justly and sincerely admired. Flowers adorned his music-stand and he received the ribboned wreath of custom. He was warmly applauded when he took his place; but when the concert ended and he stood for the last time before his audience, its plaudits were brief and scattered.

All this was the more the pity since Mr. Fiedler was taking leave of this Cambridge public with one of the masterpieces of contemporary music, in which he himself is a most masterful, revealing and eloquent conductor—Strauss's tone-poem "A Hero-Life." Twice in his first season here and twice in the third, he has conducted in it in the regular concerts of the orchestra in Boston, and his version of the music stands among his highest achievements. Mr. Fiedler seizes the tone-poem boldly, energetically, sympathetically, and his grip upon it, his orchestra and his audience never relaxes. He reveals the music vividly, makes clear its close-knit symphonic structure, writes its dominant and characterizing melodies upon the listening imagination, keeps it unfolding its magnificent succession of tonal images as though they were rising out of itself. The hero strode last evening through the epic sonorities of the music that discloses and proclaims him. The love-music individualized the two voices, made their dialogue a penetrating musical speech, rose in sensuous and impassioned beauty to rapturous climax. And in the music with which the tone-poem ends—the music of the large thoughts, the mighty deeds, the high emotions of the hero, the music, too, that hymns his solemn and august passing—the conductor rose to its exaltation of image, feeling and voice, the exaltation that our sons and our sons' sons, knowing no petty controversies about Strauss, may call grandeur.

By like large understanding of the music and the composer, Mr. Fiedler laid no undue and freakish stress upon the passages, like the music of the adversaries and of the battle, that are dear to the ancients who would still like to believe Strauss a monster and not a master. Mr. Fiedler—and his orchestra with him—keep the "Heldenleben" a magnificent and unfolding music that rears out of itself the figure of Strauss's imagining and that becomes the voice of his great struggles and deeds, of his dreams and passions. In all the tone-poems there is scarcely another that so unites musical and poetic design that more completely fuses tonal and emotional substance. With these last evening was fused the third element to the full life of the tone-poem, a conductor and an orchestra that understood, felt and imparted. If the audience would not crown Mr. Fiedler at the end of "A Hero-Life" his conducting of it did.

H. T. P.

AT THE SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of The Herald:

It is to be hoped that tomorrow afternoon, Friday, and on Saturday evening—when the Funeral March from Beethoven's Symphony is given in memory of those lost on the Titanic—that the audience will rise and reverently listen to the "La Memoriam," and seat themselves in silence. I have several times heard an "La Memoriam" clapped by the audience at Symphony concerts.

ELSIE COOLIDGE HALL.

31 Bay State Road, April 25. 1912.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Concerts

AGAIN Mr. Fiedler has put together a promising miscellany for the programme of the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening—a miscellany that brings Mr. Férlir from the first desk of the violas to be the "soloist," and requires the assistance of the Musical Art Club. Mr. Férlir, who is a rare master of an instrument too rarely heard in isolating and individualizing music, is to play a Celtic Poem by Cecil Forsyth, an English composer sensitive to the penetrating and plaintive voice of the viola, and the remembered "Fantastic Dance" by Mr. Strube. The Musical Art Club will assist the orchestra in the wordless choral obbligato to Debussy's Nocturne of "The Sirens." The other two Nocturnes—the beautiful and evanescent "Clouds" and the fantastic "Fetes"—will precede it. Another of the chosen pieces is wholly new, "Marsyas," a "Symphonic Idyl," presumably of the satyr, who challenged Apollo to a contest of flute against lyre, was beaten and was flayed. Arthur Shepherd of the teaching staff of the New England Conservatory wrote it. Another piece, known yet unknown, is the dance of Salome from Strauss's like-named music-drama, and all of it that the "dear delightful" censors of our operatic pleasures are likely to permit us to hear. In it, moreover, Mr. Fiedler will conduct for the last time here in the music in which he most excels—the music of Strauss. One more item—to begin the concert—is Wagner's Faust Overture, a piece that suits Mr. Fiedler's talents and that he has curiously overlooked in his four years of work in Boston.

LOVING CUP FOR MAX FIEDLER

Trans. Apr. 23/12
Symphony Leader and Mrs. Fiedler Guests of Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft

Max Fiedler, who retires as leader of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Fiedler were the guests of honor at a festabend given last evening at the Hotel Somerset by the Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft.

Mr. Fiedler was taken by surprise when Edmund von Mach, president of the Gesellschaft, presented him with a massive silver loving cup, as a token of appreciation for his work, by the Germans of Boston.

The musician played a number of compositions on the pianoforte and Mrs. Fiedler sang several songs, among them some of her husband's compositions. Silvain Noack, the violinist, assisted Mr. Fiedler. All the artists were received enthusiastically and the symbolic dances of Miss Virginia Tanner were appreciated.

Max Fiedler to Sail May 11

Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Fiedler, plan to leave Boston the end of next week and will sail from New York on May 11 on the Prince Friedrich Wilhelm for Bremen. Mr. Fiedler's plans for the summer are still indefinite but he will take a good rest before beginning the work of the autumn in Europe.

A FRAGMENT OF "SALOME" AT LAST IN BOSTON

Trans. Apr. 25/12
The Dance to Be Played at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow—Random Notes About It—Mr. Dippel's Novel Operas and Revivals Next Year—The Overlooked "Conchita"—Mme. Lipkowska in London—News and Reminiscence

AT the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday we in Boston are to hear for the first times a fragment of Richard Strauss's music-drama, "Salome"—the only fragment of it that can be prudently shifted from the opera house and the stage—Salome's Dance before Herod. "It is a long, strange piece, this dance," wrote Mr. Aldrich in the New York Times, commenting on the opera five years ago—"a drama within itself." Salome's Dance, pursues Mr. E. B. Hill in an analysis of the score, "is not only an extraordinary reproduction of Oriental dance music, but a sort of résumé of Salome's emotional experiences. Her thoughts, interpreting them by the successive appearance of the motives, wander from the young Syrian and his ill-fated passion for her to the prophet, his beauty, her insistent will 'to kiss his mouth,' leading at last to a recurrence of the episode in which she lauds so extravagantly the snow-whiteness of his body. The opening dance rhythm returns with deftly varied accompaniment, in which the death motive becomes more and more predominant and clamorous, showing Salome's growing intention of asking for the prophet's head. In combining the music of the dance with previous motives and episodic phrases, Strauss has contrived, perhaps, the most telling polyphony of the entire opera." Salome's Dance—to quote Mr. Aldrich again—is an amazing tour de force in rhythm and in its note of Oriental color, and then of a more personal tone, voicing the character and the passion of Salome, but still singularly untouched musically with voluptuousness.

"She dances the dance of the seven veils," says Strauss's and Wilde's laconic stage direction which, according to Mr. Henderson of the Sun, "is the dance of the descent of the Phœnician goddess, Istar, into Hades where one by one the

warders of the seven gates stripped veils from her exquisite body—the dan of the seven variations of Vincent d'Indy, written backward till at the end you come to the naked theme." It is not the dance of the seven veils that is danced nowadays in the cafés of Cairo and in that part of darkest Africa lying over against the Mediterranean. Here follows in Mr. Apthorp's translation, the Phœnician legend behind the dance, as Mr. d'Indy found it recounted and reprinted it on the fly-leaf of his score:

Toward the immutable land Istar, daughter of Sin, bent her steps, toward the abode of the dead, toward the seven-gated abode where he entered, toward the abode whence there is no return.

At the first gate, the warder stripped her; he took the high tiara from her head.

At the second gate, the warder stripped her; he took the pendants from her ears.

At the third gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the precious stones that adorn her neck.

At the fourth gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the jewels that adorn her breast.

At the fourth gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the girdle that encompasses her waist.

At the sixth gate, the warder stripped her; he took the rings from her feet, the rings from her hands.

At the seventh gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the last veil that covers her body.

Istar, daughter of Sin, went into the immutable land, she took and received the Waters of Life. She gave the sublime Waters, and thus, in the presence of all, delivered the Son of Life, her young lover.

When Mr. Lalo, the reviewer of music for *Le Temps*, heard and saw "Salome" in the first performance of the music-drama, he wrote of the dance: "She begins to dance—a singular, a prolonged dance, which continues through a quarter of an hour, which is a whole drama of sensual moods and emotions. I can give you no more clear and vivid idea of this dance and of the acrid, languorous, changeful and bizarre music of Strauss for it than to recall the description of Salome's dancing in Flaubert's tale 'Herodias.' Strauss seems in his music to have been inspired by this passage and to have followed it. 'A bluish veil covered the head and the breast of the young girl. Her feet moved to and fro to the rhythm of the flute and a pair of ancient cymbals. The soft melting curves of her arms were summoning a fugitive that insistently evaded them. Lightly as a butterfly she gave chase—like a Pysche of fantasy, like a wandering soul. She seemed as one soon to vanish in her chase. . . . Hope gave way to languorous dejection. Her poses seemed to sigh with longing. Her whole being exhaled her yearning. She might have been weeping for a god or expiring under his caress. . . . Then she would gorge her transports of passion. She danced like the priestesses of India, like the Nubians of the cataracts, like the Bacchantes of Lydia. She swayed, she bent from side to side, like a flower tossed in a storm. . . . From her arms, from her feet, from her garments, sprang invisible

sparks that fired men. . . . She whirled in frenzy like the magic wheel that sorcerers spin. 'Come, come!' Herod cried to her. Yet still she whirled while the drums rattled to bursting and the crowd shrilled above them. 'Come, come!' cried the Tetrarch yet again and more loudly. 'You shall have Capernaum, the plain of Tiberias, my strongholds, the half of my kingdom.' So speaks the prose of Flaubert and so speaks the music of Strauss."

"SALOME" BY SYMPHONY

Dance From Opera and Tone Poem Presented

Part BY OLIN DOWNES Apr. 27/12

A symphony programme of unusual complexion was offered yesterday afternoon at the 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. In memory of the recent terrible disaster on midocean the funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony headed the list. Then there was the superbly dramatic "Faust" overture of Wagner and the "Siegfried Idyll." Emil Ferir, the excellent first viola of the orchestra and soloist on this occasion, played a new piece for viola and orchestra, a "chant Celtique" by Cecil Forsyth, a contemporaneous Englishman, and Gustave Strube's ingenious "Fantastic Dance" for the same instruments. The piece by Forsyth is smug, respectable, harmless. Debussy's Nocturnes, music for the most part of ineffable beauty and fantasy, in which members of the Musical Art Club assisted the orchestra, preceded the "Dance of Salome" from Strauss' opera, the only music from this work which censored Boston will hear, probably, for some years to come.

This dance is a superb symphonic poem in itself. It is the climax of the opera, accentuating its dramatic culmination, preceding the decapitation of the prophet and the marvellous lyrical rhapsody of the princess of Judea. There are the measures of quick oriental preluding, then the strange and capricious passages that flame up, here and there, in sudden and violent impulses of savage passion; then the flaunting sensuous waltz and its emotional development, with the music of Salome and of her frenetic desire; finally, the magnificent contrapuntal development of all these musical and dramatic motives with a sweeping power, the longing cry of a clarinet, and the mad conclusion.

May Be Made Clearer

Both this piece and the Nocturnes of Debussy, carefully and sympathetically treated, will probably be played with more authority, elasticity and abandon this evening, and one performance of the dance does not serve to make clear all of its extraordinary details, or to establish conclusively the tempi which would be most advantageous to the piece.

It is possible that the final passage, which in technical terms corresponds somewhat to the working-out section of a symphonic piece, could be made clearer. The music goes very rapidly and there are many important inner voices which it was not always easy to follow on an initial hearing. This much, however, may be said: That Strauss has written music which shows to equal advantage, whether considered as the accompaniment of a spectacle on the stage or as a splendid symphonic poem, complete in itself, and music which is gorgeous, passionate, dramatic to the extreme, and the more picturesque by reason of its oriental coloring. Listening to these motives, so amazingly articulate, so masterfully contrasted and re-enforced, it is possible to follow by this means alone the psychology of its phases of swooning passion, sinister menace or triumphant desire.

Nocturnes Exquisite

Far more exquisite, far more beautiful, if you will, are the nocturnes of Debussy, though within a limited scope which would never have satisfied the exorbitant consciousness of Richard Strauss. After all, the grandest music on the programme was the Beethoven funeral march, and the music most expressive and most convincing to modern ears was Wagner's Faust overture.

Posterity should never forgive this composer for having omitted a Faust symphony or symphonic poem from the list of his achievements. For when Wagner died the hope of a true Faust in music, the restless and intrepid soul foreshadowed in the famous poem, died with him. The hall was packed. The audience was cordial in its applause and Mr. Ferir was enthusiastically recalled for his thrice admirable performances.

SYMPHONY SEASON CLOSSES NEXT WEEK

Pop Concerts Will

May 6—Nikisch to Appear Here Today.

Next week brings the final Symphony concerts of the season and the farewell appearances here of Max Fiedler, who for four years has been at the head of the orchestra. For his last concert Mr. Fiedler will devote himself entirely to well-trying favorites. The program will comprise the "Oberon" overture of Weber, Brahms's C minor Symphony, No. 1, and four Wagnerian selections, the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

MEMORIAL NUMBER

IN SYMPHONY LIST

Adv. REST OF PROGRAMME Apr. 27/12

EVENLY BALANCED

Interesting Feature Was Salome's

Dance From Strauss' "Salome,"

Played for First Time in Boston.

By Arthur Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica"
In Memoriam, April 14, 1912.

Wagner....."A Faust Overture."
Wagner....."A Siegfried Idyll."
(a) Cecil Forsyth....."Chant Celtique" for Viola and Orchestra (First time at these concerts).
(b) Strube....."Fantastic Dance" for Viola and Orchestra.
Debussy.....Three Nocturnes: "Clouds"; "Festivities"; "Sirens"; (Chorus of Sirens Sung by the ladies of the Musical Art Club.)
Strauss.....Salome's Dance from the Opera, "Salome" (First time in Boston).

Soloist: Emilie Ferir.

The concert may be called one of the modern school, for the Beethoven movement had its special object. For such commemoration numbers there is no need of criticism, and Mr. Fiedler wisely kept his back turned to the little misguided applause that followed.

Wagner's Faust overture, likely nearly all his purely orchestral works, does not

impressive work, far more worthy than his noisy marches. In it he seemed akin to Berlioz, and a predecessor of Tchaikowsky. The opening theme of the overture itself, especially when it returns with full orchestra, is as furious as the great Russian's "Tempest," or the blasts of wind (and strings) in his stormy "Francesca." The beautiful side-theme of the Wagner number was given with full effect, and the strong contrast made Faust and Marguerite seem not unlike Senta and the Flying Dutchman. The work showed Wagner as master of the powerful style of expression, though scoring was sometimes a trifle turbid in comparison with the great scenes of the music-dramas.

The Siegfried Idyl was as charming as ever, but, for a work that dilates so much on one theme, it might have been started at a quicker tempo. Its shading was expressively brought out, but a little more force all through would not have been misplaced, as Symphony hall is larger than the Tribschen staircase that sufficed for the first performance.

Mr. Ferir's viola selections were both admirable. Cecil Forsyth is an English composer who studied with Stanford; and in the Celtic Dance he reflects his master's fondness for the Emerald Isle. A short antiphonal introduction combined clearness with dignity, and seemed not unworthy of the great race of bards. The work continued in this vein, with a contrasting section of more romantic character. If its scoring was somewhat light and simple, its material was excellent, and the solo instrument all the more prominent. There is room for English composers who do not follow the wilder styles of Holbrooke, Bantock or Delius.

Mr. Strube is one of Boston's "favorite sons" in music. If his dance was less persistently intense than the words of Wm. Lyman Johnson's poem, which inspired it, the work was none the less well-balanced and interesting. Back of the new and at times bizarre harmonies of Mr. Strube there is always a logical form-scheme, with much virility and expressive power. If one may use the phrase, he is an impressionist in harmony, but one whose drawing is always strong and correct. The dance itself was rhythmic, with a quieter middle section and a striking orchestral return. Mr. Strube was much applauded, and had to respond several times.

It is not often that a symphony soloist indulges in a "song and dance," but Mr. Ferir did so with the most artistic results. His tone was broad and full, and his intonation true in spite of the rather sultry air that puts stringed instruments out of tune. In the little solo cadenza near the end of the dance, Mr. Ferir gave some clean-cut double-stopping and arpeggio work.

Then came Debussy's three orchestral nocturnes—Clouds, Festivities, and The Sirens. The composer implied that they were not strictly nocturnes, but only so

in a Pictorial sense. However, the subjects seem to fit; we have noticed clouds by night, also festivals, and even those who claimed to be sirens. Besides, Debussy's harmonies often leave people in the dark.

There is beauty enough in these works, if that were all; a refinement of elfin delicacy, a mastery of color, a wealth of piquant details. The string phrases in "Clouds" are of an ethereal beauty. The festival, with swiftly repeated chords and bizarre runs, is interesting enough, while the approach of the procession is skillfully scored. The sirens (ladies who wear white and sing vocalises), made some remarks that seemed appropriate, even though confined to one vowel; while the orchestra echoed the rhythmic motion of the waves. Mr. Fiedler, too, read these pieces with excellent clearness and balance.

But the defects of Debussy are still there. His style is monotonous in its lightness, and tiresome in its abrupt harmonic changes. One can follow these, but it is hard work. We have a free impressionism not only in chords, but in progressions also. The latter are most attractive when most like our accustomed harmonic system. But there are so many disconnected chords that the orchestral works are largely harmonic fragments. One could end a Debussy Nocturne almost anywhere by merely tacking on a cadence. If people like this sort of musical stippling (as it has been well called), by all means let them enjoy it; but the Debussyites should not claim that this ear-tickling has abolished the classics, with their masterly balance of intellect and emotion.

The dance from "Salome" brought the concert to a wild conclusion. The strength of Strauss, after the too constant delicacy of Debussy, came like a breath of fresh air dispelling some narcotic perfume. But Strauss himself was very fragmentary here, and the much-censored Salome would need St. Vitus' dance in order to follow the orchestration properly. But there was greatness in spots, and the audience applauded.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1911-12.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(Last of the Season.)

SATURDAY, MAY 4, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Oberon"

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

WAGNER,

PRELUDE and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde"

FUNERAL MUSIC from "Götterdämmerung"

PRELUDE to "Lohengrin"

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser"

340
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FUNERAL MUSIC from "Götterdämmerung"

PRELUDE to "Lohengrin"

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser"

PEPYS AT THE POPS

Trans. — May 7/12
Being the Pages of His Boston Diary
Dated May 6, 1912, and Now First De-
ciphered

THIS night, being a cold and unkind night, even for this cold and inclement May, to the great concert-room which is called Symphony Hall, and which is much changed for that the summer—as the social almanacks say—is come. All about were little tables close packed whereat did sit a multitude of folk—gentry, burghers, apprentices, the youth of the university, who do much affect these merry makings, and idlers from the coffee houses. A great company of women, too, all in their newest frocks and spencers and headgear of the spring, whereat my wife and two young sparks that she had brought with her (which was great folly) were much amused.

And they did babble of ribbons and feathers and other gauds and fashions till it was wearying to hear, while I smoked at my tobacco and thought soberly of them that must needs say for all this finery. When they had done with this, they ogled about and discovered my lord This and his lady, and Mr. That the rich merchant, and Mr. Such, the limner and Mr. So, the poet, and who was with each of them. And to some they smiled to show their great acquaintance, whereas seeing others they nudged and smiled another way—as the saying is—out of the corner of the mouth.

But I, looking around and shutting my ears to all their babble, could discover only the haberdasher's boy, who in the afternoon had sold me my new and smart cravat. Seeing him, I pulled the harder at a tankard of ale—for it is lawful and even the mode to drink at this place—and thought upon the mutability of things and the strange minds of women. Between my thoughts I did gaze about upon the galleries where sit they who care no to eat the sandwich—as they call them now after his lordship—and toy with comfits or drink at ale and beer and wine or even burn the tobacco. For there be still many sober as well as gamesome folk in this town, and all and sundry go to this music-making.

When my women had stilled themselves for a little while I heard the music gladly. A great band of many instruments sitting upon a platform made it—violins of many kinds and piping flutes and hautboys, brazen trumpets and drums smitten lustily. Over all this band to give the time was Master Strube, who did lead in right lively fashion, as though he liked it no less than did the folk. And some around whispered my wife that he had not made his music so spiritedly for many a year.

As for me, the fumes of sentiment rose to my brain like the fumes of tobacco to my nostril, which is my way when I hear music. As the band played the waltz I bethought myself of my loves early and agone, and how my wife knew not of them, nor even suspected. Yet had I stepped dances with them to those same waltzes. Whereat I smiled, while my wife and her sparks did believe that I was smiling at thought of "The Pink Lady," which the band played next and which had much delighted me and all this town not many months back. When Master Strube came to his opera tunes, like that with which Dellah tricks Samson, then were the women still, for they do like, though they should be past such things or too unripe for them, the song of love.

Between whiles came the critick of music, whom I know at the coffee house, to tell me how the next tune was out of a great new opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," which we shall hear next year. When it was done, I did think it merely a jiggish Italian tune such as they play upon guitars and such. Whereupon he told me it should be so, since it was a serenade of Naples in an opera of low folk. For my part, I do not understand these matters and care not to understand them, preferring the old Largo of Master Händel, which the band did play as an extra. Whereat my wife, who was now weary of her gossip and her ogling, and who pretended that she disliked the smoke that she might show her new smelling bottle, said that I was a bourgeois. But if I be so, what then, said I, are you, since we be one flesh? Whereat she tossed her head and said it was time for the sparks to go home. So into the mud again, and home and to bed, after a merry evening, which is good for young and old in the spring time. But, for the old, it is not good to mix the ale of Bass and the wine of the Rhineland. I must try to remember.

H. T. P.

Mr. Fiedler's Farewell

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — May 4, 1912
MR. FIEDLER'S LEAVE-TAKING AND
A SPEECH

The Simple and Sincere Words in Which
the Conductor Parted from His Friday
Audiences—The Applause That War-
ranted Them—Brahms, Weber and Wag-
ner for the Final Programme—A Concert
That Was a Little Epitome of the Or-
chestra's and the Conductor's Qualities

IN one respect—and indeed in most respects—Mr. Fiedler's leave-taking of the audience of Friday afternoons, at the Symphony Concert yesterday, fulfilled expectations. He made the anticipated speech, and speeches from conductors in opera house or concert-room are a strange new thing in America. Few of them command English enough to make the venture safely. Still fewer, accustomed to speak through their music and their orchestra rather than by word, dare to risk it. Mr. Damrosch has long had a practical monopoly of such speech-making, and he has usually exercised it in preliminary explanation of novel music. Mr. Fiedler first trenched upon the field when he made a little speech of thanks after he had conducted for the last time in New York. Yesterday, conducting for the last time before one of his publics here, he did likewise. The concert had ended. On his stand the conductor had first received the plaudits of the lingering audience. Then he had gone a little slowly and sorrowfully, as it seemed by his springless step and his bent head, to his room. Renewed applause recalled him to the stage. According to his custom at a second and a third recall, he bade the orchestra rise behind him to receive it. Meanwhile a considerable part of the audience on the floor had pressed forward toward the stage, while in the balconies many stood facing it.

There was a pause almost of expectancy, and then Mr. Fiedler, in easily comprehensible and idiomatic English, made a very simple and sincere little speech. He spoke of the work he had accomplished in his four years with the Symphony Orchestra as the most exacting and the most fruitful undertaking of his life. He thanked

the public of the Symphony Concerts for its appreciation of all that he had done and tried to do. He heaped praise upon the orchestra for its share in all the achievement. He spoke a few honest and regretful words about his going. Full-voiced applause answered him, and the audience and orchestra began to depart. Plainly stirred by conflicting emotions, Mr. Fiedler, on his way to the conductor's room, did not look back. Throughout the concert applause had been plentiful and general—particularly long when he came to his place, hearty after each item of the programme, heartiest of all at the end of his and the orchestra's full-throated and impassioned performance of Brahms's symphony in C minor. Once more, and for almost the last time, Mr. Fiedler could know and feel the general liking for him, the general appreciation of his best and distinctive qualities as a conductor.

The concert ran through a full two hours, yet the departures before the end were unusually few—and they have been fewer generally through Mr. Fiedler's conductorship than they ever were before. All of the pieces on the programme were very familiar: the overture that Weber wrote to his opera, "Oberon," Brahms's symphony in C minor, and, from Wagner, the preludes to "Tristan" and to "Lohengrin," the overture to "Tannhäuser" and the music that laments and glorifies the dead Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung." Weber's overture served for the highly colored romantic music that Mr. Fiedler loves and in which some of his best traits shine. The symphony of Brahms is one of his most masterful and eloquent performances, one in which he first proved his mettle in Boston, in which he has ripened in the four years of his stay, and in which the orchestra is a very responsive instrument to every one of his wishes and purposes. To many of his hearers, in those same four years, the preludes and the usual excerpts from Wagner's operas and music-dramas have not seemed music in which Mr. Fiedler excels. In all his career he has been a conductor of concerts and of nothing else, and he lacks the operatic accent that Wagner's music insistently exacts. The overture to "Tannhäuser" is the music-drama in epitome as it is to be played out on the stage. The prelude to "Lohengrin" is the weaving of the romantic, remote, mysterious glamor that should suffuse the imagination in the theatre while the opera runs its course. The apotheosis of Sieg-

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ried is more than a lament and a glorification in the power and the magnificence of tones. It is the irresistible and inevitable climax, for the time, of a whole music-drama, of a whole series of music-dramas. The prelude to "Tristan" yoked with Isolde's final song is the passion and fate of the music-drama sublimated, concentrated. As some like to believe, it might be played as postlude rather than prelude. It is this piercing accent, this enveloping glamor of the theatre, that Mr. Fiedler has failed steadily to gain in the music of Wagner. He misses too many of what an actor would call its "points." His phrases never cut, his climaxes, labor as he may with them, never surge and sweep. There are the form, the substance, the color of the music, but not its unique, penetrating and exciting voice. Call it, if you will, the shrill, flaming, neurotic voice of the theatre—but it is a voice that Mr. Fiedler has never heard. On the one hand, he does not do justice to Wagner. On the other, Wagner's music does not do justice to him.

Throughout the concert the orchestra once more affirmed those enduring qualities which make half the glories of the conductors who one after another succeed to it. Seldom have the horns seemed more dusky and mysterious of tone than in the first measures of the overture to "Oberon." They were the voice of the strangeness of romance as the strings were soon to be of its warmth and brilliance. The ardor, the glamor of the music were in the playing of it. Next the orchestra preached very eloquently the new gospel of Brahms—the emphasized, almost the dramatized Brahms, as the present generation of conductors work their will with his music. The most zealous—and among them is Mr. Fiedler—could hardly have asked for more incisive strings, for more strenuous and reiterated drum-beats, for more songful horns, for a brass that now insinuated and now proclaimed, for more exciting pizzicati at the beginning of the finale, for more out-breathing wood-winds, as in the duet of oboe and clarinet, winding through the grave melody, the grave contemplation of the slow movement. All things bit or all things swelled as the way now is with the music of Brahms. (In the Elysian fields does he gladly hear it so played? One wonders and wonders). The power of the orchestra, which Mr. Fiedler has so developed, told in the great climaxes of Isolde's death-song, and again in Siegfried's music wherein to power was added a sombre and passionate magnificence. The path of the grail in the Prelude to "Lohengrin" was a way of shimmering and sustained song. The Overture to "Tannhäuser" lacked neither the holy sonorities of the pilgrims nor the un-holy bite and riot of its Venusberg. A single voice, outshining most tenors, might have been sing-

ing the song to the goddess. Once more, the conductors come and the conductors go; their fortunate possession is the orchestra that lasts in all its virtues.

As it should be, finally, the concert seemed a little epitome of Mr. Fiedler's traits as a conductor. Unevenly as ever, at one extreme was his curiously obtuse and distorting "reading" of Isolde's death-

song, warping its melodic line, losing its transcendent eloquence in petty episodes. At the other was Brahms's symphony revealed, animated, almost transformed—if the listener agrees to the present fashion with his music—by the insight, the imagination, the divining, revealing, upbuilding power of the conductor. Here was the symphony in C minor now thickened to the utmost harmonic richness and now dissected into the utmost sharpness of line and bite of detail. Here was Brahms speaking in the big tone dear to contemporary singers and conductors both, rising to orchestral tumults, achieving dramatic suspensions, mounting to exuberant and triumphant song, lingering in long-drawn and gravely pondering voice through his andante—Brahms in short endlessly modulated, moulded, diversified, colored, until hardly a rhythm, a phrase, a voice, a contrast or transition seems untouched. It was all very big, very intensive, very emphatic, very eloquent and exciting. It was high-powered, highly colored, incessantly busy conducting, achieving its full effect in broad and deep tonal mass, in sharp tonal detail. The interpreter interpreted. The music yielded much to him and to his hearers. Somebody once called Brahms's music autumnal; Mr. Fiedler makes it glow like summer with the heat of his interpretative energy.

Between these two extremes stood the romantic gusto, the sense of musical rhetoric, the revitalizing force with which Mr. Fiedler took the overture to "Oberon," and therein also was his liking for exceedingly and excessively fast pace. If he missed the creating and the unifying song—the great upbuilding and revealing melody—of the music to Tristan, if he frittered it away in phrases that were never poignant, his feeling for euphonious, sensuously lovely and expressive tone sustained in instrumental song told in the prelude to "Lohengrin." He could release the tonal power, the tonal magnificence, the clanging climaxes that he loves in the music of Siegfried. And the more emphasis, the more contrast, the more color, and the more sonority, the better for the overture to "Tannhäuser." To the last note of the last measure Mr. Fiedler remained as he has been from the first here, a striking conductor—by his virtues and by his shortcomings. H. T. P.

MR. FIEDLER'S VALEDICTORY

An Interview in Which the Conductor Speaks of His American Experiences—Audiences Here and Abroad—Musical Criticism in America—Praise for the Orchestra

IT has been very interesting to come into contact with representative American audiences in and outside of Boston," said Mr. Fiedler, the other day, to a correspondent of Musical America. "The audiences differ considerably in their attitude and their tastes from the average European audience. Also in the different cities of America the inclinations of the audiences vary considerably. I should like to know, for instance, if there is any rivalry between Boston and New York. Because I have found from experience that what New York admires Boston is likely to condemn, or only partly commend, and if Boston grows enthusiastic—the opposite is true in New York. Always by contraries. It is not always easy for me to understand these differences. It would be interesting if one could know their causes. There must be reasons, but I have not been able to find them out. If, within each community, there were more individual variance of opinion it would be different, but it has nearly always been that the majority in New York has gone one way and the majority in Boston another.

"There is one fine thing that I notice everywhere. The people want to know. They want to progress and become acquainted with everything that is best and everything that is new. I have different requests from different cities concerning the programmes that we give on tour. Boston is most eager for 'novelties,' new music of all sorts, and just now is perhaps especially interested in French music. I know of no other orchestra with so large and comprehensive a repertoire. The Boston public has grown to demand such a repertoire, while in New York they are perhaps more conservative. In Philadelphia a certain circle is much devoted to Strauss, and every time we go there I get a number of requests for some of the symphonic poems. In Baltimore they cling more closely to the classics. Farther West they seem to have appetites for everything.

Wherever one goes the same general spirit is felt. Enthusiasm, what we may call artistic optimism, an eagerness and a readiness to welcome anything that is good, old or new, of whatever school. No musical public with which I have come into contact has a wider acquaintance with and a more genuine interest in the music that is being written. And yet, while I believe the enthusiasm is if anything stronger, the public, especially in Boston, is rather cooler in the expression of its approval

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than is generally the case in Europe. The people here have not the traditions to look up to that they have abroad, and this may be good for them. They have opinions of their own. In Europe it sometimes takes courage to prepare new works. The public is slower to respond.

"There is the same individuality with the students here. Most of the young men whose compositions I have seen start where Berlioz and Wagner left off! Some of them have amazing knowledge of harmony and orchestration. They are fearless when they write, prone to try plenty of experiments. . . . MacDowell is no doubt the greatest composer so far in American musical history. But I think that there is a great deal of talent here. It needs careful development, as it does anywhere.

"I think that the best critics in America are fully the equal of those with whose writings I am acquainted in Europe. The reviewers here—the representative ones—are exceedingly well informed in matters relating to their profession. Nearly all of them are excellent writers. I believe, as I have been informed, that this is largely due to the excellent training acquired in the course of American newspaper work. The quickness with which these critics formulate their opinions and express them: quickly, vigorously and clearly, is astonishing to me when I am told the conditions under which such work is done. There are, of course, newspapers that make no pretence of engaging authoritative writers on musical subjects, but this is also often the case in Europe. I repeat, that, in most of these cities, I have read the articles of men who would take fully as high positions in Germany or France as they do here.

"Everywhere critics, like cities, have their different points of view. Some favor one school and some another. I cannot always understand their preferences. I am always surprised, for instance, when I meet again with the old objection, that 'subjective' interpretation of classic masterworks is not legitimate art. How can any true interpretation be otherwise than 'subjective'? Who knows how Beethoven conducted his own symphonies? Is it likely that he, any more than others, would conduct these symphonies in exactly the same way at every performance? And when a pianist offers a new version of some classic he is often praised. Is there any reason why a conductor should not do the same thing?

"Of course anyone can go too far. One of the first things, one of the fundamentals, in conducting music of the classic period is a fairly strict observance of prescribed tempi. But if the conductor's beat is not elastic, if he does not feel the stress, the ebb and flow of the music, he is no musician at all. No marks in a score are conclusive. They only give approximately the intention of the composer when he wrote

the piece. The thing that matters is what is read between the lines. The rhythmic current must not fluctuate too much in a classic composition, for if this is the case the carefully considered structural proportions of the work may be destroyed; but surely, within these limits, there is a big field for subjective expression, and if the music of Beethoven does not invite subjective treatment, then what music does? I do not say that you play Beethoven as you play Liszt. I say that both men must be felt, and must be made to speak by the conductor who wishes to interpret as well as beat time."

FIEDLER BIDS BOSTON ADIEU

Herald May 4/12
Symphony Conductor Presents

Brahms and Wagner
Program.

LAST PUBLIC REHEARSAL

Makes Short Speech of Farewell
to Large Afternoon
Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last public rehearsal of the 31st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony No. 1, C Minor.....Brahms
Prelude and Liebestod.....Wagner
Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung".....Wagner
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....Wagner

The performance of Brahms's symphony was an excellent one, and was musically the feature of the concert, for Mr. Fiedler is especially fortunate in his interpretation of this symphony, the compositions of Strauss and Reger, and the more rugged works of Scandinavian and Russian composers. I do not mean to say that his readings of the earlier classic and the ultra-modern French compositions are not interesting, for this season he gave admirable performances of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Debussy's Nocturnes, but he shines more brilliantly as an inter-

preter of Strauss than of Wagner. It may here be remarked that Brahms's first symphony and the overture to "Tannhäuser" were on the program of his first concerts October 9-10, 1908.

The behavior of the audience yesterday afternoon must have convinced Mr. Fiedler, if there had been any doubt in his mind, that the great majority of those that attend the public rehearsals have enjoyed the orchestral performances under his direction and are sincerely sorry to see him go now that his contract has expired. He was applauded most heartily when he took his stand. After the symphony he was recalled more than once and at last the audience stood in his honor.

After the overture to "Tannhäuser" there was an unusual demonstration. At last, when there was a lull in the applause, Mr. Fiedler spoke a few words simply and from the heart. He thanked the audience for its friendly welcome in 1908 and for its ever-growing sympathy. He was sure that little by little the mysterious, indefinable relationship, "a sort of wireless communication," was established between the conductor and the hearers, which is the most flattering tribute to an artist. And then Mr. Fiedler expressed his regret at leaving the orchestra, now so responsive to his wishes. In closing, he expressed the hope that he would not soon be forgotten.

It was evident at the beginning of the concert that Mr. Fiedler was much moved by the thought of saying "good-by" to many who have supported him loyally; who have recognized his musical earnestness, honesty and enthusiasm; who hold him in high respect and also in affection, as a man, as a human being. Nor is it extravagant, or only a flourish of courtesy, to say that many in the audience were also moved.

Mr. Fiedler came here for one year, to hold the position until Dr. Muck's return. Dr. Muck was bound in honor by his contract in Berlin, and unable to return in 1909. Mr. Fiedler was then re-engaged for one more year. Again Dr. Muck found that he could not honorably obtain his release from the Court at Berlin. Mr. Fiedler was then engaged for a period of two years, and his contract expires with the concert tonight.

No conductor has served more faithfully. He has pleased the audiences in all cities visited by the orchestra, pleased them by the character of his programs and the nature of the performances. This is not the time to discuss analytically his merits, which are patent to all, or certain peculiarities as a conductor, which, while they may provoke the criticism of musicians, appear no doubt to the mass of the hearers as virtues. He may well pride himself on the enthusiasm of the audiences here and elsewhere and on the respect in which he is held by the critical in cities where they are more prone to blame than praise. May his life be a long one of continued usefulness and honor!

The first concerts of the 32d season will take place on Oct. 11 and 12. Dr. Karl Muck will conduct. The auction sale of seats for the public rehearsals will be held Monday, Sept. 30, and Tuesday, Oct. 1; for the concerts, Thursday, Oct. 3, and Friday, Oct. 4.

FIEDLER'S FAREWELL TO BOSTON

Post May 4/12
Remarkable Demonstration by Symphony Audience

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was an impressive scene yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall when Max Fiedler, now concluding his fourth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led the band for the last time at a public rehearsal. With the concert this evening Mr. Fiedler's orchestral activities in this country, for the present, will come to an end. Seldom in the history of the orchestra has such a farewell been extended a conductor by the Friday afternoon audience.

In the middle of the concert the audience had signified its intention of honoring Mr. Fiedler by a number of people rising from their seats after the performance of the Brahms's C minor symphony, which completed the first part of the programme. Mr. Fiedler apparently did not notice this as he came back to the stand to acknowledge repeated recalls.

When the final note of the Tannhäuser overture had sounded, however, the audience rose to its feet and applauded with the heartiest enthusiasm for many minutes. Mr. Fiedler returned to his

stand several times, and still the applause continued. Then the conductor stood for several minutes before the people, who gave no sign of desisting until it became apparent that he wished to speak.

When there was silence Mr. Fiedler made a brief and heartfelt speech which, on account of his strong emotion, he had considerable difficulty in delivering, thanking his audience and his orchestra for the support they had given him, and expressing his very genuine regret on leaving the scene of most congenial activities. This speech was interrupted several times by applause. Mr. Fiedler recalled his first appearance in Symphony Hall, his initial performance of the third Leonore overture. He said that it was his greatest pleasure to believe that the welcome then extended him had not grown colder, but warmer during the succeeding winters, and that this sincere welcome, "the wireless telegraphy of the heart and the soul," coming over the footlights, meant the greatest reward possible to the artist.

Four Happy Years

"Frankly, I will say to you that these four years I have spent in Boston have been the happiest four years of my life." The obvious sincerity of the remark moved all who listened. Mr. Fiedler thanked his players who, he said, had labored so hard and so patiently with him, and mentioned his increasing pleasure at the greater measure of response that they had given him each succeeding year.

He again thanked from his heart his cordial and inspiring listeners and his men who had made such success as he had gained possible, and said in conclusion, "keep a little place for me in your hearts, and do not forget me too soon." He made a gesture as though embracing all present, and there was another moment of applause. The audience had extended Mr. Fiedler the warmest farewell tendered any conductor who has arrived and departed these shores in many years. Neither Dr. Muck nor Mr. Gericke, his two immediate predecessors, were honored in such a degree, and there were old concert goers who did not remember so much demonstration in all their experience of the concerts in Symphony Hall.

The programme of the concert consisted of Weber's Oberon overture, the First Symphony of Brahms, and these pieces by Wagner: the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods"; the prelude to "Lohengrin"; the overture to "Tannhäuser." Mr. Fiedler read the symphony with all imaginable sincerity and sympathy, with the fullest comprehension and enthusiasm for the composer's meaning. There were eloquent performances of the Wagnerian excerpts, and where is there more eloquent, more richly expressive music?

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The programme, consisting of music especially congenial to Mr. Fiedler, was one befitting the occasion, and it was much enjoyed by the audience.

MR. FIEDLER'S CONDUCTORSHIP

Popularity of the Man and His Direction—Effect in and Outside of Boston—His Impressions of Musical America—Commencement of Pop Concerts Tomorrow Night. *Post May 4, 1912*

Last night Mr. Fiedler concluded brilliantly his fourth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Before his arrival in Boston in the fall of 1908 he had made himself a very considerable reputation in Europe, which was materially augmented in American estimation when, as one of a series of eminent conductors, he visited New York in the winter of 1905 to conduct a pair of concerts of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Fiedler was first engaged for Boston for one year. He was re-engaged for the season of 1909-10. These two seasons were so successful that the management elected to engage him for two more seasons; or until the time when Dr. Muck, as had been agreed when he and Boston parted company, should find himself able to return here. Dr. Muck will return next fall, as he is now free of his European engagements.

Mr. Fiedler's success in Boston and in other of the big cities visited each season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been richly deserved. Few conductors have labored more faithfully, with more breadth of view and communicating enthusiasm, for the good of their audiences. The public does not realize, and can hardly be expected to realize, the amount of sheer labor and mental strain involved by a season which embraces 24 pairs of concerts in Boston, six concerts in Cambridge, and out-of-town concerts to a number that results in a total of approximately 100 concerts a season.

It is one thing to travel the country as a virtuoso conductor, giving concerts of compositions which are especially dear to the individual heart, and a very different thing to arrange programmes and to perform them in a manner to give pleasure and satisfaction to what is unquestionably one of the most critical audiences in the world. Not for years have these programmes been so well balanced and contrasted and so fairly representative of music of all schools and all periods as during Mr. Fiedler's sway. No conductor at the head of this orchestra has been so curious to discover for himself and his hearers all that was of real interest and worth in the field of orchestral literature.

It has been of little consequence to Mr. Fiedler whether a composer lived in 1750 or 1912, in Boston or Stuttgart or Helsingfors, provided that the music was of genuine merit. When Mr. Fiedler came here he was known as a man of unusually eclectic tastes and as an especially brilliant interpreter of moderns such as Richard Strauss. He has proved much more than this. Having at command a superb orchestra and a library that made nearly all things possible for performance, he set himself to discovering and appreciating the works of modern Frenchmen and Englishmen, some of whom had not been given a hearing in Boston. He gave much additional stimulus to the growing fame of the great Northman, Jean Sibelius.

Yet more: he summoned the courage to put before his public the compositions of native or resident composers; not only those already known, but those nearly or wholly new to concert halls, with no reputation or prestige in any way acquired, to foist them upon audiences. In this direction also Mr. Fiedler has been brilliantly successful.

Counting year for year, neither Mr. Gericke nor Dr. Muck produced so many new compositions which now appear to be of considerable value. Before coming to Boston, Mr. Fiedler had read and in some cases performed the music of the modern French school, which, however, was with him a matter of hearsay and score reading, rather than of actual experience in performance. In the course of his stay here, beginning from a point not too near the style of these men, Mr. Fiedler has achieved some memorable performances of such distinctive music as Debussy's "Iberia," the "Nocturnes," the "Afternoon of a Faun," of D'Indy's B-flat symphony and "Istar" variations. The second performances of most of these works were a remarkable revelation of the conductor's gradually growing insight into their mood and manner. Hardly had any phase of Mr. Fiedler's work here in Boston been so praiseworthy as this. To all compositions that he undertook to interpret he has brought fresh attention and propulsive enthusiasm, at the end as well as the beginning of each season; and with every season that passed, the growth of the con-

ductor as well as the interest of his performances was matter for congratulation. It may be said here, and without undue local pride, that years at the head of the Boston Symphony have not failed to develop each conductor who has been here. Such a thing is logical, and, in fact, inevitable, especially with a musician of the breadth of outlook and the self-critical habits of Mr. Fiedler. He will leave Boston not only great in the esteem of his audiences, but a greater musician, and one whose reputation has been materially enhanced since he came here. The particular brilliancy of certain performances need not be recounted at this time. It is enough for present purposes to remark that the public regard for Mr. Fiedler has been great and unmistakable from the moment he first appeared, that it has grown with each season. Especially in a much-needed direction—the out-of-town concerts—the material results of his leadership have been especially notable. The out-of-town concerts have gained far more patronage during his stay than in corresponding periods before him, and the enthusiasm of the public and the press of the cities visited has continually increased, until at this time the Symphony Orchestra has extended its tours to the point where it is physically impossible to extend them farther.

The work has reflected the man. Mr. Fiedler has spent little time in relaxation or in attendance at social functions or at any other distractions. He was to be found, nearly always, in the rehearsal hall or with his scores. Hard work, occasional visits to smaller concerts given by his own men, whom he supported personally as well as professionally, took up most of his leisure. Many will miss the sight of him, absorbed in his music, on the rostrum in Symphony Hall. They will not find in greater degree the communicating enthusiasm, the warmth and sincerity of feeling that so often carried all before them in performance, and they will cherish the memory of the unassuming sincerity and geniality of the man, his quick response to all who approached him in a spirit of personal friendship or artistic endeavor. When Mr. Fiedler sails this week for Germany he will carry with him the warmest regards of the large and enthusiastic following which he has gained for himself in this city.

Mr. Fiedler has been surprised and amused by the differences of opinion which he has noticed between certain American cities, more particularly between Boston and New York. "Is there possibly," he said, "a difference between the rivalry between the two cities? I don't just understand just how it is, but what Boston likes New York does not care for, and what New York likes—they are cold in Boston. I would like to know the reason for this. The difference between the personal attitude of various reviewers can easily be understood. One man does not consider Brahms a master.

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Another exalts Grieg. Another thinks that no modern composers write anything that is worth while. Another favors the French school, etc. That is all right. All these men are intelligent and sincere, and they have a right to their opinions and their feelings. But it has astonished me more than once to observe the general unanimity of praise and dispraise on the part of the factions of each city. It is as though they set themselves to personally contradict each other."

We were unable to explain this "why" to Mr. Fiedler.

When Mr. Fiedler came to Boston four years ago he was practically new to the American audience and to the attitude in matters of art in this country. After four years' experience he can speak of the musical state of affairs here. It is much easier to introduce a new work in America than in a European country, because, in Europe, unless the new work be entirely in accord with the tendencies of the district, it is sure to be received with distrust, and likely to meet with rather unreflecting condemnation. And each European nation has its peculiar tastes and standards, not easily relaxed or modified for the benefit of a new composer or a new school. The Americans are embarrassed by no tradition, and always eager to learn.

Mr. Fiedler thought musical criticism in this country to be on fully as high a level, when the best representatives of Europe and America were considered, as abroad, and he has been perpetually amazed by the rapidity and the journalistic skill with which the reviewers sum up their impressions of a composition or a performance. "But it is too bad that they must write in such haste. I do not see how anyone, however intelligent, can give either a very authoritative opinion, or even express fully his own opinion, in the hour or hour and a half which I understand is the average length of time afforded for the reporting of an evening performance in a morning newspaper."

There are others who do not understand this besides Mr. Fiedler. There are others to whom the expression of a critical opinion in the red pepper hour at the office seems often to be a vain thing.

Mr. Fiedler spoke of "objective" and "subjective" interpretation. "I do not see," he said in effect, "why a conductor should be censured as many are (and this is not personal)—for interpreting some classic work in his own way. As if he could possibly do otherwise and make the music alive or appealing to anyone. Of course, there are certain restrictions which the reader of a masterpiece of the classic period must observe. Principal among them, it seems to me, is the necessity of conservatism as regards tempi."

"The conductor must not beat time like a stick, but he must not be too free with rhythmic fluctuations that cannot fail to disturb the proportions of the

composition. And the classic masters spoke more simply than most of the moderns. But if you realize these things, what then? There is a great deal more, and I do not believe that Beethoven conducted his symphonies every time like the last time. I think he felt them differently when he was in different moods and I think he played them accordingly. I cannot see how any music can live when it is performed, if it is not given out in a 'subjective' manner. I think some of the trouble arises from tradition. There were conductors who misinterpreted Beethoven. Then, at the time of Wagner there arose a later school, who adhered solemnly to metronomic directions and to every quarter note in the score. From this time dated the caution against overdoing Beethoven. But if you feel Beethoven at all, you cannot help feeling him in your own way, and if a pianist can give a new reading of a Beethoven sonata, I do not see why a conductor cannot do the same thing."

The novelties of the season past were fewer than those of Mr. Fiedler's earlier seasons. Among the few of interest and value as additions to the repertoire of the orchestra is Balakireff's overture on a theme of Spanish March, a brutal, vulgar, savage piece of work, which displeased a majority by its coarseness, and which gave pleasure to a few by its directness, virility and dramatic fire. Mr. Granville Bantock's "Dante and Beatrice" was not a pronounced success. The tone-pieces by William Wallace and by Frederick Delius, on the other hand, interested the public and nearly all of the reviewers greatly. Reger's "Comedy Overture" was admired by some, rejected by others. Sibelius' "Karelia" overture is an early work of the composer, not fit to stand beside his great achievements of a later day.

Mr. Converse's symphonic poem, "Ormazd," has some excellent pages, although, in the opinion of the reviewer, it does not reach the height attained by the composer in "The Mystic Trumpeter." Elgar's second symphony was voted to be, if anything, duller than his first. The "Jena" symphony in C-major, purporting to be an early work of Beethoven, will not be played here again, whose work it is. Four character pieces, orchestrated from piano sketches by Arthur Foote, after Omar Khayyam, received very successful performances. A tone-poem by Arthur Sheperd, "Marsyas," was not performed on account of the fact that the composer, hearing it rehearsed, bravely requested Mr. Fiedler to withdraw the work from the programme. Apart from these novelties, however, the programme was fully as interesting and varied as in any recent seasons of the orchestra. Beethoven was represented by four symphonies, four overtures, the Emperor piano concerto (played by Wilhelm Bachaus), a familiar scena sung

by Berta Morena, and, possibly, by the "Jena" symphony. Three of the Brahms symphonies, the first, second and fourth, the Academic overture and the festival violin concerto were played. There was a notable performance of Bruckner's seventh symphony. Debussy' "Nocturnes," "Iberia" and Prelude to Mallarme's "L'Après-midi d'un Faun" were played, and played excellently. Enesco's singular orchestral suite, op. 9, in A-major, was played for the second time here, and it again made a genuine impression. Looming large on the list is D'Indy's magnificent work, the "Istar" variations. Two of Liszt's symphony poems, the "Dante" symphony, the A-major piano concerto (played by Heinrich Gebhard) were played. There was the fine second symphony of Rachmaninoff, the colorful suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade"; Sibelius' violin concerto (an epic that was splendidly interpreted by Miss Powell). There was a fine group of Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Death and Transfiguration," "Symphony Domestica," "Till Eulenspiegel," the love scene from "Feuersnot" and the dance of Salome from the opera. There were the customary overtures, preludes and excerpts of Wagner, the customary classics of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franck's great symphony, other compositions by Berlioz, Bossi, Boellmann, Bruch, Cherubini, Chopin, Dvorak, Forsyth, Glazounoff, Gluck, Goetz, Grieg, Lalo, Smetana, Strube, Tschalkowsky, Weber, Weingartner, Wolf. On the whole, a notable season with some excellent soloists, including the following:

Sonranos—Miss Elena Gerhardt, Mme. Alma Gluck, Mme. Morena.
Contralto—Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Pianists—Mr. Bachaus, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Ganz, Mr. Gebhard, Miss Goodson, Mr. Hofmann.
Violinists—Miss Collier, Mr. Noack, Miss Parlow, Miss Powell, Mr. Wittek, Mr. Zimballist.
Viola—Mr. Ferir.
Violoncellists—Mr. Schroeder, Mr. Warnke.

FIEDLER'S FAREWELL TO BOSTON

Remarkable Demonstration by Symphony Audience

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was an impressive scene yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall when Max Fiedler, now concluding his fourth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led the band for the last time at a public rehearsal. With the concert this evening Mr. Fiedler's orchestral activities in this country, for the present, will come to an end. Seldom in the history of the orchestra has such a farewell been extended a conductor by the Friday afternoon audience.

In the middle of the concert the audience had signified its intention of honoring Mr. Fiedler by a number of people rising from their seats after the performance of the Brahms' C minor symphony, which completed the first part of the programme. Mr. Fiedler apparently did not notice this as he came back to the stand to acknowledge repeated recalls.

When the final note of the Tannhauser overture had sounded, however, the audience rose to its feet and applauded with the heartiest enthusiasm for many minutes. Mr. Fiedler returned to his stand several times, and still the applause continued. Then the conductor stood for several minutes before the people, who gave no sign of desisting until it became apparent that he wished to speak.

When there was silence Mr. Fiedler made a brief and heartfelt speech which, on account of his strong emotion, he had considerable difficulty in delivering, thanking his audience and his orchestra for the support they had given him, and expressing his very genuine regret on leaving the scene of most congenial activities. This speech was interrupted several times by applause. Mr. Fiedler recalled his first appearance in Symphony Hall, his initial performance of the third Leonore overture. He said that it was his greatest pleasure to believe that the welcome then extended him had not grown colder, but warmer during the succeeding winters, and that this sincere welcome, "the wireless telegraphy of the heart and the soul," coming over the footlights, meant the greatest reward possible to the artist.

Four Happy Years

"Frankly, I will say to you that these four years I have spent in Boston have been the happiest four years of my life." The obvious sincerity of the remark moved all who listened. Mr. Fiedler

thanked his players who, he said, had labored so hard and so patiently with him, and mentioned his increasing pleasure at the greater measure of response that they had given him each succeeding year.

He again thanked from his heart his cordial and inspiring listeners and his men who had made such success as he had gained possible, and said in conclusion, "keep a little place for me in your hearts, and do not forget me too soon." He made a gesture as though embracing all present, and there was another moment of applause. The audience had extended Mr. Fiedler the warmest farewell tendered any conductor who has arrived and departed these shores in many years. Neither Dr. Mueck nor Mr. Gericke, his two immediate predecessors, were honored in such a degree, and there were old concert goers who did not remember so much demonstration in all their experience of the concerts in Symphony Hall.

The programme of the concert consisted of Weber's Oberon overture, the First Symphony of Brahms, and these pieces by Wagner: the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods"; the prelude to "Lohengrin"; the overture to "Tannhauser." Mr. Fiedler read the symphony with all imaginable sincerity and sympathy, with the fullest comprehension and enthusiasm for the composer's meaning. There were eloquent performances of the Wagnerian excerpts, and where is there more eloquent, more richly expressive music? The programme, consisting of music especially congenial to Mr. Fiedler, was one befitting the occasion, and it was much enjoyed by the audience.

FIEDLER'S FAREWELL.

Globe May 4/12
Conductor Gets Rousing Demonstration.

Finally Makes Speech of Thanks in Excellent English.

Mr Fiedler conducted the last public Symphony rehearsal of this season, and of his present directorship, yesterday afternoon. The spirit of demonstration was upon the audience. When the conductor appeared and took the stand there, was long-continued applause. It was resumed with ardor before the intermission and came to a climax of enthusiasm after the "Tannhauser" overture at the end of the program. The audience then stood applauding insist-

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ently for many minutes until it became evident that Mr Fiedler was waiting for an opportunity to be heard.

When the hand clapping had ceased, he spoke in clear and excellent English his appreciation and thanks. He said there were two thoughts uppermost in his mind, one of deep gratitude for this cordiality, and the other his regret at his departure from Boston and its superb orchestra.

"I thank you for your kindness and sympathy which you have expressed from the day of my first concert here," continued the conductor. "It is my conviction that has been even a deeper bond than your good will, for there have been times when we here upon the stage," (turning toward the players) "have felt a certain wireless telegraphy, as I might say, which established a common sympathy—" and the speaker was interrupted by hearty applause.

"I say it frankly," resumed Mr Fiedler, "these four years have been the happiest of my experience. I have enjoyed so much this splendid orchestra; the men have worked so patiently and have come to respond to me so closely, and now I regret to leave them. I hope that you will all keep a little corner in your hearts for me and that you will not forget me too soon," and waving a "goodby" the conductor thus took leave of his Friday afternoon audience, which stood further expressing its good will and best wishes.

The program began with the overture to "Oberon." This was followed by Brahms' first symphony. Wagner numbers were played after the intermission, the prelude and Love's Death from "Tristan and Isolde," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," prelude to "Lohengrin" and the overture to "Tannhauser."

Mr Fiedler included the first symphony of Brahms in his first program in Boston, Oct 9, 1908. There were indications yesterday of the greater appreciation for lyric expressiveness which he has acquired during this sojourn. It was a pleasure to hear the exquisite art of Mr Longy (oboe), Mr Grisez (clarinet), Mr Maquarrie (flute) and Mr Witke (violin). Such playing all but reconciles one to this music. The insecure attack of the first trombone in the brief measures of choral in the last movement was unfortunate. The tone is the most difficult one of the instrument's upper register. The player yesterday was not Mr Hampe, who is principal of the group.

Mr Fiedler will be remembered gratefully by a wide public for his democratic programs, for his impartiality of taste in schools and nationalities, for his generous recognition of a much abused American art, and for his courtesy in a disposition to share public praise with his men. Musically he has grown in discernment and in appreciation of some of the subtler sources of interpretative beauty. Perhaps at some future visit to Boston he will have acquired greater discretion in other matters. Unless he fortunately fall heir to another orchestra of equal virtuosity, he may modify his tempi, not only in the Oberon overture, but in the riotous orgies of the Venusberg. If in truth Tannhauser lived at such a pace, his desire for the reposeful sounds of Spring and vesper bells was a likely one.

MY HAPPIEST YEARS, DECLARES FIEDLER

Journal — May 4/12
Conductor's Tribute to the
Symphony and Boston on
Bidding Farewell.

"Artistically, these last four years have been the happiest of my life," said Max Fiedler in his good-by to the Symphony matinee audience yesterday, and the hallful of people, all standing up to pay their respects to the most popular leader all around the Symphony Orchestra has had so far, applauded in the friendliest fashion.

There will be another farewell celebration tonight, after the last concert of the season, but yesterday's enthusiasm can hardly be surpassed. In the first place, there was not a vacant seat in the big hall and all but a few waited until the concert was over to take part in the expected tribute to the noted German musician, whose musical taste is as broad as the ocean and whose English, by the way, is as neat and fluent as a Bach fugue.

The applause had lasted fully five minutes before Mr. Fiedler began to speak. He thanked the audience for its support and sympathy—above all, for its attitude which, as he expressed it, informed him and the orchestra as if by wireless that the patrons of the concert were in accord with the spirit of the performance. He thanked the orchestra—the best he had ever worked with, he said—for its patience amid all the hard labors of the season and its willing response to his leadership. He would never forget these happy years, and he hoped the people of Boston would keep a little corner in their heart for him.

The graceful, heartfelt speech renewed the applause, and many pressed forward to the edge of the platform to shake the departing conductor's hand.

It was an afternoon of memorable pleasures and compliments. Weber's Overture to "Oberon," the first Brahms Symphony, and four Wagner numbers, the Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan," the Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," the "Lohengrin" Prelude and the "Tannhaeuser" Overture comprised the program; and, barring a few signs of nervousness, all were beautifully performed. The Brahms Symphony and the "Tannhaeuser" Overture, special favorites of

Mr. Fiedler, had a place on his very first program as well as his last.

Mr. Fiedler has no plans for next season. He will return to Germany in a few days. Among the retiring members of the orchestra are Alwin Schroeder, the cellist; Mr. Sautet, the oboist, and two of the original members, Paul Fox, the second flute player, and Carl Schumann, one of the horn players.

"POPS" TO OPEN MONDAY NIGHT

Strube Conducts First Half
of Season—Kubelik to
Give Concert.

The twenty-seventh season of the Pop concerts will open in Symphony Hall Monday evening, and for eight weeks the concerts will be given every evening except Sundays. Both conductors of last year have been engaged for this season—Mr. Strube for the first four weeks and Andre Maquarrie for the last four.

In the programs of the coming season will be heard not only old favorites, but also the best tunes and selections from the musical comedies that have come out in the past year. Now and then will be given a "Special Night," devoted largely to German, French or Italian music. Both Mr. Strube and Mr. Maquarrie have searched diligently during the past winter for new music of light and genial character.

The concert will last, as usual, from 8 to 11 o'clock. Both conductors are liberal in the matter of encores. John P. Marshall will be the organist. During the first half of the season the concert-master will be Jacques Hoffman, and during the second half William Krafft. The program for the opening night is as follows:

March, "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
Waltz, "Girls of Baden".....Komzak
Cortege de Bacchus from Suite "Sylvia".....Debussy
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
Serenade.....Strube
Selection, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Introduction to Act III, from "The Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Il Guarany".....Gomez
Waltz, "Roses from the South".....Strauss
Selection, "The Pink Lady".....Caryl
March, "Hans Richter".....Schrammel

WARM FAREWELL *Advertiser* TO CONDUCTOR FIEDLER

WEALTH OF GOOD WISHES
FROM CONCERT AUDITORS

Splendid Tribute of Esteem
Forced Upon Modest Leader of
Boston's Famous Symphony Or-
chestra.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Weber, "Oberon" Overture.
Brahms, First Symphony, in C minor.
Wagner, Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."
Wagner, Siegfried's Funeral Music.
Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Wagner, "Tannhaeuser" Overture.

Mr. Fiedler leaves Boston with a perfect halo of good wishes surrounding him. No conductor since Gericke has left such a pleasant savor. The audience yesterday afternoon applauded, and applauded, and applauded again. Mr. Fiedler made his orchestra rise, but the public soon made him understand that they were not applauding the orchestra, but were bidding him an affectionate farewell.

Possibly a critical review of the concert is not quite in place under such circumstances. Yet the programme ran so closely along the lines of some of the Nikisch, London orchestra concerts, that some comparisons are unavoidable. The "Oberon" overture was given with just the right theatrical spice. The magic horn call, the little march of the fairies, the strong crash that ends the introduction, the spirited chief theme, were all given with that flavor of the footlights which suits to Weber better than to any other composer of his time.

The Brahms symphony was the great feature of the concert. It was by no means less interesting than the performance which it had in Symphony hall a few weeks ago. A few technical flaws could be picked out, especially in the trombone passages which form the climax of the finale, but these did not mar the general effect which was overpowering.

The first and last movements were the great points of the interpretation. In the first movement there was all the vigor and virility which Nikisch gave to its reading and there was a distinctly better orchestra technique. Mr. Fiedler read this, and in fact the entire programme, without notes, and showed a surety and elasticity that was inspiring. The treatment of the

ly free, in a sort of rubato, culminating with an accelerando rush that was not ineffective. The reading of the symphony deserved enthusiasm, but the applause was quite evidently a personal tribute to our beloved conductor. The audience even began rising, to do him honor, but he did not notice this, and left the platform, so that the standing devotees sat down again.

The programme was just a trifle too long, and one could have spared either the ecstasies of Isolde or the harmonic pipings of Lohengrin. But they were well played nevertheless. However, a climax came with the "Tannhaeuser" overture, which the eminent and fidgety Bernard Shaw calls hackneyed. Here was clearly revealed the greatness of our orchestra by comparison with the celebrated London orchestra, which played this number a short time ago. The trombones and horns shaded beautifully in the religious chorus, and never became blatant even in the fortissimo effects. The violins again proved their superiority over any body of strings that we have heard.

At the end of this the audience was determined to force its tribute of applause upon the modest conductor. It called him out twice. The second time he caused the orchestra to rise. But this was not what the excited public wanted. Again the conductor was recalled, and this time the whole house, galleries and floor, arose and remained standing and applauding. Mr. Fiedler evidently comprehended the tribute and began speaking his thanks. It was a charming speech which was evidently impromptu. Mr. Fiedler said, in substance: "In thanking you for your good will, I feel two things especially,—gratitude for your kindness, and sorrow at leaving. Your warm reception of my work is the greatest tribute of praise that any artist could ask, and I thank you from my heart. What has always been most pleasant here is the contact we have had, and by contact I mean the wireless operation between hearts and souls. This has helped to make the four years that I have spent here the happiest in my life. The orchestra, too, has worked hard under my direction, and responds to my ideas so well that I have felt the greatest joy in leading it. When I am gone I hope that you will keep a little corner for me in your memory; and don't forget me too soon!"

Thus ended a directorship that has been phenomenally and even unexpectedly successful. Almost every auditor has been pleased with the scope of the programmes given. There has been enough of novelty, but no trace of partizanship in selecting the novelties. French, Italian, German, English, American, they have all had their turn.

Mr. Fiedler's own modest and genial ways have had an effect upon the public as well as upon those who knew him personally. And in his departure Mr. Fiedler bears with him the unanimous good wishes of all Boston. It is a great pity that America should lose him.

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The Final Rites for Mr. Fiedler
CONTRARY to expectation, the public of Saturday evening at the Symphony Concerts parted still more cordially with Mr. Fiedler than did the public of Friday afternoon. There are many more men in the audiences of Saturday, and thus applause gains in volume, accent, and staying power. The concert was, moreover, the end of the series for the year and of Mr. Fiedler's term as conductor. It had its little rites, like the bunch of roses that awaited him, when he came to his place; like the big wreaths of laurel, tied with the German colors, that were handed to him at the end of the concert, like the tall silver vase, austere of line and reticent in its inscription, that the orchestra gave to him in the intermission for memory of their four years of work together. The leave-taking of Friday seemed a mere preliminary beside these formalities, and the applause that the conductor received then was tame indeed beside the plaudits that followed him through the concert of Saturday, at the end of his excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas.

Had the occasion been a political convention instead of a symphony concert, the attendant reporters would probably have timed the applause that greeted Mr. Fiedler when he first appeared. It continued surprisingly long, so that it rose and fell, gathered itself again, mounted anew and held the conductor, as it seemed for four or five minutes with bent and acknowledging head. It was quick and hearty at the end of the overture to "Oberon" and at each pause in Brahms's symphony. When it was done, by a common accord, almost the whole audience rose to its feet, recalled the conductor once, twice and thrice, and volleyed its applause at him and the standing orchestra. The pieces from Wagner came and went to due measure of applause, and then, at the end of the concert, when the wreaths were borne up the aisle, everyone stood before and behind the conductor and stilled the plaudits only when he lifted his hand to speak. His little speech was much like that of Friday afternoon, though less clearly spoken because Mr. Fiedler was plainly much more moved. Such emotion may reasonably excuse a somewhat tactless allusion to the circumstances of his departure and the possibility of return. Mr. Fiedler has served his term with honor to himself, with satisfaction to his public, with due devotion to the standards of the orchestra and the concerts. It ends according to the conditions originally and clearly determined for it. There is no more to be said. The speech ended; the applause swelled once more; the stage and the auditorium quickly emptied. The leave-taking was done, and it had added speech-making by the departing conductor to the customs of the Symphony Concerts.

H. T. P.

Symphony Hall

Thirty-second Season, 1912-1913

Boston

Symphony

Orchestra

Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 12, 1912

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